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FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

VOL. XI.—NEW SERIES.

MAY TO AUGUST, 1840.

WHOLE NUMBER.—VOLUME XXXIX.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY E. LITTELL & CO.

AND BY CARVILL AND CO. NEW YORK; OTIS, BROADERS AND CO. BOSTON;

N. HICKMAN, BALTIMORE.

1840.

2000

Princeton Univ. Lib.
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 WITHDRAWN

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Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

(Continued.)

PART VII.

"FORTUNA SEVO leta negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
Laudo manentem: si CELESTES QUATT
PENNAS, RESIGNO QUAE DEDIT, ET MEA
VIRTUTE ME INVOLVO, PROBAMQUE
PAUPERIEM SINE DOTE QUERO."

Her. Carm. Lib. iii. 49.

[Thus nobly rendered by Dryden, whose version I here give, in consequence of applications made to Messrs. Blackwood, from several lady readers of their Magazine, for a translation of the Latin motto.]

"Fortune, that, with malicious joy,
Does man, her slave, oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleased to bless:
Still various, and inconstant still,
But, with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
—But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away:
The little or the much she gave, is quietly resign'd.
Content with poverty, my soul I arm,
AND VIRTUE, THOUGH IN RAGS, WILL KEEP ME WARM."

Would you have believed it? Notwithstanding all that had happened between Titmouse and Tag-rag, they positively got reconciled to one another—a triumphant result of the astute policy of Mr. Gammon. As soon as he had heard Titmouse's infuriated account of his ignominious expulsion from Satin Lodge, he burst into a fit of hearty but gentle laughter, which at length subsided into an inward chuckle that lasted the rest of the day; and which was occasioned, first, by gratification at the impression which his own sagacity had evidently produced upon the powerful mind of Titmouse; secondly, by an exquisite appreciation of the mingled meanness and stupidity of Tag-rag. I don't mean it to be understood, that Titmouse had given Mr. Gammon such a

terse and clear account of the matter as I imagine myself to have given to my reader; but still he told quite enough to put Mr. Gammon in full possession of the true state of the case. Good: but then—instantly reflected Gammon—what are we now to do without Titmouse!—where was that troublesome little ape to be caged, till it suited the purposes of his proprietors (as Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap might surely be called, for they had caught him, as, however, they might fail to tame him) to let him loose upon society, to amuse and astonish it by its antics? That was the question occupying the thoughts of Mr. Gammon, while his calm, clear, gray eye was fixed upon Titmouse, apparently very attentive to what he was saying. Tittlebat had first told the story of his wrongs to Snap, who instantly, rubbing his hands, suggested an indictment at the Clerk-enwell sessions—an idea which infinitely delighted Titmouse, but was somewhat sternly "pooh-pooh-poohed!" by Mr. Gammon as soon as he heard of it—Snap thereat shrugging his shoulders with a disconcerted air, but a bitter sneer upon his sharp, hard face. Like many men of little but active minds, early drilled to particular callings, Snap was equal to the mechanical conduct of business—the mere work of the machinery—but, as the phrase is, could never see an inch beyond his nose. Every petty conjuncture of circumstances that admitted of litigation, at once suggested its expediency, without reference to other considerations, or connection with, or subordination to, any general purpose or plan of action. A creature of small impulses, he had no idea of foregoing a momentary advantage to secure an ulterior object—which, in fact, he could not keep for a moment before his thoughts, so as to have any influence on his movements. What a different man, now, was Gammon!

To speak after the manner of physiologists, several of my characters—Titmouse, Tag-rag, (with his amiable wife and daughter,) Huckaback, Snap, and old Quirk himself—may be looked on as reptiles of a low order in the scale of being, whose simple structures almost one dash of the knife would suffice to lay thoroughly open. Gammon, however, I look upon as of a much higher order; possessing a far more complicated structure, adapted to the discharge of superior functions; and who, consequently, requireth a more careful dissection. But

let it not be supposed that I have yet done with *any* of my characters.

Gammon saw that Tag-rag, under proper management, might be made very useful. He was a moneyed man; and, after his sort, an ambitious man. He had an only child, a daughter, and if Titmouse and he could only be by any means once more brought together, and a firm friendship cemented between them, Gammon saw several very profitable uses to which such an intimacy might be turned, in the happening of any of several contingencies which he contemplated as possible. In the event, for instance, of larger outlays of money being required than suited the convenience of the firm—could not Tag-rag be easily brought to accommodate his future son-in-law of £10,000 a year? Suppose, for instance, that after all, their case should break down, and all their pains, exertions and expenditure be utterly thrown away. Now, if Tag-rag could be quietly brought, some fine day, to the point of either making some actual advance, or entering into security for Titmouse—ah! that would do—that *would* do, said both Quirk and Gammon. But then Titmouse was a very unsafe instrument—an incalculable fool, and might commit himself too far."

"You forget, Gammon," said Quirk, "I don't fear this girl of Tag-rag's—because only let Titmouse see—hem," he suddenly paused, and looked a little confused.

"To be sure—I see," replied Gammon quietly, and the thing passed off. "If either Miss Quirk or Miss Tag-rag becomes Mrs. Titmouse," thought Gammon, "I am not the man I take myself for.

A few days after Titmouse's expulsion from Satin Lodge, without his having ever gone near Tag-rag's premises in Oxford street, or, in short, seen or heard any thing about him, or any one connected with him, he removed to small but very respectable lodgings in the neighbourhood of Hatton Garden, provided for him by Mr. Quirk. Mrs. Squallop was quite affected while she took leave of Titmouse, who gave her son sixpence to take his two boxes down stairs to the coach drawn up opposite to the entrance of Closet Court.

"I've always felt like a mother towards you, sir, in my humble way," and Mrs. Squallop in a very respectful manner, and curtsying profoundly.

"A—I've not got any small silver by me, my good woman," said Titmouse, with a fine air, as he drew on his white kid glove.

"Lord, Mr. Titmouse!" said the woman, almost bursting into tears, "I wasn't asking for money, neither for me nor mine—only one can't help, as it were, feeling at parting with an old lodger."

"Ah—ya—as—and all that! Well, my good woman, good day."

"Good-by, sir—God bless you; and you're going to be a rich man—excuse me, sir." And she seized his hand and shook it.

"You're a—devilish—impudent—woman—'pon my soul!" exclaimed Titmouse, his features filled with amazement at the presumption of which she had been guilty; and he strode down the stairs with an air of offended dignity.

"Well—I never!—*That* for you, you little brute," said Mrs. Squallop, snapping her fingers as soon as she had heard his last step on the stairs—"kind or cruel, it's all one to you; you're a nasty jackanapes, only fit to stand in a tailor's window to show his clothes—and I'll be sworn you'll come to no good in the end! Let you be rich as you may, you'll always be the fool you always were!"

Had the good woman been familiar with the Night Thoughts of Young, she might have expressed herself somewhat tersely in a line of his—

"Pigmies are pigmies still, though perch'd on Alps."

And, by the way, who can read the next line—

"And pyramids are pyramids in vales,"

without thinking for a moment, with a kind of proud sympathy, of certain *other* characters in this history!—Well! but let us pass on.

Soon after Titmouse had got settled in his lodgings, Mr. Gammon called upon him, in the evening, and took a cup of tea with him. Their conversation very naturally turned upon Tag-rag.

"He *is* a stupid, vulgar brute, I own," said Gammon; "I never came near his equal."

"Oh, particular—uncommon—devilish!"

"But, ha, ha! the beauty of such things is, that men of superior mind make such creatures as Tag-rag their mere puppets and playthings—and always get what they want out of them in spite of themselves."

"Ah—yes—to be sure! Clever fellows! Ha, ha! Do 'em—fools—quite! Nasty fellow Tag-rag—I were too much for him, 'pon my soul, ha, ha!"

"'Twas certainly admirably managed, my dear sir! But how could it be otherwise between Mr. Titmouse and such a fellow as Tag-rag?"

"Ah! did him hollow!—Glad I've done with him, though."

"No, no, my dear Titmouse—not if there's a single grain to be got out of him."

"Ah! I don't know, sir; brute—vulgar brute! Give a pound to a big fellow to lick him."

"I am a little surprised, Mr. Titmouse," said Gammon, gravely, "that you have not yet learned how to take, a real and effectual revenge on such wretches."

"Only you show me how to be revenged on him, and I'll learn fast enough; 'pon honour, I will!" replied Titmouse, eagerly. "Could I make him bankrupt?"

"My dear sir, the scheme I have in view will effect even that object, if we choose; and also one much more important—and, at the same time, benefit you."

"What is it, sir?" inquired Titmouse, quickly.

"You see the old sinner dotes on his daughter—and, indeed, so I suspect does some one else," added Gammon, with a sly smile, but glancing through it very keenly at Titmouse.

"Meaning me, sir, I suppose, which, 'pon honour, is not the fact! Eugh! Don't like her. Better women in the market, if one's only money enough to go to market with."

"Ha, ha, ha!—Capital! Admirably said, my dear Titmouse! But now, suppose you were to *pretend* a passion for her?"

"But if I make love in sham, he'll make me marry in earnest—eh? Won't he? Isn't that the law?"

"Indeed, indeed, it is not! Leave that to me! I feel towards you as towards a younger brother—and have ever since I first took up your cause, I assure you—I would rather lay down a thousand pounds than see you marry that little wretch; but you see, if you could only make Mr. Tag-rag *think* you loved and would marry her, we could turn it to some advantage—we could work it for your advantage—but all would depend upon your discretion. I'm sure you understand me, my dear

"Titmouse!" inquired Gammon, looking very significantly at Titmouse, and pouring himself out another cup of tea.

"Oh! genuine—y-e-e-s," said Titmouse, hesitatingly; hot, however, having the faintest notion of what was intended to be conveyed to him by his plausible companion. He was the only person on earth with whom Titmouse felt completely at home and at his ease, as in the presence of a *superior*, undoubtedly; but then one so kind, and gentle, and interested in his welfare!

"I knew, Titmouse, that you would, as you always do. Your natural acuteness—eh? You *do* see it all, I know."

"He, he, he!—to be sure! Ah, Mr. Gammon! 'Pon my life—you're devilish deep! I see it all now!" and he winked his eye, and put his finger to the tip of his nose, and gave himself no further trouble about attempting to comprehend the meaning of Gammon.

"Now, you see, I'll call on old Tag-rag, and set all to rights."

"Frighten him, eh? In course you'll frighten him horribly—that's the way, 'pon honour, to go to work with Tag-rag; the old scamp!"

"Trust me, I'll humble him, and get a proper apology from him: if I don't," continued Gammon, with much energy and feeling—"you never again darken his doors; for I hope I know what is due to the injured honour of a gentleman who has put himself into my hands."

"Ah! I should think so!" echoed Titmouse, shaking his head with a very injured and indignant air, and running his fingers through his hair—"But what will you say to him about my humbugging him in the way I did?—Eh?"

"Oh, I'll pass that off, you'll see! I shall tell him 'twas all a trick of yours to try the love of Miss Tag-rag."

"Oh! capital!—capital! 'Pon my soul and life, capital!" cried Titmouse, with great glee—"Excuse me, Mr. Gammon, but you've got a headpiece of your own! So, I suppose I shall have to go to his house—his lodge, as he calls it? Eugh! how I hate the sight of it, to be sure!"

"What does it signify, my dear sir, for your purposes?"

"And I shall have to shake hands with the beast. 'Pon my life, I'd as lief touch a toad!"

"But when you reflect all the while how you're *doing* him, my dear sir—doing him so gloriously!"

"There's something in that, to be sure. But, gad! I shall feel fit to spit in his face when I see him. He colared me! Cuss him! he tore my best coat all down the back—said I was a cussed scamp. My eyes! Is that to be borne by a gentleman! To be sure!"

"Squeeze your lemon before you throw it away, Titmouse! There's a little juice to be got out of Tag-rag yet."

"You say you'll manage it all, to begin with, and all that—didn't you, Mr. Gammon?"

"Oh, certainly; leave it in my hands. If there's *one* thing more than another that I *can* pique myself upon, it is talking over a fool when one's anything to gain from him, Mr. Titmouse."

"Ha, ha, ha!—Yes! you are a hand at that—and Tag-rag will soon feel it. Shall you have a word or two with the gal? 'Pon my soul, I am a little sorry for *her*. The gal really loved me, and no mistake," said Titmouse, cocking his head conceitedly, and running his fingers through his hair.

"Pho! pho! my dear sir!" said Gammon, leaning back and laughing.

"Ha, but it's *so*, Mr. Gammon; 'pon my soul, a bite at first sight; such things *do* happen—eh? Never read of them?"

"Ah, ha, ha!—Really this tickles me more than all! Miss Tag-rag in love with Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse! Your goodness of heart, Mr. Titmouse—your delicate and sensitive nature leads you astray."

"Why, was it a take-in? No, cuss it! I should have found it out. No, by George! she loved me at first sight, and no mistake, and couldn't eat any dinner!"

"She was trifling with you, Mr. Titmouse," said Gammon, gravely; "and you must take a proper revenge, by trifling with her."

"Ah, to be sure! tit for tat all the world over. So, 'twas a take-in? How I hate her! An impudent baggage! Lord, when I keep my carriage, *won't* I make a point of driving slowly past Satin Lodge; for, in course, I shall drop 'em all when that comes to pass?"

"I should think so! But believe me, my dear sir," said Gammon, rising and preparing to go, "there's a vast deal to be done before that comes to pass! To-morrow I shall call on Tag-rag, and arrange your reconciliation; and then, probably, he will call on you—if not, you will call on him—and I leave him in your hands! Good-night, my dear Titmouse—good-night!"

"Good-night!" replied Titmouse, and in a moment or two was left alone, nursing his rage against Tag-rag and his family—particularly indignant towards Miss Tag-rag—and trying hard, every now and then, to remember *what* was to be the advantage resulting from the reconciliation on which Gammon had insisted so urgently; but having tried in vain, at length he gave up the task in despair, fearing that, however perfect were all his other mental faculties, his *memory* was not so strong as he could wish. If the reader can recollect it, *he* will have an extraordinary memory.

The next day Mr. Gammon wended his way towards Oxford street, and soon introduced himself once more to Mr. Tag-rag, who was standing leaning against one of the counters in his shop in a musing position, with a pen behind his ear, and his hands in his breeches pockets. Ten days had elapsed since he had expelled the little impostor Titmouse from Satin Lodge, and during that interval he had neither seen nor heard any thing whatever of him. On now catching the first glimpse of Mr. Gammon, he started from his musing posture, not a little disconcerted, and agitation overspread his coarse, deeply-pitted face with a tallowy hue. What was in the wind? Mr. Gammon coming to him, so long after what had occurred? Mr. Gammon who, having found out his error, had discarded Titmouse? Tag-rag had a mortal dread of Gammon, who seemed to him to glide like a dangerous snake into the shop, so quietly and *so deadly*! There was something so calm and imperturbable in his demeanour, so blandly crafty, so ominously gentle and soft in the tone of his voice, so penetrating in his eye, and he could throw such an infernal smile over his features. Tag-rag might be likened to the ox, suddenly shuddering as he perceives the glistening folds of the rattlesnake noiselessly moving towards, or around him, in the long grass. One glimpse of his blasting beauty of hue.—Horror! all is over.

If the splendid bubble of Titmouse's fortune *had* burst in the manner which he had represented, why Gammon here now? It was with, in truth, a very poor show of contempt and defiance that, in answer to the bland salu-

tation of Gammon, Mr. Tag-rag led the way down the shop into the little room which had been the scene of such an extraordinary communication concerning Titmouse on a former occasion.

Gammon commenced, in a mild tone, with a very startling representation of the criminal liability which Tag-rag had incurred by his wanton outrage upon Mr. Titmouse, his own guest, in violation of all the laws of hospitality. Tag-rag furiously alleged the imposition which had been practised on him by Titmouse; but seemed quite collapsed when Gammon assured him that that circumstance would not afford him the slightest justification. Having satisfied Tag-rag that he was entirely at the mercy of Titmouse, who might subject him to both fine and imprisonment, Mr. Gammon proceeded to open his eyes to their widest state of amazement by assuring him that Titmouse had been hoaxing him, and that he was really in the dazzling position in which he had been first represented by Gammon to Tag-rag; that every week brought him nearer to the full and uncontrolled enjoyment of an estate in Yorkshire, worth £10,000 a year at the very lowest; that it was becoming an object of great anxiety to them (Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap) to keep him out of the hands of money-lenders, who, as usual in such cases, had already scented out their victim, and so forth. Tag-rag turned very white, and felt sick at heart in the midst of all his wonder. Oh, and his daughter had lost the golden prize! and through *his* misconduct! He could have sunk into the cellar! That he (Gammon) could not account for the singular conduct of Mr. Titmouse on the melancholy occasion in question, except by referring it to the excellent wines which he had too freely partaken of at Satin Lodge, added (said Gammon, with an inimitable expression of features that perfectly fascinated Tag-rag) to a "certain tender influence" which had fairly laid prostrate the faculties of the young and enthusiastic Titmouse; that there could be no doubt of his real motive in the conduct alluded to, namely, a desire to test the sincerity and disinterestedness of a "certain person's" attachment, before he let all his fond and passionate feelings go out towards her—[At this point the perspiration burst from every pore in the body of Tag-rag]—and no one could deplore the unexpected issue of his little experiment so much as Titmouse.

Tag-rag really, for a moment, scarcely knew where he was, who was with him, nor whether he stood on his head or heels, so delightful and entirely unexpected was the issue of Mr. Gammon's visit. As soon as his faculties had somewhat recovered themselves from their temporary obfuscation, almost breathless, he assured Gammon that no event in the whole course of his life had occasioned him such poignant regret as his treatment of Titmouse on the occasion in question; that he had undoubtedly followed unwittingly the example of Titmouse, and drunk far more than his usual quantity of wine; besides which he had undoubtedly noticed, as had Mrs. T. the state of things between Mr. Titmouse and his daughter—talking of whom, by the way, he could assure Mr. Gammon that they had both been ill ever since that unfortunate evening, and had never ceased to condemn his monstrous conduct. As for his daughter, she was growing thinner and thinner every day, and he thought he must send her to the country for a short time.

To all this Mr. Gammon listened with a calm, delightful, sympathising look, that quite transported Tag-rag, and satisfied him that Mr. Gammon implicitly believed every word that was being said to him. But when he

proceeded to assure Tag-rag that this visit of his had been undertaken at the earnest instance of Mr. Titmouse himself, (who, by the way, had removed to lodgings which would do for the present, so as they were only near to their office, for the purpose of frequent communication on matters of business between him and their firm,) who had urged him, Mr. Gammon, to tender the olive-branch, in the devout hope that it might be accepted, Tag-rag's excitement knew scarce any bounds; and he could almost have started into the shop, and given orders to his shopmen to sell every article, for the rest of the day, one and a half per cent. under what they been selling before! Mr. Gammon wrote down Titmouse's direction, and assured Mr. Tag-rag that a call from him would be gratefully received by Mr. Titmouse. "There's no accounting for these things, Mr. Tag-rag, is there?" said Mr. Gammon, with an arch smile, as he prepared to depart—Tag-rag squeezing his hands with painful energy as Gammon bade him adieu, saying he should not be himself for the rest of the day, and bowing the aforesaid Mr. Gammon down the shop with as profound an obsequiousness as if he had been the Duke of Wellington or the lord high chancellor. As soon as Gammon had got fairly into the street, and to a safe distance, he burst into little gentle paroxysms of laughter, every now and then, that lasted him till he had regained his office in Saffron Hill.

The motive so boldly and skilfully suggested by Gammon to Tag-rag, as the impelling Titmouse to seek a reconciliation with him, was greedily entertained by Tag-rag. 'Tis certainly easy for a man to believe what he wishes to be true. Was it very improbable that Tag-rag, loving only one object on earth, (next to money, which indeed he really did love with the best and holiest energies of his nature,) namely, his daughter; and believing her to be possessed of qualities calculated to excite every one's love—should believe that she had inspired Titmouse with the passion of which he had just been hearing—a passion that was consuming him, that could not be quenched by even the gross and outrageous!—but laugh! *that* Tag-rag shuddered to think of. He clapped his hat on his head, and started off to Titmouse's lodgings, and fortunately caught that gentleman just as he was going out to dinner. If Tag-rag had been a keen observer, he could hardly have failed to discover aversion towards himself written in every feature and gesture of Titmouse; and also how difficult it was to be concealed. But his eagerness overbore every thing; and took Titmouse quite by storm. Before Tag-rag had done with him, he had obliterated every trace of resentment in his little friend's bosom. Thoroughly as Gammon thought he had prepared him for the encounter, armed him at all points—'twas of no avail. Tag-rag poured such a monstrous quantity of flummery down the gaping mouth and insatiate throat of the little animal, as at length produced its desired effect. Few can resist flattery, however coarsely administered; but for Titmouse, he felt the soft fluid deliciously insinuating itself into every crevice of his little nature, for which it seemed, indeed, to have a peculiar affinity; 'twas a balm, 'twas an opiate soothing his wounded pride, lubricating all his inner man; nay, flooding it, so as at length to extinguish entirely the very small glimmering spark of discernment which nature had lit in him. "To be forewarned, is to be forearmed," says the proverb; but it was not verified in the present instance. Titmouse would have dined at Satin Lodge on the very next Sunday, in accordance with the pressing invitations of Tag-rag, but that he

happened to recollect having engaged himself to dine that evening with Mr. Quirk, at his residence in Camberwell—ALIBI HOUSE. As I have already intimated in a previous part of this history, that most respectable old gentleman, Mr. Quirk, with the shrewdness natural to him, and which had been quickened by his great experience, had soon seen through the ill-contrived and worse-concealed designs upon Titmouse of Tag-rag; and justly considered that the surest method of rendering them abortive would be to familiarise Titmouse with a superior style of things, such as were to be found at Alibi House—and a more lovely and attractive object for his best affections in Miss Quirk—Dora Quirk, the lustre of whose charms and accomplishments should instantly efface the image of that poor, feeble, vulgar creature, Miss Tag-rag; for such old Quirk knew her to be, though he had, in fact, never for a moment set eyes upon her. Mr. Tag-rag looked rather blank at hearing of the party there was to be at Alibi House, and that Titmouse was to be introduced to the only daughter of Mr. Quirk, and could not, for the life of him, abstain from dropping something, vague and indistinct to be sure, about “entrapping unsuspecting innocence,” and “interested attentions,” and other similar expressions—all of which, however, were lost upon Titmouse. Tapping with an auctioneer’s hammer on a block of granite, would make about as much impression upon it as hint, innuendo, or suggestion, upon a blockhead. So it was with Titmouse. He promised to dine at Satin Lodge on the Sunday after, with which poor Mr. Tag-rag was obliged to depart content; having been unable to get Titmouse up to Clapham on either of the intervening evenings, on which, he told Mr. Tag-rag, he was particularly engaged with an intimate friend—in fact, one of his solicitors; and Tag-rag left him, after shaking him by the hand with the utmost cordiality and energy. He instantly conceived a lively hatred of old Mr. Quirk and his daughter, who seemed taking so unfair an advantage. However, what could be done? Many times, during his interview, did he anxiously turn about in his mind the expediency of proffering to lend or give Titmouse a £5 note, of which he had one or two in his pocket-book; but no—’twas too much for human nature—he *could* not bring himself to it; and quitted Titmouse as rich a man as he had entered his lodgings.

The gentleman to whom Titmouse alluded was in fact Mr. Snap, who had early evinced a great partiality for him, and lost no opportunity of contributing to his enjoyment. He was a sharp-sighted person, and quickly detected many qualities in Titmouse kindred to his own. He sincerely commiserated Titmouse’s situation, then which what could be more lonely and desolate? Was he to sit night after night, in the lengthening nights of autumn and winter, with not a soul to speak to, not a book to read, (that was at least interesting or worth reading;) nothing, in short, to occupy his attention? “No,” said Snap to himself; “I will do as I would be done by; I will come and draw him out of his dull hole; I will show him life—I will give him an early insight into the habits and practices of the great world, in which he is so soon to cut a leading figure! I will early familiarise him with the gayest and most exciting modes of London life!” The very first taste of this cup of pleasure was exquisitely relished by Titmouse; and he felt a proportionate gratitude to him whose kind hand had first raised it to his lips. Scenes of which he had heretofore only heard and read—after which he had often sighed and yearned, were now opening daily before him, limited as were his means; and he felt perfectly happy. When

Snap had finished the day’s labours of the office, from which he was generally released about eight or nine o’clock in the evening, he would repair to his lodgings, and decorate himself for the evening’s display; after which, either he would go to Titmouse, or Titmouse come to him, as might have been previously agreed upon between them; and then—

“The *town* was all before them, where to choose.”

Sometimes they would, arm-in-arm, each with his cigar in his mouth, saunter for hours together along the leading streets and thoroughfares, making acute observations and deep reflections upon the ever-moving and motley scenes around them. Most frequently, however, they would repair, at half-price, to the theatres, for Snap had the means of securing almost a constant supply of “orders” from the underlings of the theatres, and also in respect to the *Sunday Flash*, with which Messrs. Quirk and Gammon were connected, and other newspapers. Ah, ’twas a glorious sight to see these two gentlemen saunter into a vacant box, conscious that the eyes of two-thirds of the house were fixed upon them in admiration, and conducting themselves accordingly—as swells of the first water! One such night counterbalanced, in Titmouse’s estimation, a whole year of his previous obscurity and wretchedness! The theatre over, they would repair to some cloudy tavern, full of noise and smoke, and the glare of gas-light—redolent of the fragrant fumes of tobacco, spirits, and porter, intermingled with the tempting odours of smoking kidneys, mutton-chops, beef-steaks, oysters, stewed cheese, toasted cheese, Welsh rabbits; where those who are chained to the desk and the counter during the day, revel in the license of the hour, and eat, and drink, and smoke to the highest point either of excitement or stupefaction, and enter into all the slang of the day—of the turf, the ring, the cock-pit, the theatres, and shake their sides at comic songs. To enter one of these places when the theatre was over, was a luxury indeed to Titmouse; fagged out in his very uttermost best, with satin stock and double breast-pins; his glossy hat cocked on one side of his head, his tight blue surtout, with the snowy handkerchief elegantly drooping out of the breast-pocket; straw-coloured kid gloves, tight trousers, and shining boots; his ebony silver-headed cane held carelessly under his arm: to walk into the middle of the room with a sort of haughty ease and indifference, or nonchalance; and after deliberately scanning, through his eye-glass, every box, with its occupants, at length drop into a vacant nook, and with a languid air summon the bustling waiter to receive his commands. The circumstance of his almost always accompanying Snap on these occasions, who was held in great awe by the waiters, to whom his professional celebrity was well known, (for there was scarce an interesting, a dreadful, or a nasty scene at any of the police-offices, in which Snap’s name did not figure in the newspapers as “on behalf of the prisoner,”) got Titmouse almost an equal share of consideration, and aided the effect produced by his own commanding appearance. As for Snap, whenever he was asked who his companion was, he would whisper in a very significant tone and manner—“Devilish high chap!” From these places they would repair, not unfrequently, to certain other scenes of nightly London life, which, I thank God! the virtuous reader can form no notion of, though they are, strange to say, winked at, if not patronised by the police and magistracy, till the metropolis is choked by them. Thus

would Snap and Titmouse pass away their time till one, two, three, and often four o'clock in the morning; at which hours they would, with many yawns, skulk homeward through the deserted and silent streets, their clothes redolent of tobacco smoke, their stomachs overcharged, their heads often muddled, swimming, and throbbing with their multifarious potations—having thus spent a “jolly night,” and “seen life.” ’Twas thus that Snap greatly endeared himself to Titmouse, and secretly (for he enjoined upon Titmouse, as the condition of their continuance, strict secrecy on the subject of these nocturnal adventures) stole a march upon his older competitors for the good opinion of Titmouse—Messrs. Quirk, Tag-rag, and even the astute and experienced Gammon himself. Such doings as these required, however, as may easily be believed, some slight augmentations of the allowance made to Titmouse by Messrs. Quirk and Gammon; and ’twas fortunate that Snap was in a condition, having a few hundreds at his command, to supply the necessities of Titmouse, receiving with a careless air, on the occasion of such advances, small slips of paper, by way of acknowledgments; some on stamped paper, others on unstamped paper—promissory-notes and I. O. U.’s. Inasmuch, however, as Snap was not always possessed of a stamp on the occasion of a sudden advance, and having asked the opinion of his pleader (a sharp fellow, who had been articulated at the same time as himself to Messrs. Quirk and Gammon) as to whether an instrument in this form—

“I. O. U. so much—with interest,” would be available without a stamp, and being informed that it was a very doubtful point, Snap ingeniously met the difficulty by quietly adding to the principal what might become due in respect of interest: *e. g.* if £5 were lent, the acknowledgment would stand for £15—these little slips of paper being generally signed by Titmouse in moments of extreme exhilaration, when he never thought of scrutinising any thing that his friend Snap would lay before him. For the honour of Snap, I must say that I hardly think he deliberately purposed to perpetrate the fraud which such a transaction appears to amount to; all he wanted was—so he satisfied himself at least—to have it in his power to recover the full amount of principal *really* advanced, with interest, on one or other of these various securities, and hold the surplus as trustee for Titmouse. If, for instance, any unfortunate difference should hereafter arise between himself and Titmouse, and he should refuse to recognise his pecuniary obligations to Snap, the latter gentleman would be provided with short and easy proofs of his demands against him.’ ’Twas thus, I say, that Snap rendered himself indispensable to Titmouse, whom he bound to him by every tie of gratitude: so that, in short, they became sworn friends.

I will always say for Gammon, that he strenuously endeavoured, from whatever motive, to urge upon Titmouse the necessity of his acquiring, at all events, a smattering of the elements of useful education. Beyond an acquaintance with the petty operations of arithmetic requisite for counter-transactions, I will venture to say that poor Titmouse had no serviceable knowledge of any kind: Mr. Gammon repeatedly pressed him to put himself under competent teachers of the ordinary branches of education; but Titmouse as often evaded him, and at length flatly refused to do any thing of the kind. He promised, however, to read such books as Mr. Gammon might recommend, who thereupon sent him several; but a book before Titmouse was much the same as a plate of ~~saw-dust~~ before a hungry man. Mr. Gammon, himself

a man of considerable acquirements, soon saw the true state of the case, and gave up his attempts in despair and disgust. Not that he ever suffered Titmouse to perceive the faintest indication of such feelings towards him; on the contrary, Gammon ever manifested the same bland and benignant demeanour, consulting his wishes in every thing, and striving to instil into him feelings of love, tempered by respect, as towards the most powerful—the only real, disinterested friend he had: and, to a very great extent, he succeeded.

Titmouse spent several hours in preparing for an effective first appearance at the dinner-table at Alibi House. Since dining at Satin Lodge, he had considerably increased his wardrobe both in quantity and style. He now sported a pair of tight black trousers, with pumps and gossamer silk stockings. He wore a crimson velvet waistcoat, with a bright blue satin under-waistcoat, a shirt-frill standing out fiercely at right angles with his breast, and a brown dress-coat cut in the extreme of the fashion, the long tails coming to a point just about the backs of his knees. His hair (its purple hue still pretty distinctly perceptible) was disposed with great elegance. He had discarded mustachios, but had a very promising imperial. The hair underneath his chin came out curling on each side of it, above his stock, like two little tufts or horns. Over his waistcoat he wore his mosaic-gold watch-guard, and a broad black watered riband, to which was attached his eyeglass—in fact, if he had dressed himself in order to sit to a miniature painter for his likeness, he could not have taken greater pains, or secured a more successful result. The only points about his appearance with which he was at all dissatisfied, were his hair—which was not yet the thing which he hoped in due time to see it—his thick red stumpy hands, and his round shoulders. The last matter gave him considerable concern, for he felt that it seriously interfered with a graceful carriage; and that the defect in his figure had been, after all, not in the least remedied by the prodigious padding of his coat. His protuberant eyes, of very light hue, had an expression that entirely harmonised with that of his open mouth; and both together—quite independently of his dress, carriage, and demeanour—(there is nothing like being candid)—gave you the image of a—complete fool. Having at length carefully adjusted his hat on his head, and drawn on his white kid gloves, he enveloped himself in a stylish cloak, with long black silk tassels, which had been lent to him by Snap; and about four o’clock, forth sallied Mr. Titmouse, carefully picking his way, in quest of the first coach that could convey him to Alibi House, or as near to it as might be. He soon found one, and conscious that his appearance was far too splendid for an outside place, got inside. All the way along, his heart was in a little flutter of vanity, excitement, and expectation. He was going to be introduced to Miss Quirk—and probably, also, to several people of great consequence—as the heir apparent to £10,000 a-year. Two very respectable female passengers, his companions all the way, he never once deigned to interchange a syllable with. Four or five times did he put his head out of the window, calling out, in a loud peremptory tone—“Mind, coachman—Alibi House—Mr. Quirk’s—Alibi House—Do you hear?” After which he would sink back into the seat with a magnificent air, as if he had not been used to give himself so much trouble. The coach at length stopped. “Hallibi Ouse, sir,” said the coachman, in a most respectful tone—“this is Mr. Quirk’s, sir.” Titmouse stepped out, dropped eightpence into the man’s hand, and opening the gate,

found himself in a straight and narrow gravel walk, of about twenty yards in length, with little obstinate-looking stunted trees on each side. 'Twas generally known, among Mr. Quirk's friends, by the name of the "*Rope-walk*." Titmouse might have entered before as fine-looking a house, but only to deliver a bundle of drapery or hosiery: never before had he entered such a one as a guest. It was, in fact, a fair-sized house, at least treble that of *Satin Lodge*, and had a far more stylish appearance. When Titmouse pulled the bell, the door was quickly plucked open by a big footman, with showy shoulder-knot and a pair of splendid red plush breeches, who soon disposed of Titmouse's cloak and hat, and led the way to the drawing-room, before our friend, with a sudden palpitation of the heart, had had a moment's time even to run his hands through his hair.

"Your name, sir?" inquired the man, suddenly pausing—with his hand upon the handle of the door.

"Mr. Titmouse."

"I—beg your pardon, sir; what name?"

Titmouse, clearing his throat, repeated his name—open went the door, and—"Mr. Ticklemouse," said the servant, very loudly and distinctly—ushering in Titmouse; on whom the door was the next instant closed. He felt amazingly flustered—and he would have been still more so, if he could have been made aware of the titter which pervaded the fourteen or twenty people assembled in the room, occasioned by the droll misnomer of the servant, and the exquisitely ridiculous appearance of poor Titmouse. Mr. Quirk, dressed in black, with knee breeches and silk stockings, immediately bustled up to him, shook him cordially by the hand, and led him up to the assembled guests. "My daughter—Miss Quirk; Mrs. Alderman Addlehead; Mrs. Deputy Diddle-daddle; Mrs. Alias, my sister;—Mr. Alderman Addlehead; Mr. Deputy Diddle-daddle; Mr. Bluster; Mr. Slang; Mr. Hug; Mr. Flaw; Mr. Viper; Mr. Ghastly; Mr. Gammon you know." Miss Quirk was about four or five-and-twenty—a fat young lady, with flaxen hair curled formally all over head and down to her shoulders, so that she very much resembled one of those great wax dolls seen in bazars and shop windows, especially if looked at through a strong magnifying glass. Her complexion was beautifully fair; her eyes small; her face quite round and fat. From the die-away manner in which she moved her head, and the languid tone of her voice, it was obvious that she was a very sentimental young lady. She was dressed in white, and wore a massive gold chain—her fat arms being half-covered with long kid gloves. She was sitting on the sofa, from which she did not rise when Titmouse was introduced to her—and the moment after hid her face behind the album which had been lying on her knee, and which she had been showing to the ladies on each side of her; for, in fact, neither she nor any one else could, without the greatest difficulty, refrain from laughing at the monkeyfied appearance of Titmouse. The Alderman was a stout, stupid, little man—a fussy old prig—with small angry-looking black eyes, and a short red nose; as for his head, it seemed as though he had just smeared some sticky fluid over it, and then dipped it into a flour-tub, so thickly laden was it with powder. Mr. Deputy Diddle-daddle was tall and thin, and serious and slow of speech, with the solemn composure of an undertaker. Mr. Bluster was a great Old Bailey barrister, about fifty years old, the leader constantly employed by Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; and was making at least a thousand a-year. He had an amazingly truculent-looking countenance, coarse to a degree, and

his voice matched it; but on occasions like the present—i. e. in elegant society—he would fain drop the successful terrors of his manner, and appear the mild dignified gentleman. He, therefore, spoke in a very soft, cringing way, with an anxious smile; but his bold insolent eye and coarse mouth—what could disguise or mitigate their expression? Here he was, playing the great man; making himself, however, most particularly agreeable to Messrs. Quirk and Gammon. Slang was of the same school; fat, vulgar, confident and empty; telling obscene jokes and stories, in a deep bass voice. He sang a good song, too—particularly of that class which required the absence of ladies—and of gentlemen. Hug (Mr. Toady Hug) was also a barrister, a glib little Jewish-looking fellow, creeping into considerable criminal practice. He was a sneaking backbiter, and had a blood-hound scent after an attorney. See him, for instance, at this moment, in close and eager conversation with Mr. Flaw, who, rely upon it, will give him a brief before the week is over. Viper was the editor of the *Sunday Flash*; a cold, venomous little fellow. He was of opinion that every thing was wrong—moral, physical, intellectual, and social; that there was really no such thing, or at least ought not to be, as religion; and, as to political rights, that every body ought to be uppermost at once. He had failed in business twice, and disreputably; then had become a Unitarian parson; but, having seduced a young female member of his congregation, he was instantly expelled from his pulpit. An action being brought against him by the mother of his victim, and heavy damages obtained, he attempted to take the benefit of the insolvent debtor's act—but, on account of Miss —, was remanded for eighteen months. That period he employed in writing a shockingly blasphemous work, for which he was prosecuted, and sentenced to a heavy fine and imprisonment; on being released from which, saturated with gall and bitterness against all mankind, he took to political writing of a very violent character, and was at length picked up, half starved, by his present patron, Mr. Quirk, and made editor of the *Sunday Flash*. Is not all this history written in his sallow, sinister-eyed, bitter-expressional countenance? Wo to him who gets into a discussion with Viper! There was one or two others present, particularly a Mr. Ghastly, a third-rate tragic actor, with a tremendous mouth, only one eye, and a very hungry look. He never spoke, because no one spoke to him, for his clothes seemed rather rusty-black. The only man of gentlemanlike appearance in the room was Mr. Gammon; and he took an early opportunity of engaging poor Titmouse in conversation, and setting him comparatively at his ease—a thing which was attempted, by old Quirk, but in such a fidgety-fussy way as served only to fluster Titmouse the more. Mr. Quirk gave a dinner-party of this sort regularly every Sunday; and they formed the happiest moments of his life—occasions on which he banished from his thoughts the responsible anxieties of his profession, and, surrounded by a select circle of choice spirits, such as were thus collected together, partook joyously of the

"Feast of reason, and the flow of soul."

"This is a very beautiful picture, Titmouse, isn't it?" said Gammon, leading him to the further corner of the drawing-room, where hung a small picture with a sort of curtain in black gauze before it, which Gammon lifting up, Titmouse beheld a picture of a man suspended from the gallows, his hands tied with cords before him, his

head forced aside, and covered down to the chin with a white nightcap. 'Twas done with sickening fidelity, and Titmouse gazed at it with a shudder. "Charming thing, isn't it?" said Gammon, with a very expressive smile.

"Y—e—s," replied Titmouse, his eyes glued to the horrid object.

"Very striking, a'n't it?" quoth Quirk, bustling up to them; "'twas painted for me by a first-rate artist, whose brother I very nearly saved from the gallows!"

"Like such things?" inquired Quirk, with a matter of fact air, drawing down the black gauze.

"Yes, sir, uncommon—uncommon."

"Well, I'll show you something very interesting! Heard of Gilderoy, that was hanged last year for forgery? Gad, my daughter's got a brooch with a lock of his hair in it, which he gave me himself—a client of mine: within an ace of getting him off—saw in the indictment—found it out myself—did, by gad! Come along, and I'll get Dora to show it to you!" and, putting Titmouse's arm in his, led him up to the interesting young lady.

"Dora, just show my friend Titmouse that brooch of yours, with Gilderoy's hair."

"Oh, my dear papa, 'tis such a melancholy thing!" said she, at the same time detaching it from her dress, and handing it to her papa, who, holding it in his hands, gave Titmouse, and one or two others who stood beside, a very interesting account of the last hours of the deceased Gilderoy.

"He was very handsome, papa, wasn't he?" inquired Miss Quirk, with a sigh, and a very pensive air.

"Wasn't bad-looking; but good looks and the condemned cell don't long agree together."

"Ah, papa!" exclaimed Miss Quirk, in a mournful tone, and, leaning back in the sofa, raised her handkerchief to her eyes.

"You are too sensitive, my love!" whispered her aunt, Mrs. Alias, squeezing the hand of her niece, who, struggling against her feelings, presently revived.

"We were looking just now," said Mr. Hug, addressing Mr. Quirk, "at a very interesting addition to Miss Quirk's album—that letter of Grizzlegut."

"Ah, very striking! Value it beyond every thing! Shall never forget Grizzlegut! Very nearly got off! 'Twas an '&c.' that nearly saved his life, through being omitted in the indictment. 'Fore gad, we thought we'd got 'em!"

They were alluding to an autograph letter which had been addressed to Mr. Quirk by Grizzlegut, (who had been executed for high treason a few weeks before,) the night before he suffered. He was a blood-stained scoundrel of the deepest dye, and ought to have been hanged and quartered half-a-dozen times.

"Will you read it aloud, Mr. Hug?" inquired Miss Quirk; and the barrister, in a somewhat pompous tone, read the following memorable document:—

*"Condemned Cell, Newgate,
Friday night, half-past 11 o'clock,
18th Nov. 18—.*

"Sir,

"At this awful moment, when this world is closing rapidly upon me and my fellow-sufferers, and the sounds of the wretches putting up the grim gallows are audible to my listening ears, and on the morrow the most horrible death that malicious tyrants can inflict awaits me, my soul being calm and full of fortitude, and beating responsive to the call of GLORIOUS LIBERTY, I feel prouder

than the king upon his throne. I feel that I have done much to secure the liberties of my injured country.

"For liberty, glorious liberty,
Who'd fear to die!"

Many thanks to you, sir, for your truly indefatigable efforts on my behalf, and the constant exercise of a skill that nearly secured us a glorious acquittal. What a flame we would have raised in England! that should have blasted the enemies of true freedom. I go to Hereafter, (if, indeed, there be a hereafter,) as we shall soon know, not with my soul crammed with Priestcraft, a bold Briton, having laid down my life for my country, knowing that future ages will do me justice.

"Adieu, tyrants, adieu! Do your worst!! My soul defies you.

"I am,

"Sir,

"Your humble, obliged, and

"undismayed servant,

"ARTHUR GRIZZLEGUT."

"To Caleb Quirk, Esq.

"Tyrants' grim,

Will on the morrow cut me limb from limb,

While Liberty looks on with terrible eye,

And says, *I will avenge him by-and-by.*

"ARTHUR GRIZZLEGUT."

The reading of the above produced a great sensation. "That man's name will be enrolled among the Sidneys and the Hampdens of his country!" said Viper, with a grim and excited air. "That letter deserves to be carved on a golden tablet! The last four lines are sublime! He was a martyr to principles that are silently and rapidly making their way in this country."—How much farther he would have gone on in this strain, seeing no one present had resolution enough to differ with or interrupt him, even if they had been so disposed, I know not, but fortunately dinner was announced—a sound which startled old Quirk out of a posture of intense attention to Viper, and evident admiration of his sentiments. He gave his arm with an air of prodigious politeness to the gaunt Mrs. Alderman Addlehead, whose distinguished lord led down Miss Quirk—and the rest followed in no particular order—Titmouse arm in arm with Gammon, who took care to place him next to himself, (Gammon.) It was really a dashing sort of dinner. Quirk had, indeed, long been celebrated for his Sunday dinners. Titmouse had never seen any thing like it; and was quite bewildered—particularly at the number of differently shaped and coloured glasses, &c. &c. &c., placed opposite to him. He kept a constant eye on the movements of Gammon, and did whatever he did, as if the two had been moved by the same set of springs, and was thus saved innumerable embarrassments and annoyances. What chiefly struck his attention was the prodigious number of dishes, great and small, as if half-a-dozen dinners had been crowded into one; the rapidity with which they were changed, and plates removed, in constant succession; the incessant invitations to take wine that were flying about during the whole of dinner. For a considerable while Titmouse was too much flurried to enjoy himself; but a few glasses of champagne succeeded in elevating his spirits to the proper pitch—and would soon have driven them far beyond it. Almost every body, except the great folk at the top of the table, asked him to

take wine; and he constantly filled his glass. In fact Gammon, recollecting a scene at his own chamber, soon perceived that, unless he interfered, Titmouse would be drunk long before dinner was over. He had not imagined the earth to contain so exquisite a drink as champagne; and he could have fallen down and worshiped it, as it came fizzing and flashing out of the bottle. Gammon earnestly assured him that he would be ill if he drank so much—that many eyes were upon him—and that it was not the custom to do more than merely sip from his wine-glass when challenging or challenged. But Titmouse had taken a considerably greater quantity on board, before Gammon thus interfered, than that gentleman was aware of, and began to get very voluble. Guess the progress he had made, when he called out with a confident air—"Mr. Alderman! your health!"—whether more to that great man's astonishment or disgust I cannot undertake to say: but after a steady stare for a moment or two at Titmouse, "Oh! I shall be very happy, indeed, Mr. Gammon," he called out, looking at the latter gentleman, and drinking with him. That signified nothing, however, to Titmouse, who, indeed, did not see any thing at all pointed or unusual, and gulped down his wine as eagerly as before.

"Cool puppy that, Miss Quirk, must say," sniffled the offended alderman to Miss Quirk.

"He's young, dear Mr. Alderman," said she, sweetly and mildly—"and when you consider the immense fortune he is coming into—ten thousand a-year, my papa says"—

"That don't make him less a puppy—nor a brute," interrupted the ruffled alderman, still more indignant; for his own forty thousand pounds, the source of all his social eminence, sunk into insignificance at the sound of the splendid income just about to drop into the lap of Titmouse. Mr. Bluster, who headed the table on Miss Quirk's left-hand side, and who felt that he *ought* to be, but knew that in the presence of the alderman he was not, the great man of the day, observing the irritation under which his rival was suffering, immediately raised his threatening double-glasses to his eyes, and in a tone of ostentatious condescension, looking down the table to Titmouse, called out, "Mr. Titmouse—may I have the honour of drinking your health?"

"Ye—as, brother Bompions," replied Titmouse, who could never bear to hear his name mispronounced, and he raised his glass to his eye; "was just going to ask you!" All this was done in such a loud and impudent tone and manner, as made Gammon still more uneasy for his young companion. But his sally had been received by the company as a very smart retort, and produced a roar of laughter, every one being glad to see Mr. Bluster snubbed, who bore it in silent dignity, though his face showed his chagrin and astonishment; and he very heartily agreed, for once in his life, with the worshipful person opposite to him in his estimate of our friend Titmouse.

"Mr. Titmouse! Mr. Titmouse! my daughter wonders you don't take wine with her," said Mr. Quirk, in a low tone—"will you join us? we're going to take a glass of champagne."

"Oh! 'pun my life—delighted"—quoth Titmouse.

"Dora, my dear! Mr. Titmouse will take wine with you!—Jack," (to the servant,) "fill Miss Quirk's and Mr. Titmouse's glasses to the brim."

"Oh, no! dearest papa."

"Pho! pho!—nonsense—the first time of asking, you know."

"Well! If it *must* be," and with what a graceful inclination—with what a pointed manner, and fascinating smile did she exchange courtesies with Titmouse! He felt disposed to take wine with her a second time immediately; but Gammon restrained him. Mr. Toady Hug, having become acquainted with the brilliant prospects of Titmouse, earnestly desired to exert his little talents to do the agreeable, and ingratiate himself with Mr. Titmouse; but there was a counteracting force in another direction, an attorney, a Mr. Flaw, who had the greatest practice at the Clerkenwell sessions, sat beside him, and received his most respectful and incessant attentions; speaking ever in a low confidential whisper, constantly casting a furtive glance towards Bluster and Slang, to see whether they were observing him. Hug, in strict confidence, assured Mr. Flaw how his case, the other day, might have been won, if such and such a course had been adopted, "which would have been the life *le*" (Hug) "would have taken;" and which he explained with anxious energy. "I must say, Flip regularly threw the case away—no doubt of it! By the way, what became of that burglary case of yours on Friday?"

"Found guilty, poor fellows!"

"You don't say so?"

"Fact, by Jove, though!"

"How could Gobble have lost that verdict? I assure you I would have bet ten to one on your getting a verdict; for I read over your brief as it lay beside me, and upon my honour, Mr. Flaw, it was most admirably got up. Every thing depends on the brief!"

"Glad you thought so, sir," replied Flaw, wondering how it was that he had never before thought of giving a brief to Mr. Hug.

"It's a grand mistake of counsel not to pay great attention to their briefs. For my part," continued Mr. Hug, in a still lower tone, "I make a point of reading every syllable in my brief, however long it is."

"It's the only way, depend on it, sir. We attorneys see and know so much of the case!"

"Ay, and beyond that. Your practical suggestions are often—Now, for instance, in the brief I was alluding to, there was an uncommonly acute suggestion."

"Which was it, sir?" inquired the attorney, his countenance showing the progress of Hug's lubricating process.

"Oh—why—a—a—hem! No; it would hardly be fair to Gobble, and I'm sorry indeed!"

"Well, well—it can't be helped *now*—but I must say that once or twice latterly I've thought that Mr. Gobble has rather—By the way, Mr. Hug, shall you be in town this week, till the end of the sessions?"

"Ye—e—s!" hastily whispered Hug, after glancing guiltily towards his brethren, who, though they did not seem to do so, were really watching him closely.

"I'm happy to hear it. You've heard of Aaron Doodle, who was committed for that burglary at ——. Well, I defend him, and shall be happy to give you the brief. Do you lead Mr. Dolt?" Hug nodded. "Then he will be your junior. Where are your chambers, Mr. Hug?"

"No. 4 Sly Court, Gray's Inn. When does it come on?"

"Thursday—perhaps Wednesday."

"Then do come and breakfast with me, and we can talk it over together."

"Sir, you're very polite. I will do myself the pleasure."

This little stroke of business over, the disengaged couple were at liberty to attend to the general conversation of the table. Mr. Bluster and Mr. Slang kept the company in almost a constant roar, with descriptions of scenes in court, in which *they* had, of course, been the principal actors; and, according to their own accounts, they must be wonderful fellows. Such botherers of judges!—such bafflers and browbeaters of witnesses!—such bamboozlers of juries!

You should have seen the sneering countenance of Hug all the while. He never once smiled or laughed at the sallies of his brethren, and did his best to prevent his new patron, Mr. Flaw, from doing so—constantly putting his hand before his mouth, and whispering into Mr. Flaw's ear at the very point of the joke or story—and the smile would disappear from the countenance of Mr. Flaw.

The alderman laughed till the tears ran out of his little eyes, which he constantly wiped with his napkin. Amidst the general laughter and excitement, Miss Quirk, leaning her chin on her hand, her elbow resting on the table, several times directed soft, languishing looks towards Titmouse, unobserved by any one but himself; and they were not entirely unsuccessful, although Titmouse was wonderfully taken with the stories of the two counsellors, and believed them to be two of the greatest men he had ever seen or heard of, and at the head of their profession.

"I hope, sir, you'll have those two gents in my case?" said he earnestly to Gammon.

"Unfortunately, your case will not come on in their courts," said Gammon, with a very expressive smile.

"Why can't it come on when I choose?—or when you like?" inquired Titmouse, surprisedly.

Mr. Quirk had been soured during the whole of dinner, for he had anxiously desired to have Titmouse sit beside him at the bottom of the table; but in the little hubbub attendant upon coming down to dinner and taking places, Titmouse slipped out of sight for a minute; and when all were placed, Quirk's enraged eye perceived him seated in the middle of the table, beside Gammon. Gammon *always* got hold of Titmouse. Old Quirk could have flung a decanter at his head—in his own house!—at his own table! Always anticipating and circumventing him.

"Mr. Quirk, I don't think we've taken a glass of wine together yet, have we?" said Gammon, with a bland and cordial manner, at the same time pouring himself out a glass of wine. He perfectly well knew what was annoying his respected partner, whose look of quaint embarrassment, when so suddenly assailed, infinitely amused him. "Catch me asking you here again, Master Gammon," thought Quirk, "the next time that Titmouse dines here!" The reason why Mr. Snap had not been asked was, that Quirk had some slight cause to suspect his having conceived the notion of paying his addresses to Miss Quirk—a thing at any time not particularly palatable to Mr. Quirk; but in the present conjuncture of circumstances quite out of the question, and intolerable even in idea. Snap was not slow in guessing the reason of his exclusion, which had greatly mortified, and also not a little alarmed him. As far as he could venture, he had, during the week, endeavoured to "set" Titmouse "against" Miss Quirk, by such faint disparaging remarks and insinuations as he dared venture upon with so difficult a subject as Titmouse, whom he at the same time inflamed by representations of the splendid matches he might very soon command among the highest women of

the land. By these means Snap had, to a certain extent, succeeded; but the few melting glances which had fallen upon Titmouse's sensitive bosom from the eyes of Miss Quirk, were beginning to operate a slight change in his feelings. The old alderman, on an intimation that the "ladies were going to withdraw," laid violent hands on Miss Quirk, (he was a "privileged" old fool,) and insisted on her singing his favourite song—"My Friend and Pitcher." His request was so warmly seconded by the rest of the company, Titmouse as loud and eager as any, that she was fain to comply. She sung with considerable sweetness, and much self-possession. She carried Titmouse's feelings along with her from the beginning, as Gammon, who was watching him, perceived.

"Most uncommon lovely gal, isn't she?" whispered Titmouse, with great energy.

"Very!" replied Gammon, drily, with a slight smile.

"Shall I call out *encore*? An't that the word? 'Pon my soul, most lovely gal! she must sing it again."

"No, no—she wishes to go—'tis not usual: she will sing it for you, I dare say, this evening, if you ask her."

"Well—most charming gal!—Lovely!"

"Have patience, my dear Titmouse," said Gammon, in a low whisper, "in a few months' time you'll soon be thrown into much higher life than this—among *really* beautiful, and rich, and accomplished women"—[and, *thought* Gammon, you'll resemble a monkey that has found his way into a rich tulip bed!]

"Fancy Miss Tag-rag standing beside her."

"Ha, ha!" gently laughed Gammon—"both of them, in their way, are very worthy persons; but"—Here the ladies withdrew. 'Twas no part of Gammon's plans that Titmouse should become the son-in-law of either Quirk or Tag-rag.

As soon as Quirk had taken the head of the table, and the gentlemen drawn together, the bottles were pushed round very briskly, accompanied by no less than three different sorts of snuff-boxes, all belonging to Mr. Quirk—all of them presents from clients. One was a huge affair of Botany Bay wood, with a very inflaming inscription on the inside of the lid; from which it appeared that its amiable donors, who were trying the effect of a change of climate on their moral health, at the expense of a grateful country, owed their valuable lives to the professional skill and exertions of "Caleb Quirk, Esq." In short, the other two were trophies of a similar description, of which their possessor was very justly not a little proud; and as he saw Titmouse admiring them, it occurred to him as very possible that, within a few months' time, he should be in possession of a magnificent *gold* snuff-box, in acknowledgment of the services he should have rendered to his distinguished guest and client. Titmouse was in the highest possible spirits. This, his first glimpse into high life, equaled all his expectations. Round and round went the bottles—crack went joke after joke. Slang sung song upon song, of, however, so very coarse and broad a character as infinitely disgusted Gammon, and apparently shocked the alderman;—though I greatly distrust that old sinner's sincerity in the matter. Then Ghastly's performances commenced. Poor fellow! he exerted himself to the utmost to earn the good dinner he had just devoured: but when he was in the very middle of one of his most impassioned scenes—undoubtedly "tearing a passion to rage,"—interrupted Mr. Quirk, impatiently—"Come, come, Ghastly, we've had enough of that sort—it don't suit at all—don't rear so, man!"

Poor Ghastly instantly resumed his seat, with a chagrined and melancholy air.

"Give us something funny," said the alderman.

"Let's have the chorus of Pigs and Ducks," said Quirk; "you do that *remarkable* well. I could fancy the animals were running and squealing and quacking all about the room." The actor did as he was desired, commencing with a sigh, and was much applauded. At length Gammon happened to get into a discussion with Mr. Bluster upon some point connected with the habeas corpus act, in which our friend Gammon, who never got heated in discussion, and was very accurate in whatever he knew, had glaringly the best of it. His calm, smiling self-possession almost drove poor Bluster frantic. The less he knew, of course, the louder he talked, the more vehement and positive he became; at length offering a *bet* that he was right; at which Gammon bowed, smiled, and closed the discussion. While engaged in it, he had of course been unable to keep his eye upon Titmouse, who drunk, consequently, like a little fish, never letting the bottle pass him. Every one about him filled his glass every time—why should not he?

Hug sat next to Viper; feared him, and avoided discussion with him; for, though they agreed in their politics, which were of the loosest and lowest radical description, they had a personal antipathy each to the other. In spite of their wishes, they at length got entangled in a very virulent controversy, and said so many insulting things to each other, that the rest of the company, who had for some time been amused, got at length—not disgusted but alarmed, for the possible results. Mr. Quirk, therefore, interfered.

"Bravo! bravo! bravo!" he exclaimed, as Viper concluded a most venomous passage, "that will do Viper—whip it into the next *Flash*—'twill be a capital leader! It will produce a sensation! And in the mean time, gentlemen, let me request you to fill your glasses—bumpers—for I've a toast to propose, in which you'll all feel interested when you hear who's the subject of it. It is a gentleman who is likely soon to be elevated to a station which Nature has formed him—hem! hem!—to adorn!"

"Mr. Quirk's proposing your health, Titmouse!" whispered Gammon to his companion, who, having been very restless for some time, had at length become quite silent; his head resting on his hand, his elbow on the table—his eyes languidly half open, and his face exceedingly pale. Gammon saw that he was in truth in a very ticklish condition.

"I wish—you'd—let me—go out—I'm—devilish ill!"—said Titmouse, faintly. Gammon made a signal to Quirk, who instantly ceased his speech; and coming down to Titmouse, he and Gammon hastily led him out of the room, and to the nearest bed-chamber, where he began to be very ill, and so continued for several hours. Old Quirk, who was a long-headed man, was delighted by this occurrence; for he saw that if he insisted on Titmouse's being put to bed, and passing the night—and perhaps the next day—at Alibi House, it would enable Miss Quirk to bring her attractions to bear upon him effectively, by exhibiting those delicate and endearing attentions which are so soothing, and indeed necessary to an invalid. Titmouse continued severely indisposed during the whole of the night; and, early in the morning, it was thought advisable to send for a medical man, who pronounced Titmouse to be in danger of a bilious fever, and to require rest, and care, and medical attendance for some days to come. This was rather

"too much of a good thing" for old Quirk—but there was no remedy. Foreseeing that Titmouse would be thrown constantly, for some time to come, into Miss Quirk's company, her prudent parent enjoined upon Mrs. Alibi, his sister, the necessity of impressing on his daughter's mind the great uncertainty that, after all, existed as to Titmouse's prospects; and the consequent necessity there was for her to regulate her conduct with a view to either failure or success—to keep her affections, as it were, in abeyance. But the fact was, that Miss Quirk had so often heard the subject of Titmouse's brilliant expectations talked of by her father, and knew so well his habitual prudence and caution, that she looked upon Titmouse's speedy possession of ten thousand a-year as a matter almost of certainty. She was a girl of some natural shrewdness, but of an early inclination to maiden sentimentality. Had she been blessed with the vigilant and affectionate care of a mother as she grew up, (her mother having died when Miss Quirk was but a child,) and been thrown among a different set of people from those who constantly visited at Alibi House—and of whom a very *favourable* specimen has been laid before the reader—Miss Quirk might really have become a very sensible and agreeable girl. As it was, her manners had contracted a certain coarseness, which at length overspread her whole character; and the selfish and mercenary motives by which she could not fail to perceive all her father's conduct regulated, infected herself. She resolved, therefore, to be governed by the considerations so urgently pressed upon her by both her father and her aunt.

It was several days before Titmouse was allowed, by his medical man, to quit his bedroom; and it is impossible for any woman not to be touched by the sight of a sudden change effected in a man by severe indisposition and suffering—even be that man so poor a creature as Titmouse. He was very pale, and considerably reduced by the severe nature of his complaint, and of the powerful medicines which had been administered to him. When he made his first appearance before Miss Quirk, one afternoon, with somewhat feeble gait, and a languid air, that mitigated, if it did not obliterate, the foolish and conceited expression of his features, she really regarded him with considerable interest; and, though she might hardly have owned it even to herself, his expected good fortune invested him with a kind of subdued radiance. *Ten thousand a-year!*—Miss Quirk's heart fluttered! By the time that he was well enough to take his departure, she had, at his request, read over to him nearly half of that truly interesting work—the Newgate Calendar; she had sung to him, and played to him, whatever he had asked her; and, in short, she felt that if she could but be certain that he would gain his great lawsuit, and step into ten thousand a-year, she could love him. She insisted, on the day of his quitting Alibi House, that he should write in her album; and he very readily complied. It was nearly ten minutes before he could get a pen to suit him. At length he succeeded, and left the following interesting memento of himself, in the very centre of a fresh page:

"Tittlebat Titmouse Is My name,
England Is My Nation,
London Is My dwelling-Place,
And Christ Is My Salvation.

"TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE,
"Alibi lodge."

Miss Quirk turned pale with astonishment and vexa-

tion on seeing this elegant and interesting addition to her album. Titmouse, on the contrary, looked at it with no little pride; for having had a capital pen, an his heart being in his task, he had produced what he conceived to be a very superior specimen of penmanship; in fact, the signature was by far the best he had ever written. When he had gone, Miss Quirk was twenty times on the point of tearing out the leaf which had been so dismally disfigured; but on her father coming home in the evening, he laughed heartily—"and as to tearing it out," said he, "let us first see which way the verdict is."

Titmouse became, after this, a pretty frequent visitor at Alibi House; growing more and more attached to Miss Quirk, who, however, conducted herself towards him with much judgment. His inscription on her album had done a vast deal towards cooling down the ardour with which she had been disposed to regard even the future owner of ten thousand a-year. Poor Snap seemed to have lost all chance, being treated with greater coldness by Miss Quirk on every succeeding visit to Alibi House. At this he was sorely discomfited; for she would have whatever money her father might be possessed of, besides a commanding interest in the partnership business. 'Twas a difficult thing for him to preserve his temper in his close intimacy with Titmouse, who had so grievously interfered with his prospects.

The indisposition I have been mentioning, prevented Titmouse from paying his promised visit to Satin Lodge. On returning to his lodgings, from Alibi House, he found that Tag-rag had either called or sent every day to enquire after him with the most affectionate anxiety; and one or two notes lying on his table, apprised him of the lively distress which the ladies of Satin Lodge were enduring on his account, and implored him to lose not a moment in communicating the state of his health, and personally assuring them of his safety. Though the image of Miss Quirk was continually before his eyes, Titmouse, nevertheless, had cunning enough not to drop the slightest hint to the Tag-rags of the true state of his feelings. Whenever any inquiry, with ill-disguised anxiety, was made by Mrs. Tag-rag concerning Alibi House and its inmates, Titmouse would, to be sure, mention Miss Quirk, but in such a careless and slighting way as gave great consolation and encouragement to Tag-rag, his wife, and daughter. When at Mr. Quirk's, he spoke somewhat unreservedly of the amiable inmates of Satin Lodge. These two mansions were almost the only private residences visited by Titmouse, who spent his time much in the way which I have already described. How he got through his days I can hardly tell. At his lodgings, he got up very late, and went to bed very late. He never read any thing excepting a Song-book lent him by Snap, or a novel, or some such book as "Boxiana," from the circulating library. Dawdling over his dress and his breakfast, then whistling and humming, took up so much of every day as he passed at his lodgings. The rest was spent in idling about the town, looking in at shop windows, and now and then going to some petty exhibition. When evening came, he was generally joined by Snap, when they would spend the night together in the manner I have already described. As often as he dared, he called at Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's office at Saffron Hill, and worried them not a little by inquiries concerning the state of his affairs, and the cause of the delay in commencing proceedings. As for Huckaback, by the way, Titmouse cut him entirely; saying that he was a devilish low fellow,

and it was no use knowing him. He made many desperate efforts, both personally and by letter, to renew his acquaintance with Titmouse, but in vain. I may as well mention, by the way, that as soon as Snap got scent of the little money transaction between his friend and Huckaback, he called upon the latter, and tendering him twelve shillings, demanded up the document which he had extorted from Titmouse. Huckaback held out obstinately for some time—but Snap was too much for him, and talked in such a formidable strain about an indictment for a conspiracy (!) and fraud, that Huckaback at length consented on receiving twelve shillings, to deliver up the document to Snap, on condition of Snap's destroying it on the spot. This was done, and so ended all intercourse—at least on this side of the grave—between Titmouse and Huckaback.

The sum allowed by Messrs. Quirk and Gammon to Titmouse, was amply and sufficient to have kept him in comfort; but it never would have enabled him to lead the kind of life which I have described—and he would certainly have got very awkwardly involved had it not been for the kindness of Snap in advancing him, from time to time, such sums as his exigencies required. In fact, matters went on as quietly and smoothly as possible for several months—till about the middle of November, when an event occurred that seemed to threaten the total demolition of all his hopes and expectations.

He had not seen or heard from Messrs. Quirk or Gammon for nearly a fortnight; Snap he had not seen for nearly a week. At length he ventured to make his appearance at Saffron Hill, and was received with a startling coldness—a stern abruptness of manner, that frightened him out of his wits. All the three partners were alike—as for Snap, the contrast between his present and his former manner was perfectly shocking; he seemed quite another person. The fact was, that the full statement of Titmouse's claims had been laid before Mr. Subtle, the leading counsel retained in his behalf, for his opinion, before actually commencing proceedings; and the partners were indeed thunderstruck on receiving that opinion: for Mr. Subtle pointed out a radical deficiency of proof in a matter which, as soon as their attention was thus pointedly called to it, Messrs. Quirk and Gammon were amazed at their having overlooked, and still more at its having escaped the notice of Mr. Treasayle, Mr. Mortmain, and Mr. Frankpledge. Mr. Quirk hurried with the opinion to the first two gentlemen; and, after a long interview with each, they owned their fears that Mr. Subtle was right, and that the defect seemed incurable; but they showed their agitated clients, that they had been guilty of neither oversight nor ignorance, inasmuch as the matter in question was one of evidence only—one which a *nisi prius* lawyer, with a full detail of "proofs" before him, could hardly fail to light upon—but which, it would be found, had been assumed and taken for granted in the cases laid before conveyancers. They promised to turn it over in their minds, and to let Messrs. Quirk and Gammon know if any thing occurred to vary their impression. Mr. Treasayle and Mr. Mortmain, however, preserved an ominous silence. As for Frankpledge, he had a knack, somehow or another, of always coming to the conclusion wished and hoped for by his clients; and, after prodigious pains, wrote a very long opinion, to show that there was nothing in the objection. Neither Mr. Quirk nor Mr. Gammon could understand the process by which Mr. Frankpledge arrived at such a result; but, in despair, they laid his opinion before Mr. Subtle, in

the shape of a second case for his opinion. It was, in a few days' time, returned to them, with only a line or two—thus:—

"With every respect for the gentleman who wrote this opinion, I cannot perceive what it has to do with the question. I see no reason whatever to depart from the view I have already taken of this case.—J. S."

Here was something like a dead lock.

"We're done, Gammon!" said Quirk, with a dismayed air. Gammon seemed lost, and made no answer.

"Does any thing—eh?—Any thing occur to you? Gammon, I will say this for you—you're a long-headed fellow." Still Gammon spoke not.

"Gammon! Gammon!—I really believe—you begin to see something."

"It's to be done, Mr. Quirk!" said Gammon at length, with a grave and apprehensive look, and a cheek paler than before.

"Eh? how? Oh, I see!—Know what you mean, Gammon," replied Quirk, with a hurried whisper, glancing at both doors to see that they were safe.

"We must resume our intercourse with Titmouse, and let matters go on as before," said Gammon, with a very anxious, but, at the same time, a determined air.

"I—I wonder if what has occurred to you is what has occurred to me!" inquired Quirk, in an eager whisper.

"Pooh! pooh! Mr. Quirk."

"Gammon, dear Gammon, no mystery! You know I have a deep stake in this matter!"

"So have I, Mr. Quirk," replied Gammon, with a sigh. "However"—Here the partners put their heads close together, and whispered to each other in a low, earnest tone, for some minutes. Quirk rose from his seat, and took two or three turns about the room in silence, Gammon watching him calmly.

To his inexpressible relief and joy, within a few hours of the happening of the above colloquy, Titmouse found himself placed on precisely his former footing with Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap.

In order to bring on the cause for trial at the next spring assizes, it was necessary that the declaration in ejectment should be served on the tenant in possession before Hilary term; and, in a matter of such magnitude, it was deemed expedient for Snap to go down and personally effect the service in question. In consequence, also, of some very important suggestions as to the evidence, given by the junior in the cause, it was arranged that Snap should go down about a week before the time fixed upon for effecting the service, and make minute inquiries as to one or two facts which it was understood could be established in evidence. As soon as Titmouse heard of this movement, that Snap was going direct to Yatton, the scene of his, Titmouse's, future greatness, he made the most pertinacious and vehement entreaties to Messrs. Quirk and Gammon to be allowed to accompany him, even going down on his knees. There was no resisting this; but they exacted a solemn pledge from him that he would place himself entirely at the disposal of Snap: go under some feigned name, and, in short, neither say nor do anything tending to disclose their real character or errand.

Snap and Titmouse established themselves at the Here and Hounds Inn at Grilston; and the former immediately began, cautiously and quietly, to collect such evidence as he could discover. One of the first persons to whom he went was old blind Bea. His many proce-

ing questions at length stirred up in the old woman's mind recollections of long-forgotten names, persons, places, scenes, and associations, thereby producing an agitation not easily to be got rid of, and which had by no means subsided when Dr. Tatham and Mr. Aubrey paid her the Christmas-day visit, which has been already described.

The reader has had already pretty distinct indications of the manner in which Titmouse and Snap conducted themselves during their stay in Yorkshire, and which, I fear, have not tended to raise either of these gentlemen in the reader's estimation. Titmouse manifested a very natural anxiety to see the present occupants of Yatton; and it was with infinite difficulty that Snap could prevent him from sneaking about in the immediate neighbourhood of the hall, with the hope of seeing them. His first encounter with Mr. and Miss Aubrey was entirely accidental, as the reader may remember; and when he found that the lady on horseback near Yatton, and the lady whom he had striven to attract the notice of in Hyde Park, were one and the same beautiful woman, and that that beautiful woman was neither more nor less than the sister of the present owner of Yatton—the marvellous discovery created a mighty poth in his little feelings. The blaze of Kate Aubrey's beauty, in an instant consumed the images both of Tabitha Tag-rag and Dora Quirk. It even for a while outshone the splendours of ten thousand a-year; such is the inexpressible and incalculable power of woman's beauty over every thing in the shape of man—over even so despicable a sample of him as Tittlebat Titmouse.

While putting in practice some of those abominable tricks to which, under Snap's tutelage, Titmouse had become accustomed in walking the streets of London, and from which even the rough handling they had got from farmer Hazel could not turn him, Titmouse at length, as has been seen, most unwillingly fell foul of that fair creature, Catharine Aubrey herself; who seemed truly like an angelic messenger, returning from her errand of sympathy and mercy, and suddenly beset by a little imp of darkness. When Titmouse discovered who was the object of his audacious and revolting advances, his soul was petrified within him; and it was fortunate that the shriek of Miss Aubrey's attendant at length startled him into a recollection of a pair of heels, to which he was that evening indebted for an escape from a most murderous cudgeling, which might have been attended with one effect not contemplated by him who inflicted it; viz. the retention of the Aubreys in the possession of Yatton! Titmouse ran for nearly half-a-mile on the high-road towards Grilston, without stopping. He dared not venture back to Yatton, with the sound of the lusty farmer's voice in his ears, to get back from the Aubrey arms the horse which had brought him that afternoon from Grilston, to which place he walked on, through the snow and darkness; reaching his inn in a perfect panic, from which, at length, a tumbler of stiff brandy and water, with two or three cigars, somewhat relieved him. Forgetful of the solemn pledge which he had given to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, not to disclose his name or errand, and it never once occurring to him that, if he would but keep his own counsel, Miss Aubrey could never identify him with the ruffian who had assailed her, he spent the interval between eight and twelve o'clock, at which latter hour the coach by which he had resolved to return to London would pass through Grilston, in inditing the following letter to Miss Aubrey:—

Grilston, January 6th, 18 —

"Honoured Miss,

"Hoping No Offence Will Be Taken where None is meant, (*which am Sure of*.) This I send To say Who I Am, which, Is the Right And True Owner of Yatton which You Enjoy Among You All At This present (Till The Law Give it to Me) Which It quickly Will And which It Ought to Have done When I were First Born And Before Yr Respect. Family ever Came into it, And Me which Yr. hond. Brother Have so Unlawfully Got Possession Of must Come Back to Them Whose Due It is wh. Is myself as will be Sone. provd. And wh. am most truly Sorry Of *on your Own Act.* (Meaning (hond. Miss.) you Alone) as Sure As Yatton is Intirely Mine So My Heart Is yours and No Longer my Own Ever since I Saw You first as Can Easily prove but wh. doubtless You Have forgot Seeing You Never New, seeing (as Mr. Gammon, My Soliciter And a Very Great Lawyer, say) *Cases Alter Circumstances*, what Can I say More Than that I Love you *Most Amazing* Such As Never Thought Myself Capable of Ding Before and wh. cannot help Ever Since I First saw Yr. most *Lovely and Divine and striking* Face wh. have Stuck In my Mind Ever Since Day and Night Sleeping and Waking I will Take my Oath Never Of Having Lov'd Any one Else, Though (must Say) have Had a Wonderful, Many Offers From Females of *The Highest Rank* Since My Truly Wonderful Good fortune got Talked About every Where but have *Refused Them All* for yr sake, And Would All the World But you. When I Saw You on Horseback It was All my Sudden confusion In Seeing you (The Other Gent. was One of my Respecs. Solicitors) wh. Threw Me off in that Ridiculous way wh. was a Great Mortification And made My brute Of A horse go on so For I remembered You and was Wonderful struck with *Your Improved Appearance* (As that Same Gent. can Testify) And you was (Hond. Miss) Quite wrong To night when You spoke Uncommon Angry To Me, seeing If I Had Only Known what Female It was (meaning yourself which I respect So) only So Late Alone I should Have spoke quite Different So hope You will Think Nothing More Of that Truly *Unpleasant Event* Now (Hond Madam) What I Have To say Is if You will Please To Condescend To Yield To My Desire we Can Live Most uncommon Comfortable at Yatton Together wh. Place shall Have Great Pleasure in *Marrying You From* and I may (*perhaps*) Do Something Handsome for yr. respectable Brother And Family, wh. can Often Come to see us And Live in the Neighbourhood, if You Refuse me, will not say What shall Happen To Those which (am Told) *Owe me a precious Long Figure* wh. may (*perhaps*) Make a Handsome Abatement If You And I Hit t.

"Hoping You Will Forget what Have So Much Grieved, me And Write pr. return of Post.

"Am

"hond. Miss

"Yr most Loving & Devoted Slave

"(Till Death)

"TITTLERAT TITMOUSE.

"(Private.)"

This equally characteristic and disgusting production, its infatuated writer sealed twice, and then left it with sixpence in the hands of the landlady of the Hare and Hounds, to be delivered at Yatton Hall the first thing in the morning. The good woman, however having no

particular wish to oblige such a strange puppy, whom she was on y too glad to get rid of, and having a good deal to attend to—laid the letter on the chimney-piece, and entirely lost sight of it for nearly a fortnight. Shortly after the lamentable tidings concerning the impending misfortunes of the Aubrey family had been communicated to the inhabitants of Grilston, she forwarded the letter, little dreaming of the character in which its writer was likely, ere long, to re-appear at Grilston, with one or two others, a day or two after Miss Aubrey had had the interview with her brother which I have described to the reader; but it lay unnoticed by any one—above all, by the sweet sufferer whose name was indicated on it—among a great number of miscellaneous letters and papers which had been suffered to accumulate on the library table.

Mr. Aubrey entered the library one morning alone, for the purpose of attending to many matters which had been long neglected. He was evidently thinner: his face was pale, and his manner dejected: still there was about him a noble air of calmness and resolution. Through the richly-pictured old stained-glass window, the mottled sunbeams were streaming in a kind of tender radiance upon the dear old familiar objects around him. All was silent. Having drawn his chair to the table, on which were lying a confused heap of letters and papers, he felt a momentary repugnance to enter upon the task which he had assigned to himself, of opening and attending to them; and walked slowly for some time up and down the room, with folded arms, uttering occasionally profound sighs. At length he sat down, and commenced the disheartening task of opening the many letters before him. One of the first he opened was from Peter Johnson—the old tenant to whom he had lent the sum of two hundred pounds; and it was full of expressions of gratitude and respect. Then came a letter, a fortnight old, bearing the frank of Lord —, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He opened it and read:—

"Whitehall, 16th January 18—.

"My dear Aubrey,

"You will remember that Lord —'s motion stands for the 28th. We all venture to calculate upon receiving your powerful support in the debate. We expect to be much pressed with the Duke of —'s affair, which you handled shortly before the recess with such signal ability and success. When you return to town, you must expect a renewal of certain offers, which I most sincerely trust, for the benefit of the public service, will not be again declined.

"Ever yours faithfully,

"C—.

"(Private and confidential.)

"Charles Aubrey, Esq., M. P.

Mr. Aubrey laid down the letter calmly, as soon as he had read it; and, leaning back in his chair, seemed lost in thought for several minutes. Presently he re-applied himself to his task, and opened and glanced over a great many letters; the contents of several of which occasioned him deep emotion. Some were from persons in distress whom he had assisted, and who implored a continuance of his aid; others were from ardent political friends—some sanguine, others desponding—concerning the prospects of the session. Two or three hinted that it was every where reported that he had been offered one of the under secretariats, and had declined; but that it was,

at the king's desire, to be pressed upon him. Many letters were on private, and still more on county business; and with one of them he was engaged, when a servant entered with one of that morning's county papers. Tired with his task, Mr. Aubrey rose from his chair as the servant gave him the paper; and, standing before the fire, he unfolded the *Yorkshire Stingo*, and glanced listlessly over its miscellaneous contents. At length his eye lit upon the following paragraph:—

"The rumours so deeply affecting a member for a certain borough in this county, and to which we alluded in our last paper but one, turn out to be well-founded. A claimant has started up to the very large estates at present held by the gentleman in question; and we are very much misinformed if the ensuing spring assizes will not effect a considerable change in the representation of the borough alluded to, by relieving it from the tory thralldom under which it has been so long oppressed. We have no wish to hear hard upon a falling man; and, therefore, shall make no comment upon the state of mind in which the person may be presumed to be, who must be conscious that he has so long been enjoying the just rights of others. Some extraordinary disclosures may be looked for when the trial comes on. We have heard from a quarter on which we are disposed to place reliance, that the claimant is a gentleman of decided whig principles, and who will prove a valuable accession to the liberal cause."

The tears very nearly forced their way out of Mr. Aubrey's eyes on reading this most unfeeling paragraph; but they had, with a strong effort, been dispersed just as Miss Aubrey entered the room. Her brother quietly folded up the paper and laid it aside, fearful lest his sister's feelings should be pierced by so coarse and brutal a paragraph, which, in fact, had been concocted in London in the office of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, who were, as before stated, interested in the *Sunday Flash*, which was in some sort connected, through the relationship of the editors, with the *Yorkshire Stingo*. The idea had been suggested by Gammon, of attempting to enlist the political feeling of a portion of the county in favour of their client.

"Here are several letters for you, Kate," said her brother, picking several of them out. The very first she took up, it having attracted her attention by the double seal, and the vulgar style of the handwriting, was that from Titmouse, which has just been laid before the reader. With much surprise she opened the letter, her brother being similarly engaged with his own; and her face getting gradually paler as she went on, at length she flung it on the floor with a passionate air and burst into tears. Her brother, with astonishment, exclaimed,— "Dear Kate, what is it?" and he rose and stooped to pick up the letter.

"Don't—don't, Charles!" she cried putting her foot upon it, and flinging her arms round his neck. "It is an audacious letter—a vulgar, a cruel letter, dear Charles!" Her emotion increased as her thoughts recurred to the heartless paragraph concerning her brother with which the letter concluded. "I could have overlooked every thing but that," said she, unwittingly. With gentle force he succeeded in getting hold of the painfully ridiculous and contemptible effusion. He attempted faintly to smile several times as he went on.

"Don't—don't, dearest Charles! I can't bear it. Don't smile—It's very far from your heart; you do it only to assure me."

Here Mr. Aubrey read the paragraph concerning him-

self. His face turned a little paler than before, and his lips quivered with suppressed emotion. "He is evidently a very foolish fellow!" he exclaimed, walking towards the window, with his back to his sister, whom he did not wish to see how much he was affected by so petty an incident.

"What does he allude to, Kate, when he talks of your having spoken angrily to him, and that he did not know you?" he inquired, after a few moments' pause, returning to her.

"Oh dear!—I am so grieved that you should have noticed it—but since you ask me"—and she told him the occurrence alluded to in the letter. Mr. Aubrey drew himself up unconsciously as Kate went on, and she perceived him becoming still paler than before, and felt the kindling anger of his eye.

"Forget it—forget it, dearest Charles!—So despicable a being is really not worth a thought," said Kate, with increasing anxiety; for she had never in her life before witnessed her brother the subject of such powerful emotions as then made rigid his slender frame. At length, drawing a long breath—

"It is fortunate, Kate," said he calmly, "that he is not a gentleman, and that I endeavour to be—a Christian." She flung her arms round him, exclaiming, "There spoke my own noble brother!"

"I shall preserve this letter as a curiosity, Kate," said he presently; and with a pointed significance of manner, that arrested his sister's attention, he added,— "It is rather singular, but some time before you came in, I opened a letter in which your name is mentioned—I cannot say in a similar manner, and yet—in short, it is from Lord de la Zouch, enclosing one!"

Miss Aubrey suddenly blushed scarlet, and trembled violently.

"Don't be agitated, my dear Kate, the enclosure is from Lady de la Zouch; and if it be the same strain of kindness that pervades Lord de la Zouch's letter to me"—

"I would rather that you opened and read it, Charles"—she faltered, sinking into a chair.

"Come, come, dear Kate—play the woman!" said her brother, with an affectionate air,— "To say that there is nothing in these letters that I believe will interest you—very deeply gratify and interest your feelings—would be"—

"I know—I—I—suspect—I"—faltered Miss Aubrey, with much agitation—"I shall return."

"Then you shall take these letters with you, and read, or not read them as you like," said her brother, putting the letters into her hand with a fond and sorrowful smile, that soon, however, flitted away—and, leading her to the door, he was once more alone; and, after a brief interval of reverie, he wrote answers to such of the many letters before him as he considered earliest to require them.

Notwithstanding the judgment and tenderness with which Dr. Tatham discharged the very serious duty which, at the entreaty of his afflicted friends, he had undertaken, of breaking to Mrs. Aubrey the calamity with which she and her family were menaced, the effects of the disclosure had been most disastrous. They had paralyzed her; and Mr. Aubrey, who had long been awaiting the issue, in sickening suspense, in an adjoining room, was hastily summoned in to behold a mournful and heart-rending spectacle. His venerable mother—she who had given him life at the mortal peril of her own; she whom he cherished with unutterable tender-

ness and reverence; she who doted upon him as upon the light of her eyes; from whose dear lips he had never heard a word of unkindness or severity; whose heart had never known an impulse but of gentle, noble, unbounded generosity towards all around her—this idolised being now lay suddenly prostrated and blighted before him—

Poor Aubrey yielded to his long and violent agony, in the presence of her who could no longer hear, or see, or be sensible of what was passing in the chamber.

"My son," said Dr. Tatham, after the first burst of his friend's grief was over, and he knelt down beside his mother with her hand grasped in his, "despise not the chastening of the Lord; neither be weary of his correction:

"For whom the Lord loveth he correcteth, even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.

"The Lord will not cast off for ever;

"But though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion, according to the multitude of his mercies.

"For he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men."

It was with great difficulty that Dr. Tatham could render himself audible while murmuring these soothing and solemn passages of scripture in the ear of his distracted friend, beside whom he knelt.

Mrs. Aubrey had suffered a paralytic seizure, and lay motionless and insensible; her features slightly disfigured, but partially concealed beneath her long silvery gray hair, which had, in the suddenness of the fit, strayed from beneath her cap.

"But what am I about?" at length exclaimed Mr. Aubrey, with a languid and alarmed air—"has medical assistance?"

"Dr. Goddard and Mr. Whateley are both sent for by several servants, and will doubtless be very quickly here," replied Dr. Tatham; and while he yet spoke Mr. Whateley—who, when hastened on by the servant who had been sent for him, was entering the park on a visit to young Mrs. Aubrey, who was also seriously ill and in peculiarly critical circumstances—entered the room, and immediately resorted to the necessary measures. Soon afterwards, also, Dr. Goddard arrived; but, alas, how little could they do for the venerable sufferer!

During the next, and for many ensuing days, the lodge was assailed by very many anxious and sympathising inquirers, who were answered by Waters, whom Mr. Aubrey—oppressed by the number of friends who hurried up to the hall, and insisted upon seeing him to ascertain the extent to which the dreadful rumours were correct—had stationed there during the day to afford the requisite information. The hall was pervaded by a gloom that could be felt. Every servant had a wo-begone look, and moved about as if a funeral were stirring. Little Charles and Agnes, almost imprisoned in their nursery, seemed quite puzzled and confused at the strange unusual seriousness, and quietness, and melancholy faces every where about them. Kate romped not with them as had been her wont; but would constantly burst into tears as she held them on her knee or in her arms, trying to evade the continual questioning of Charles. "I think it will be time for me to cry too by-and-by!" said he to her one day, with an air half in jest and half in earnest, that made poor Kate's tears flow afresh. Sleepless nights and days of sorrow soon told upon her appearance. Her glorious buoyancy of spirits, that ere-while, as it were, had filled the whole hall with gladness—where were they

now! Ah, me! the rich bloom had disappeared from her beautiful cheek; but her high spirit, though oppressed, was not broken, and she stood firmly and calmly amid the scowling skies and lowering tempests. You fancied you saw her auburn tresses stirred upon her pale but calm brow by the breath of the approaching storm; and that she also felt it, but trembled not. Her heart might be, indeed, bruised and shaken; but her spirit was, ay, unconquerable. My glorious Kate, how my heart goes forth towards you!

And thou, her brother, who art of kindred spirit; who art supported by philosophy, and exalted by religion, so that thy constancy cannot be shaken or overthrown by the black and ominous swell of trouble which is increasing and closing around thee, I know that thou wilt outlive the storm—and yet it rocks thee!

A month or two may see thee and thine expelled from old Yatton, and not merely having lost every thing, but with a liability to thy successor that will hang round thy neck like a millstone. What, indeed, is to become of you all? Whither will you go? And your suffering mother, should she survive so long, is her precious form to be borne away from Yatton!

Around thee stand those who, if thou fallest, will perish—and that thou knowest; around thy calm, sorrowful, but erect figure, are a melancholy group—thy afflicted mother—the wife of thy bosom—thy two little children—thy brave and beautiful sister—Yet think not, Misfortune! that over this man thou art about to achieve thy accustomed triumphs. Here, behold thou hast a man to contend with; nay, more, a CHRISTIAN MAN, who hath calmly girded up his loins against the coming fight!

'Twas Sabbath evening, some five weeks or so after the happening of the mournful events above commemorated, and Kate, having spent as usual several hours keeping watch beside the silent and motionless figure of her mother, had quitted the chamber for a brief interval, thinking to relieve her oppressed spirits by walking, for a little while, up and down the long gallery. Having slowly paced backwards and forwards once or twice, she rested against the little oriel window at the furthest extremity of the gallery, and gazed, with saddened eye, upon the setting sun, till at length, in calm grandeur, it disappeared beneath the horizon. 'Twas to Kate a solemn and mournful sign; especially followed as it was by the deepening shadows and gloom of evening. She sighed; and, with her hands crossed on her bosom, gazed, with a tearful eye, into the darkening sky, where glittered the brilliant evening star. Thus she remained, a thousand pensive and tender thoughts passing through her mind, till the increasing chills of evening warned her to retire. "I will go," said she to herself, as she walked slowly along, "and try to play the evening hymn—I may not have many more opportunities!" With this view, she gently opened the drawing-room door, and, glancing around, found that she should be alone. The fire gave the only light. She opened the organ with a sigh, and then sat down before it for some minutes without touching the keys. At length she struck them very gently, as if fearful of disturbing those who, she soon recollected, were too distant to hear her. Ah! how many associations were stirred up as she played over the simple and solemn air! At length, in a low and rather tremulous voice, she began—

"Soon will the evening star, with silver ray,
Shed its mild radiance o'er the sacred day;

Resume we, then, ere night and silence reign,
The rites which holiness and heaven ordain"—

She sung the last line somewhat indistinctly; and, overcome by a flood of tender recollections, ceased playing; then, leaning her head upon her hand, she shed tears. At length she resumed—

"Here humbly let us hope our Maker's smile
Will crown with sweet success our earthly toil—
And here, on each returning Sabbath, join"—

Here poor Kate's voice quivered—and, after one or two ineffectual attempts to sing the next line, she sobbed, and ceased playing. She remained for several minutes, her face buried in her handkerchief, shedding tears. At length, "I'll play the last verse," thought she, "and then sit down before the fire, and read over the evening service, (feeling for her little prayer book,) before I return to poor mamma." With a firmer hand and voice she proceeded—

"Father of Heaven! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide—
In life our guardian, and in death our friend,
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end!"

She played and sung these lines with a kind of solemn energy; and she felt as if a ray of heavenly light had trembled for a moment upon her upturned eye. She had not been, as she had supposed, alone; in the farthest corner of the room had been all the while sitting her brother—too exquisitely touched by the simplicity and goodness of his sweet sister, to apprise her of his presence. Several times his feelings had nearly overpowered him; and as she concluded, he arose from his chair, and approaching her, after her first surprise was over,—"Heaven bless you, dear Kate!" said he, taking her little hands in his own. Neither of them spoke for a few moments.

"I could not have sung a line, or played, if I had known that you were here," said she.

"I thought so, Kate."

"I don't think I shall ever have heart to play again."

"Be assured, Kate, that submission to the will of God," said Mr. Aubrey, as he with his arm round his sister, they walked slowly to and fro, "is the great lesson to be learned from the troubles of life; and for that purpose they are sent. Let us bear up awhile: the waters will not go over our heads!"

"I hope not," replied his sister, faintly, and in tears.

"How did you leave Agnes, Charles?"

"She was asleep; she is still very feeble"—Here the door was suddenly opened, and Miss Aubrey's maid entered hastily, exclaiming, "Are you here, ma'am?—or, sir?"

"Here we are," they replied, hurrying towards her; "what is the matter?"

"Oh, madam is *talking*! She began speaking all of a sudden. She did indeed, sir. She's talking, and"—continued the girl, almost breathless.

"My mother talking!" exclaimed Aubrey, with an amazed air.

"Oh yes, sir! she is—she is, indeed!"

Miss Aubrey sunk into her brother's arms, overcome for a moment with the sudden and surprising intelligence.

"Rouse yourself, Kate!" he exclaimed with animation; "did I not tell you that Heaven would not forget us? But I must hasten up stairs, to hear the joyful sounds with my own ears—and do you follow as soon as you can." Leaving her in the care of her maid, he hastened out of the room up stairs, and was soon at the door of his mother's chamber. He stood for a moment in the doorway, and his straining ears caught the gentle tones of his mother's voice, speaking in a low but cheerful tone. His knees trembled beneath him with joyful excitement. Fearful of trusting himself in her presence till he had become calmer, he noiselessly sunk on the nearest chair, with beating heart and straining ear—ay, every tone of that dear voice thrilled through his heart. But I shall not torture my own or my reader's heart by dwelling upon the scene that ensued. Alas! the venerable sufferer's tongue was indeed loosed;—but reason had fled! He listened—he distinguished her words.—She supposed that all her children—dead and alive—were romping about her; she spoke of him and his sister as she had spoken to them twenty years ago.

As soon as he had made this sad discovery, overwhelmed with grief he staggered out of the room; and motioning his sister, who was entering, into an adjoining apartment, communicated to her the mournful condition of her mother.

PART VIII.

The chief corner-stone suddenly found wanting in the glittering fabric of Mr. Titmouse's fortune, so that to the eyes of its startled architects, Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap, it seemed momentarily threatening to tumble about their ears, was a certain piece of evidence—which, being a matter-of-fact man, I should like to explain to the reader before we get on any further. In order, however, to do this effectually, I must go back to an earlier period in the history than has been yet called to his attention. If it shall have been unfortunate enough to attract the hasty eye of the superficial and impatient *novel-reader*, I make no doubt that by such a one certain portions of what has gone before, and which could not fail of attracting the attention of long-headed people, as being not thrown in for nothing, (and therefore to be borne in mind with a view to subsequent explanation,) have been entirely overlooked or forgotten. Now, I can fancy that the sort of reader whom I have in my eye, as one whose curiosity it is worth some pains to excite and sustain, has more than once asked himself the following question, viz.—

How did Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, first come to be acquainted with the precarious tenure by which Mr. Aubrey held the Yatton property? Why, it chanced in this wise.

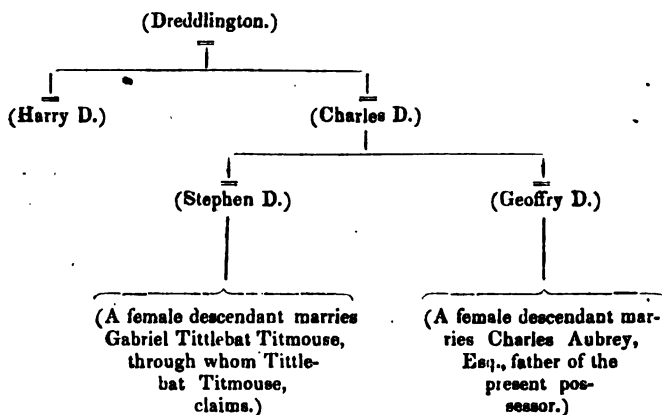
Mr. Parkinson of Grilston, who has been already introduced to the reader, succeeded to his late father, in one of the most respectable practices, as a country attorney and solicitor in Yorkshire. He was a highly honourable, painstaking man, and deservedly enjoyed the entire confidence of all his numerous and influential clients. Some twelve years before the period at which this history commences, Mr. Parkinson, who was a very kind hearted man, had taken into his service an orphan boy of the name of Steggars, at first merely as a sort of errand-boy, and to look after the office. He soon, however, displayed so much sharpness, and acquitted himself

the defect which had been pointed out by Mr. Sobtle. That which is stated to a conveyancer as a fact—any particular event, for instance, as of a death, a birth, or a marriage, at a particular time, which the very nature of the case renders highly probable—he may easily assume to be so. But when the same statement comes under the acute and experienced eye of a *nisi prius* lawyer, who knows that he will have to *prove* his case, step by step, the aspect of things is soon changed. The first practitioner at the common law before whom the case came, in its roughest and earliest form, in order that he might “lick it into shape,” and “advise generally” preparatory to its “being laid before counsel,” was Mr. Traverse, a young pleader, whom Messrs. Quirk and Gammon were disposed to take by the hand. He wrote a very showy, but superficial and delusive opinion; and put the intended *protégé* of his clients, as it were by a kind of hop, step, and jump, into possession of the Yatton estates. Quirk was quite delighted on reading it; but Gammon shook his head with a somewhat sarcastic smile, and said he would at once prepare a case for the opinion of Mr. Lynx, whom he had pitched upon as the

junior counsel in any proceedings which might be instituted in a court of law. Lynx (of whom I shall speak hereafter) was an experienced, hard-headed, vigilant, and accurate lawyer; the very man for such a case, requiring, as it did, most patient and minute examination. With an eye fitted

“To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven,”

he *crawled*, as it were, over a case; and thus, like as one can imagine that a beetle creeping over the floor of St. Paul’s would detect minute flaws and fissures that would be invisible to the eye of Sir Christopher Wren himself, espied out defects that much nobler optics would have overlooked. To come to plain matter-of-fact, however, I have beside me the original opinion written by Mr. Lynx; and shall treat the reader to a taste of it—giving him sufficient to enable him to appreciate the ticklish position of affairs with Mr. Titmouse. To make it not altogether unintelligible, let us suppose the state of the pedigree to be something like this (as far as concerns our present purposes):—



Be pleased, now, unlearned reader, to bear in mind that “Dreddlington,” at the top of the above table, is the common ancestor; having two sons, the elder “Harry D.,” the younger “Charles D.,” which latter has, in like manner, two sons, “Stephen D.” the elder son, and “Geoffry D.” the younger son; that Mr. Aubrey, at present in possession, claims under “Geoffry D.” Now it will be incumbent on Titmouse, in the first instance, to establish in himself a clear independent title to the estates; it being sufficient for Mr. Aubrey, (possession being nine-tenths of the law,) to falsify Titmouse’s proofs, or show them defective—“because,” saith a very learned sergeant, who hath writ a text-book upon the Action of Ejectment, “the plaintiff in an action of ejectment must recover upon the strength of his own title, not the weakness of his adversary’s.”

Now, things standing thus, behold the astute Lynx advising (*inter alia*) in manner following; that is to say—

“It appears clear that the lessor of the plaintiff (*i. e.* Tittlebat Titmouse) will be able to prove that Dreddlington (the common ancestor) was seised of the estate at Yatton in the year 1740; that he had two sons, Harry and Charles, the former of whom, after a life of dissipation, appears to have died without issue; and that from the latter (Charles) are descended Stephen, the ancestor

of the lessor of the plaintiff, and Geoffry, the ancestor of the defendant. Assuming, therefore, that the descent of the lessor of the plaintiff from Stephen, can be made out, as there appears every reason to expect (on this point he had written four brief pages), a clear *prima facie* case will be established on the part of the lessor of the plaintiff. As, however, it is suspected that Harry D. during his life-time, executed a conveyance in fee of the property, in order to secure the loan contracted by him from Aaron Moses, it will be extremely important to ascertain, and, if possible, procure satisfactory evidence, that his decease occurred before the period at which, by his father’s death, that conveyance could have become operative upon the property: since it is obvious that, should he have survived his father, *that instrument, being outstanding*, may form a complete answer to the case of the lessor of the plaintiff. The danger will be obviously increased, should the debt to Aaron Moses prove to have been paid off, as is stated to be rumoured, by Geoffry D. the younger son of Charles D.: for, should that turn out to be the case, he would probably have taken a conveyance to himself, or to trustees for his benefit, from Aaron Moses—which being in the power of the defendant, Mr. Aubrey, would enable him to make out a title to the property, paramount to that now attempted to be set up on behalf of Mr. Titmouse.” Every possible exertion, there-

fore, should be made to ascertain the precise period of the death of Harry D. The registries of the various parishes in which the family may have at any time resided, should be carefully searched; and an examination made in the churches and church-yards, of all tomb-stones, escutcheons, &c. belonging, or supposed to belong, to the Dreddlington family, and by which any light can be thrown upon this most important point. It appears clear that Dreddlington (the common ancestor) died on the 7th August, 1742:—the question, therefore, simply is, 'whether the death of his eldest son (Harry) took place prior or subsequent to that period.' It is to be feared that the defendant may be in possession of some better evidence on this point than is possessed by the lessor of the plaintiff. The natural presumption certainly seems to be, that the son, being the younger and stronger man, was the survivor."

The above mentioned opinion of Mr. Lynx, together with that of Mr. Subtle entirely corroborating it, (and which was alluded to in the last part of this history,) and a pedigree, was lying on the table, one day, at the office at Saffron Hill, before the anxious and perplexed parties, Messrs. Quirk and Gammon.

Gammon was looking attentively, and with a very chagrined air, at the pedigree; and Quirk was looking at Gammon.

"Now, Gammon," said the former, "just let me see again where the exact hitch is—eh? Curse me if I can see it."

"See it, my dear sir? here, here!" replied Gammon, with sudden impatience, putting his finger two or three times on the words "*Harry D.*"

"Don't be so sharp with one, Gammon! I know as well as you that that's *about* where the crack is; but what is the precise thing we're in want of, eh?"

"Proof, my dear sir, of the death of Harry Dreddlington some time—no matter when—previous to the 7th of August, 1742; and in default thereof, Mr. Quirk, we are all flat on our backs, and had better never have stirred in the business."

"You know, Gammon, you're a decided deal better up in these matters than I—(only because I've not been able to turn my attention to 'em lately)—so just tell me, in a word, what good's to be got by showing that fellow to have died in his father's life-time?"

"You don't show your usual acuteness, Mr. Quirk," replied Gammon, blandly. "It is to make waste paper of that conveyance which he executed, and which Mr. Aubrey has, and with which he may, at a stroke, cut the ground from under our feet."

"The very thought makes one feel quite funny—don't it, Gammon?" quoth Quirk, with a flustered air.

"It may well do so, Mr. Quirk. Now we are fairly embarked in a cause where success will be attended with so many splendid results, Mr. Quirk—though I'm sure you'll always bear me out in saying how very unwilling I was to take advantage of the villany—hem!"

"Gammon, Gammon, you're always harking back to that—I'm tired of hearing on't."

"Well, now we're in it, I don't see why we should allow ourselves to be baffled by trifles. The plain question is, undoubtedly whether we are to stand still, or go on." Mr. Quirk gazed at Mr. Gammon with an anxious and puzzled look.

"How d'ye make out—in a legal way, you know, Gammon—when a man died—I mean, of a *natural* death?" inquired Quirk, who was familiar enough with

the means of proving the exact hour of certain *violent* deaths at Debtor's Door.

"Oh! there are various methods of doing so, my dear sir," replied Gammon, carelessly. "Entries in family bibles and prayer-books, registers, tomb-stones,—ay, by the way, an old tomb-stone," continued Gammon, musingly, "that would settle the business!"

"An old tomb-stone!" echoed Quirk, briskly. "Lord, Gammon, so it would! That's an *idea*—I call that a decided idea, Gammon. 'Twould be the very thing!"

"The very thing!" repeated Gammon, pointedly.—They remained silent for some moments.

"Snap could not have looked about him sharply enough, when he was down at Yatton!" at length observed Quirk, in a low tone, flushing all over as he uttered the last words, and felt Gammon's cold gray eye settled on him like that of a snake.

"He could not, indeed, my dear sir," replied Gammon, while Quirk continued gazing earnestly at him, now and then wriggling about in his chair, rubbing his chin, and drumming with his fingers on the table.—"Add now that you've suggested the thing, it's not to be wondered at—you know, it would have been an old tomb-stone—a sort of fragment of a tomb-stone, perhaps—so deeply sunk in the ground, probably, as easily to have escaped observation, eh? Does not it strike *you* so, Mr. Quirk?" All this was said by Gammon in a musing manner, and in a very low tone of voice; and he was delighted to find his words sinking into the eager mind of his companion.

"Ah, Gammon!" exclaimed Quirk, with a sound of partly a sigh, and partly a whistle, (the former being the exponent of the true state of his feelings, *i. e.* anxiety—the latter of what he wished to *appear* the state of his feelings, *i. e.* indifference.)

"Yes, Mr. Quirk!"

"You're a deep devil, Gammon—I *will* say that for you!" replied Quirk, glancing towards each door, and, as it were, unconsciously drawing his chair a little closer to that of Gammon.

"Nay, my dear sir!" said Gammon, with a deferential and deprecating smile, "you give me credit for an acuteness I feel I do not deserve! If, indeed, I had not had *your* sagacity to rely upon, ever since I have had the honour of being connected with you—ah, Mr. Quirk, you know you lead—I follow!"

"Gammon, Gammon! Come—your name's *Oily*!"

"In moments like these, Mr. Quirk, I say nothing that I do not feel," interrupted Gammon, gravely, putting to his nose the least modicum of snuff which he could take with the tip of his finger out of the huge box of Mr. Quirk, who, just then, was thrusting immense pinches every half minute up his nostrils.

"It will cost a great deal of money to find that same tomb-stone, Gammon!" said Quirk, in almost a whisper and paused, looking intently at Gammon.

"I think this is a different kind of snuff from that which you usually take, Mr. Quirk, isn't it?" inquired Gammon, as he inserted the tips of his fingers into the box.

"The same—the same," replied Quirk, mechanically.

"You are a man better equal to serious emergencies than any man I ever came near," said Gammon; "I perceive that you have hit the nail on the head, as indeed you always do."

"Tut! Stuff, Gammon; you're every bit as good a hand as I am." Gammon smiled, shook his head, and shrugged his shoulders.

tion on seeing this elegant and interesting addition to her album. Titmouse, on the contrary, looked at it with no little pride; for having had a capital pen, an his heart being in his task, he had produced what he conceived to be a very superior specimen of penmanship; in fact, the signature was by far the best he had ever written. When he had gone, Miss Quirk was twenty times on the point of tearing out the leaf which had been so dismally disfigured; but on her father coming home in the evening, he laughed heartily—"and as to tearing it out," said he, "let us first see which way the verdict is."

Titmouse became, after this, a pretty frequent visitor at Alibi House; growing more and more attached to Miss Quirk, who, however, conducted herself towards him with much judgment. His inscription on her album had done a vast deal towards cooling down the ardour with which she had been disposed to regard even the future owner of ten thousand a-year. Poor Snap seemed to have lost all chance, being treated with greater coldness by Miss Quirk on every succeeding visit to Alibi House. At this he was sorely discomfited; for she would have whatever money her father might die possessed of, besides a commanding interest in the partnership business. 'Twas a difficult thing for him to preserve his temper in his close intimacy with Titmouse, who had so grievously interfered with his prospects.

The indisposition I have been mentioning, prevented Titmouse from paying his promised visit to Satin Lodge. On returning to his lodgings, from Alibi House, he found that Tag-rag had either called or sent every day to enquire after him with the most affectionate anxiety; and one or two notes lying on his table, apprised him of the lively distress which the ladies of Satin Lodge were enduring on his account, and implored him to lose not a moment in communicating the state of his health, and personally assuring them of his safety. Though the image of Miss Quirk was continually before his eyes, Titmouse, nevertheless, had cunning enough not to drop the slightest hint to the Tag-rags of the true state of his feelings. Whenever any inquiry, with ill-disguised anxiety, was made by Mrs. Tag-rag concerning Alibi House and its inmates, Titmouse would, to be sure, mention Miss Quirk, but in such a careless and slighting way as gave great consolation and encouragement to Tag-rag, his wife, and daughter. When at Mr. Quirk's, he spoke somewhat unreservedly of the amiable inmates of Satin Lodge. These two mansions were almost the only private residences visited by Titmouse, who spent his time much in the way which I have already described. How he got through his days I can hardly tell. At his lodgings, he got up very late, and went to bed very late. He never read any thing excepting a Song-book lent him by Snap, or a novel, or some such book as "Boriana," from the circulating library. Dawdling over his dress and his breakfast, then whistling and humming, took up so much of every day as he passed at his lodgings. The rest was spent in idling about the town, looking in at shop windows, and now and then going to some petty exhibition. When evening came, he was generally joined by Snap, when they would spend the night together in the manner I have already described. As often as he dared, he called at Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's office at Saffron Hill, and worried them not a little by inquiries concerning the state of his affairs, and the cause of the delay in commencing proceedings. As for Huckaback, by the way, Titmouse cut him entirely; saying that he was a devilish low fellow,

and it was no use knowing him. He made many desperate efforts, both personally and by letter, to renew his acquaintance with Titmouse, but in vain. I may as well mention, by the way, that as soon as Snap got scent of the little money transaction between his friend and Huckaback, he called upon the latter, and tendering him twelve shillings, demanded up the document which he had extorted from Titmouse. Huckaback held out obstinately for some time—but Snap was too much for him, and talked in such a formidable strain about an indictment for a conspiracy (!) and fraud, that Huckaback at length consented on receiving twelve shillings, to deliver up the document to Snap, on condition of Snap's destroying it on the spot. This was done, and so ended all intercourse—at least on this side of the grave—between Titmouse and Huckaback.

The sum allowed by Messrs. Quirk and Gammon to Titmouse, was amply and sufficient to have kept him in comfort; but it never would have enabled him to lead the kind of life which I have described—and he would certainly have got very awkwardly involved had it not been for the kindness of Snap in advancing him, from time to time, such sums as his exigencies required. In fact, matters went on as quietly and smoothly as possible for several months—till about the middle of November, when an event occurred that seemed to threaten the total demolition of all his hopes and expectations.

He had not seen or heard from Messrs. Quirk or Gammon for nearly a fortnight; Snap he had not seen for nearly a week. At length he ventured to make his appearance at Saffron Hill, and was received with a startling coldness—a stern abruptness of manner, that frightened him out of his wits. All the three partners were alike—as for Snap, the contrast between his present and his former manner was perfectly shocking; he seemed quite another person. The fact was, that the full statement of Titmouse's claims had been laid before Mr. Subtle, the leading counsel retained in his behalf, for his opinion, before actually commencing proceedings; and the partners were indeed thunderstruck on receiving that opinion: for Mr. Subtle pointed out a radical deficiency of proof in a matter which, as soon as their attention was thus pointedly called to it, Messrs. Quirk and Gammon were amazed at their having overlooked, and still more at its having escaped the notice of Mr. Tressaye, Mr. Mortmain, and Mr. Frankpledge. Mr. Quirk hurried with the opinion to the first two gentlemen: and, after a long interview with each, they owned their fears that Mr. Subtle was right, and that the defect seemed incurable; but they showed their agitated clients, that they had been guilty of neither oversight nor ignorance, inasmuch as the matter in question was one of evidence only—one which a *niai prius* lawyer, with a full detail of "proofs" before him, could hardly fail to light upon—but which, it would be found, had been assumed and taken for granted in the cases laid before conveyancers. They promised to turn it over in their minds, and to let Messrs. Quirk and Gammon know if any thing occurred to vary their impression. Mr. Tressaye and Mr. Mortmain, however, preserved an ominous silence. As for Frankpledge, he had a knack, somehow or another, of always coming to the conclusion wished and hoped for by his clients; and, after prodigious pains, wrote a very long opinion, to show that there was nothing in the objection. Neither Mr. Quirk nor Mr. Gammon could understand the process by which Mr. Frankpledge arrived at such a result; but, in despair, they laid his opinion before Mr. Subtle, in

the shape of a second case for his opinion. It was, in a few days' time, returned to them, with only a line or two—thus:—

"With every respect for the gentleman who wrote this opinion, I cannot perceive what it has to do with the question. I see no reason whatever to depart from the view I have already taken of this case.—J. S."

Here was something like a dead lock.

"We're done, Gammon!" said Quirk, with a dismayed air. Gammon seemed lost, and made no answer.

"Does any thing—eh!—Any thing occur to you? Gammon, I will say this for you—you're a long-headed fellow." Still Gammon spoke not.

"Gammon! Gammon!—I really believe—you begin to see something."

"It's to be done, Mr. Quirk!" said Gammon at length, with a grave and apprehensive look, and a cheek paler than before.

"Eh! how! Oh, I see!—Know, what you mean, Gammon," replied Quirk, with a hurried whisper, glancing at both doors to see that they were safe.

"We must resume our intercourse with Titmouse, and let matters go on as before," said Gammon, with a very anxious, but, at the same time, a determined air.

"I—I wonder if what has occurred to you is what has occurred to me?" inquired Quirk, in an eager whisper.

"Pooh! pooh! Mr. Quirk."

"Gammon, dear Gammon, no mystery! You know I have a deep stake in this matter!"

"So have I, Mr. Quirk," replied Gammon, with a sigh. "However"—Here the partners put their heads close together, and whispered to each other in a low, earnest tone, for some minutes. Quirk rose from his seat, and took two or three turns about the room in silence, Gammon watching him calmly.

To his inexpressible relief and joy, within a few hours of the happening of the above colloquy, Titmouse found himself placed on precisely his former footing with Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap.

In order to bring on the cause for trial at the next spring assizes, it was necessary that the declaration in ejectment should be served on the tenant in possession before Hilary term; and, in a matter of such magnitude, it was deemed expedient for Snap to go down and personally effect the service in question. In consequence, also, of some very important suggestions as to the evidence, given by the junior in the cause, it was arranged that Snap should go down about a week before the time fixed upon for effecting the service, and make minute inquiries as to one or two facts which it was understood could be established in evidence. As soon as Titmouse heard of this movement, that Snap was going direct to Yatton, the scene of his, Titmouse's, future greatness, he made the most pertinacious and vehement entreaties to Messrs. Quirk and Gammon to be allowed to accompany him, even going down on his knees. There was no resisting this; but they exacted a solemn pledge from him that he would place himself entirely at the disposal of Snap: go under some feigned name, and, in short, neither say nor do any thing tending to disclose their real character or errand.

Snap and Titmouse established themselves at the Hare and Hounds Inn at Grilston; and the former immediately began, cautiously and quietly, to collect such evidence as he could discover. One of the first persons to whom he went was old blind Boss. His many press-

ing questions at length stirred up in the old woman's mind recollections of long-forgotten names, persons, places, scenes, and associations, thereby producing an agitation not easily to be got rid of, and which had by no means subsided when Dr. Tatham and Mr. Aubrey paid her the Christmas-day visit, which has been already described.

The reader has had already pretty distinct indications of the manner in which Titmouse and Snap conducted themselves during their stay in Yorkshire, and which, I fear, have not tended to raise either of these gentlemen in the reader's estimation. Titmouse manifested a very natural anxiety to see the present occupants of Yatton; and it was with infinite difficulty that Snap could prevent him from sneaking about in the immediate neighbourhood of the hall, with the hope of seeing them. His first encounter with Mr. and Miss Aubrey was entirely accidental, as the reader may remember; and when he found that the lady on horseback near Yatton, and the lady whom he had striven to attract the notice of in Hyde Park, were one and the same beautiful woman, and that that beautiful woman was neither more nor less than the sister of the present owner of Yatton—the marvellous discovery created a mighty poth in his little feelings. The blaze of Kate Aubrey's beauty, in an instant consumed the images both of Tabitha Tag-rag and Dora Quirk. It even for a while outshone the splendours of ten thousand a-year; such is the inexpressible and incalculable power of woman's beauty over every thing in the shape of man—over even so despicable a sample of him as Tittlebat Titmouse.

While putting in practice some of those abominable tricks to which, under Snap's tutelage, Titmouse had become accustomed in walking the streets of London, and from which even the rough handling they had got from farmer Hazel could not turn him, Titmouse at length, as has been seen, most unwillingly fell foul of that fair creature, Catharine Aubrey herself; who seemed truly like an angelic messenger, returning from her errand of sympathy and mercy, and suddenly beset by a little imp of darkness. When Titmouse discovered who was the object of his audacious and revolting advances, his soul was petrified within him; and it was fortunate that the shriek of Miss Aubrey's attendant at length startled him into a recollection of a pair of heels, to which he was that evening indebted for an escape from a most murderous cudgeling, which might have been attended with one effect not contemplated by him who inflicted it; viz. the retention of the Aubreys in the possession of Yatton! Titmouse ran for nearly half-a-mile on the high-road towards Grilston, without stopping. He dared not venture back to Yatton, with the sound of the lusty farmer's voice in his ears, to get back from the Aubrey arms the horse which had brought him that afternoon from Grilston, to which place he walked on, through the snow and darkness; reaching his inn in a perfect panic, from which, at length, a tumbler of stiff brandy and water, with two or three cigars, somewhat relieved him. Forgetful of the solemn pledge which he had given to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, not to disclose his name or errand, and it never once occurring to him that, if he would but keep his own counsel, Miss Aubrey could never identify him with the ruffian who had assailed her, he spent the interval between eight and twelve o'clock, at which latter hour the coach by which he had resolved to return to London would pass through Grilston, in inditing the following letter to Miss Aubrey:—

lip, while his other retained the hand that had brought him in, as if fearful of its quitting hold of him; the few words he could be brought to speak were in a subdued tone and hurried utterance: and when, having been lifted up to kiss his grandmamma, he and his sister were taken out of the chamber, their little breasts would heave a sigh, which showed how relieved they were from their recent constraint.

How wofully changed was every thing in the once cheerful old hall! Mr. Aubrey sitting in the library, intently engaged upon books and papers—Mrs. Aubrey and Kate now and then, arm in arm, walking slowly up and down the galleries, or one of the rooms, or the hall, not with their former sprightly gaiety, but pensive, and often in tears, and then returning to the chamber of their suffering parent. All this was sad work, indeed, and seemed, as it were, to herald in coming desolation!

But little variation occurred for several weeks, in the condition of Mrs. Aubrey, except that she grew visibly feebler. One morning, however, about six weeks after her seizure, from certain symptoms, the medical men intimated their opinion that some important change was on the eve of taking place, for which they prepared the family. She had been very restless during the night. After frequent intervals of uneasy sleep, she would awake with evident surprise and bewilderment. Sometimes a peculiar smile would flit over her emaciated features; at others, they would be overcast with gloom, and she would seem struggling to suppress tears. Her voice, too, when she spoke, was feeble and tremulous; and she would sigh, and shake her head mournfully. Old Jacob Jones not being introduced at the accustomed hour, she asked for him. When he made his appearance, she gazed at him for a moment or two, with a puzzled eye, exclaiming, "Jacob! Jacob! is it you?" in a very low tone; and then she closed her eyes, apparently falling asleep. Thus passed the day; her daughter and daughter-in-law sitting on either side the bed, where they had so long kept their anxious and affectionate vigils—Mr. Aubrey sitting at the foot of the bed—and Dr. Goddard and Mr. Whateley in frequent attendance. Towards the evening, Dr. Tatham also, as had been his daily custom through her illness, appeared, and in a low tone read over the service for the visitation of the sick. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Aubrey was obliged to quit the chamber, in order to attend to some very pressing matter of business; and he had been engaged for nearly an hour, intending almost every moment to return to his mother's chamber, when Dr. Tatham entered, as Mr. Aubrey was subscribing his name to a letter, and, with a little earnestness, said—"Come, my friend, let us return to your mother; methinks she is on the eve of some decisive change: the issue is with God." Within a few moments they were both at the bedside of Mrs. Aubrey. A large chamber-lamp, standing on a table at a little distance from the bed, diffused a soft light over the room, rendering visible at a glance the silent and sad group collected round the bed, all with their eyes directed towards the venerable figure who lay upon it. Mr. Aubrey sat beside his wife, close to his mother; and taking her thin, emaciated hand into his own, gently raised it to his lips. She seemed dozing; but his action appeared to rouse her for a moment. Presently she fixed her eye upon him—its expression, the while, slowly but perceptibly changing, and exciting strange feelings within him. He trembled, and removed not his eye from hers. He turned very pale—for the whole expression of his mother's countenance, which was turned full towards him, was

changing. Through the clouded windows of the falling fabric, behold! its long-imprisoned tenant, *THE SOUL*, had arisen from its torpor, and was looking at him. Reason was re-appearing. It was, indeed, his mother, and *in her right mind*, that was gazing at him. He scarcely breathed. At length surprise and apprehension yielded before a gush of tenderness and love. With what an unutterable look was his mother at that moment regarding him! His lip quivered—his eye overflowed—and, as he felt her fingers very gently compressing his own, his tears fell down. Gently leaning forward, he kissed her neck, and sunk on one knee beside the bed.

"Is it you, my son?" said she, in a very low tone, but in *her own voice*, and it stirred up instantly a thousand fond recollections, almost overpowering him. He kissed her hand with fervent energy but spoke not. She continued gazing at him with mingled solemnity and fondness. Her eye seemed brightening as it remained fixed upon him. Again she spoke, in a very low but clear voice—every thrilling word being heard by every one around her—"O'er the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern,—Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." It would be in vain to attempt to describe the manner in which these words were spoken; and which fell upon those who heard them, as though they were listening to one from the dead.

"My mother!—my mother!" at length faltered Aubrey.

"God bless thee, my son!" said she solemnly. "And Catharine, my daughter—God bless thee"—she presently added, gently turning round her head towards the quarter whence a stifled sob issued from Miss Aubrey, who rose, trembling, and, leaning over, kissed her mother. "Agnes, are you here—and your little ones?—God bless."—Her voice got fainter, and her eyes closed. Mr. Whateley gave her a few drops of ether, and she presently revived.

"God hath been very good to you, madam," said Dr. Tatham, observing her eye fixed upon him, "to restore you thus to your children."

"I have been long absent—long!—I wake, my children, but to bid you farewell, for ever upon earth."

"Say not so, my mother—my precious mother!" exclaimed her son, in vain endeavouring to suppress his emotions.

"I do, my son! Weep not for me; I am old, and am summoned away from among you"—She ceased, as if from exhaustion; and no one spoke for some minutes.

"It may be that God hath roused me, as it were, from the dead, to comfort my sorrowful children with words of hope," said Mrs. Aubrey, with much more power and distinctness than before. "Hope ye then in God; for ye shall yet praise Him who is the health of your countenance, and your God!"

"We will remember, my mother, your words!" faltered her son.

"Yes, my son—if days of darkness be at hand"—She ceased. Again Mr. Whateley placed to her white lips a glass with some reviving fluid—looking ominously at Mr. Aubrey, as he found that she continued insensible. Miss Aubrey sobbed audibly; indeed, all present were powerfully affected. Again Mrs. Aubrey revived, and swallowed a few drops of wine and water. A heavenly serenity diffused itself over her emaciated features.

"We shall meet again, my loves!—I can no longer

see you with the eyes of"—Mr. Whateley observing a sudden change, came nearer to her.

"Peace! peace," she murmured, almost inarticulately. A dead silence ensued, interrupted only by smothered sobs. Her children sunk on their knees, and buried their faces in their hands, trembling.

Mr. Whateley made a silent signal to Dr. Tatham, that life had ceased—that the beloved spirit had passed away. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" said Dr. Tatham, with tremulous solemnity. Mrs. Aubrey and Miss Aubrey, no longer able to restrain their feelings, wept bitterly; and, overpowered with grief, were supported out of the room by Dr. Tatham and Mr. Aubrey. As soon as it was known that the venerable mother of Mr. Aubrey was no more, universal reverence was testified for her memory, and sympathy for the afflicted survivors, by even those, high and low, in the remoter parts of the neighbourhood, who had no personal acquaintance with the family. Two or three days afterwards, Mr. Plume the undertaker, who had received orders from Mr. Aubrey to provide a simple and unexpensive funeral, submitted to him a list of more than thirty names of the nobility and gentry of the country, who had sent to him to know whether it would be agreeable to the family for them to be allowed to attend Mrs. Aubrey's remains to the grave. After much consideration, Mr. Aubrey accepted of this spontaneous tribute of respect to the memory of his mother. 'Twas a memorable and melancholy day on which the interment took place—one never to be forgotten at Yatton. What can be more chilling than the gloomy bustle of a great funeral, especially in the country; and when the deceased is one whose memory is enshrined in the holiest feelings of all who knew her? What person was there, for miles around, who could not speak of the courtesies, the charities, the goodness of Madam Aubrey?

"When the ear heard her, then it blessed her; and when the eye saw her, it gave witness to her:

"Because she delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.

"The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon her, and she caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.

"She was eyes to the blind, and feet was she to the lame.

"She was a mother to the poor."

Pale as death, the chief mourner, wrapped in his black cloak, is stepping into the mourning-coach. No one speaks to him: his face is buried in his handkerchief; his heart seems breaking. He thinks of her whose dear dust is before him;—then of the beloved beings whom he has left alone in their agony till his return—his wife and sister. The procession is moving slowly on—long, silent rows of the tenantry and villagers, old and young, male and female—not a dry eye among them, nor a syllable spoken—stand on each side of the way; no sound heard but of horses' feet, and wheels crushing along the wet gravel—for the day is most gloomy and inclement. As they quit the gates, carriage after carriage follows in the rear; and the sorrowful crowd increases around them. Many have in their hands the bibles and prayer-books which had been given them by her who now lies in yonder hearse; and a few can recollect the day when the late lord of Yatton led her along from the church to the hall, his young and blooming bride, in pride and joy—and they are now going to lay her beside him again. They enter the little churchyard, and are met by good

Dr. Tatham, in his surplice, bareheaded, and with book in hand; with full eye and quivering lip he slowly precedes the body into the church. His voice frequently trembles, and sometimes he pauses, while reading the service. Now they are standing bareheaded at the vault's mouth—the last sad rites are being performed; and probably, as is thinking the chief mourner, over the last of his race who will rest in that tomb!

Long after the solemn ceremony was over, the little churchyard remained filled with mournful groups of villagers and tenants, who pressed forward to the dark mouth of the vault, to take their last look at the coffin which contained the remains of her whose memory would live long in all their hearts. "Ah, dear old madam," quoth Jonas Higge to himself, as he finished his dreary day's labours, by temporarily closing up the mouth of the vault, "they might have turned thee, by-and-by, out of yonder hall, but they shall not touch thee *here*!"

Thus died, and was buried, Madam Aubrey; and *she is not yet forgotten*.

How desolate seemed the hall, the next morning, to the bereaved inmates, as, dressed in deep mourning, they met at the cheerless breakfast table! Aubrey kissed his wife and sister—who could hardly answer his brief inquiries. The gloom occasioned throughout the hall, for the last ten days, by the blinds being constantly drawn down, now that they were drawn up, had given way to a staring light and distinctness, that almost startled and offended the eyes of those whose hearts were dark with sorrow as ever. Every object reminded them of the absence of *one*—whose chair stood empty in its accustomed place. There, also, was her Bible, on the little round table near the window. The mourners seemed relieved by the entrance, by-and-by, of the children: but they, also, were in mourning! Let us, however, withdraw from this scene of suffering, where every object, every recollection, every association, causes the wounded heart to bleed afresh.

Great troubles seem coming upon them; and now that *they have buried the dead out of their sight*, and when time shall begin to pour his balm into their present smarting wound, we doubt not that they will look these troubles in the face, calmly and with fortitude, not forgetful of the last words of her for whom they now mourn so bitterly, and whom, beloved and venerable being! God hath mercifully taken away from the evil days that are to come.

After much and anxious consideration, they resolved to go, on the ensuing Sunday morning, to church, where neither Mrs. Aubrey nor Kate had been since the illness of her mother. The little church was crowded; almost every one present, beside wearing a saddened countenance, exhibited some outward mark of respect in their dress—some badge of mourning—such as their little means admitted of. The pulpit and reading-desk were hung in black, as also was Mr. Aubrey's pew—an object of deep interest to the congregation, who expected to see, at least, *some* member of the family at the hall. They were not disappointed. A little before Dr. Tatham took his place in the reading-desk, the well-known sound of the family carriage wheels were heard, as it drew up before the gate: and presently Mr. Aubrey appeared at the church-door, with his wife and sister on either arm; all of them, of course, in the deepest mourning—Mrs. and Miss Aubrey's countenances concealed beneath their long crape veils. For some time after taking their seats, they seemed oppressed with emotion, evidently weeping. Mr. Aubrey, however, exhibited great composure, though his

countenance bore the traces of the suffering he had undergone. Mrs. Aubrey seldom rose from her seat; but Kate stood up, from time to time, with the rest of the congregation; her white handkerchief, however, might be seen frequently raised to her eyes, beneath her black veil. As the service went on, she seemed to have struggled with some success against her feelings. To relieve herself for a moment from its oppressive closeness, she gently drew aside her veil; and thus, for a few minutes, exhibited a countenance inexpressibly beautiful. She could not, however, long bear to face a congregation, every one of whom she felt to be looking on her, and those beside her, with affectionate sympathy; and rather quickly drew her veil again over her face, without again removing it. There was one person present, on whom the brief glimpse of her beauty had produced a prodigious impression. As he gazed at her, the colour gradually deserted his cheek; and his eye remained fixed upon her, even after she had drawn down her veil. He experienced emotions such as he had never known before. *So that was Miss Aubrey!*

Gammon—for he it was, and he had gone thither under the expectation of seeing, for the first time, some of the Aubrey family—generally passed for a cold-blooded person; and in fact few men living had more control over their feelings, or more systematically checked any manifestations of them; but there was something in the person and circumstances of Miss Aubrey—for by a hurried inquiry of the person next to him he learned that it was she—which excited new feelings in him. Her slightest motion his eye watched with intense eagerness; and faint, half-formed schemes, purposes and hopes passed in rapid confusion through his mind, as he foresaw that circumstances would hereafter arise by means of which—

"Good God! how very—very beautiful she is!" said he to himself, as, the service over, her graceful figure, following her brother and his wife with slow sad step, approached the pew in which he was standing, on her way to the door. He felt a sort of cold shudder, as her black dress rustled past, actually touching him. What was he doing and meditating against that lovely being? And for whom—disgusting reptile!—for Titmouse? He almost blushed with a conflict of emotions, as he followed almost immediately after Miss Aubrey, never losing sight of her till her brother, having handed her into the carriage, got in after her, and they drove off towards the hall. The reader will not be at a loss to account for the presence of Gammon on this occasion, nor to connect it with a great trial at the approaching York assizes. As he walked back to Grilston to his solitary dinner, he was lost in thought; and, on arriving at the inn, repaired at once to his room, where he found a copy of the *Sunday Flash*, which had, according to orders, been sent to him from town, under his assumed name "Gibson." He ate but little, and that mechanically; and seemed to feel, for once, little or no interest in his newspaper. He had never paid the least attention to the eulogia upon Miss Aubrey of the little idiot Titmouse, nor of Snap, of whom he entertained but a very little higher opinion than of Titmouse. One thing was clear, that from that moment, Miss Aubrey formed a new element in Gammon's calculations; and for aught I know, may occasion very different results from those originally contemplated by that calm and crafty person.

As it proved a moonlight night, he resolved at once to set about the important business which had brought him into Yorkshire; and for that purpose set off about eight

o'clock on his walk to Yatton. About ten o'clock he might have been seen gliding into the churchyard, like a dangerous snake. The moon continued to shine—and at intervals with brightness sufficient for his purpose, which was simply to reconnoitre, as closely as possible, the little churchyard—to ascertain what it might contain, and *what were its capabilities*. At length he approached the old yew-tree, against whose huge trunk he leaned with folded arms, apparently in a reverie. Hearing a noise as of some one opening the gate by which he had entered, he glided further into the gloom behind him; and turning his head in the direction whence the sound came, he beheld some one entering the churchyard. His heart beat quickly; and he suspected that he had been watched; yet there was surely no harm in being seen, at 10 o'clock at night, looking about him in a country churchyard. It was a gentleman who entered, dressed in deep mourning; and Gammon quickly recognised in him Mr. Aubrey—the brother of her whose beautiful image still shone before his mind's eye. What could he be wanting there!—at that time of night! Gammon was not kept long in doubt; for the stranger slowly bent his steps towards a large high tomb, in fact the central object, next to the yew-tree, in the churchyard—and stood gazing at it in silence for some time.

"That is, no doubt, where Mrs. Aubrey was buried the other day," thought he, watching the movements of the stranger, who presently raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and for some moments seemed indulging in great grief. Gammon distinctly heard either a sob or a sigh. "He must have been very fond of her," thought Gammon;—"Well, if we succeed, the excellent old lady will have escaped a great deal of trouble—that's all." "If we succeed!" That reminded him of what he had for a few moments lost sight of, namely, his own object in coming thither; and he felt a sudden chill of remorse, which increased upon him till he almost trembled, as his eye continued fixed on Mr. Aubrey, and he thought also of Miss Aubrey—and the misery—the utter ruin into which he was seeking to plunge them both—the unhalloved means which they—which he—contemplated resorting to for that purpose.

Gammon's condition was becoming every moment more serious; for virtue, in the shape of Miss Aubrey, began to shine every moment in more radiant loveliness before him—and he almost felt an inclination to sacrifice every person connected with the enterprise in which he was engaged, if it would give him a chance of winning the favour of Miss Aubrey. Presently, however, Mr. Aubrey, evidently heaving a deep sigh, bent his steps slowly back again, and quitted the churchyard. Gammon watched his figure out of sight, and then, for the first time since Mr. Aubrey's appearance, breathed freely. Relieved from the pressure of his presence, Gammon began to take calmer and juster views of his position; and he reflected, that if he pushed on the present affair to a successful issue, he should be much more likely than by prematurely ending it, to gain his objects. He, therefore, resumed the survey of the scene around him; and which presented appearances highly satisfactory, judging from the expression which now and then animated his countenance. At length he wandered round to the other end of the church, where a crumbling wall, half covered with ivy, indicated that there had formerly stood some building apparently of earlier date than the church. Such was the fact; Gammon soon found himself standing in a sort of inclosure, which had once been the site of an old chapel. And here he had not been long making his

observations, before he achieved a discovery of so extraordinary a nature; one so unlikely, under the circumstances, to have happened; one so calculated to haffle ordinary calculations concerning the course of events, that the reader may well disbelieve what I am going to tell him, and treat it as absurdly improbable. In short, not to keep him in suspense, Gammon positively discovered evidence of the death of Harry Dreddlington in his father's lifetime; by means of just such a looking tombstone as he had long imaged to himself; and as he had resolved that old Quirk should have got prepared, before the cause came into court. He almost stumbled over it. 'Twas an old slanting stone, scarce two feet above the ground, partly covered with moss, and partly hid by rubbish and old damp grass. The moon shone brightly enough to enable Gammon, kneeling down, to decipher, beyond all doubt, what was requisite to establish that part of the case which had been wanting. For a moment or two he was disposed to doubt whether he was not dreaming. When, at length, he took out pencil and paper, his hands trembled so much that he felt some difficulty in making an exact copy of the inestimable inscription. Having done this, he drew a long breath as he replaced the pencil and paper in his pocket-book, and almost fancied he heard a whispering sound in the air—"Verdict for the plaintiff." Quitting the churchyard, he walked back to Grilston at a much quicker rate than that at which he had come, his discovery having wonderfully elated him, and pushed all other thoughts entirely out of his mind. But, thought he, doubtless the other side are aware of the existence of this tombstone—they can hardly be supposed ignorant of it; they must have looked up their evidence as well as we—and their attention has been challenged to the existence or non-existence of proof of the time of the death of Harry Dreddlington;—well—if they are aware of it, they know that it cuts the ground from under them, and turns their conveyance, on which, doubtless, they are relying, into waste paper; if they are *not*, and are under the impression that that deed is valid and effectual, our proof will fall on them like a thunderbolt. Gad,"—he held his breath, and stopped in the middle of the road—"how immensely important is this little piece of evidence! Why, if they knew of it—why, in Heaven's name, is it there still! What easier than to have got rid of it!—why, they may still: what can that stupid fellow Parkinson have been about? Yet, is it because it has become unimportant, on account of their being in possession of other evidence? What can they have against so plain a case as ours is, with this evidence! Gad, I'll not lose one day's time; but I'll have half-a-dozen competent witnesses to inspect, and to speak to that same tombstone in court." Such were some of the thoughts which passed through his mind as he hastened homeward; and on his arrival, late as it was—only the yawning oater being up to let him in—he sat down to write a letter off to Mr. Quirk, and made it into a parcel to go by the mail in the morning, acquainting him with the truly providential discovery he had just made, and urging him to set about getting up the briefs for the trial, without delay; he, himself, purposing to stop at Grilston a day or two longer, to complete one or two other arrangements of an important nature. As soon as Mr. Quirk had read this letter he devoutly thanked God for his goodness; and, hurrying to his strong-box, unlocked it, took out a small sealed packet, and committed it to the flames.

Mr. Aubrey, as soon as he had recovered from the first shock occasioned by the communication by Mr.

Parkinson of the proceedings against him, set about acquainting himself, as minutely as he could, with the true state of the case. He had requested Mr. Parkinson to obtain from one of the counsel in London, Mr. Crystal, a full account of the case, in an elementary form, for his own guidance; and on obtaining a remarkably clear and luminous statement, and also consulting the various authorities cited in it—such, at least, as could be supplied to him by Mr. Parkinson—the vigorous practical understanding of Mr. Aubrey, aided by his patient application, soon mastered the whole case, and enabled him to appreciate the peril in which he was placed. Since he could derive no title through the conveyance of Harry Dreddlington (which had been got in by Geoffrey Dreddlington,) owing to the death of the former in his father's lifetime, as he (Mr. Aubrey) understood from his advisers could be easily proved by the present claimant of the property; the right of accession of Geoffrey Dreddlington's descendants depended entirely upon the fact whether or not Stephen Dreddlington had really died without issue; and as to that, certain anxious and extensive inquiries instituted by Messrs. Runnington and Mr. Parkinson, in pursuance of the suggestions of their able and experienced counsel, had led them to entertain serious doubts concerning the right of Geoffrey's descendants to enter into possession. By what means his opponents had obtained their clue to the state of his title, neither he nor any of his advisers could frame a plausible conjecture. It was certainly possible that Stephen Dreddlington, who was known to have been a man, like his uncle Harry, of wild and eccentric habits, and to have been supposed to leave no issue, might have married privately some woman of inferior station, and left issue by her, who, living in obscurity, and at a distance from the seat of the family property, could have no opportunity of inquiring into or ascertaining their position with reference to the estates, till some acute and enterprising attorneys, like Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, happening to get hold of them, and family papers in their possession, had taken up their case. When, with impressions such as these, Mr. Aubrey perused and re-perused the opinions of the conveyancer given on the occasion of his (Mr. Aubrey's) marriage, he was confounded at the supineness and indifference which he had even twice exhibited, and felt disposed now greatly to overvalue the importance of every adverse circumstance. The boldness, again, and systematic energy with which the case of the claimant was prosecuted, and the eminent legal opinions which were alleged, and with every appearance of truth, to concur in his favour, afforded additional grounds for rational apprehension. He looked the danger, however, full in the face, and as far as lay in his power, prepared for the evil day which might so soon come upon him. Certain extensive and somewhat costly alterations which he had been on the point of commencing at Yatton, he abandoned. But for the earnest interference of friends, he would have at once given up his establishment in Grosvenor Street, and applied for the Chiltern Hundreds, in order to retire from political life. Considering the possibility of his soon being declared the wrongful holder of the property, he contracted his expenditure as far as he could, without challenging unnecessary public attention; and paid into his banker's hands all his Christmas rents, sacredly resolving to abstain from drawing out one farthing of what might soon be proved to belong to another. At every point occurred the dreadful question—if I am declared never to have been the rightful owner of the pro-

party, how am I to discharge my frightful liabilities to him who is? Mr. Aubrey had nothing except the Yatton property. He had but an insignificant sum in the funds; Mrs. Aubrey's settlement was out of lands at Yatton, as also was the little income bequeathed to Kate by her father. Could any thing, now, be conceived more dreadful, under these circumstances, than the mere danger—the slightest probability—of their being deprived of Yatton!—and with a debt of, at the very least, SIXTY THOUSAND POUNDS, due to him who had been wrongfully kept out of his property! That was the millstone which seemed to drag them all to the bottom. Against that, what could the kindness of the most generous friends, what could his own most desperate exertions, avail! All this had poor Aubrey constantly before his eyes, together with—his wife, his sister, his children. What was to become of them? It was long before the real nature and extent of his danger became known amongst his friends and neighbours. When, however, they were made aware of it, an extraordinary interest and sympathy were excited throughout almost the whole county. Whenever his attorney, Mr. Parkinson, appeared in public, he was besieged by most anxious inquiries concerning his distinguished client, whose manly modesty and fortitude, under the pressure of his sudden and almost unprecedented difficulty and peril, endeared him more than ever to all who had an opportunity of appreciating his position. With what intense and absorbing interest were the ensuing assizes looked for! At length they arrived.

The ancient city of York exhibited, on the commission day of the spring assizes for the year 18—, the usual scene of animation and excitement. The high sheriff, attended by an imposing retinue, went out to meet the judges, and escorted them, amidst the shrill clangour of trumpets, to the castle, where the commission was opened with the usual formalities. The judges were Lord Widdrington, the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and Mr. Justice Grayley, a pious judge of the same court—both admirable lawyers. The former was possessed of the more powerful intellect. He was, what may be called a great scientific lawyer, referring every thing to *principle*, as extracted from precedent. Mr. Justice Grayley was almost unrivalled in his knowledge of the *details* of the law; his governing maxim being *ita lex scripta*. Here his knowledge was equally minute and accurate, and most readily applied to every case brought before him. Never sate there upon the bench a more pains-taking judge—one more anxious to do right equally in great things as in small. Both were men of rigid integrity: 'tis a glorious thing to be able to add—when, for centuries, have other than men of rigid integrity sate upon the English bench? Lord Widdrington, however, in temper was stern, arbitrary, and overbearing, and his manners were tinged with not a little coarseness; while his companion was a man of exemplary amiability, affability, and forbearance. Lord Widdrington presided at the civil court (where, of course, would come on the important cause in which we are interested), and Mr. Justice Grayley in the criminal court.

Soon after the sitting of the court, on the ensuing morning—"Will your lordship allow me," rose and inquired the sleek, smiling, and portly Mr. Subtle, dead silence prevailing as soon as he had mentioned the name of the cause about which he was inquiring, "to call your attention to a cause of *Doe on the demise of Titmouse v. Jeller*,—a special jury cause, in which there

are a great many witnesses to be examined on both sides—and to ask that a day may be fixed for it to come on?"

"Whom do you appear for, Mr. Subtle?" inquired his lordship.

"For the plaintiff, my lord."

"And who appears for the defendant?"

"The attorney-general leads for the defendant, my lord," replied Mr. Sterling, who, with Mr. Crystal, was also retained for the defendant.

"Well, perhaps you can agree between yourselves upon a day, and in the mean time similar arrangements may be made for any other special jury causes that may require it." After due consultation, Monday week was agreed upon by the parties, and fixed by his lordship for the trial of the cause. During the Sunday preceding it, York was crowded with persons of the highest distinction from all parts of the county, who felt interested in the result of the great cause of the assizes. About mid-day a dusty travelling carriage and four dashed into the streets from the London road, and drove up to the principal inn; it contained the attorney-general (who just finished reading his brief as he entered York) and his clerk. The attorney-general was a man of striking and highly intellectual countenance; but he looked, on alighting, somewhat fatigued with his long journey. He was a man of extraordinary natural talents, and also a first-rate lawyer—one whose right to take the woolpack, whenever it should become vacant, was recognised by all the profession. His professional celebrity, and his coming down special on the present occasion, added to the circumstance of his being well-known to be a personal friend of his client, Mr. Aubrey—whence it might be inferred that his great powers would be exerted to their utmost—was well calculated to enhance the interest, if that were possible, of the occasion which had brought him down at so great an expense, and to sustain so heavy a responsibility as the conduct of a cause of such magnitude.

He came to lead against a formidable opponent. Mr. SUBTLE was the leader of the northern circuit, a man of matchless tact and practical sagacity, and most consummately skilful in the conduct of a cause. The only thing he ever looked at was the verdict, to the gaining of which he directed all his energies, and sacrificed every other consideration. As for display, he despised it. A *speech*, as such, was his aversion. He entered into a friendly, but exquisitely crafty *conversation* with the jury; for he was so quick at perceiving the effect of his address on the mind of each of the twelve, and dexterous in accommodating himself to what he detected to be the passing mood of each, that they felt as if they were all the while reasoning with, and being convinced by him. His placid, smiling, handsome countenance, his gentlemanly bearing and insinuating address, full of good-natured cheerful confidence in his cause, were irresistible. He flattered, he soothed, he fascinated the jury, producing an effect upon their minds which they often felt indignant at his opponent attempting to efface. In fact, as a *nisi prius* leader he was unrivalled, as well in stating as in arguing a case, as well in examining as cross-examining a witness. It required no little practical skill to form an adequate estimate of Mr. Subtle's skill in the management of a cause; for he did every thing with such a smiling, careless, unconcerned air, in the great pinch and strain of a case, equally as in the pettiest details, that you would be apt to suspect that none but the easiest and most straight-forward cases fell to his lot.

Titmouse, Titmouse, methinks the fates favoured you in assigning to you Mr. Subtle!

Next came Mr. QUICKSILVER, a man of great but wild energy, who received what may be called a *muffling* retainer. What a contrast was he to Mr. Subtle! The first and the last thing he thought of in a cause, was—himself. His delight was to make the jury feel as if a whirlwind was raging about them, and he the spirit who had raised it. His object was either to dazzle or terrify them. He wrapped himself round in the gleaming garment of display; the gaudy patchwork of multifarious superficial acquirements: this was the strange, noisy object, flinging about wildly, in all directions, the firebrands and arrows of sarcasm and invective, that occupied their eye and ear till he had ceased; neither he nor they were thinking all the while of his dismayed and injured client, till reminded of him by the adverse charge of the judge, accompanied by a slight sneer and shrug of the shoulders from Mr. Subtle. As for law, probably there was no man in court, wearing wig and gown, who was not his superior, or at least his equal. Why, then, was such a man retained in the cause? 'Twas a fancy of Quirk's, a vast political admirer of Quicksilver's, who had made one or two most splendid speeches for him in libel cases brought against the *Sunday Flash*. Gammon most earnestly expostulated, but Quirk was inexorable; and himself carried his retainer to Mr. Quicksilver. Gammon, however, was somewhat consoled by the reflection, that this wild elephant would be in a manner held in check by Mr. Subtle and Mr. Lynx, who, he hoped, would prevent any serious mischief from happening. Lynx possessed the qualities which his name would suggest to you. I have partly described him already. He was a man of minute accuracy; and "got up" every case in which he was engaged as if his life had depended on the result. Nothing escaped him. He kept his mind constantly even with the current of the cause. He was a man to *steer* a leader, if ever that leader should get, for an instant, on the wrong tack, or be uncertain as to his course. His suggestion and interference—rare, indeed, with such a man as Mr. Subtle, incessant with Mr. Quicksilver,—were always worth attending to, and consequently received with deference.

For Mr. Aubrey also was retained a formidable bar. Mr. Attorney-General was a man much superior in point of intellect and legal knowledge, to Mr. Subtle. His mind was distinguished by its tranquil power. He had a rare and invaluable faculty of arraying before his mind's eye all the facts and bearings of the most intricate case, and contemplating them, as it were, not successively, but simultaneously. His perception was quick as light; and, at the same time—rare, most rare accomplishment!—his judgment sound, his memory signally retentive. Inferior, possibly, to Mr. Subtle in rapid and delicate appreciation of momentary advantages, he was sagacious where Mr. Subtle was only ingenious. Mr. Attorney-General had as much weight with the judge as Mr. Subtle with the jury. With the former, there was a candour and straightforwardness—a dignified simplicity—which insensibly won the confidence of the judge: who, on the other hand, felt himself obliged to be ever on his guard against the slippery sophistries of Mr. Subtle, whom he thus got to regard with constant suspicion.

Mr. STERLING, the second counsel for the defendant, was a king's counsel, and a rival of Mr. Subtle upon the circuit. He was a man of great power; and, on important occasions, no man at the bar could acquit him-

self with more distinction. As a speaker, he was eloquent and impressive, perhaps deficient in vivacity; but he was a man of clear and powerful intellect; prompt in seizing the bearings of a case; a capital lawyer; and possessing, even on the most trying occasions, imperturbable self-possession.

Mr. CRYSTAL, with all his faults of manner, and bearing, was an honourable high-minded man; clear-sighted and strong-headed; an accurate and ready lawyer; vigilant and acute—but of him I have spoken before.

See, then, the combatants: for Titmouse—Mr. SUBTLE, Mr. QUICKSILVER, Mr. LYNX; for Mr. Aubrey—Mr. ATTORNEY-GENERAL, Mr. STERLING, Mr. CRYSTAL.

The consultation of each party was long and anxious.

About eight o'clock on the Sunday evening, at Mr. Subtle's lodgings, Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, accompanied by Mr. Mortmain, whom they brought down to watch the case, made their appearance shortly after Mr. Quicksilver and Mr. Lynx.

"Our case seems complete, *now*," said Mr. Subtle, casting a penetrating and most significant glance at Messrs. Quirk and Gammon, and then at his juniors, to whom, before the arrival of their clients and Mr. Mortmain, he had been mentioning the essential link which, a month before, he had pointed out as missing, and the marvellous good fortune by which they had been able to supply it at the eleventh hour.

"That tombstone's a godsend, Subtle, isn't it?" said Quicksilver, with a grim smile. Lynx neither smiled nor spoke. He was a very matter-of-fact person. So as the case came out clear and nice in court, he cared about nothing more. But whatever might be the insinuation or suspicion implied in the observation of Mr. Subtle, the reader must, by this time, be well aware how little it was warranted by the facts.

"I shall open it very quietly," said Mr. Subtle, putting into his pocket his penknife, with which he had been paring his nails, while Mr. Quicksilver had been talking very fast. "What do you think, Mr. Lynx? Had I better allude boldly to the conveyance executed by Harry Dreddlington, and which becomes useless as soon as we prove his death in his father's lifetime?"

"Ah! there's that blessed tombstone again," interposed Quicksilver.

"—Or," resumed Mr. Subtle, "content myself with barely making out our pedigree, and let it come from the other side?"

"I think, perhaps, that the latter would be the quieter and safer course," replied Lynx.

"By the way, gentlemen," said Mr. Subtle, suddenly, addressing Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap, "how do we come to know any thing about the mortgage executed by Harry Dreddlington?"

"Oh! *that* you know," replied Quirk quickly, "we first got scent of in Mr. ———" Here he paused suddenly, and turned quite red.

"It was suggested," said Gammon, calmly, "by one of the gentlemen whose opinions we have taken in the case—I forget by whom—that, from some recital, it was probable that there existed such an instrument; and that put us on making inquiry."

"Nothing more likely," added Mortmain, "than that it, or an abstract, or minute of it, should get into Stephen Dreddlington's hands."

"Ah! well! well!—I must say there's rather an air of mystery about the case. But—about that tombstone—what sort of witnesses will speak—"

"Will that evidence be requisite," inquired Lynx, "in the plaintiff's case? All we shall have to do, will be to prove the fact that Harry died without issue, of which there's satisfactory evidence; and as to the time of his death, that will become material only if they put in the conveyance of Harry."

"True—true; ah! I'll turn that over in my mind. Rely upon it, I'll give Mr. Attorney-General as little to lay hold of as possible. Thank you, Mr. Lynx, for the hint. Now, gentlemen, one other question. What kind of looking people are the witnesses who prove the later steps of the pedigree of Mr. Titmouse? Respectable? Eh!—You know a good deal will depend on the credit they may obtain with the jury."

"They're very decent creditable persons, you will find, sir," said Gammon.

"Good, good. Who struck the special jury?"

"We did, sir."

"Well, I must say that was a very prudent step for you to take! considering the rank in life and circumstances of the respective parties! However, to be sure, if you didn't, they would—so—well; good night, gentlemen, good night." So the consultation broke up; and Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap returned home to their inn, in a very serious and anxious mood.

"You're a marvellous prudent person, Mr. Quirk," said Gammon, in a somewhat fierce whisper, as they walked along, "I suppose you would have gone on to explain the little matter of Steggars, and so have had our briefs thrown at our heads—"

"Well, well, that was a slip." Here they reached their inn. Titmouse was staying there; and, in Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's absence, he had got very drunk, and was quarrelling under the archway with Boots; so they ordered him to bed, they themselves sitting up till a very late hour in the morning.

The consultation at the attorney-general's had taken place about three o'clock in the afternoon, within an hour after his arrival; and had been attended by Messrs. Sterling, Crystal, and Mansfield,—by Mr. Runnington, and Mr. Parkinson, and by Mr. Aubrey, whom the attorney-general received with the most earnest expressions of sympathy and friendship; listening to every question and every observation of his with the utmost deference.

"It would be both idle and unkind to disguise from you, Aubrey," said he, "that our position is somewhat precarious. It depends entirely on the chance we may have of breaking down the plaintiff's case: for we have but a slender case of our own. I suppose they can bring proof of the death of Harry Dreddlington in his father's lifetime?"

"Oh, yes, sir," answered Mr. Parkinson, "there is an old tombstone behind Yatton church which establishes that fact beyond all doubt; and, a week or two ago, no fewer than five or six persons have been carefully inspecting it; doubtless they will be called as witnesses to-morrow."

"I feared as much. Then are ours more than watching briefs. Depend upon it, they would not have carried on the affair with so high a hand, if they had not pretty firm ground under foot! Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap are tolerably well known in town—not over-scrupulous, eh, Mr. Runnington?"

"Indeed, Mr. Attorney, you are right. I don't doubt they are prepared to go all lengths."

"Well, we'll sift their evidence pretty closely at any rate. So you really have reason to fear, as you inti-

mated when you entered the room, that they have valid evidence of Stephen Dreddlington having left issue?"

"Mr. Snap told me," said Mr. Parkinson, "this morning, that they would prove issue of Stephen Dreddlington, and issue of that issue, as clean as a whistle—that was his phrase."

"We mustn't take all for gospel that he would say."

"They've got two houses filled with witnesses, I understand," said Mr. Runnington.

"Do they seem Yorkshire people, or strangers?"

"Why, most of them that I have seen," replied Parkinson, "seem strangers."

"Ah, they will prove, I suppose, the later steps of the pedigree, when Stephen Dreddlington married at a distance from his native country."

They then entered into a very full and minute examination of the case; after which,—“Well,” said the attorney-general, evidently fatigued with his long journey, and rising from his chair, “we must trust to what will turn up in the chapter of accidents to-morrow. I shall be expected to dine with the bar to-day,” he added, “but immediately after dinner, say at seven o'clock, I shall be here, and at your service, if anything should be required.” Then the consultation broke up. Mr. Aubrey had, at their earnest entreaty, brought Mrs. Aubrey and Kate from Yatton, on Saturday; for they declared themselves unable to bear the dreadful suspense in which they should be left at Yatton. Yielding, therefore, to these their very reasonable wishes, he had engaged private lodgings at the outskirts of the town. On quitting the consultation, which, without at the same time affecting over-strictness, he had regretted being fixed on Sunday—but the necessity of the case appeared to warrant it—he repaired to the magnificent minister, where the evening prayers were being read, and where were Mrs. Aubrey and Kate. They were chanting the prayers as he entered, and was placed in a stall nearly opposite to where those whom he loved so fondly were standing. The psalms allotted for the evening were those in which the royal sufferer, David, was pouring forth the deepest sorrows of his heart; and their appropriateness to his own state of mind, added to the effect produced by the melting melody in which they were conveyed to his ears, excited in him, and he perceived, also, in those opposite, the deepest emotion. The glorious pile was beginning to grow dusky with the stealing shadows of evening; and the solemn and sublime strains of the organ, during the playing of the anthem, filled the minds of all present, who had any pretensions to sensibility, with mingled feelings of tenderness and awe. Those in whom we are so deeply interested, felt their minds at once subdued and elevated; and, as they quitted the darkening fabric through which the pealing tones of the organ were yet reverberating, they could not help inquiring, Should they ever enter it again, and in what altered circumstances might it be?

To return, however—though it is, indeed, like descending from the holy mountain into the bustle and hubbub of the city at its foot—Mr. Parkinson, being most unexpectedly and unfortunately summoned to Grilston that afternoon, in order to send up some deeds of one of his distinguished clients to London, for the purpose of immediately effecting a mortgage, set off in a post-chaise, at top speed, in a very unenviable frame of mind; and by seven o'clock was seated in his office at Grilston, busily turning over a great number of deeds and papers, in a large tin case, with the words “Right Honourable the Earl of Yelverton,” painted on the outside. Having

turned over almost every thing inside, and found all that he wanted, he was going to toss back again all the deeds which were not requisite for his immediate purpose, when he happened to see one lying at the very bottom, which he had not before observed. It was not a large, but an old deed—and he took it up and hastily examined it.

We have seen a piece of unexpected good fortune on the part of Gammon and his client; and the reader will not be disappointed at finding something of a similar kind befalling Mr. Aubrey, even at the eleventh hour. Mr. Parkinson's journey, which he had execrated a hundred times over as he came down, produced a discovery which made him tremble all over with agitation and excitement, and begin to look upon it as almost owing to an interference of Providence. The deed he looked at bore an endorsement of the name of "*Dreddlington*." After a hasty glance over its contents, he tried to recollect by what accident a document, belonging to Mr. Aubrey, could have found its way into the box containing Lord Yelverton's deeds; and it at length occurred to him that, about a twelvemonth before, Mr. Aubrey had proposed advancing several thousand pounds to Lord Yelverton, on mortgage of a portion of his lordship's property—but which negotiation had afterwards been broken off; that Mr. Aubrey's title-deeds happened to be at the same time open and loose in his office—and he recollected having considerable trouble in separating the respective documents which had got mixed together. This one, after all, had been, by some accident, overlooked, till it turned up in this most timely and extraordinary manner! Having hastily effected the object which had brought him back to Grilston, he ordered a post-chaise and four, and within a quarter of an hour was thundering back, at top speed, on his way to York, which, the horses reeking and foaming, he reached a little after ten o'clock. He jumped out, with the precious deed in his pocket, the instant that his chaise-door was opened, and ran off, without saying more than—"I'm gone to the attorney-general's." This was heard by many passers-by and persons standing round; and it spread far and wide that something of the utmost importance had transpired, with reference to the great ejectment cause of Mr. Aubrey. Soon afterwards, messengers and clerks, belonging to Mr. Runnington and Mr. Parkinson, were to be seen running to and fro, summoning Mr. Sterling, Mr. Crystal, Mr. Mansfield, and also Mr. Aubrey, to a second consultation at the attorney-general's. About eleven o'clock they were all assembled. The deed which had occasioned all his excitement, was one calculated indeed to produce that effect; and it filled the minds of all present with astonishment and delight. In a word, it was a deed of confirmation by old Dreddlington, the father of Harry Dreddlington, of the conveyance by the latter to Geoffry Dreddlington, who, in the manner already mentioned to the reader, had got an assignment of that conveyance to himself. After the attorney-general had satisfied himself as to the account to be given of the deed—the custody from whence it came, namely, the attorney for the defendant; Mr. Parkinson undertaking to swear, without any hesitation, that whatever deeds of Mr. Aubrey's he possessed, he had taken from the muniment-room at Yatton, the second consultation broke up. Mr. Aubrey, on hearing the nature and effect of the instrument explained by the attorney-general, and Mr. Mansfield, and all his counsel, in short, concurring in opinion as to the triumphant effect which this instrument would produce on the mor-

row, may be pardoned for regarding it, in the excitement of the moment, as almost a direct interference of Providence.

A few moments before nine o'clock on the ensuing morning, the occasional shrill blasts of the trumpets announced that the judges were on their way to the castle, the approaches to which were crowded with carriages and pedestrians of a highly respectable appearance. As the castle clock finished striking nine, Lord Widdrington took his seat, and the swearing of the special jury commenced. The court was crowded almost to suffocation; all the chief places being filled with persons of distinction in the county. The benches on each side of the judge were occupied by ladies, who—especially the Countess of Oldacre and Lady De La Zouch—evinced a painful degree of anxiety and excitement in their countenances and demeanour. The bar also mustered in great force; the crown court being quite deserted, although a great murder case was going on there. The civil court was, on the present occasion, the point of attraction, not only on account of the interesting nature of the case to be tried, but of the keen contest that was expected between the attorney-general and Mr. Subtle. The former, as he entered—his commanding features gazed at by many an anxious eye with hope, and a feeling that on his skill and learning depended that day the destination of the Yatton property—bowed to the judge, and then nodded and shook hands with several of the counsel nearest him; then he sat down, and opening his bag, took out his huge brief, and began turning over its leaves with a calm and attentive air, occasionally turning round and conversing with his juniors. Every one present observed that the defendant's counsel and attorneys wore the confident looks of winning men; while their opponents, quick-sighted enough, also observed the circumstance, and looked, on that account alone, a shade more anxious than when they had entered the court. Mr. Subtle requested Mr. Gammon, whose ability he had soon detected, to sit immediately beneath him; next to Gammon sat Quirk, then Snap, and beside him, Mr. Titmouse, with a staring sky-blue flowered silk handkerchief round his neck, a gaudy waistcoat, a tight surtout, and white kid gloves. He looked exceedingly pale, and dared hardly interchange a word even with Snap, who was just as irritable and excited as his senior partners. It was quickly known all over the court who Titmouse was. Mr. Aubrey scarcely showed himself in court all day, though he stood at the door near the bench, and could hear all that passed; Lord De la Zouch and one or two other personal friends standing with him, engaged, from time to time, in anxious conversation. The jury having been sworn, Mr. Lynx rose, and in a few hurried sentences, intimated the nature of the pleadings in the cause. The attorney-general then rose, and requested that all the witnesses might leave the court. As soon as the little disturbance occasioned by this move had ceased, Mr. Subtle rose, and in a low but distinct tone, said "May it please your lordship—gentlemen of the jury—in this cause I have the honour to appear before you as counsel for the plaintiff; and it now becomes my duty to state, as briefly as I can, the nature of his case. It is impossible, gentlemen, not to notice the unusual interest excited by the cause; and which may be accounted for by the very large estates in this county which are sought this day to be transferred to a comparative stranger, from the family who have long enjoyed them, and of whom I am anxious to say every thing respectful: for you will very soon find that the name on the record

is that of only the nominal defendant; and although all that is *professed* to be this day sought for, is a very trifling portion of the property, your verdict will undoubtedly decide the question as to the true ownership and enjoyment of the large estates now held by the gentleman who is the substantial defendant—I mean Mr. Aubrey, the member of parliament for the borough of Yatton." Aware of the watchful and formidable opponent who would in due time answer him, and also of being himself entitled to the general reply—to the last word—Mr. Subtle proceeded to state the nature of the plaintiff's case with the utmost brevity and clearness. Scarcely any sound was heard but that of the pens of the short-hand writers, and of the council taking their notes. Mr. Subtle, having handed up two or three copies of the pedigree which he held in his hand to the judge and jury, pointed out with distinctness and precision every link in the chain of evidence which he intended to lay before the jury; and having done this—having presented as few salient points of attack to his opponent as he possibly could—he sat down, professing his entire ignorance of what case could be set up in answer to that which he had opened. He had not been on his legs quite half an hour; and when he ceased—how he had disappointed every one present, except the judge and the bar! Instead of a speech befitting so great an occasion—impressive and eloquent—here had been a brief, dry statement of a few uninteresting facts—dates, births, deaths, marriages—without a single touch of feeling or ray of eloquence. The momentary feeling of disappointment in the audience, however—almost all of whom, it may easily be believed, were in the interest of the Aubreys—quickly yielded to one of satisfaction and relief; as they thought they might regard so meagre a speech as heralding in as meagre a case. As soon as he had sat down, Mr. Quicksilver rose and called the first witness. "We're safe!" whispered the attorney-general to Mr. Sterling and Mr. Crystal; and the witness having been sworn, they resumed their seats and their writing. He and the subsequent one established one or two preliminary and formal points—the attorney-general scarcely rising to put a question to them. The third witness was examined by Mr. Subtle, with apparent unconcern, but really with exquisite anxiety. From the earnestness and attention with which the words of the witness were watched and taken down by both the judge and the counsel, who knew much better than the audience where the strain of the case commenced, it must have appeared to the latter, that either Mr. Subtle underestimated, or his opponents over-estimated, the value of the evidence now in process of being extracted by Mr. Subtle, in short, easy pointed questions, and with a smiling countenance.

"Not so fast, sir," gruffly interposed Lord Widdrington, addressing the witness.

"Take time, Mr. Jones," said Mr. Subtle, blandly, fearful of ruffling or discomposing an important witness. The attorney-general rose to cross-examine; he pressed him quietly but closely; varied the shape of his questions; now he soothed, then he flattered; but sat down, evidently having produced no impression. Thus it was with one or two succeeding witnesses; the attorney-general, on each occasion, resuming his seat after his abortive efforts with perfect composure. At length, however, by a very admirable and well-sustained fire of cross-questioning, he completely demolished a material witness; and the hopes of all interested in behalf of his clients rose high. Mr. Subtle, who had been all the while paring

his nails, and from time to time smiling with a careless air, (though you might as safely have touched a tigress suckling her cubs, as attempted at that moment to disturb Mr. Subtle, an absorbed was he with intense anxiety,) knowing that he could establish the same facts by another and, as he believed, a better witness, did not re-examine; but calling that other, with an air of nonchalance, succeeded in extracting from him all that the other had failed in, and in baffling all the attempts of the attorney-general to affect his credit, or disturb his equanimity. At length, another witness being in the box—

"My lord, I object to that question," said Mr. Attorney-General, as Mr. Subtle, amidst many indifferent and apparently irrelevant questions, quietly slipped in one of the greatest possible importance, had it been answered as he desired. 'Twas quite delightful to see the attorney-general and his experienced and watchful juniors, all rise at one and the same instant; showing how vain were the tricks and ingenuity of their sly opponent. Mr. Attorney-General stated his objection briefly and pointedly; Mr. Subtle answered him, followed by Quicksilver and Lynx; and then Mr. Attorney-General replied, with great force and clearness. This keen encounter of their wits over—

"I shall allow the question to be put," said Lord Widdrington, after a pause—"but I have great doubts as to its propriety. I will, therefore, take a note of Mr. Attorney-General's objection."

Four or five similar conflicts arose during the course of the plaintiff's case;—now concerning the competency of a witness—then as to the admissibility of a document, or the propriety of a particular question. On each of these occasions there were displayed on both sides consummate logical skill and acuteness, especially by the two leaders. Distinctions the most delicate were suggested with suddenness, and as promptly encountered; the most artful manoeuvres to secure dangerous admissions resorted to, and baffled; the more recondite principles of evidence brought to bear with admirable readiness on both sides. To deal with them, required indeed the practised, penetrating, and powerful intellect of Lord Widdrington. Some points he disposed of promptly, to the satisfaction of both parties; on others he hesitated, and at length reserved them. Though none but the more experienced and able members of the bar could in the least degree enter into and appreciate the nature of these conflicts, they were watched with untiring attention and eagerness by all present, both ladies and gentlemen—by the lowly and the distinguished. And though the intensity of the feelings of all was manifest by a mere glimpse round the court, yet any momentary display of eccentricity on the part of a witness, or petulance or repartee on the part of counsel, would occasion a momentary merriment that really served only as a sort of *relief* to the strained feelings, and instantly disappeared. The tombstone part of the case was got through easily; scarce any attempt being made on the part of Mr. Aubrey's counsel, to resist or interfere with it. But the great—the hottest part of the fight—occurred at that point of the case, where Titmouse's descent from Stephen Dreddlington was sought to be established. This gentleman, who had been a very wild person, whose movements were very difficult to be traced or accounted for, had entered the navy, and ultimately died at sea, as had always been imagined, single and childless. It was proved, however, that so far from such being the case, he had married a person at Portsmouth, of inferior station; and that by her he had a daughter, only two years before his death,

which happened at sea, as has been stated. Both mother and daughter, after undergoing great privation, and no notice being taken of the mother by any of her late husband's family, removed to the house of a humble and distant relative, in Cumberland, and afterwards died, leaving her daughter only fifteen years old. When she grew up, she lived in some menial capacity at Cumberland, and ultimately married one Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse; who, after living for some years a cordwainer at Whitehaven, found his way to Grilston, in Yorkshire, in the neighbourhood of which town he had lived for some years, in very humble circumstances. There he had married; and about two years afterwards his wife died, leaving a son—our friend Tittlebat Titmouse. Both of them afterwards came to London; where, in four or five years' time, the father died, leaving the little Titmouse to flutter and hop about in the wide world as best he could. The little documentary evidence of which Gammon, at his first interview with Titmouse, found him possessed, proved, at the trial, as Gammon had foreseen, of essential importance. The evidence in support of this part of the case, and which took till two o'clock on the ensuing afternoon to get through, was subject to a most determined and skilful opposition by the attorney-general, but in vain. The case had been got up with the utmost care, under the excellent management of Lynx; and Mr. Subtle's consummate tact and ability brought it at length fully and distinctly out before the jury.

"That, my lord," said he, as he sat down after re-examining his last witness, "is the case on the part of the plaintiff." On this the judge and jury withdrew, for a short time, to obtain refreshments. During their absence, the attorney-general, Mr. Sterling, Mr. Crystal, and Mr. Mansfield, might have been seen, with their heads all laid close together, engaged in anxious consultation—a group gazed at by the eager eyes of many a spectator whose beating heart wished their cause God-speed. The attorney-general then withdrew for a few moments, also to seek refreshments; and returning at the same time with the judge, after a moment's pause, rose and opened the defendant's case. His manner was calm and impressive; his person was dignified; and his clear, distinct voice fell on the listening ear like the sound of silver. After an exceedingly graceful and simple allusion to the distinguished character of his friend and client, Mr. Aubrey, to whose eminent position in the house of commons he bore his personal testimony, and the magnitude of the interests now at stake, he proceeded—"On every account, therefore, I feel sensible, gentlemen, to an unusual and most painful extent, of the very great responsibility now resting upon my learned friends and myself; lest any miscarriage of mine should prejudice in any degree the important interests committed to us, or impair the strength of the case which I am about to submit to you on the part of Mr. Aubrey; a case which, I assure you, unless some extraordinary mischance should befall us, will I believe annihilate that which, with so much pains and ability, has just been laid before you by my learned friend Mr. Subtle, and establish the defendant in the safe possession of that large property which is the subject of the present most unexpected litigation. But, gentlemen, before proceeding so far as that, it is fitting that I should call your attention to the nature of the case set up on the part of the plaintiff, and the sort of evidence by which it has been attempted to be supported; and I am very sanguine of success, in showing you that the plaintiff's witnesses are not entitled to the credit to which they lay claim; and, consequently, that there is

no such case made out for the defendant to answer." He then entered into a rigorous analysis of the plaintiff's evidence, contrasting each conflicting portion with the other, with singular force and cogency; and commenting with powerful severity upon the demeanour and character of many of the witnesses. On proceeding, at length, to open the case of the defendant—"And here, gentlemen," said he, "I am reminded of the observation with which my learned friend concluded—that he was entirely ignorant of the case which I meant to set up in answer to that which he had opened on the part of the plaintiff. Gentlemen, it would have been curious, indeed, had it been otherwise—had my friend's penetrating eye been able to inspect the contents of our strong-box—and so become acquainted with the evidence on which my client rests his title to the property. He has, however, succeeded in entitling himself to information on that point; and he shall have it—and to his heart's content." Here Mr. Subtle cast a glance of smiling incredulity towards the jury, and defiance towards the attorney-general: he took his pen into his hand, however, and his juniors looked very anxious. "Gentleman, I will now concede to him every inch of the case which he has been endeavouring to make out; that he has completely established his pedigree. Mind, gentlemen, I concede this only for the purpose of the case which I am about to lay before you." He then mentioned the conveyance by Harry Dreddlington of all his interests—"You forget that he died in his father's lifetime, Mr. Attorney-General," interposed Mr. Subtle, with a placid smile, and the air of a man who is suddenly relieved from a vast pressure of anxiety.

"Not a bit of it, gentlemen, not a bit of it—'tis a part of my case. My learned friend is quite right; Harry Dreddlington *did* die in his father's lifetime—but—" Here Mr. Subtle gazed at the attorney-general with unaffected curiosity; and, when the latter came to mention "the deed of confirmation by the father of Harry Dreddlington," an acute observer might have observed a slight change of colour in Mr. Subtle. Mr. Quicksilver went on writing—for he was entirely out of his depth, and therefore occupied himself with thinking over an article he was writing for some political review. Mr. Lynx looked at the attorney-general as if he expected every instant to receive a musket-ball in his breast.

"What, 'confirm' a nullity, Mr. Attorney-General?" interrupted Mr. Subtle, laying down his pen with a smile of derision; but a moment or two afterwards, "Mr. Mortmain," said he in a hasty whisper, "what do you think of this? Tell me—in four words."—Mortmain, his eye glued to the face of the attorney-general the while, muttered hastily something about—"operating as a new grant—as a new conveyance."

"Pshaw! I mean what's the answer to it?" muttered Mr. Subtle, impatiently; but his countenance preserved its expression of smiling nonchalance.

"You'll oblige me, Mr. Mortmain," he by-and-by whispered, in a quiet but peremptory tone, "by giving your utmost attention to the question as to the effect of this deed—so that I may shape my objection to it properly when it is tendered in evidence. If it really have the effect attributed to it, and which I suspect is the case, we may as well shut up our briefs. I thought there must be something or other in the back-ground."

Gammon saw the real state of Mr. Subtle's mind, and his cheek turned pale, but he preserved a smile on his countenance, as he sat with his arms folded. Quirk eyed him with undiagnosed agitation, scarce daring to

look up at Mr. Subtle. Titmouse, seeing a little dismay in his camp, turned very white and cold, and sat still, scarce daring to breathe. Snap looked like a terrier going to have his teeth pulled out. At length the attorney-general, after stating that, in addition to the case which he had intimated, as resting mainly on the deed of confirmation, he should proceed to prove the pedigree of Mr. Aubrey, sat down, having spoken about two hours and a half, expressing his conviction that when the defendant's evidence should have been closed, the jury, under his lordship's direction, would return a verdict for the defendant, and without leaving the jury-box, where, by their long and patient attention, they had so honourably acquitted themselves of the important duty imposed upon them by the constitution.

"James Parkinson!" exclaimed Mr. Sterling, quietly but distinctly, as the attorney-general sat down. "Do you produce," inquired Mr. Sterling, as soon as the witness had been sworn, "a conveyance, specifying that by Harry Dreddlington to Moses Aaron," &c. It was proved and put in, without much opposition. So also was another—the assignment from Moses Aaron to Geoffrey Dreddlington.

"Do you also produce a deed between Harry Dreddlington the elder and Geoffrey Dreddlington?" and he mentioned the date and names of all the parties. Mr. Parkinson handed in the important document.

"Stay, stay; where did you get that deed, Mr. Parkinson?" inquired Mr. Subtle.

"From my office at Griston, where I keep many of Mr. Aubrey's title-deeds."

"When did you bring it hither?"

"About ten o'clock last night, for the purpose of this trial."

"How long has it been at your office?"

"Ever since I fetched it, a year or two ago, with other deeds, from the muniment-room at Yatton Hall."

"How long have you been solicitor to Mr. Aubrey?"

"For this ten years; and my father was solicitor to his father for twenty-five years."

"Will you swear that this deed was at your office before the proceedings in this action were brought to your notice?"

"I have not the slightest doubt in the world. It never attracted any more notice from me than any other of Mr. Aubrey's deeds, till my attention was drawn to it in consequence of these proceedings."

"Has any one access to Mr. Aubrey's deeds at your office but yourself?"

"None that I know of; I keep all the deeds of my clients that are at my office in their respective boxes, and allow no one access to them, except under my immediate notice and in my presence."

Then Mr. Subtle sat down.

"My Lord, we now propose to put in this deed," said the attorney-general, unfolding it.

"Allow me to look at it, Mr. Attorney," said Mr. Subtle. It was handed to him; and his juniors and Mr. Mortmain, rising, were engaged most anxiously in scrutinising it for some minutes. Mortmain having looked at the stamp, sat down, and opening his bag, hastily drew out an old well-worn volume, which contained all the stamp acts that had ever been passed from the time of William the Third, when, I believe, the first of those blessings was conferred upon this country. First he looked at the deed—then at his book—then at the deed again; and at length might be seen, with earnest gestures, putting Mr. Subtle in possession of his opinion on

the subject. "My lord," said Subtle, at length, "I object to this instrument being received in evidence, on account of the insufficiency of the stamp." He then mentioned the character of the stamp affixed to the deed, and read the act which was in force at the time that the deed bore date; and, after a few additional observations, sat down, and was followed by Mr. Quicksilver and Mr. Lynx. Then arose the attorney-general, having in the meantime carefully looked at the act of parliament, and submitted to his lordship that the stamp was sufficient; being followed by his juniors. Mr. Subtle replied at some length.

"I entertain some difficulty on the point," said his lordship, "and will consult with my brother Grayley." Taking with him the deed, and Mr. Mortmain's Stamp Acts, his lordship left the court, and was absent a quarter of an hour; half an hour—three-quarters of an hour; and at length returned.

"I have consulted," said he, as soon as he had taken his seat, amidst the profoundest silence, "my brother Grayley, and we have very fully considered the point. My brother happens, fortunately, to have by him a manuscript note of a case in which he was counsel, about eighteen years ago, and in which the exact point arose which exists in the present case." He then read out of a thick manuscript book, which he had brought with him from Mr. Justice Grayley, the particulars of the case alluded to, and which were certainly precisely similar to those then before him. In the case referred to, the stamp had been held sufficient; and so he and his brother, Grayley, were of opinion was the stamp in the deed then before him. The cloud which had settled upon the countenances of the attorney-general and his party, here flitted over to those of his opponents. "Your lordship will perhaps take a note of the objection," said Mr. Subtle, somewhat chagrined. The judge did so.

"Now, then, we propose to put in and read this deed," said the attorney-general, with a smile, holding out his hand towards Mr. Lynx, who was spelling over it very eagerly—"I presume my learned friend will require only the operative parts"—here Lynx, with some excitement, called his leader's attention to something which had occurred to him in the deed: up got Quicksilver and Mortmain; and presently—

"Not quite so fast, Mr. Attorney, if you please," said Mr. Subtle, with a little elation of manner—"I have another, and I apprehend a clearly fatal objection to the admissibility of this deed, till my learned friend shall have accounted for an erasure"—

"Erasure!" echoed the attorney-general, with much surprise—"Allow me to see the deed;" and he took it with an incredulous smile, which, however, disappeared as he looked more and more closely at the instrument; Mr. Sterling and Mr. Crystal, also, looking extremely serious.

"I've hit them now," said Mr. Subtle, to those behind him, as he leaned back, and looked with no little triumph at his opponents. From what apparently inadequate and trifling causes often flow great results! The plain fact of the case was merely this. The attorney's clerk, in copying out the deed, which was one of considerable length, had written four or five words by mistake; and, fearing to exasperate his master, by rendering necessary a new deed and stamp, and occasioning trouble and delay, neatly scratched out the erroneous words, and over the erasure wrote the correct ones. As he was the party who was entrusted with seeing to and witnessing the execution of the instrument, he of course took no notice

of the alteration, and—see the result! The ownership of an estate of ten thousand a year about to turn upon the effect of this erasure!

"Hand me up the deed," said the judge; and inspected it minutely for a minute or two.

"Has any one a magnifying-glass in court?" inquired the attorney-general, with a look of increasing anxiety. No one happened to have one.

"Is it necessary, Mr. Attorney," said Lord Widdrington, handing down the instrument to him with an ominous look.

"Well—you object, of course, Mr. Subtle—as I understand you—that this deed is void, on account of an erasure in a material part of it?" inquired Lord Widdrington.

"That is my objection, my lord," said Mr. Subtle, sitting down.

"Now, Mr. Attorney," continued the judge, turning to the attorney-general, prepared to take a note of any observations he might offer. The spectators—the whole court—were aware that the great crisis of the case had arrived; and there was a sickening silence. The attorney-general, with perfect calmness and self-possession, immediately addressed the court in answer to the objection. That there was an erasure, which, owing to the hurry with which the instrument had been looked at, had been overlooked, was indisputable; of course the attorney-general's argument was, that it was an erasure in a part not material; but it was easy to see that he spoke with the air of a man who argues *contra spem*. What he said, however, was pertinent and forcible; the same might be said of Mr. Sterling and Mr. Crystal; but they were all plainly *graveled*. Mr. Subtle replied with cruel cogency: Mr. Quicksilver seized the opportunity—not choosing to see that the judge was with them—to make a most dangerous but showy speech; Mr. Subtle sitting beside him in the utmost distress, looking as if he could have withered him with a word. In consequence of some very unguarded admissions of Quicksilver, down came upon him Lord Widdrington; and Mr. Subtle—the only time during the whole cause in which he lost his self-command—uttered a half-stifled curse at the folly of Quicksilver, that could be heard by half the bar, perhaps even by the judge, who greatly relished the exposure he was making of Quicksilver's indiscretion. At length he sat down, with a somewhat foolish air, Mr. Subtle turning his back full upon him before the whole court; but when Lynx rose, and in a business-like way, with only a word or two, put the point again fully before Lord Widdrington, the scowl gradually disappeared from the brow of Mr. Subtle.

"Well," said Lord Widdrington, when Mr. Lynx had done, "I own I feel no doubt at all upon the matter; but as it is certainly of the greatest possible importance, I will just see how it strikes my brother Grayley." With this he took the deed in his hand, and quitted the court. He touched Mr. Aubrey, in passing to his private room, holding the deed before him. After an absence of about ten minutes, Lord Widdrington returned.

"Silence! silence there!" bawled the crier; and the bustle had soon subsided into profound silence.

"I entertain no doubt, nor does my brother Grayley," said Lord Widdrington, "that I ought not to receive this deed in evidence, without accounting for an erasure occurring in a mainly essential part of it. Unless, therefore, you are prepared, Mr. Attorney, with evidence as to this point, I shall not receive the deed."

There was a faint buzz all over the court—a buzz of

excitement, anxiety, and disappointment. The attorney-general consulted for a moment or two with his friends.

"Undoubtedly, my lord, we are not prepared with any evidence to explain an appearance which has taken us entirely by surprise. After this length of time, my lord, of course—"

"Certainly—it is a great misfortune for the parties—a great misfortune. Of course you tender the deed in evidence?" he continued, taking a note.

"We do, my lord, certainly."

You should have seen the faces of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, as they looked at Mr. Parkinson, with an agitated air, returning the rejected deed to the bag from which it had been lately taken with so confident and triumphant an air!—The remainder of the case, which had been opened by the attorney-general on behalf of Mr. Aubrey, was then proceeded with; but in spite of all their assumed calmness, the disappointment and distress of his counsel were perceptible to all. They were not long in establishing the descent of Mr. Aubrey from Geoffry Dreddington. It was necessary to do so; for grievously as they had been disappointed in failing to establish the title paramount, founded upon the deed of confirmation of Mr. Aubrey, it was yet an important question for the jury, whether they believed the evidence adduced by the plaintiff to show title in himself.

"That, my lord, is the defendant's case," said the attorney-general, as his last witness left the box; and Mr. Subtle then rose to reply. He felt how unpopular was his cause; that almost every countenance around him bore a hostile expression. Privately, he loathed his case when he saw the sort of person for whom he was struggling. All his sympathies—for he was a very proud, haughty man—were on behalf of Mr. Aubrey, whom by name and reputation he well knew; with whom he had often sate in the house of commons. Now, conspicuous before him, sate his little monkey-client, Titmouse—a ridiculous object; and calculated, if there were any scope for the influence of prejudice, to ruin his own cause by the exhibition of himself before the jury. That was the vulgar idiot who was to turn the admirable Aubreys out of Yatton, and send them beggared into the world!—But Mr. Subtle was a high-minded English advocate; and if he had seen Miss Aubrey in all her loveliness, and knew how all depended upon his exertions, he could hardly have exerted himself more successfully than he did on the present occasion. And such, at length, was the effect which that exquisitely skilful advocate produced, in his address to the jury, that he began to bring about a change in the feelings of most around him; even the eye of scornful beauty began to direct fewer glances of indignation and disgust upon Titmouse, as Mr. Subtle's irresistible rhetoric drew upon their sympathies in his behalf. "My learned friend, the attorney-general, gentlemen, dropped one or two expressions of a somewhat disparaging tendency, in alluding to my client, Mr. Titmouse; and shadowed forth a disadvantageous contrast between the obscure and ignorant plaintiff and the gifted defendant. Good God, gentleman! and is my humble client's misfortune to become his fault? If he be obscure and ignorant, unacquainted with the usages of society, deprived of the blessings of a superior education—if he have contracted vulgarity, whose fault is it? Who has occasioned it? Who plunged him and his parents before him into an unjust poverty and obscurity, from which Providence is about this day to rescue him, and put him in possession of his own? Gentlemen, if topics like these must be introduced into this case, I ask you who is

accountable for the present condition of my unfortunate client? Is he, or are those who have been, perhaps unconsciously, but still unjustly, so long reveling in the wealth that is his? Gentlemen, in the name of every thing that is manly and generous, I challenge your sympathy, your commiseration for my client." Here, Titmouse, who had been staring up open-mouthed for some time at his eloquent advocate, and could be kept quiet no longer by the most vehement efforts of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, rose up, in an excited manner, exclaiming, "Bravo! bravo! bravo, sir! 'Pon my life, capital! It's quite true—bravo! bravo!" His astounded advocate paused at this unprecedented interruption. "Take the puppy out of court, sir, or I will not utter one word more," said he, in a fierce whisper to Mr. Gammon.

"Who is that? Leave the court, sir! Your conduct is most indecent, sir! I have a great mind to commit you, sir!" said Lord Widdrington, directing an awful look down to the offender, who had turned of a ghastly white.

"Have mercy upon me, my lord! I'll never do it again," he groaned, clasping his hands, and verily believing that Lord Widdrington was going to take the estate away from him.

Snap at length succeeded in getting him out of court, and after the excitement occasioned by this irregular interruption had subsided, Mr. Subtle resumed:—

"Gentlemen," said he, in a low tone, "I perceive that you are moved by this little incident; and it is characteristic of your superior feelings. Inferior persons, destitute of sensibility or refinement, might have smiled at eccentricities which occasion you only feelings of greater commiseration. I protest, gentlemen"—his voice trembled for a moment, but he soon resumed his self-possession; and, after a long and admirable address, sat down confident of the verdict.

"If we lose the verdict, sir," said he, bending down, and whispering into the ear of Gammon, "we may thank that execrable little puppy for it." Gammon changed colour, but made no reply.

Lord Widdrington then commenced summing up the case to the jury, with his usual care and perspicacity. Nothing could be more beautiful than the ease with which he extricated the facts of the case from the meshes in which they had been involved by Mr. Subtle and the attorney-general. As soon as he had explained to them the general principles of law applicable to the case, he placed before them the facts proved by the plaintiff, and the answer of the defendant: every one in court trembling for the result, if the jury took the same view which they felt themselves compelled to take. He suggested that they should retire to consider the case, taking with them the pedigrees which had been handed in to them; and added, that, if they should require his assistance, he should remain in his private room for an hour or two. Both judge and jury then retired, it being about eight o'clock. Candles were lit in the court, which continued crowded to suffocation. Few doubted which way the verdict would go. Fatigued as must have been most of the spectators with a two days' confinement and excitement—ladies as well as gentlemen—scarce a person thought of quitting till the verdict had been pronounced. After an hour and a half's absence, a cry was heard—"Clear the way for the jury;" and one or two officers, with their wands, obeyed the directions. As the jury re-entering their box, struggling with a little diffi-

culty through the crowd, Lord Widdrington resumed his seat upon the bench.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have the goodness," said the associate, "to answer to your names. Sir Godolphin Fitzherbert;" and, while their names were thus called over, all the counsel took their pens, and turning over their briefs with an air of anxiety, prepared to indorse on them the verdict. As soon as all the jurymen had answered, a profound silence ensued.

"Gentlemen of the jury," inquired the associate, "are you agreed upon your verdict? Do you find verdict for the plaintiff, or for the defendant?"

"For the plaintiff," replied the foreman; on which the officer, amidst a kind of blank dismayed silence, making at the same time some hieroglyphics upon the record, muttered—"Verdict for plaintiff. Damages one shilling. Costs forty shillings;" while another functionary bawled out, amidst the increasing buzz in the court, "Have the goodness to wait, gentlemen of the jury. You will be paid immediately." Whereupon, to the disgust and indignation of the unlearned spectators, and the astonishment of some of the gentlemen of the jury themselves—many of the very first men in the county—Snap jumped up on the form, pulled out his purse with an air of exultation, and proceeded to remunerate Sir Godolphin Fitzherbert and the rest of his companions with the sum of one guinea. Proclamation was then made, and the court adjourned.

From Fraser's Magazine.

MODERN EGYPT.

BY BROTHER PEREGRINE.

A beautiful passage of five days and five nights, in the Spitfire steamer, one of the best of the Mediterranean packets, brought us from Malta to Alexandria. We had spent our time so pleasantly on board, and had been so liberally supplied by Lieutenant Kennedy with all the comforts and luxuries which none but English packets afford, that we regretted the termination of our voyage.

Our first view of Egypt fell far short of our anticipations, for we had been so long dreaming of obelisks and pyramids that our imaginations had identified the country with its antiquities. For many hours before we reached Alexandria, we saw nothing but a low, barren, and monotonous coast, presenting no variety beyond a succession of sandy hillocks covered with windmills.

We lay-to off the mouth of the harbour until the pilot boarded us, for the entrance to the port is so narrow and rocky that its difficult passage is never attempted without a pilot, and it is necessary for heavy ships of war to send their guns ashore before they can cross the bar.

On entering the harbour, the first object which engaged our notice, and almost the only one which is conspicuous, was the pasha's palace,—a fit object to command attention at the very threshold of a country of which the pasha is the universal genius as well as the universal merchant. From the windows of this, his favourite residence, he sees all that passes in the port, and is able to watch the movements of his fleet and the exercises of the seamen.

We found the harbour crowded with vessels belonging to all nations, in the midst of which was the Egyptian fleet, consisting of ten line-of-battle ships and five fri-

gates, besides brigs and smaller craft : all of them carried the red flag of the star and crescent ; but, unlike the reformed system of the Sultan's fleet, the Egyptian sailors wore the national costume. I had been prepared by the officers of our own fleet at Malta to see remarkably fine vessels in the pasha's navy ; and had heard, on equally good authority, that English ships did not surpass them in cleanliness : but I was, nevertheless, surprised to find so much order both in the vessels and in their crews. We have heard much of late respecting what the newspapers have called the "miserable inefficiency" and defective condition of these ships ; and some travellers have reported them to be mere toys, utterly unfit for further service than that required at Alexandria. In spite of these assertions, I believe that the pasha of Egypt is not disposed to build ships as a child makes paper boats,—to enjoy the pleasure of floating them in the first piece of water within his reach. The games in which he delights are played with weapons very different from the toys either of childhood or old age,—and he knows it better than his neighbours. The greater number of ships composing this fleet were built by Mehmet Bey, who was educated for the purpose in Portsmouth dockyard. He married an English woman, and, in private life, is half a Briton : in his profession he is a follower of Sir Robert Seppings, whose principles and improvements he has adopted in all the vessels he has built.

It was very early in the morning when we reached the port ; we dropped anchor in the midst of the fleet, under the stern of one of the large frigates. The crews of the different ships were employed in bringing off provisions from the dock-yard ; and the large launches rowing about the harbour, manned by crews entirely dressed in white with the red cap, gave a lively appearance to the scene. The manner of rowing is peculiar ; on the bow of each boat a drummer is stationed to beat time, the men stand up to their oars, and raise themselves upon one leg on the "shwarte" of the boat at every stroke. This has a novel and rather amusing effect, particularly in the large barges rowed by twenty or thirty men.

As soon as we landed, besides the greeting we received from swarms of flies, we were beset by a troop of camel drivers, clamorous for the honor of carrying our luggage to the hotel. An English traveller, however much he may desire to throw off European habits and prejudices in the purpose of learning the customs of a new country, is never disposed to quarrel with the intelligence that there are two excellent hotels at hand—one English, the other French. Perhaps there is even more satisfaction than amusement, after a voyage of five days, in listening to the rival agents of these establishments extolling their respective merits in all the characteristics of nationality. Both are good, perhaps equally good ; but unless considerations of roast beef and London porter turn the scale, the French house generally has the preference.

Alexandria is not worth visiting as a national city ; nor will it afford any insight into the national character of the Egyptians. That part of it which is seen by English travellers is a Frank town, built in Frank style ; it is supplied with baths on the European system, and a theatre for the representation of Italian operas and French plays. Its inhabitants form one of those singular mixtures we so often find in the Levant—a string of consular or political agents, and a medley train of adventurers from all countries of Europe. The part of Alexandria, which is more especially the Turkish quar-

ter, is not characterised by any remarkable feature, except the bazars and the cafés. The latter are scarcely inferior to those of Constantinople, and in those overlooking the new harbour we enjoyed excellent sherbet and smoked a Narghiléh in sight of the mole where the celebrated *Pharos* stood : a modern lighthouse now occupies its site. There is very little to detain travellers in this once magnificent Alexandria, this third capital of the Roman world : its catacombs have little interest compared with those of Sicily and Rome ; its ruins are but fragments of foundations which the increasing sands prevent antiquaries from disputing. The famous column, called Pompey's Pillar for want of a better name, whether it formed part of a temple or of the library—whether erected by Diocletian, or Adrian, or by both—is one of the finest shafts of granite in the world. The columns of Rhamees, known generally as Cleopatra's Needles, are very near the French hotel, in a loose, sandy soil, full of pits and rubbish ; the one thrown down by the English is nearly covered with sand. The base of Pompey's Pillar bears melancholy evidence of English taste, for there is scarcely a portion of it which is not covered with the names of English travellers, who, unable to use their knives upon granite, have taken the trouble to provide themselves with paint-pots and brushes in order to leave in *paint* the important record of their visit. Many of these philosophic painter-tourists are naval officers, and half the ships of Sir Pulteney Malcolm's squadron are included in the navy list of Pompey's Pillar.

Having adjusted all the preliminaries for our journey to Cairo, and laid in a stock of provisions and cooking apparatus, even to frying-pans and kettles, we engaged two Arab servants who spoke an intelligible Italian, a language which is current in all parts of the Levant. We had previously discarded our hats for the Fez—the red Turkish cap—and had our heads shaved in the most approved Mussulman fashion, more for the sake of coolness and comfort than in mere compliance with the customs of the country ; for, in spite of what one hears at home, the Frank dress is best calculated to insure respect to the European traveller who is not thoroughly acquainted with the language and observances of the East. With these preparations we embarked on the canal of Mahmoudieh, which establishes the communication between Alexandria and the Nile. This canal is one of the wonders effected by the present pasha. It is fifty miles long, ninety feet broad, and about twenty feet deep. It was formed by enlarging and deepening an ancient canal called Kalydi, and no fewer, it is said, than 250,000 persons were employed in its construction. A month's pay was advanced to the labourers, who were collected together from all parts, and compelled to work ; and though most of them had no other implements than their hands, the excavation was completed in six weeks. Our boat was manned by half-a-dozen Arabs ; it had a cabin built upon the deck astern for the accommodation of the passengers, too low to stand upright in, and so small that it required some management to enable four persons to lie down in it at full length. The provisions and travelling apparatus were all stowed below the loose planks of the deck. At our meals this deck supplied both our table and our chairs ; two planks were removed to enable us to drop our legs into the hold, and we sat down to our plank-table without ever experiencing any deficiency of appetite from the absence of a better. Half the pleasure of traveling is made up with these little contrivances, and even our Arab cookery, which set at defiance all the

received notions on the subject, became as acceptable to us long before we reached Cairo, as a more refined *cuisine* would have been, whether English or Egyptian. The only thing now necessary for our equipment was an English flag, as every person is required to travel in Egypt, under his national colours. I had provided at Malta the white ensign and burgee of the Royal Western Yacht Club, and having hoisted them (perhaps for the first time) on the mast and latteen yard of an Egyptian bark, we proceeded on our voyage. No man who has traveled much has failed to discover the policy of Master Faithful's advice, to *take it coolly*; and verily he has need of all his philosophy when he consigns himself to his mattress in an Egyptian cabin. Taking it *coolly* in such a place, with a temperature varying from 80° to 85°, is literally out of the question; and patience, after the first night has passed, is reckoned by the traveller as the most cardinal of virtues. We were welcomed to Egypt on the first night of our travels by such a festival as will not easily be forgotten. Hundreds of fleas celebrated our arrival, the rats feasted on our best bread, and ants, cockroaches, and other annoyances, completed the menagerie of plagues with which our vessel swarmed.

The voyage up the canal was almost entirely performed by tracking, as the contrary wind prevented our setting sail, and consequently the men were obliged to tow the boat up the stream night and day. We passed a day and two nights on the canal, and at length landed at Atfeh with the full persuasion that we deserved to be canonised as martyrs. The morning before we left the canal we passed a small mud village, where a number of persons were collected to see punishment inflicted on two offenders. The whole proceeding quite recalled the patriarchal times. The chief of the village, a very old man, first addressed the people; the culprit was then made to lie down, and, while two men held his legs, the chief gave him two severe blows with a long stick—this was the first offender: the second had only one blow, but both fellows roared lustily, and bore testimony in that way to the power of the punishment. We lost no time in chartering a *dahabiyeh*, or passage-boat, to convey us to Boulak, the port of Cairo; the price demanded was 250 piastres, not quite 2*l.* 10*s.* Among the fleet of such boats always to be found at Atfeh, there is no difficulty except in the selection. We engaged a roomy boat belonging to one of the eunuchs of the pasha's harem; she had been recently repaired and painted, and appeared to promise us a respite from our usual nightly afflictions. I was much struck with the resemblance of these boats to those represented in the paintings on the tombs. The traveller who has examined the tombs of the Egyptian high-priest in the museum of Berlin, and recollects the models of vessels discovered in it, will scarcely find any difference in construction or in rig between the modern *dahabiyeh* and those facsimiles of the boats which navigated the Nile 3000 years ago.

The Nile is first seen at Atfeh. Though wanting the rapidity of the Rhine, and its accompanying display of cities, churches, and scenery, when seen from Cologne, it appeared to me as broad. Its colour might dispute the epithet *Ævius* with the Tiber. We lay-to off Foush to take in provisions, and then proceeded with a fair wind. The provisions supplied us by these Nile villages were generally mutton or lamb, and a peculiar kind of bread not unlike our muffins, nor inferior to them when toasted. Milk and the butter of the country, resembling the " of southern Italy and Sicily, were always to be had. These combined with our own stock, together

with the occasional luxury of a ring-dove or hoopoe, constituted our daily fare. The river between the two cities, Alexandria and Cairo, offers little, if any thing, of remarkable interest; although there are many objects which cannot fail to attract the attention of the European traveller. The mud villages, the palm groves, the plantations of acacia, the immense flocks of pelicans and of teal, the frequent swarms of bloopes and ring-doves afford amusement in the absence of more powerful novelties. In the condition of the people, it is impossible not to be struck with the complete poverty which prevails throughout the country, proved as it is by the half-clothed state of the adults, and by the entire nakedness of the children. But the great object for reflection is the Nile itself, and the peculiar blessing which it is, in every sense of the term, to the people no less than to the country. They bring down their horses, donkeys, goats, sheep, buffaloes, and camels, to wash and drink in the streams; and come themselves to perform their ablutions with an exemplary regularity which shows how important a duty it is considered. Almost every hour brought us to a flock of buffaloes standing in the water with nothing but their heads above it, and evidently enjoying the luxury in the coolness of the river and the freedom from flies. The cultivated lands on each side of the Nile are kept with great care, and are almost exclusively sown with corn, rice, and lentils. When the river is too low to irrigate them by the ordinary channels, two contrivances are adopted for drawing up the water. The most common of these is a large wooden wheel fixed in an artificial chasm in the bank, and supplied with earthen vessels attached to cords which work upon it. This wheel is perpendicular, and is connected with a large horizontal wheel to which an ox blindfolded, or a donkey, (generally the former,) is attached. Water is then brought up in the earthen vessels from the river, and poured out as the wheel revolves into a cistern which distributes it into the proper channels. The contrivance is entirely of wood, and very rude in its construction. The peculiar noise produced by the friction of its clumsy machinery is familiar to every Egyptian traveller. The other contrivance is something like that employed to raise water from the wells in some parts of Germany and Switzerland. It is a bucket attached to a long pole working on a perpendicular, and balanced by a heavy weight at the other end. The bucket is pulled down into the water by a slave who stands close to the river, and is raised by the greater weight of the balance.

In spite of our anticipations from the gay and neat appearance of our vessel, we soon discovered that she carried more passengers than were agreeable. No man who values his comfort ought to enter one of these boats, unless she has been previously sunk for twenty-four hours. We, innocently confiding in appearances, did not adopt this precaution, and, consequently, a flea carnival was held nightly; and other worse tormentors exacted their tribute, in a manner compared with which the pasha's taxes are merciful. No one who has not himself experienced it, can form any conception of the misery occasioned by the flea-plagues of Egypt in the hot season; their bite is more like the sting of a wasp than of a flea, according to our English experience, and is venomous enough to produce irritation, redness, and swelling of the part. Even our recollections of the nights in Sicily, were quite refreshing in comparison with these present and unceasing evils. The plagues of the day, for neither day nor night are exempt, are the flies; and it would be difficult to determine which of the two is the

most tormenting. We contrived, however, by means of gauze veils, to guard against these; and what with the veil by day, and the mosquito curtain by night, we might have passed for Mahometan women, so rigidly were our faces covered. The Nile boats, however, may be made extremely comfortable for two persons—the largest number which can travel together in Egypt, or, perhaps, in any country, with perfect convenience and satisfaction to themselves.

During the whole of our voyage, I was much struck by the regularity with which the captain, or *reis*, and many of the crew performed their religious devotions. At sunrise, at noon, and at sunset, the captain took his place at the bow of the boat, or on the high cabin astern, and stood absorbed in prayer for many minutes, looking towards Mecca. He then knelt down and prayed, and concluded his devotions by prostrating himself three times, until his forehead touched the deck. It is impossible to question the sincerity and deep religious feeling of these men, for both are evident, and many professors of a purer faith might gather from them a useful lesson. From all that I could collect regarding the feelings of Mahometans towards Christians, it appears that they dislike the figures of saints, the pictures, and the visible worship of the Catholics, and prefer the Protestant religion, because, like their own, it is an inward and spiritual faith, expressed without the aid of external symbols.

We saw the pyramids on the third day; and on the morning of the fifth, after leaving Atfeh, we landed at Boulak, about a mile distant from the capital. The thermometer in the cabin of our boat ranged from 80° to 96° at noon, during our voyage; on one occasion it stood at 101° at 3 p. m. in the cabin, and at 80° at 10 p. m. of the same day in the open air *on deck*. The appearance of Cairo from the Boulak road is particularly imposing; the road is broad, and well kept; and Cairo is entered by the square of Ezvékieh, where Kleber was murdered, and Napoleon resided during the occupation of Egypt. Hill's English hotel soon compensated, by its many conveniences, for the annoyances we had experienced in the boats; and we forgot that we were breathing an African atmosphere, in the pleasure of finding an agreeable society of overland travellers from India, who now made up so large a portion of the strangers in Cairo. It is impossible to record these recollections without mentioning the name of Mr. Waghorn, to whom the gratitude of travellers is due for a large portion of the ease, comforts, and facilities which they enjoy in every part of Egypt. His indefatigable perseverance has overcome obstacles long considered insurmountable, and he has reduced the eastern desert to the condition of a mere high-road of Europe. While he has done this, he has won the esteem and admiration of every visitor, by the almost unbounded hospitality and kindness with which he has made the recollection of their sojourn delightful. He has, indeed, realised the happiness, the freedom, and all the accessory enjoyments of an English home, in a country where no one who speaks his native language is regarded by him as a stranger.

Besides the seasonable conveniences of a good hotel, there are others of an intellectual character provided for the resident in Cairo;—a good library has been created within a few years, by the subscriptions of English families, and the greatest liberality is shown in admitting strangers.

The climate of Egypt has been frequently considered likely to prove beneficial in consumptive cases, and I doubt not that it will hereafter become an important re-

sort for the invalids of Europe. The resident English physician, Dr. Abbot, whose extensive experience during ten years' practice in the country, gives high authority to his opinions on all subjects connected with its climate and diseases, confirmed the impressions I had already formed by a comparison of the climate of Egypt with that of Madeira, and such places in the south of Europe, and of England, celebrated as resorts for consumptive persons, in which I had resided. The conclusion to which I had arrived during my residence in these places was that, to a large class of consumptive persons, climates characterized by an excess of moisture are less beneficial than climates of a perfectly uniform dryness. Believing this to be true, I naturally supposed that the climate of Egypt, from the dry condition of its atmosphere, would be eminently favourable to such invalids. Every inquiry upon this point confirmed this impression; all the phthisical persons who had resided in Egypt for any time, were known to have been free from ailment during their stay, and Dr. Abbot assured me that during the seven years in which he was employed as physician of the pasha's fleet, he had seen but one instance of pulmonary disease, and that was in a Syrian conscript recently brought away from his native mountains, and therefore an imported case. The objection which has generally been made to a residence in Egypt, is the inconvenience of the dust. But this occurs only during the *khamseen*, a periodical wind; and the visitor, by confining himself to his house, and closing the windows, may be perfectly free from annoyance during the brief period of its continuance.

Cairo is full of interest. The oriental scholar will delight in it as the first school of Arabic; the antiquary and historian will regard it with peculiar pleasure as the city of the Khalifa, and the resting-place of "good Haroun al Raschid;" while the architect will find it abound, beyond any other city of the East, with the finest and most elaborate specimens of Arabic architecture. The bazars of Cairo are richly supplied, and afford great facilities for studying costume and character; but they are inferior to those of Constantinople in their general convenience, and in the costliness of their stores. The busy scene is, however, one of peculiar interest, and the city on a great bazar day appears as if the whole tide of its population were turned through them. From the Bedouin in his blanket, to the veiled houri of the harem, all seem to consider that the great business and amusement of life consists in cheapening and purchasing, amidst a bustle which is always full of excitement even to a European. The *mooristan*, or madhouse, and the slave-market, are spectacles more horrible and disgusting than those of either Constantinople or Smyrna. The *mooristan* was nearly filled with sufferers—dragging out in chains their miserable existence, and affording a melancholy proof that the Egyptian physicians are still far behind the rest of the world in this important branch of practice. It is, indeed, a blessing that the stricken inmates are unconscious of their condition. The slave-market of Cairo is always crowded; and as people come hither from all parts of the East to make their purchases, a continued supply is kept up by the merchants and dealers. Some hundreds of young creatures of both sexes were sitting in the court-yard perfectly shining with grease, and the large galleries round the area were filled with others of more value. Though it is a miserable spectacle, it is said to be a source of great happiness to the unfortunate slaves; in many cases, it is the only real place of rest they know from the time when they

are torn away from home and kindred; and the hardships they undergo in the passage are so severe that hundreds perish by the way, and the market is regarded by those who live to reach it as the sure and certain means of escape from the tyranny of their oppressors.—Near the citadel the pasha has a small menagerie, which is remarkable for some magnificent lions and a few tigers. The view from the citadel, where still stand the ruins of the palace of Saladin, is most extensive, commanding the pyramids, the desert, the Nile, and the city, with its light and elegant minarets, and the rich architecture of its mosques. It is difficult to imagine any city presenting a more beautiful variety of oriental architecture than Cairo. The splendid mosques scattered throughout the city, bear evidence of the taste and munificence of the Mamlooks and the khalifs, to whom they are referred; and Constantinople itself can produce nothing to surpass, if, indeed, to equal them. The mosque of Sultan Hassan is generally visited by the English, both from peculiar facilities afforded to the admission of Franks, and from the high order of its merit as a public building.

In an inner apartment of this mosque is the tomb of the sultan, remarkable as being the scene of the contests of the Mamlooks. The janissary of the consulate pointed out several large spots in the marble floor, as stains of the blood shed on these occasions. It must have flowed in streams, if these spots are attributable to such a cause. It will be highly gratifying to Egyptian travellers to know, that the British public are likely to have the architectural beauties of this and the other mosques of Cairo made familiar to them by the charming pencil of Mr. David Roberts, whose sketches, made during his recent journey to the East, include some of the finest scenes in the capital of modern Egypt.

The double walls of the citadel include, in their intervening space, several important manufactories of government stores; and in the great square is the gateway-tower, from which the last of the Mamlooks leaped, and saved his life, when all the other members of that ill-fated but rebellious body were destroyed by the present pasha.*

In order to see the pyramids with advantage, we went there in the afternoon, in time to witness the sunset from the top; in the evening we explored the interior, slept in the tombs, and were again on the summit of the great pyramid on the following morning, in time to see the sunrise. The chicken-ovens at Ghizeh are conveniently visited *en passant*, and ought to be omitted by no traveller who desires to examine the "wonders" of Egypt. The process, however, is so slow that nothing more is seen than the arrangement of the eggs over the charcoal fires; the atmosphere is always oppressive. In this, as in all other expeditions, donkeys are the common, now

* The new mosque which the pasha is building in the citadel, will be one of the finest in Cairo; the pasha has opened afresh the alabaster quarries in the Mokattam mountains for the purpose of its enrichment, and the fine red granite columns which formed the hall of Saladin are to be employed in its construction. The well of Saladin, called also "Joseph's Well," from Yousseuf Saladin, the great rival of the lion-hearted Richard, is justly considered one of the wonders of the citadel. It is a shaft entirely cut in the rock, to the depth of 270 feet; it is descended by a safe winding staircase, and the water, of which there is an abundant supply, is raised by Talo, or by donkeys.

almost the only, means of conveyance. A man who prides himself upon his horsemanship, will be perplexed, perhaps, at being obliged to "show off" upon a donkey; but they are so willing, and so superior to those of England, that they are now used almost generally by travellers crossing from Cairo to Suez. They are below the average height of our own animals; their pace is an easy, quick trot, and it is surprising how long they will travel over the sand, without food or water. As soon as we made an appearance in sight of the Arab village between Ghizeh and the Pyramids, a crowd of Bedouins ran out to meet us. At the very sound of their voices our donkeys instinctively quickened their speed, and we soon reached the base of the great pyramid. It would be a waste of time to describe what has been already a thousand times recorded—the principal chambers of the Great Pyramid have undergone no change since the days of Belzoni, and a description of them would have little novelty.

The recent discoveries of Col. Vyse, whose work illustrating his researches will, we trust, soon appear, are both interesting and important. With the assistance of nearly two hundred Arabs, Col. Vyse has succeeded in confirming his belief in the existence of chambers above Davison's, or the queen's apartment; and his indefatigable exertions have been rewarded by the discovery of three small chambers, which are now accessible by a perpendicular and most difficult ladder. The upper room is painted with the name of the Duke of Wellington! It is scarcely possible to define one's feelings when gazing on the desert and the Nile from the summit of this pyramid—they rival in intensity those excited by the view from the tower of the capitol, or from the ruins of the Acropolis, and they cannot be subdued or feigned, except by those who do not deserve to experience them. The pyramids of Sakkarah are distant from Cairo about four hours' ride; they are visited both for their presumed higher antiquity than those of Ghizeh, and for the ibis pits and tombs in their neighbourhood. Sakkarah is approached through groves of acacia, which I found in full flower. The principal pyramid is built in five steps. Near this one are the ibis pits, down which we were compelled to scramble, amidst such clouds of dust and sand as were almost sufficient to smother us, independently of the smoke of the torches. These chambers are full of earthen pots, containing the embalmed birds, arranged uniformly, and apparently endless in extent. Many of these, which we examined, were so well preserved, that even the feathers were perfect; but they crumbled to dust on pressure, or exposure to the atmosphere. The tombs adjoining are very interesting; one is beautifully decorated with hieroglyphics and paintings, chiefly of animals, or of men engaged in various occupations; they had been sadly mutilated, but were very beautiful examples of the permanence of colours; the red and blue were especially bright. Among the hieroglyphics occurred hares, birds, beasts of different kinds, and human figures, male and female.

There are several deep pits in this tomb, which the Arabs say contain mummies. The desert, for a considerable distance around the pyramids of Sakkarah, and especially near the tombs, is covered with bones, fragments of human skulls, pieces of mummy cloths, and countless quantities of broken potteries from various ibis pits. Secreted among the ruins of the pyramids, and among the tombs, we found three jackals, whose appearance confirmed my impression that the dogs which swarm in the streets of Cairo are probably the result of a cross

between the jackal and the common dog of Egypt. The sand in the desert of Sakkarah was like fire to our feet; and at the ibis pits, the thermometer, plunged into the sand, rose instantly to 126° of Fahrenheit. It was a khamsen wind, and when we sat down to dinner under the scanty shade of a clump of palms, the thermometer which stood at 95° in the shade, rose three degrees at every puff of that peculiar wind, whose parching blasts can never be forgotten by those who have experienced their effects. But the most interesting places, as records of past greatness and glory, are the sites of Memphis and Heliopolis—the one, the city of the Pharaohs, whose fame filled the ancient world with admiration; the other, the chosen school in which Moses, and Herodotus, and Plato, became learned in the philosophy and wisdom of the Egyptians. The position of Memphis was determined by Caviglia's discovery of two remarkable statues, to be on the spot where many scholars had already placed it, in the midst of a thick forest of palms, which extends for many miles between Ghizeh and Sakkarah on the left bank of the Nile. It is conveniently visited on the way to explore the pyramids of Sakkarah. The principal of these two statues is colossal, forty feet high; its perfect preservation is, perhaps, attributable to its lying on its face. It is impossible to conceive any thing more beautiful than the exquisite countenance of this highly finished statue; the expression is characterised by mildness and beauty, and the proportions of the body mark a great advancement in the history of Egyptian sculpture. It is supposed to be the statue of Rhameses the Great, or at least one of the six which that king erected before the Temple of Vulcan, representing himself, his wife, and his four sons. Although this fine statue has not been long exposed, English and other travellers have lost no time in penciling it with their names; and one in particular (a reverend doctor, whose position and rank as a scholar ought to have taught him better) has actually *chiseled* his name in Roman letters on the left arm of the figure!

Heliopolis, the On of scripture, now called Mataryeh, is marked by a lofty obelisk, the only one of the two formerly known as the needles of Pharaoh. But it has higher interest in connection with scripture history, as the place where Dionysius the Areopagite saw the sun obscured, when "there was darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour." There is an Arab tradition also connected with this spot, which says that, during the flight out of Egypt, the Holy Family stopped to rest at this place near a well, situated close to a fine sycamore fig-tree, which afforded them shade and shelter. This tree and well are now the great inducements to visit the site of On. The tree is evidently of great age; its size is large, and its bark is covered, of course, with the names of visitors, among the last of whom is that of Sir Robert Wilmot Horton, then returning from Ceylon. On our way to Heliopolis, we saw the *mirage* twice; on one of these occasions, the appearance of a lake with all its promontories, and bays, and wooded banks, was so perfect that I could have drawn it with ease.

One of the most agreeable excursions we made was to the tombs of the khalfs and the Mamlooks. The domes and minarets, the profuse employment of arabesque, and the massive character of their architecture, would be sufficiently interesting, independently of the objects and purposes of their erection. But a single drawing would do more justice to them than pages of description. The tomb of the present pasha is near the tombs of the Mamlook beys. It is an arabesque building without external

pretensions; but no drawing-room was ever more completely fitted up than it is inside. Turkey carpets, chairs, and other conveniences, are not wanting to make it comfortable to the survivors who come to pray at the graves of their relations. The occupants of this chamber are either the wives and children of the pasha himself, or those of his sons. One of the tombs contains eight children. Here is buried the cruel Kutchuk Pasha, Mehemet Ali's son-in-law, who is said to have been privately despatched by his orders for plotting against his government. It is stated as a fact in Cairo, and, indeed, has been published by several French travellers, that, when he had forbidden his troops to thieve any thing from the Arabs among whom he was encamped, a woman came into his tent one morning to complain that one of the young Mamlooks had just stolen some milk, the value of which was considerably less than a farthing of English money. The boy denied the charge. Kutchuk declared that he would administer summary justice; and ordered the boy to be ripped up in presence of the woman, and, if the milk were not found in his stomach, the same sentence was to be executed on her for a false accusation. The boy was found to have drank the milk, and, of course, perished from the operation.

Among the multitude of palaces belonging to Mehemet Ali, that of Shubra, his summer palace, is the most interesting. It is situated at the distance of a few miles from the city, and is approached by an excellent road shaded by an avenue of trees. The gardens are laid out in the Italian style, and are ornamented with marble fountains. Most of the palaces have been painted by European artists. Rhoda Island gardens, celebrated for the story of the Khalif El Aman Bekhakam Allah and his Bedouin bride, and for the Egyptian tradition which says that Moses was found there, have sprung up as if by magic within the last seven years; they are under the management of a Scottish gardener, Mr. Traill, and are laid out with considerable taste. They are the property of Ibrahim Pasha, whose incessant labours, as commander-in-chief of the Syrian army, allow him little opportunity of enjoying the repose of this his favourite retreat. The Nilometer, a graduated octagon pillar, is at the extremity of the gardens; its appearance is by no means equal to its fame, and it is hardly worth a visit.

One of the exhibitions or sights of Egypt, which I was most desirous of seeing, was that of the Ghawázee or dancing girls. It is now prohibited at Cairo, although a national and ancient custom: and the hereditary professors of the art are almost all banished to Upper Egypt, where they have full "license to practise." A little bribery, however, quieted the conscience and scruples of the sheik, and we witnessed the performance in our own house in Cairo under the protection of that official. There were six women; three of them were dancers, one a singer, and the other two musicians. The music consisted of the castanets of the dancers, a tambourine, and a sort of drum, accompanied by the singing of all except the dancers. After the *figuranti* had become sufficiently excited by brandy and champagne, they loosened their dresses and gave the signal with their castanets for the commencement of the mystic and voluptuous performance. The songs were in the most extravagant style of oriental description, and the expressive motions of the dancers were always in accordance with the spirit of the songs. In such an exhibition, where the entire aim is to represent the progress of love, dancing has naturally little to do with it, and the attitudes are all performed by

the muscles of the body. These languishing motions, the half-closed eyes, the increasing excitement of the actors, and the apparent suspension of all the faculties, constitute a pantomime which leaves no possibility of an erroneous interpretation. This display is an indispensable adjunct to every harem, where all kinds of excitement are welcome: but it has neither grace nor any other merit to recommend it to European favour.

The conjurors and the magicians still keep up their fame in Egypt; and both are well worth seeing as curiosities, even if the visiter be disposed to doubt the power of the latter, as believed by many recent travellers of excellent authority. The conjurors certainly surpass our own professors of legerdemain, both in the rapidity and cleverness of their tricks; many of them are quite new to Englishmen, and, in their way, are not inferior to the exhibitions of half the foreign adventurers who have realised fortunes in England. The magicians constitute a class at once distinct from every other, and respected for the profession of a mystery which would attach importance to its masters in any country, and in any age. The numerous instances in which the result of the experiments of these magicians has been so successful as to supply the inquirer, not only with a description of the person of a distant friend, but with a minute account of his dress and peculiarities of appearance or of manner—not imagined by the pre-informed eye of the inquirer himself, but by a child whose description must identify it,—are so strong, that it is impossible to deny the truth and accuracy of the result, however indisposed we may be to admit the possession of supernatural power. It is now perfectly established, that these results are obtained without the slightest collusion between the child and the magician; for, whenever the experiment has been successful in evoking figures, though the most minute precautions have been taken to find a child unknown to the magician, and, to prevent deception during the process, the description of the person required has been equally accurate. There are two things essential to the success of the experiment; the child must be under twelve or thirteen years of age, and the name of the person must be pronounced distinctly. Any of the observers may desire the child to call for a friend in any part of the world, stating nothing but the name, and specifying neither sex nor country. As soon as he appears in the ink, the child describes him, and, in almost every successful instance which is recorded, the description is found to correspond even in the most minute shades of appearance with the person himself. In the case of well known characters, it may be argued with some show of probability, that the peculiar appearance of such personages is known to the parties beforehand; but when some one is called for who is perhaps known to none present but the single individual who desires him, it is absurd to suppose that this is possible. The instance where Lord Nelson, as related by Mr. Lane, was described so accurately that the lost arm was noticed, may be accounted for by some on the former supposition; but the other case related by that gentleman, where a young Englishman had stipulated for the appearance of his father as the *sine quâ non* of his belief, and was accurately supplied with a description not only of his father's person, but of some striking peculiarities for which he was remarkable, is precisely one of that kind in which collusion is out of the question; for not a person even among the visiters present had ever seen the father. If collusion could be practised, failures would be extremely rare, because a man, who depends for his reward on the success of his

operation, will be naturally anxious to succeed; and the Egyptians are not so well acquainted with the dress and customs of European nations as to be able to describe from experience. I have only to add, that any accidental errors in the process, or the child being above the age prescribed, are sufficient to cause the entire failure of the experiment.

On the arrival of the magician, he bound some written passages from the Koran over the child's forehead, and placed a paper, containing ink, in his hands, reciting rapidly some incantations, and occasionally throwing incense on the fire. The child continued to look steadily at the ink; and, at length, said that figures had appeared. After many of these figures had made their appearance and passed off, the master or sultan came in on horseback, having been preceded by persons who brought in a tent, and swept, and watered the ground for his reception. The magician told the boy to order him to stay. We were now asked, if we wished any person to be called for. The boy stated, that the sultan had got off his horse and sat down, and that the slaves had brought him coffee. I desired him to call for a gentleman, whom I considered a fair test, because he had lost a leg. It was necessary that the boy should summon him by name, and he followed my pronunciation with difficulty. The stranger was summoned accordingly, and made his appearance with a lady. He was described as slightly made, and rather short than tall; his dress, a black coat and trousers, and a white waistcoat; he had little hair, and that light coloured; and walked very lame. On being questioned, he said, that he walked badly, but he could see two feet; at first, he said, that he had *moustaches*, but afterwards corrected himself, and said, that he had scarcely any; he carried a small sword in his hand.—This description was certainly very puzzling; for, although my friend had been in the navy, and lost his leg in the service, I knew that he neither wore moustaches nor a sword; but the other part of the account was correct. We next asked for a lady,—and a very pretty one by the way; when the boy described a person with yellow trousers, moustaches, and beard! This was an affront not to be forgiven, and we broke up the conference. The other experiments which I witnessed were not more successful, and I was unfortunate in not obtaining such interesting results as those authenticated by Lord Prudhoe and Mr. Lane.

Much as the English traveller is surprised with the novelty of every thing he sees in Cairo, there is nothing which is more unexpected than the discovery that the service of the Church of England is performed regularly in the city by German missionaries, and in the English language. The congregation, with very few exceptions, is entirely composed of young natives educating by the missionaries in the doctrines of the English church.—Most of their children are Copts; but some are of Egyptian parents, sent to the schools from the belief that, when they are qualified, they will be provided for in England. The pasha secretly encourages this establishment; and the zealous exertions of the missionaries, particularly Messrs. Lieder and Schlentz, in distributing Arabic versions of our Bible throughout Egypt, and in promoting the objects of the schools, have already been productive of the most beneficial results. The church service is regularly performed on Sundays by these clergymen, whose appearance in the oriental head-dress, with the red Fex cap and moustaches, has a singular effect in the pulpit. The psalms were sung by the children, who were all dressed in the national costume.

I had been provided by the celebrated Professor Farish, of Malta, with letters of introduction to the missionaries of the Bible Society in Syria and in Egypt, and more especially to Mr. Leider, the director of the establishment at Cairo. I understood from this gentleman that Christian instruction is now afforded in the Cairo schools to 200 children—80 boys and 120 girls; all the boys and six of the girls are taught English. In addition to the charge of this important establishment, the missionaries perform periodical journeys into Upper Egypt, and distribute in their passage whole cargoes of their admirable translations of our authorised version of the Scriptures.

I was desirous of seeing something of the European society of Cairo beyond that of my own countrymen. The Asiatic Greeks, settled in Egypt, are about the best specimens of their class, and fill important and confidential offices under the government. Many of their families are highly accomplished; and some of their ladies are skilled in various accomplishments beyond the ordinary standard of English education; music is always understood—drawing rarely; most of them speak, with fluency, Romain, Arabic, Italian, French, and often Turkish. The common language of conversation at their *soirées* is Italian; the Romain generally spoken is the dialect of the Islands.

The promenade, called the "Rosetta Gardens," is the favoured place in which European Cairo sports its fashion and its dandyism, both male and female. The "Gardens" are considerably below the average of kitchen-gardens in England; a few bananas, one or two palms, and some vines, constitute the principal botanical stock of the establishment. But no one ever expects to find botany or horticulture in the Rosetta Gardens, where the ladies go to talk and the gentlemen to flirt;—and gossip, at least once a week, holds an uninterrupted reign. On Sunday afternoon, the walks of the garden are generally filled with idlers, whose great amusement consists in strolling along the walks and listening to the "concord of sweet sounds," got up for these special occasions by the Cairo band; a brotherhood of some half dozen artisans, whose stock in trade is usually composed of two clarionets, three fiddles, and a drum. Jews, Greeks, Gopts, Armenians, French, and Italians, may here be recognised amidst the confusion of tongues. The English residents are seldom seen here; but an old Turk occasionally strolls in to see and be seen among the crowd. The display of beauty is generally very average indeed; but the display of fashions has no rival on any promenade in Europe. The wardrobe of a theatre of strolling players could not turn out so great a variety of modern-antique costumes; and the tailors who contrived to cut and stitch them into the last Paris fashion, imported by steam from Marseilles to Alexandria, and duly reported from Alexandria to Cairo, would be treasures, as "property-men" to a London manager. From the breeches of the Dutchman to the "tights" of the Parisian,—from the swallow-tail of the lawyer's clerk to the duck-tail of the German student—from the hat of silk to that of straw, there is not a shade or variety which does not vegetate weekly in the Rosetta Gardens. Then, as to the ladies; fashions which the "Journal des Dames" announced two years ago as the *ne plus ultra*, here flourish in luxuriance; grafted, it is true, upon an Asiatic or a Spanish stock, and trimmed in accordance with the reminiscences of such flying novelties as may be sported by Indian travellers *en passant* to India or to England. No matter what it be, so long as it be new to the milliners of Cairo—be it the invention of Calcutta or of Bom-

bay, of Paris, London, or of Lyons—it *must* be fashionable; and to the Rosetta Gardens it goes accordingly, to be eyed, and envied, and criticised, and copied by the *belles* of the Egyptian metropolis. Tight sleeves had just made their appearance when I arrived; and, consequently, the tighter they could be worn consistently with the power of moving the arms was considered the highest perfection of fashion. But, in spite of all this, there is an air of amiability among the people of this mixed colony which makes one feel at home in their society. Among all its classes and conditions, differing as they do in habits, in nation, and in faith, there appeared to prevail the greatest possible good feeling—a kind of social fellowship which alone can realise home to those who seek it in a foreign land. Happy are they who can enjoy life in their own way, and not make themselves discontented by vainly searching for a better.

In the beginning of this paper it was remarked, the pasha of Egypt is not disposed to play with *toys*, as his ships have recently been termed. Every one who has seen what he has done, or is doing, in Egypt, will not only agree in the accuracy of this statement, but will be compelled to acknowledge that no man in modern times has ever risen to power with so sure and certain an advancement;—perhaps, I should say, that no man, who has had the opportunity, has possessed equal genius. That a humble shopkeeper or trader in Roumelia should rise by his talents to become, first, an officer of high rank in the army of his country, and afterwards viceroy of an important province, is sufficiently extraordinary; but when the same man increases his province by successful conquests, raises an army, builds a fleet, and assumes a position in the scale of nations, so important as to compel Europe to treat with him as an independent prince, in spite of their simultaneous declarations that he must not so consider himself;—we cannot deny his claim to the title of a great man so far as that appellation is sanctioned by the received and admitted forms. When Sultan Mahmoud commenced his system of reforms at home, Mehemet Ali knew well that he had raised a spirit which he could not tame; and that he himself was virtually his own master from that very hour. He commenced reforms on his own account as soon as his power was consolidated, and worked them out in his own way. Avoiding the grand error of his nominal master, he laid no profaning hand on the costume of his country, sanctioned as it was by immemorial usage, and interwoven with the dearest ties of the national religion. He neither interfered with nor thwarted the priesthood; and, consequently, he never shocked the strongest prejudices of his people. But he introduced education in every possible form; he sent his young men of promise to be taught in the universities and great schools of Europe; he founded schools of artillery, cavalry, and seamanship; schools of medicine sprung up under his auspices, and botanic gardens, on the principles of Linnæus and Jussieu, appeared on the very borders of the desert. He next introduced steam upon the Nile; and established the printing press. These two things constituted in themselves an era in the history of Egypt. While civilisation was making these rapid strides under his encouragement, he determined to make his country learn the sources of the commercial wealth and fame of the first nations in Europe. His manufactories were to rival those of England, and compete with them in the market. This was and is still his greatest error. Egypt is naturally an agricultural country; and, however much her manufactories may enrich the pasha himself, agriculture alone can

benefit the condition of the people, or develop the resources of the country. Unable or unwilling to perceive this, he has repressed improvement by the taxes and monopolies he has established, to the direct injury of the land. He has crushed the farmer by his exactions, and has imposed heavy penalties on any attempt to evade the monopolies he has created. In fact, the pasha is the sole manufacturer, the banker, the merchant, the universal trader of Egypt. To maintain this character, every article is taxed to a degree which is positively ruinous to the classes engaged in its production. The unfortunate farmer is obliged to sell every thing to the government at the price the government may choose to fix, and to buy from them on the same conditions. Even the corn for his tillage, and the oxen necessary to irrigate his fields, the cordage for his wells, the sails of his boat, and the mat that he sleeps on, must all be purchased from the government, not only at a price far beyond their actual value, but at a higher rate than that for which he had sold many of them perhaps only a few days before. The result of this system is naturally utter misery, spreading far and wide through every ramification of those classes of society upon whose substantial welfare the interests of Egypt depend. In the present position of the Eastern question, it is too much to expect a change for the better; but as soon as the pasha is placed in a situation to develop the resources of his dominions, unexhausted by the payment of a heavy tribute, and the necessity of keeping up an enormous army, he will, undoubtedly, see the policy of extensive reforms, commencing with his own measures. And, let the acknowledgment of his independence come when it may, I am persuaded, that so far from eventually weakening the Turkish empire, the establishment of a powerful Mahometan state in alliance with the sultan, professing the same faith, and having in reality the same interests, will be productive of the greatest conceivable advantages to Turkey no less than to Egypt. In the present constitution of the Ottoman empire, it is difficult to see how it can possibly be strong and united. With a mixed population, of which the Turks themselves constitute but a mere fraction, and a very small one; with an extent of territory far surpassing even the lowest proportion of population to the land in other countries, the power of Turkey is frittered away by every disturbance in its remote provinces, while it is paralysed at home by the intrigues of its political neighbours. Any change of such a constitution promises to be for the better. By making Mehemet Ali independent, by attaching his interest to her own, by leaving him undisturbed and unencumbered to work out the long-neglected resources of Egypt, the Porte would create for herself the surest, because the most natural, bulwark which she can now raise in defence of what remains of her once magnificent empire. There was a time, it is true, when the representative of the house of Othman would have assumed higher ground than this; there was a time when the conquerors of Hungary would have adopted a very different measure to satisfy the ambitious cravings of a vassal; but those days are past, and it is enough now to be able to provide for the evils at hand. If this provision should deprive the Turkey of one of the brightest gems remaining, the immense treasures for which it was famous; it is to save the substance by sacrifice become no more than an uncertain appendage from its true connection by the weakest sovereign who wielded the destinies of the land, hereafter, when real civilisation has

forced its way throughout the diversified population of Turkey and of Egypt; and when the rivalry of the two countries has become one of improvement rather than of war, it will assuredly be found that they are stronger, more important, and more valuable to each other, as two separate kingdoms, than they could be if united under one master, whether he be a sultan or a pasha.

In conclusion, I feel that it is just to remark, that, from my experience of Egypt, there is no work which affords so much satisfaction to the traveller who wishes to study the present as well as the past condition of the country; or supplies the English reader, who enjoys traveling quietly by his own fireside at home, with so much information on all points connected with the inhabitants and their customs, as the *Modern Egyptians* of Mr. Lane. It is a masterpiece of its kind, and really leaves nothing to be desired, still less to be done, by any future traveller.

MALIBRAN AND THE PINT OF PORTER.

It may be an acceptable diversion from the painful details which we shall have to enter upon, to record a humorous incident which led to the thrilling, the more than brilliant, the not to be forgotten execution, by Madame Malibran, of the finale to this opera (*The Maid of Artois*). I had occasion during its last rehearsal but one, to express myself in strong terms at her leaving the stage for more than an hour and a half, to go and gain £25 at a morning concert. Neither the concentrated pieces of music, nor the situation of the drama in which she was involved, could possibly be proceeded with, and the great stake we were then contending for was likely to be placed in jeopardy by an unworthy grasp of a few pounds, to the prejudice of a theatre paying her nightly five times as much. She knew she had done wrong; and she atoned for it by her genius, while her pride would not have permitted her to do so. She had borne along the two first acts on the first nights of performance in such a flood of triumph, that she was bent, by some almost superhuman effort, to continue its glory to the final fall of the curtain. I went into her dressing-room previous to the commencement of the third act, to ask how she felt; and she replied, "Very tired, but," (and here her eye of fire suddenly lighted up,) "you angry devil, if you will contrive to get me a pint of porter in the desert scene, you shall have an encore to your finale." Had I been dealing with any other performer, I should perhaps have hesitated in complying with a request that might have been dangerous in its application at the moment; but to check her powers was to annihilate them. I therefore arranged that behind the pile of drifted sand on which she falls in a state of exhaustion, towards the close of the second scene, a small aperture should be made in the stage; and it is a fact, that from underneath the stage, through that aperture, a pewter pint of porter was conveyed to the parched lips of this rare child of song; which so revived her after the terrible exertion the scene led to, that she electrified the audience, and had strength to repeat the charm, with the finale to *The Maid of Artois*. The novelty of the circumstance so tickled her fancy, and the draught itself was so extremely refreshing, that it was arranged during the subsequent run of the opera, for the negro slave at the head of the governor's procession to have in the gourd suspended to his neck the same quantity of the same beverage, to be

applied to her lips on his first beholding the apparently dying Isoline.

MALIBRAN AND TEMPLETON.

Templeton came to me one evening, and observing that Malibran had treated him in a most unbecoming and rude manner, even while on the stage, asked my advice as to the line of conduct he should pursue. I told him to call upon her, state his feelings, and ask if he had committed any offence that incurred her displeasure, and led to such a total want of good breeding—he did so the next morning. Her reply, between an inclination to laugh and a disposition to be serious, was, “I thought you wanted, sir, to kiss me.” At this moment when she was the idol of the people, “the admired of all beholders,” when peers would have given their coronets to press only the tips of her fingers, and the world at large was sighing at her feet, imagine the phlegmatic songster exclaiming, “Gude God, is that all! Mak your mind easy, I would na’ kiss you for only consideration;” and shaking hands, he left the house.

COURTESIES OF RIVAL TRAGEDIANS.

I was extremely amused with a brief specimen of Shaksperian language addressed to me by both these gentlemen, Macready and Kean, after the curtain fell on their first appearance together in the tragedy of *Othello*. Kean had a thorough contempt for Macready’s acting: and the latter, affecting to be indignant at the mode in which Mr. Kean had conducted himself (in always keeping a step or two behind him, whereby the spectator had a full view of the other,) bounced into my room, and at first vowed he would play with him no more. He finally wound up by saying, “And pray what is the—next p—lay you ex—pect me to appear in—with the low—man?” I replied that I would send him word. I went up into Kean’s dressing-room, where I found him scraping the colour off his face, and sustaining the operation by copious draughts of cold brandy and water. On my asking him what play he would next appear in with Macready, he ejaculated, “How the ——— should I know what the ——— plays in!”

THE GRAVE OF GENIUS.

BY MARY E. HOWITT.

“She is buried in that part of the court-yard facing the sea, close by the ramparts; no stone marks her grave; it is not even raised above the level of the yard; and were it not for the few recently placed brick, it would be difficult to find the spot.”—*Journal of Captain Herapath.*

I come to thee a stranger,
O England!—Fatherland!
There’s a cypress garland o’er the lyre
I am holding in my hand;

And I will strike to thee, to night,
The mighty cords of soul,
Till the swelling tide of long pent thought
Triumphantly shall roll!

There is joy in all your palaces,
There is feasting in your halls,
Where the noble and the beautiful
Are gathered mid the walls;
And ever on the midnight air
Glad music pours along,
Where the hundred harps of England
Lift high the voice of song.

Mid festive lamps and garlands,
I wander sad and slow,
And I list in vain the lay I loved,
In the days of long ago;
While aye yon laurel’d lyre
Seems mournfully to swell,
Moans low beneath its veiling leaves,
Like the wailing ocean shell.

I have flung off the myrtle,
There’s a flush upon my cheek,
There are burning words upon my lip,
And thoughts I fain would speak:
I fear the mournful cypress
That entwreathes thee, O! my lyre!
And I strike to England’s maiden bard
The glowing chords of fire!

Oh! listen! Harp of England!
There’s a dower to thee that clings,
And a fadeless wreath of laurel
Entwining all thy strings;
And woman’s harp hath smote thy chords,
With a stroke all bold and free,
Till the mighty flood of English song
Hath gone o’er every sea!

Long in your noble minsters,
With your dust of heroes kept;
’Neath sculptured urn and cenotaph,
Your nameless dead have slept;
While she who cul’d fresh beds of song,
Your ancient crown to grace,
Rests coldly shrouded in stranger earth,
No stone to mark the place!

Far o’er the dark blue waters,
With their measured, onward sweep,
Hymned by the dirge-like voices
Of the melancholy deep;
Trod ’neath the passing footstep
Of the felon, and the slave,
There by the sea-beat ramparts lies
Her lone, unhallowed grave!

Oh! wreath ye fadeless chaplets
For the earth that shrouds her breast,
And raise the enduring marble
Above her place of rest,
And lift for aye the harp of praise
High o’er her laurel’d head,
Till e’en the Ethiop honour thee,
In thine illustrious dead!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HYMNS OF A HERMIT.

HYMN XVII.

Within its hollow nook of rocks and trees
The lake in silence lies,
Untouch'd by gusts of autumn's changeful breeze,
Which sweep the distant skies.

It upward looks, with still and glassy face,
And sees the windy rack,
Which o'er the surface idly seems to trace
White clouds and shadows black.

So dwells the wiser heart, at ease and safe,
And marks the passing storm,
Which cannot there the tranquil being chafe,
Nor that bright peace deform.

The tongues of busy rumour, vain and loud,
And cold malignant hate,
And dreams obscure, that cheat the greedy crowd,
And full-blown scorn sedate;

High-seated wealth, decorous pride of place,
Mankind's anarchal kings;
And Science, blindly wrapping round its face
The veil it draws from things;

The spectres thin that haunt the lifeless breast,
And are not what they seem—
Lust, follies, envies, avarice, unrest,
That act earth's tragic dream;—

All these around the soul resolved and sure,
A train of hunters throng,
With unbelieving threats and mocks impure,
And self-bewitching song.

A moment's rush is theirs to seize their prey,
Which shrinks perhaps aghast;
But nerved again by faith, it stands at bay,
And, lo! the rout is past.

But shades they were, and melt around in shade,
In him no place they own,
Who, looking clear through all things undismay'd,
In all sees God alone.

An instant lingering on the nightly world,
'Mid rocks of mournful brows,
While sweeps the howling gale from caverns cold,
And waves the leafless boughs;

With dread the man beholds the shadows drear,
That a demon train—
Before a glance of thought the view is clear,
And earth is still'd again.

So thou, O God! to man's weak darkness known,
A light sustained by gloom,
Wilt make thy steadfast will to good my own,
And lead me through the tomb!

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE SEASON.

GETHSEMANE—CALVARY—THE GRAVE.

SONNET—THE GARDEN.

The day of days draw near—ere the high sun
Shall sweep again across the gulph of heaven,
A mighty power with Satan shall have striven,
Hell's hosts be vanquished, and salvation won.
Within a garden's shade, beneath a tree,
Alone, and troubled sore, a kneeling man
Prayed till the blood from his wrung temples ran.
Who was to gain that victory!—'twas he!
He rose and walked towards his friends, but found
The watchers prostrate—in the hour of dread
His only guards were slumbering on the ground.
Small hope from man! yet to his need there sped
Host of bright angels, softly bending round,
To wipe the blood-drop from his sacred head.

ONE FOR GOOD-FRIDAY.

STROPHES.

Old earth had rolled about the sun
Four thousand years,
And seen enough of evil done,
And drained men's tears.
And marked their passions roll and rest,
And martyrs slain,
Yet showed no pain,
But swept her load of sinners round
In silence through the abyss profound;
From the first day a man she bore
On till they teemed from shore to shore,
A wilful, wild, and hardened race,
That cursed, raved, died upon her face,
And slept within her breast.

At length a wondrous morn upburst—
Her plains were trod
By Him who laid her beams at first—
Her parent-God!
Within a human atom prest,
That atom clothed in humblest vest,
The fulness of the Godhead dwelt,
And with mean mortals moved and felt,
Accomplishing his plan;
But, scorned by the polluted brood,
And thrust aside with insult rude,
The Son of Man,
Though air, and ocean, and the dead,
Shrunk from before his kingly tread,
Found not at last, from south to north,
A spot upon the face of earth
Whereon to lay his head.

Earth's spirit saw—nor would believe,
Until her sons the Cross upheave,
And thrust it to her heart.
Then woke she with a start,
And her breast gasped, and hills gaped wide,
And temples rocked from side to side,
And rushed the sea to shore,
Howling with hideous roar,

And dashed its head among the caverns there,
 Bursting to atoms in despair.
 Down to her centre runs a cold affright,
 And sheeted ghosts
 Start like an exhalation to the light,
 In grisly hosts
 The multitudes that at the last shall come,
 Swarming to birth from her capacious womb,
 The slumbering dead
 Uplift their head,
 The vaulted roof of darkness parting,
 Deep from their marble chambers starting,
 And in their dream,
 Shrinking with terror as they fear
 The end of all things drawing near,
 Flit through Jerusalem.

From star to star the deed,
 With shadowy stream,
 Pours through all systems to impede
 Light's gracious beam.
 And onward into heaven doth climb
 The monstrous shadow of the crime,
 Till the arch-angels quail,
 And look in the Almighty's face,
 If there the mystery they might trace,
 Yet hid within the veil.
 It shone inscrutably in steadfast power—
 Oh, in the gloom of that tremendous hour
 Of purpose undivined,
 Had earth broke from the all-controlling king,
 And only shook its mane,
 As when in playful pain
 The lion spurns away an insect's sting—
 Woe for mankind!
 But there was promised mercy to fulfil;
 Ay—while God's Son was hanging there,
 An outraged corpse, 'twixt earth and air,
 That God his moderating arm,
 Spread over Nature's wild alarm,
 And said be still!

ANTISTROPHES.

Earth's hoary old now draweth near
 To the second thousandth year,
 Since that dark day of blood,
 And time hath made the counsel clear,
 At first misunderstood.
 The human clay of Him who died,
 Laid for corruption in her side,
 She gave untainted back,
 And saw that clay ascending bright,
 In heaven's insufferable light,
 Up the celestial track.
 Down that same road
 Full soon there flowed,
 Like balm upon her outraged breast,
 A spirit's power,
 Which, since that hour,
 Hath set the stormy scene at rest.
 Man's woes are still the same,
 But with far higher aim
 He lives, proclaiming wide his Master's name;
 And from all nations, now
 Men at one altar bow,
 The shrine of Him who died on Calvary's blood-stained
 brow.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION.

I read in books that Youth is gay—
 A sparkling, bounding, joyous thing;
 The laughing sunshine of the brook,
 The lightning of the eagle's wing,
 The rainbow in the stormy sky,
 The bursting riches of the Spring—
 Such thoughts bards image boyhood by,
 And old hearts soften as they sing.

Fond memory's faith—a blessed creed!
 For my experience all too blest!
 Methinks this joy, the guest of all,
 Forgot its mission to one breast.
 I live even now these magic years,
 I walk this ground by fairies prest,
 These joys show poorly seen through tears—
 These joys! ah, grant me only rest!

"Youth's heaven!" oh, where this all that earth
 Could bring to whisper me of heaven,
 Might I not cast adrift my "hope
 Of Glory," nor stand unforgiven?
 My barque of life is launched a wreck,
 Or, like that mighty ship o'er waven,
 Whose throng'd and storm-defying deck
 Was sunk before it left the haven!

Are these the vaunted years of bliss
 That Age recalls with pensive weeping,—
 That laid in Memory's cell, like wine,
 Grow milder, mellowed by the keeping?
 Age, age! if hourly more to feel
 O'er soul and sense, a chillness creeping,
 Be Thou, on boyhood Age can steal,
 Life's spring its winniest harvest reaping!

Oh, for that thirst of Wealth and Fame,
 The joy that wilder booms know;
 The rapture high of Enterprise,
 Ambition's hot and fever'd glow.
 Alas! too keen this practised breast,
 Too well I pierce the paltry show;
 I feel it could not make me blest
 Though thousands joined to call me so!

As Hope expires, Remembrance turns
 Torturer or traitor to the mind,
 That sun must blaze *before* our path,
 Or beamless are the clouds behind!
 Even Childhood's dreams are not forgot
 As youth's first maddening spells unwind;
 The dull, dark Present folds a knot
 Nor Past nor Future can unwind!

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Thou bid'st me pray: I can but weep.
 Too faintly pure the Light Divine
 To pierce a soul's abyss, so deep,
 So dark, so desolate as mine.

No, from such hell of grief, the eye
First turns to heaven for prayer and prays;
But fell Despair comes lightening by,
And blinds and blasts the withered gaze!

That stream is dry; that healing wave
Bathes not these parched and pallid lips.
'Tis vain to strive—let Sorrow rave!
Let twilight darken to eclipse!
The heart hath fountains cool and clear
That dew men's eyes with laughing gleam,
But mine are those whose every tear
Is, geyser-like, a burning stream?

Then cease—oh! dark must be the hour
Which Thou—even thou—canst not illumine;
And fell the Fiend Tormentor's power,
If thine can fail to chase his gloom.
But this is such; beloved, depart,
Such depths of pain I shame to show;
Ask heaven to still the mourner's heart—
Leave me my solitude of woe!

1831.

W. B.

THE PLAY-GROUND.

BY ELIZA COOK.

'Tis not a place where the heirs of pride
Can leap in their pastimes far and wide;
No marbled court—no daisied sward—
'Tis but two fathoms of stone-paved yard.
No freshening breeze—no trelliced bower—
No bee to chase from flower to flower.
'Tis dimly close—in a city pent—
But the hearts within it are well content.

Five young forms are busy there,
In the August sunlight, warm and fair;
And there are the shouts of mirth and might,
In the gloom of a chill November night.
Shells are scattered and squibs whirl high,
While they build the grotto or burn the guy.
The fagstones ring with the revel joys
Of two wild girls and three rude boys.

They are kindred ones, t'at ever share
The same fond love, the same plain fare;
They have sprung together, side by side,
And heart to heart is closely tied.
They bound as lightly as the ball
That dances back from the whitewashed wall;
And beauty and health illumine each face,
Though their play-ground be but a narrow place.

Time's dial, numbered with hopes and fears,
Told the flight of a score of years;
Few of the golden figures are found
Once filled up the whole smooth round.
'Tis the young and happy band
Sorted together hand in hand?
Are the creatures glad and bright,
Inside the narrow play-ground light?

The eldest-born once more has come
To the play-place of his boyhood's home;
And his eye is cast on the swivel ring,
Where he passed the rope for a sister's swing.
He remembers when it used to shine
With the constant wear of the cable line.
The spider's web is round it now,
And he turns his glance with falling brow.

He hath no mate—he stands alone,
And marks the broken corner stone,
Where the hole was scooped, and treasures spread
In buttons of brass and dumps of lead.
He stands in fixed and pensive thought
Above the chinks his peg-top wrought.
The lid droops closer o'er his eye,
And his breathing deepens to a sigh.

A single nail still marks the spot
Where he toiled to fix the pigeon's cot;
And the rusted staple is clinging yet
Where the kennel for his dog was set.
He looks upon the slated ledge
Where a brother climbed the slippery edge.
The brother, boldest of the three,
The frank, the kind—and where is he?

That one of the five has passed away,
Ere a lock of his rich brown hair was gray;
The death damp stood on his brow serene
Ere the trace of a wrinkled line was seen.
The strongest in hand, the finest in form,
Is laid in the dust with the shroud and worm;
The bravest in heart, the loudest in mirth,
In the flush of his youth has passed from earth.

And one is far in another land,
His steed the camel, his bed the sand;
And the others are dwelling wide apart,
With a coldness in each selfish heart.
The world has strangely warped each breast
That so purely glowed in the parent nest.
The links that formed Love's silken chain
Are broken, never to meet again.

Fortune has bribed with dazzling gold,
And truth and feeling have been sold,
Till a sister's or a brother's name
Are breathed in tones of bitter blame.
Happiest far the stripling boy
Who died in the hours of peace and joy;—
Who passed in the flush of his beauty's bloom
From the narrow play-ground to the tomb.

From the *Edinburgh Review*.

Correspondence of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. Edited by the Executors of his Son. Vols. III. and IV. 8vo. London: 1839.

THE antagonist whom Lord Chatham first encountered on his entering into public life, was the veteran Walpole, who instinctively dreaded him the moment he heard his voice; and having begun by exclaiming,—“We must muzzle that terrible cornet of horse!” either because he found him not to be silenced by promotion, or because he deemed punishment in this case better than blandishment, ended by taking his commission from, and making him an enemy for ever. It was a blunder of the first order; it was of a kind, too, which none were less apt to commit: perhaps it was the most injudicious thing, possibly the only very injudicious thing he ever did; certainly it was an error for which he paid the full penalty before he ceased to lead the house of commons and govern the country.

Few men have ever reached and maintained for so many years the highest station which the citizen of a free state can hold, who have enjoyed more power than Sir Robert Walpole, and have left behind them less just cause of blame, or more for which his country has to thank him. Of Washington, indeed, if we behold in him a different character, one of a far more exalted description, there is this to be said, both that his imperishable fame rests rather upon the part he bore in the Revolution, than on his administration of the government which he helped to create; and that his unequalled virtue and self-denial never could be practised in circumstances which, like those of Walpole, afforded no temptation to ambition, because they gave no means of usurping larger powers than the law bestowed: consequently, his case cannot be compared, in any particular, with that of a prime minister under an established monarchical constitution. But Walpole held for many years the reins of government in England under two princes, neither of them born or bred in the country—held them during the troubles of a disputed succession, and held them while European politics were complicated with various embarrassments; and yet he governed at home without any inroads upon public liberty; he administered the ordinary powers of the constitution without requiring the dangerous help of extreme temporary rigour; he preserved tranquillity at home without pressing upon the people; and he maintained peace abroad without any sacrifice either of the interests or the honour of the country. If no brilliant feats of improvement in our laws or in the condition of the state were attempted;—if no striking movements of external policy were executed;—at least all was kept safe and quiet in every quarter, and the irrepressible energies of national industry had the fullest scope afforded them during a lengthened season of repose, which in those days of “foreign war and domestic levy,” was deemed a fortune hardly to be hoped for, and of which the history of the country had never offered any example.

Walpole was a man of an ancient, honourable, and affluent family, one of the first in the county of Norfolk, to whose possessions he succeeded while yet too young for entering into the church, the profession he was destined to, had an elder brother lived.

MUSEUM.—MAY & JUNE, 1840.

Rescued from that humbler fortune, (in which, however, he always said he would have risen to the primacy,) he had well-nigh fallen into one more obscure—the life of a country gentleman; in which he might have whiled away his time like his ancestors, between the profession of a sportsman pursued with zeal, and that of a farmer always failing, because always more than half neglected by him who unites in his own person both landlord and tenant. The dangers of the Protestant succession at the close of King William's reign, excited his attention to political matters upon his entrance into parliament. The death of the Duke of Gloucester, Princess Anne's son, had alarmed both the illustrious prince on the throne and the liberal party in general; the tories had thrown every obstacle in the way of the act of settlement, by which the king was anxiously endeavouring to bequeath the freedom he had conquered for his adopted country; they had only introduced it in the hopes of its miscarrying; and the near balance of parties in parliament, when the abjuration oath was carried by a majority of one, (1688 to 1687,) evinced too clearly that in the country the decided majority were for the exiled family. It is easy to conceive how greatly the having commenced his public life at such a crisis, must have attracted him towards state affairs,* and how lasting an impression the momentous question that first engaged his attention must have produced upon his political sentiments in after life. Soon after came the great question of privilege, the case of the Aylesbury men, arising out of the action of Ashby and White; and here he, with the other leading whigs—the Cowpers, the Kings, the Jekyls, the Cavendishes—took a decided part for the general law of the land, against the extravagant doctrines of privilege maintained by the tories. Sacheverell's trial—a whig folly, which he privately did all in his power to prevent—completed his devotion to political life: he was one of the managers, and was exposed to his share of the popular odium into which all the promoters of that ill-advised proceeding not unnaturally fell. The church party were so powerful, that the mob was on their side as well as the queen's court; and this incident in whig history, described by Bolingbroke as having a parson to roast and burning their hands in the fire, made Walpole dread that fire ever after; for it is not more certain that the share which he successfully commenced his public life by taking in the act of settlement, gave a strong whig bias to his after life, than it is that the Sacheverell case gave him a constitutional abhorrence of religious controversy, and an invincible repugnance to touch any question that could connect itself with church or with sectarian clamour. Through his whole public life, he betrayed a lurking dread of any thing on which the religious sentiments of the community could be brought to bear; as if aware that these being subjects on which men feel rather than reason, it is impossible to calculate beforehand on the course public opinion may take upon them, or fix bounds to the excitement they may produce. This, and not any indifference to the great cause of toleration, always kept him from seeking securities which there is every reason to think

* He seconded the motion of Sir Charles Hedges for extending the oath to ecclesiastical persons. It was carried without a division.

he would naturally have wished to obtain against the high-church party, and in favour of the sectaries.

The sagacity of such men as Godolphin and Marlborough early recommended Walpole to their favour; and with the latter, to whom he owed his first appointment of secretary at war, his intercourse was always intimate and confidential. When a vile court intrigue saved France from being undone by the victories of that great man; when what St. Simon calls the "*Miracle de Londres*," unexpectedly rescued Louis XIV. from his doom; when, as Frederick II. many years after said, Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet, were all unable to defend him against detraction, and the French king was lost had the intrigues of a mistress of the robes and a bedchamber woman suffered the great captain to remain two years longer in power—Walpole threw up his place with the duke, and nobly refused to join some shuffling place-seeking whigs, who were talked over to remain under the Tories, by Harley and St. John. This was an offence not to be forgiven; his aggravation of it, by boldly defending the conduct of Marlborough against the slanderous attacks of the adverse faction, produced the charges against him of corruption while at the war-office; and he was sent to the Tower upon an accusation of having received £900 from a contractor, was expelled the house of commons, though never either impeached or prosecuted, and, on being re-elected in the same parliament, was declared ineligible by a majority of the house.

That Walpole, through the whole of this proceeding, was regarded as the victim of party rancour; that, but for the factious spirit of the day, he never would have been accused; that nothing can be less decisive against any one than a vote carried by a majority of twelve in a full house of commons, in which many of the adverse party voted with the accused, and many more refused to vote at all; and that the greatest distrust of their case was shown by the accusers in never uniting to institute judicial proceedings of any kind—may all be easily admitted; and yet there rests a stain upon this part of Walpole's public conduct. For what was his defence? Not to deny that the contractors had given two notes, one of 500 guineas and the other of as many pounds, (of which all but 100 were paid;) but to affirm that they were only paid through Walpole's hand to a friend named Mann, whom he had meant to favour by giving him a share of the contract, and who had agreed to take so much for his share of the profit. Mann was dead; the contractors had made the notes payable to Walpole in ignorance of Mann's name, and only knowing he was put upon them as a friend of the minister; and thus a case of fraud and suspicion appeared against the latter, which the unfortunate accident of the former's death prevented from being clearly removed. Now, that such a proceeding, admitting it to have been as Walpole himself describes it, would in our purer days have been deemed most incorrect, nay, sufficient to stain the character of any minister, cannot be doubted. In those days the course of office seems to have sanctioned such impropriety; and that no man was ever injured by having so behaved, any more than the reputations of French ministers seem to be the worse for the wear they undergo on the stock exchange, must be obvious from the fact of Walpole having, in

four years after, been placed at the head of the treasury, though without the place of premier; and afterwards become, and continued head of the government for nearly the whole residue of his life, with no diminution of his influence or his estimation in consequence of the transaction at the war-office, and with hardly any allusion ever made to that remarkable passage of his life, during the many years of the most factious opposition which his long administration encountered, when, for want of the materials of attack, it was seriously urged against him that so long a term of power by one man was detrimental to the state, if not dangerous to the constitution. Nothing can more strikingly show the great improvement which the principles of public men have undergone during the last hundred years.

When he quitted office, a charge of a different complexion, though connected with pecuniary malversation, was made against the veteran statesman. A sum of between seventeen and eighteen thousand pounds had been received by him upon two treasury orders, two days before he resigned, in February 1741-2; and to raise the money before the exchequer forms could be gone through, they were pawned with the officer of the bank. Now, Walpole never would give a detailed explanation of this transaction, but began to draw up a vindication of himself, alleging that the money was taken, with the king's approbation, for the public service. This paper is extant but unfinished; and it consists of a clear and distinct statement of the course of the exchequer in issuing money;—from which the inference is, that no one can appropriate any sum to himself, in defiance of, or escape from so many guards and checks. This, however, is a lame defence, when the receipt of the money by him is admitted. The reason offered for his desisting from the completion of the paper is, that he must either leave it incomplete, or betray the secret service of the crown. And it may be admitted, that, except the suspicion arising from the date of the transaction, there is nothing in it more than an ordinary dealing with secret service money.

The general charge of peculation grounded on the comparison of his expenditure with his means, appears more difficult to meet. With a fortune originally of about £2000 a-year, and which never rose to more than double that amount, he lived with a profusion amounting to extravagance; in so much that one of his yearly meetings at Houghton, "the Congress" as it was called, in autumn, and which lasted six or eight weeks, and was attended by all his supporters in either house and by their friends, cost him £3000 a-year. His buildings and purchases were estimated at £200,000, and to this must be added £40,000 for pictures. Now, it is true that for many years he had his own official income of £3000, with £2000 more of a sinecure, and his family had between £3000 and £4000 more, in places of the like description.* Still, if the expensive style of his living be considered, and that his income was at the very outside only £12,000 clear, including the places of his sons, it is quite impossible to understand how above £200,000, or nearly twice the average value of his whole private property, could have been accumulated by savings. His incumbrances were only paid

* £2000 granted in reversion only, did not fall in till 1737.

off by his wife's fortune; his gains upon the fortunate sale of his South-Sea stock, just before the fall, could hardly account for the sum, although he states in a letter to one of his friends, that he got a thousand per cent. on what he purchased. On the whole, we must be content to admit that some cloud hangs over this part of his history; and that the generally prevailing attacks against him in this quarter, have not been so successfully repulsed.

It has been much more universally believed, that he carried on the government with a profuse application of the influence derived from patronage; and that the most open bribery entered largely into his plan of parliamentary management. That in those days the men were far less pure who filled the highest places in the state, and that parliamentary as well as ministerial virtue was pitched upon a lower scale than it happily has been, since a fearless press and a watchful public scrutinized the conduct of all persons in any situation of trust, may be at once admitted. It is a truth which we have repeatedly asserted in these papers; and if any decisive proof of it were required, it is the proof we have in the universally known fact, that the combinations of political party now proceed so much more upon principle than upon personal connections; or when they are framed upon the latter, the pretext of principle is always used to cloak over arrangements which the improved character of the times will no longer suffer to meet the light. It may be further granted, that the period of Walpole's power was one likely to introduce extraordinary forces into the political system, since the stake was not always a ministry alone, but oftentimes also a crown. When such is the game, measures are readily resorted to, which, in the ordinary matches of politicians, would be reluctantly if at all adopted. That it was usual in those days for men out of office who had voted with the government during the session, and had obtained no promotion, nor any other favours, to receive sums of money—whether as a token of ministerial gratitude, or as a reimbursement of their expenses in attending parliament—has been so often asserted, and in some instances with such detailed particulars, that it seems to pass for one of the usual modes of house of commons' management—pretty much like the shares (technically called *elices*) of loans distributed among persons in certain offices.* But we may safely assert, that Sir Robert Walpole's reputation for having carried on the government with unprecedented corruption, rests on no better ground than his open and honest way of avowing the more accustomed exercise of patronage, and his reflections, rather merry than well considered, on the nature of political men—which gave rise to the notion, that he held states-

men as more venal than others had believed them to be. His famous saying, that "all men have their price," can prove nothing unless "price" be defined; and, if a large and liberal sense is given to the word, the proposition more resembles a truism than a sneer, or an ebullition of official misanthropy. But it has been positively affirmed that the remark never was made; for it is said that an important word is omitted, which wholly changes the sense; and that Walpole only said, in reference to certain factious or profligate adversaries, and their adherents resembling themselves, "all *these* men have their price."⁷⁶ His general tone of sarcasm, when speaking of patriotism and political gratitude, and others of the more fleeting virtues, is well known. "Patriot," he said, "are easily raised; I have myself made many a one. 'Tis but to 'refuse an unreasonable demand, and up springs a patriot.'" So the gratitude of political men he defined to be a lively sense of favours to come. The opinion of mankind which such speeches as these imported, made Pope say,—

"Would he oblige me? Let me only find
He does not think me what he thinks mankind."

But if it is certain that his low estimate of public virtue, always openly, perhaps too openly, expressed, tended to lower men's estimate of his own, by making them suppose that he was likely to act upon his notions of those he had to deal with, it is at least equally clear, that the question more fit to be asked before we condemn him of exaggerated misanthropy, is,—Whether or not he very greatly erred in the mean of others which he had formed? No one who has been long the dispenser of patronage among large bodies of his fellow-citizens, can fail to see infinitely more numerous instances of sordid, selfish, greedy, ungrateful conduct, than of the virtues to which such hateful qualities stand opposed. Daily examples come before him of the most unfeeling acrimony towards competitors,—the most far-fetched squeamish jealousy of all conflicting claims—unblushing falsehood in both its branches, boasting and detraction—grasping selfishness in both kinds, greedy pursuit of men's own bread, and cold calculating upon others' blood—the fury of disappointment when that has not been done which it was impossible to do—swift oblivion of all that has been granted—unreasonable expectation of more, only because much has been given—not seldom favours repaid with hatred and ill treatment, as if by this unnatural course the account might be settled between gratitude and pride—such are the secrets of the human heart which power soon discloses to its possessor; add to these, that which, however, deceives no one—the never-ceasing hypocrisy of declaring, that whatever is most eagerly sought is only coveted as affording the means of serving the country, and will only be taken at the sacrifice of individual interest to the sense of public duty. It is not believed that in our own times men are at all worse than they were a century ago; why then should we suppose that one who had been prime minister for twenty years, and in office five or six more, had arrived at his notion of human nature from a misanthropical disposition rather than from his personal experience? But still more unjust is the inference which is drawn even from a supposition of

* Some notion of the free use made in those days of the current coin as a political agent, may be gathered from the fact which Shippen himself related to the celebrated Dr. Middleton. The Prince of Wales, to testify his satisfaction with a speech which the sturdy old Jacobite had made, sent him £1000 by General Churchill, groom of his bedchamber. Shippen refused it. That Walpole himself had known of similar attempts made on Shippen's honesty by the Hanoverian party, is pretty evident from his well-known saying respecting him,—“I won't say who is corrupt, but who is not corruptible I will say, and that is Mr. Shippen.”

* Coxe's Life of Walpole, Vol. I. p. 757.

exaggerated misanthropy, that because he thought less favourably of men than they deserved—therefore he had ministered to their corruptions, and availed himself of their frailties. A far more rigorous test was applied to his conduct than any other minister ever underwent. His whole proceedings were unsparingly attacked towards the close of his reign, by a motion personally directed against him, supported with the most acrimonious zeal, and prefaced by the minutest inquiry into all his weak points. In the House, when he was present to meet the charge of corruption, none was made; after he ceased to rule, a committee sat for weeks to investigate his conduct. The result of the inquiry was the charge already adverted to; and a futile statement of his having offered a place to the mayor of a borough, and a living to his brother, in order to influence an election. In the great debate on Sandy's motion, a proud testimony to his pure administration of one most important branch of the public service, was borne by Sir C. Wager, the first lord of the admiralty, who declared, that during the nine years he had presided over the navy, Sir Robert had never once recommended any one for promotion; adding, that had he done so, he, the admiral, would have thrown up his employments. It may well be doubted if all the successors, either at the treasury or the admiralty, have been equally pure in their high offices. Undue interference with men's parliamentary conduct, by removing those who had voted against him, was of course charged upon him and hardly denied; but it is a proceeding which ministers are as often praised for as blamed; it is the use of legitimate influence to support the government. He loudly denied that ever a threat had been employed to deter men from voting according to their conscientious opinions; and when all were challenged to convict him of such a course, none offered to accuse.

Having cleared away the ground from the entanglements with which contemporary prejudices and interests had encumbered it, we may now the more distinctly perceive the merits of this great statesman; and we shall easily admit that he was one of the ablest, wisest, and safest rulers who ever bore sway in this country. Inferior to many in qualities that dazzle the multitude, and undervaluing the mere outward accomplishments of English statesmanship, nay, accounting them as merits only so far as they conduced to parliamentary and to popular influence—and even much undervaluing their effects in that direction—Walpole yet ranks in the very highest class of those whose unvarying prudence, clear apprehension, fertility of resources to meet unexpected difficulties, firmness of purpose, just and not seemingly exaggerated self-confidence, point them out by common consent as the men qualified to guide the course of human affairs, to ward off public dangers, and to watch over the peace of empires. His knowledge was sound and practical; it was like all his other qualities, for use and not for ornament; yet he lacked nothing of the information which in his day formed the provision of the politician. With men his acquaintance was extensive, and it was profound. His severe judgments, the somewhat misanthropic bias to which reference has been made, never misled him; it only put him on his guard; and it may safely be affirmed that no man ever made fewer mistakes in his intercourse with either adversaries, or friends, or

the indifferent world. From these great qualities it resulted, that a better or a more successful minister could not preside over any country in times of peace; and if we are unable to conjecture how far his sagacity, his boldness, his prudent circumspection, his quickness of apprehension, would have sufficed to make him as great a war minister, we have to thank his wise and virtuous policy; which, steadfast in desiring peace, and his matchless skill, which, in the most difficult circumstances happily securing the execution of his grand purpose, have left us only to conjecture what the last of national calamities could alone have shown. Nor had he ordinary circumstances to contend against, or ordinary men, in the undeviating pursuit of peace, which made his course so truly useful and so really brilliant. The impatience of France to recover her power and her military reputation, dimmed by the wars of William and of Anne; the Spanish politics, complicated beyond their usual degree of entanglement; Austria, alternately exposed to danger of being conquered, and putting the balance of Europe to hazard by her ambition and her intrigues, never perhaps active or formidable at any other period of her history; Prussia, rising into powerful influence, and menacing Germany with conquest; the great capacity of the Regent Orleans, his inexhaustible resources of address, his manly courage, his profligate character; the habitual insincerity and deep cunning of Fleury, whose pacific disposition, nevertheless, made him Walpole's natural ally—such were the difficulties and the adversaries among which he had to steer the vessel committed to his care; while he had to thwart his councils at home, the king, first the father and then the son, constantly bent upon projects of ambition, reckoning conquest the only occupation worthy of princes, war their natural element, and peace an atmosphere, in which they can scarcely breathe. It may be added to this, and it forms a higher eulogy still on this great statesman, that beside the opposition to his wise and virtuous policy which he encountered among courtiers and colleagues, often misled by the public impatience, not seldom taking their tone from the sovereign, an opposition even broke out publicly in high and unexpected quarters; for the chancellor himself, on one occasion, made a warlike harangue on quitting the wooleack.* A constant feeling of national pride and national prejudice were operating against France, in hatred or jealousy of French alliance, in dislike even of peace itself. The deep-rooted prejudices of the English people never set in more strongly against their French neighbours than during Walpole's administration. One half the country hated them because they were French, although friends of the pretender; the other half, both because they were French, and because they were adverse to the Hanoverian settlement. The soreness felt ever since the interests of the country and all the fruits of her most glorious actions had been sacrificed at Utrecht, continued to gall the nation, and make it desirous of regaining by

* When Lord Hardwicke, carried away by the national enthusiasm beyond his accustomed moderation and even gentleness of speech, was declaiming with vehemence on the Spanish depredations in 1739, Walpole, standing on the throne, said to those near him, "Bravo, Colonel Yorke! bravo!"

arms the footing which politics had lost; and during the long administration of Walpole there hardly passed a year in which the public eye was not jealously pointed to some quarter of the world, remote or near, as offering a reason why the public voice should be raised for war. It was this general tide of public opinion, as well as the under current of royal and courtly inclination, that Walpole had to stem for many a long year. He did stem it; gallantly he kept the vessel to her course; and he was not driven from the helm by the combined clamours of the mob and intrigues of party, until after he had secured the incalculable blessing of a repose without example for all the great interests committed to his charge.

If after so long a struggle he at length gave way, it must be remembered that the whole country was with the king, and the court determined upon the Spanish war—one of the greatest blots in English history. Walpole's opposition to it was strenuous, and it was unavailing. He tendered his resignation to the king, and the king refused to accept it, passionately asking his minister "Whether he would desert him at his greatest need?" He then laid his commands on him to remain, and unluckily for his reputation Walpole obeyed. Had he persisted in resigning, he might not have been able to prevent the catastrophe, but he would have saved himself from the reproach of superintending councils which he no longer directed; he would have been spared four years of continued mortifications; and his name would have remained to all posterity without a single blot to check its lustre.

That he had at all times, in the conduct of foreign affairs, fearlessly counseled the crown, and without the least regard to personal feelings spoken out like a man the whole truth in the closet, where such sounds so seldom are echoed from the walls, no doubt whatever exists.

Early in George I.'s reign he resisted vigorously his pressing desire for measures against Prussia, on account of a Mecklenburg quarrel, in which the Elector of Hanover took a very vehement part: he absolutely refused him money too, and was reproached by the king for breach of his promise. His answer was, though respectful, yet firm, and it was sincere. He would not dispute, he said, the assertion of his majesty; but if he had ever made such a promise, he was wholly unable to recollect it. To the rapacity of the German favourites, he offered so firm a resistance that he was the abhorrence and detestation of them all, both men and women. When George was, five years after, bent upon opposing the Czar's attempts in favour of the Duke of Holstein's views upon the Swedish throne, Walpole plainly and firmly explained his views, refused the sum demanded, and so impressed the king with the wisdom of his pacific policy, that he joined him against all his other ministers, both English and German. With George II. he held the same honest, independent conduct; in so much that at one time the king's displeasure rose to the height of making it impossible for Queen Caroline, his steady supporter, to defend, or even name him in her husband's presence. Her only means of assuaging the royal anger was to ascribe the minister's peaceful, or as the king termed it, unworthy and feeble policy, to his brother Horace's influence over his mind on all foreign matters. His remonstrance against "the petty Germanic

schemes" of that prince, were unremitting; and once he had the courage to tell him how much "the welfare of his own dominions and the happiness of Europe depended on his being a great king rather than a considerable elector!" If such a speech was likely to be little palatable to his electoral highness, still less pleasing must have been the remark which the same minister ventured to make on one of the many occasions, when the implacable hatred of the house of Brunswick towards that of Brandenburg broke out. "Will your Majesty engage in an enterprise which must prove both disgraceful and disadvantageous? Why, Hanover will be no more than a breakfast to the 'Prussian army.'"^{*}

In commemorating the inestimable service which Walpole's pacific policy rendered to his country and the world, strict justice required us to enumerate the obstacles which were offered to his wise and honest course. The other great service which he rendered to his country, was the securing of the Protestant succession;—invaluable, not merely as excluding the plague of the Romish hierarchy and Romish superstition, but as perpetuating the settlement of the Revolution; by which the right of the people to discard their rulers, and to choose such as will protect, not abrogate, their liberties, was recognised and acted upon. Then Walpole had to struggle, not only against the intrigues of the exiled family, sometimes openly, always secretly favoured by France, but against a majority of the landed interest in England, perhaps in Scotland, certainly in Ireland—a majority in number as well as in value of the whole people. The accession of George I. had added to the weight of the Stuart party all those whom that prince excluded from his favour, by the policy which he from the first pursued of placing himself at the head of a party. The appearance among us of a foreigner to exercise all the functions of royalty, cooled the loyalty of some natural friends, while it converted many indifferent persons into enemies. Above all, the inroad of a foreign court, foreign mistresses, foreign favourites, all insatiable of English money as soon as they reached the land of promise, created a degree of discontent and even of disgust, which mightily increased the prevailing tendency to regret the away of a native family. In this state of things did Walpole prove himself a match for the extreme difficulties of his position. By his universal and accurate intelligence, he was constantly aware of every design that was plotting in every corner of Europe, from Stockholm to Naples, by the restless intrigues of the exiled family—aware of them, long before they had time for ripening into mischief—aware of them, generally speaking, from the very first movement in any of their most secret councils. There was not, too, a family in the British dominions

* The only serious objection ever urged against Sir Robert's foreign policy, his suffering the Emperor (Charles VI.) to encounter much hazard from Spain and France rather than actively aid him in his measures, and thus to raise France at Austria's expense, has long since faded from the memory of all reflecting men, as a wholly groundless charge. In fact, although Charles was so incensed at our conduct respecting the guarantee of the pragmatic sanction, as at times to be in a state of mental derangement, it is certain that by no other course could war with France, and a general war in Europe, have been avoided.

whose leanings he was not acquainted with, and whose relations, if they had any, with the pretender, he did not know. This knowledge he used without ever abusing it: he acted upon it for the safety of the State, without ever once bringing it against the parties, or deriving from it the means of injuring, or of annoying, or of humbling his adversaries. The fact is well known, that he was possessed of proofs which would have ruined more than one of them. Shippen, among others, knew he was in his antagonist's power; but that antagonist never prevented him from honestly pursuing the course of his violent and indeed very factious opposition. It must be further observed, in honour of Walpole's wisdom and firmness, that when the Protestant succession was endangered by foreign movements on the part of the pretender, his all but invincible repugnance to warlike measures gave way to a provident spirit of wary precaution; and he at once, both in his foreign negotiations with Holland and Germany, and in his vigorous preparations for war with France, showed his resolute determination to defend at all hazards the Revolution settlement, and to punish those who would molest it.

The financial administration of Walpole has been deservedly commended by all but the zealots of a faction. Every one admitted the great improvements which he introduced into that department. A single measure by which he repealed above a hundred export duties, and nearly forty on imported articles, was only part of his system; which was clearly before his age, and therefore exposed him to the usual clamour raised against original thinkers on state affairs. He held that raw commodities for manufactures, and articles of necessity for consumption, should be relieved from all taxes; that the impost upon land should be reduced as far as possible; that the revenue collected from the customs, being liable to evasion by contraband trade, should be transferred to the excise; and that articles of luxury should thus be more securely and economically made to bear the burdens of the public expenditure. Every one knows the clamour which the great measure of the excise, the principal illustration of his doctrine, encountered. His reason for relinquishing it is not discreditable to him. He had carried it by majorities always decreasing, and, when finally the majority was under twenty, he gave it up on ascertaining that the people were so generally set against it, that it must need the aid of troops to collect it. "No revenue," said this constitutional minister, "ought to be levied in this free country, that it requires the sabre and the bayonet to collect." A learned and eminently narrow-minded man, hating Walpole for his revolution principles, has not scrupled to record his own factious folly in the definition of *Excise* given in his own dictionary. Another, a greater, a more factious, and a less honest man, helped, and much less impotently helped, to clamour down the only other part of Walpole's domestic administration which has ever been made the subject of open attack; though doubtless the extinction of Jacobitism was the real, but hidden, object of all these invectives;—we mean Dean Swift, whose promotion in the church he had prevented upon discovering the most glaring acts of base perfidy on the part of that unprincipled wit; and whose revenge was taken against the provision made, rather by

Walpole's predecessors than himself, for supplying a copper coinage to Ireland, upon terms to the trader perfectly fair, and to the country sufficiently advantageous. The *Drapier's Letters*, one of his most famous and by far his most popular productions, the act of his life, he was accustomed to confess, upon which rests his whole Irish popularity—and no name ever retained its estimation in the mind of the Irish people nearly so long—urged his countrymen to reject these halfpence; it being, the very reverend author solemnly asserted, "their first duty to God next to the salvation of their souls;" and asserted, impudently asserted, that the coin was only worth a twelfth of its nominal value. Impudently, we repeat, and why? Because a careful assay was immediately made at the English mint, by the master of the mint, and the result was to ascertain that the standard weight was justly proved. And who was that master? None other than Sir Isaac Newton. The calumnies and the ribaldry of the dean prevailed over the experiments of the illustrious philosopher, and the coinage was withdrawn from circulation. Let us hope that the person who in our day occupies himself with printing his mathematical reveries against the method of fluxions and the first section of the *Principia*, and who insults the public taste by inculcating the foulest, most vulgar abuse of the "Saxon Philosopher," may not succeed in making his reflecting countrymen believe that the name which all mankind have consecrated to receive only veneration, represents a "*driveller*" and a "*knave*."

The private character of Walpole is familiarly known; and all contemporary writers join in giving the same impression of it. Open, honest, unaffected, abounding in kindness, overflowing with good humour, generous to profusion, hospitable to a fault, easy in his manners to excess—no wonder that the ruler of the country should have won all hearts by qualities which would have made a private gentleman the darling of society. With these merits, however, were joined defects or weaknesses, which broke in somewhat upon the respect that severe judges require a great statesman to be compassed with, round about. His mirth was somewhat free, and apt to be coarse; and he patronised boisterous hilarity in the society which he frequented, and at the merry meetings which were the relaxation of his life. He regarded not the decorum which sober habits sustain, and he followed, in respect of convivial enjoyments, rather the fashion of his own day than of ours. He indulged, too, in gallantry more than be seemed either his station or his years; and he had, like a celebrated contemporary* of his, the weakness of affecting to be less strictly virtuous in this respect than he was, and considerably more successful in his pursuit of such recreations. This mixture of honest openness and scorn of hypocrisy, with some little tendency to boast of fortune's favours, made the only trait like an exception to the wholly plain and unaffected nature of the man. Nor is it easy to define with accuracy how much was affectation, and how much ought to be set down to

* Louis XIV., when some one was recounting his nephew the Duc d'Orleans's (afterwards Regent's) foibles and vices, said, in language much eulogized by St. Simon, who relates the anecdote—"Encore est il fanfaron de vices qu'il n'a point."

the account of a merely joyous and frank temper. The delight which all persons, of whatever age, or cast, took in his society, is admitted by every witness.

Of Sir Robert Walpole's character as an orator, or rather a great master of debate, it is of course at this distance of time, and with so little help from the parliamentary history of the day, not easy to speak with confidence or discrimination; because we must rely on the estimate formed by others, and handed down to us, with few, indeed, of the materials on which their judgment rested. That he despised not only all affectation and all refinements, but all the resources of the oratorical art beyond its great "origin and fountain," strong sense, clear ideas, anxious devotion to the object in view, carrying the audience along with the speaker, may well be supposed from the manly and plain, the homely and somewhat coarse character of his understanding. Eminently a man of business, he came down to parliament to do the business of the country, and he did it. He excelled in lucid statement, whether of an argument or of facts; he met his antagonist fearlessly, and went through every part of the question; he was abundantly ready at reply and at retort; he constantly preserved his temper, was even well-natured and gay in the midst of all his difficulties; and possessed his constitutional good-humour, with his unvaried presence of mind, in the thickest fire of the debate, be it ever so vehement, ever so personal, as entirely as if he were in his office, or his study or the common circle of his friends. He was, too, a lively and not ever a tiresome speaker; nor did any man, hardly Lord North himself, enjoy the position—to any debater very enviable, to a minister the most enviable of all—that of a constant favourite with the house which it was his vocation to lead. Such is the general account left us of his speaking, and on this all witnesses are agreed.

It may be added, that his style was homely for the most part; and his manner, though animated and lively, yet by no means affecting dignity. In figures of speech he but rarely indulged, though his language seems to have been often distinguished by point. His personal retorts, though hardly ever offensive, were often distinguished by much force of invective and considerable facility of sarcasm. His description of the factious and motley opposition, moved by the dark intrigues of Bolingbroke, and his portrait of that wily and subtle adversary, appears to have been a passage of great merit, as far as the conception went; for of the execution we cannot in fairness permit ourselves to judge from the only record of it which is preserved, the meagre parliamentary remains of those days. The excellence of this celebrated speech, which eventually drove Bolingbroke abroad, is greatly enhanced by the important circumstance of its being an unpremeditated reply to a very elaborate attack upon himself, in which Sir William Windham had feigned a case applicable to Walpole's, and under that cover drawn a severe portrait of him. Notwithstanding the general plainness and simplicity of his style, some speeches remain distinguished by a highly ornamental and even figurative manner; that, for example, in opposition to the peerage bill, in which he spoke of the ancients having erected the temple of honour behind the temple of virtue, to show by what avenues it

must be approached; whereas we were called upon to provide that its only avenue should be an obscure family pedigree, or the winding-sheet of some worthless ancestor. Some idea of his more animated and successful efforts may be formed, and it is a very high one, from the admirable exordium of his speech in reply to the long series of attacks upon him which Sandy's motion for his removal, in 1741, introduced. There remain of this speech only his own minutes, yet even from these its great merits appear clear. "Whatever is the conduct of England, I am equally arraigned. If we maintain ourselves in peace and seek no share in foreign transactions, we are reproached with tameness and pusillanimity. If we interfere in disputes, we are called Don Quixotes and dupes to all the world. If we contract (give) guarantees, it is asked why the nation is wantonly burdened. If guarantees are declined, we are reproached with having no allies."

In general, his manner was simple, and even familiar, with a constant tendency towards gaiety. But of this his finest speech it is recorded, that the delivery was most fascinating, and of a dignity rarely surpassed. In vehemence of declamation he seldom indulged, and any thing very violent was foreign to his habits at all times. Yet sometimes he deviated from this course; and once spoke under such excitement, (on the motion respecting Lord Cadogan's conduct, 1717,) that the blood burst from his nose, and he had to quit the house. But for this accidental relief, he probably would have afforded a singular instance of a speaker, always good-humoured and easy in his delivery beyond almost any other, dropping down dead in his declamation, from excess of vehemence; and at this time he was between forty and fifty years of age.

But in estimating any one's powers as a debater, and every minister's capacity for the conduct of affairs in parliament, we must know by whom he was surrounded; above all, we must know to whom he was opposed. It often happens, too, that more is presumed of those statesmen who were only speakers, than of those whose oratory was lost in their more important functions as rulers; and hence we can arrive indirectly at a more correct knowledge of the powers possessed by the latter, when we have seen what forces were brought to bear against them, and what they were able to resist. Where the disparity is great between the debating power on the two sides, a minister must be defeated in the long run; but where the reputation of the times has left an impression that there was little inequality, if we know pretty accurately the value of the one party, we can be at no loss to calculate that of the other also. This has happened in the case of Walpole; for the speeches of his more distinguished adversaries have partly reached us, partly been distinctly described by their contemporaries, in a way that gives us a clearer idea of them than we have of his own; and no account calls in question his successfully, often triumphantly, always formidably, making head against all their assaults, through a long, and stormy, and factious opposition.

Of these antagonists, the Pulteneys, Daniel and William, held the first place. But the former, though a good and a graceful speaker, was chiefly remarkable for his business-like habits and his extensive knowledge, especially of foreign affairs, to

which his employment abroad, as a diplomatic man, had accustomed him;* the latter was the great opponent of Walpole, after having been his warm supporter,† and he was one of the most accomplished debaters, perhaps one of the finest speakers, that ever appeared in our senate. Speaker Onslow describes him as "having the most popular parts for public speaking of any man he ever knew"—and there could not be a better witness. His style was correct and classical beyond that of all other men; and his unpremeditated compositions were as correct and as elegant as his most prepared. The same high authority has recorded of his spirit and his fire, when upon popular topics, that it was "the spirit and the fire by which the orators of the ancient commonwealths governed the people;"—a praise of the very highest description certainly, and which acquires an extraordinary addition when it is added, that his wit and pleasantry were inexhaustible, that the dread of falling under their lash when the laugh went through the town at any remarkable stroke of his wit, or of being struck by some bitter expression of his, (for he seems to have possessed all the resources of eloquence,) was more than most men could bear; so that even he would make them ashamed of the truth by which they had been led before; and it was a familiar saying with Walpole, that he feared his tongue more than another man's sword. When to all these powers and these accomplishments, we add the weight derived from ample possessions, and the still more legitimate consideration bestowed by a private life of unsullied virtue, we shall easily be able to conceive the prodigious influence which this eminent person long enjoyed both in parliament and in the country. That influence he lost, when, after driving Walpole from office, he refused to form a government exclusively of his partisans, and offended both that portion of the whigs whom he had led to victory, and the whole tory party by not making, as they supposed, a sufficient stand in their favour. He committed the further error, in a party view, of refusing office—willing to attempt the impossibility of directing a government to which he did not belong. But the principal cause of his losing at once all his power, and exchanging the admiration of years for a rancorous malignity which pursued him all the rest of his life, was his ill-counselled step of taking an earldom; although he had three several times refused the peerage under the administration of his adversaries, and had uniformly avowed his intention of retiring to the house of lords as soon as he had destroyed the Walpole government. This promotion depriving him of the title he had so long enjoyed of the "Great Commoner," and placing him where his extraordinary talents for debate were almost thrown away, never was forgiven by those whom he had been accustomed to lead, and the senseless clamour of the multitude was joined with their chagrin to defame and harass their former idol. When we reflect

calmly on those scenes of party and personal violence, our respect for the judgments of the contemporary public is assuredly not increased; but it is more strange to find so calm and so well-informed an observer as Onslow—one who so thoroughly knew, and one who has so graphically portrayed Pulteney's wonderful capacity, and done such justice also to the virtues of his private life—led away by the love of epigram to the pitch of observing, that "as they who knew him best wondered at the popularity he once had; so he who knew himself least, wondered as much that he ever lost it."

It was imputed to him that his conduct in joining and soon leaving the fierce opposition to Walpole, had been prompted by personal spleen towards his old colleague, and influenced by the accident of his kinsman Daniel's connection with that cunning intriguer Sunderland; and certain it is, that factious motives rather than principle, seem to have guided that most important step in his public life. But on one subject he has been far less blamed than he deserved; and on that one his guilt, though shared with his party and with the country, is indeed heavy; for he led that party, and they with him fomented the bad spirit by which the country was excited and disturbed. He pursued his hostility to the minister of peace by becoming the advocate of war; while in all likelihood, had Walpole's policy been of a warlike cast, he would have preferred the counsels of peace. To drive the state into hostile enterprises; to inflame the natural animosities of the giddy vulgar; to plunge all Europe into the calamities of war about nothing—this was the darling object of his most strenuous exertions; this the favourite theme which called forth all his powers; this the vile, accursed ground upon which the choicest flowers of his great genius were lavished. And yet the purpose of all this profligate violence being once compassed in the destruction of his rival, the authors of the Spanish war, with a candour which would be truly commendable if it were not shameless effrontery, soon after confessed that they had not the shadow of ground for all their attacks upon pacific measures, and all their base patronage of war! It is well to record the evidence of this, to serve as a warning to nations and their leaders against falling into the pits which a factious spirit digs in their path. This "testimony," so to speak, "has been perpetuated" by Mr. Burke. Hear his remarkable words. After stating as the result of a careful examination of the case, and "the original documents" connected with it, his decided opinion of the "extreme injustice of the war, and the falsehood of the colours daubed over that measure," he adds—"Some years after, it was my fortune to converse with many of the principal actors against Walpole, and with those who principally excited that clamour. None of them, no, not one, did in the least defend the measure, or attempt to justify their conduct; which they as freely condemned as they would have done in commenting upon any proceeding in history in which they were totally unconcerned." The reflection which this passage in the annals of party suggests to the eloquent sage is startling. "Thus it will be. They who stir up the people to improper desires, whether of peace or war, will be condemned by themselves. They who weakly rule over them, will be condemned by his-

* His daughter, married to Sir W. Johnstone, succeeded to the great wealth of the family, and transmitted it to Lady Bath, her only child.

† This change came through his cousin Daniel, who was brother-in-law to Lord Sunderland.

‡ Coxe's *Life of Walpole*, Appen. v. 3.

tory."* But this reflection, just as far as it goes, stops very short indeed of the mark to which all sense of public virtue demands that it be pointed and made to fly. The men who blushed not to make the scandalous, the degrading avowal, that for party purposes—in other words, to serve their personal ends—they had brought upon their fellow-creatures the miseries of war, would have been hunted out of society, if the law did not hurry them out of existence, had they confessed to the invasion of either the life or the property of a single human being. Whence, then, comes it to pass that they should audaciously confess to a crime ten thousand times worse—and confess as if they were but recounting an indifferent, if not a meritorious occurrence in their lives? Whence, but because as yet mankind have been engaged in a preposterous combination against their own best interests—a combination to call things by their wrong names, to remove all blame from minor offenders, and to suffer the real scourges of the human race—tyrants, intriguers, conquerors, the enemies of freedom, and virtue, and peace—to go free from all reprobation; nay, if their detestable efforts are only crowned with success, to award them a monopoly of the public respect?

Next to Pulteney, the most powerful of Walpole's antagonists was Sir William Windham. This distinguished personage yielded to none of his contemporaries in dignity of character, and whatever most confers weight upon men of talents in a political party; to few in sterling ability, whether as a counsellor or as a debater: while he surpassed most men of his time in honesty and in steadiness of principle. It is the striking remark of Speaker Onslow, that "every thing about him seemed great." "He was in my opinion," said the speaker, "the most made for a great man of any one I have known in this age." All the parts of his character suited and helped each other. In his conduct there was no inconsistency or variation; in his speech no deviation from the sustained dignity, and force, and gravity of its tone; in his manner, as in his person, the same dignity, tempered and set off with much grace. Originally little educated, he had, from his intimacy with Bolingbroke, acquired a kind of second-hand or reflected classical tone; but there was no display of ornament about him, nor any affectation of any kind. From a bad speaker he had, by practice, become an easy and fluent one; but his style was peculiarly solid and argumentative, inasmuch that Onslow describes his reasoning to be, "by a sort of induction peculiar to himself;" and he bears this strong testimony to its effect, that "it had a force beyond any man's he ever heard in public debate." Nor must it be supposed that, as in the writings of his kinsmen the Grenvilles, weight, and statement, and argument, were studied at the expense of animation. If he had as little fancy as they, of whom it has been remarked that they were never known to use, even by chance, a figurative expression, he had abundantly more spirit; and though he made no pretence at all to wit or pleasantry, which indeed would have lowered his tone, yet the same witness testifies to "the spirit and power that always animated himself and his hearers; and with the decoration of his exceedingly ornamental manner, produced not only the most

attentive and respectful, but even a reverend regard to whatever he spoke." "If," says the speaker, "I have spoken of him too highly, it must be imputed to the opinion I conceived of him in the house of commons, where I never saw him fail of being a great man."

Add to all this, that he had a high and dauntless spirit, worthy of the long line of ancestry from which he was descended. His temper, naturally impetuous, and his pride, which in his younger days gave him an aspect of haughtiness, had mellowed down with years, and only sat gracefully to dignify, or stimulated to inspire his manner. The indulgences of youth, too, in which his passions had been wont to overflow with his licentious Mentor St. John, though at one time they stained his manners, seem never to have corrupted his heart; and an undeviating integrity, public and private, united in him with a kindly disposition, which even the heats of party were unable to sour.

As were his private, so did his public principles prove incorruptible and unchanged. The high tory sentiments of his family he inherited with their possessions, and his alliance by marriage was with the loftier, the wealthier, the more tory house of Somerset. At an early age he mingled in the councils of the Jacobites, and was imprisoned on suspicion of treason during the Rebellion 1715. It is, however, very creditable to the sterling vigour of his understanding, that he overcame many of his most deep-rooted prejudices, became convinced of the strength of popular rights, was a convert to the necessity of a free government on the basis of the Revolution settlement, abandoned all connection with the Jacobite party, and persevered to the end of his truly honourable life in the faith and in the lead of the constitutional tory party.

When we read the remains of Pulteney and Windham in the meagre records of the parliamentary prints, we are led to one or other of two conclusions, and they are drawn from considering the cases of other orators as well as them: Either the records preserve nothing like the eloquence of those eminent persons, or much of the effect produced by it was made by their fine manner, by the appropriate topics which they handled, and by their using the very mode of illustrating and of enforcing their opinions, the best suited to the time and the place. Which of these is the sound view of the matter!—or must we partly resort to both explanations? For assuredly what we do read of their spoken compositions, falls immeasurably below the same which they have left behind them. Now we incline to the opinion, that, though something is undoubtedly due to the scantiness of our older debates, and though some kinds of oratory thus lose much more than others; yet far more is owing to the other circumstance which we have mentioned, the magical power of spirit, voice, gesture—all we call manner—and to the perfect appropriateness of the topics: what the French call the *dé propos*, of every thing they said. It seems fair to draw this conclusion, from the undoubted fact, that many fine passages remain of Lord Chatham's speeches, and nothing very striking can be pointed out in those either of Walpole, Pulteney, or Windham. Thus the occasion on which the latter most signalized himself was his famous attack on Walpole, which, Smollett says, "spoke him the unri-

* Regicide Peace, Letter I.

valled orator, the uncorrupted Briton, the unshaken patriot;" and which he adds—nor do other accounts at all differ—excited unbounded "admiration by the sudden burst of eloquence." Yet he and the other panegyrists have preserved this passage; and the part which is the most pointed and vigorous reads sufficiently tame after such praises, absolutely flat after the more pointed and more effective invectives of later times. Here are the passages most charged with epigram, and most vigorous:—"Let us suppose a man abandoned to all notions of virtue or honour, of no great family and of but a mean fortune, raised to be chief minister of state by the concurrence of many whimsical events; afraid or unwilling to trust any but creatures of his own making, and most of them equally abandoned to all notions of virtue and honour; ignorant of the true interest of his country, or consulting nothing but that of enriching and aggrandizing himself or his favourites." "Suppose him next possessed of great wealth, the plunder of the nation, with a parliament of his own choosing, most of the seats purchased, and their votes bought at the expense of the public treasure." He then supposes inquiry to be called for, and goes on—"Suppose these lightly refused, these reasonable requests rejected by a corrupt majority of his creatures, whom he retains in daily pay, or engages in his particular interest by granting them those posts and places which ought never to be given to any but for the good of the public.—Upon this scandalous victory let us suppose this chief minister pluming himself in defiance, because he finds he has got a parliament, like a packed jury, ready to acquit him at all adventures. Let us further suppose him arrived to that degree of insolence and arrogance as to do violence over all men of ancient families, all the men of sense, figure or fortune in the nation; and, as he has no virtue of his own, ridiculing it in others, and endeavouring to destroy or corrupt it in all." He then supposes—"With such a minister and such a parliament, a prince upon the throne, either for want of true information, or for some other reason, ignorant and unacquainted with the inclinations and interests of his people, and hurried away by unbounded ambition and insatiable avarice. This case," he adds, "has never happened in this nation. I hope, I say, it will never exist; but as it is possible it may, could there any greater curse happen to a nation than such a prince on the throne, solely advised by such a minister, and that minister supported by such a parliament?" Then comes what must be admitted to be fine, because it fits in admirably and naturally with the argument which he uses for the repeal of the Septennial Act. "The nature of mankind cannot be altered by human laws; the existence of such a prince or such a minister we cannot prevent by act of parliament; but the existence of such a parliament I think we may; and as such a parliament is much more likely to exist, and may do more mischief while the Septennial law remains in force than if it were repealed, therefore I am most heartily for the repeal of it." The success of this concluding passage, applying the whole, and closely applying it to the matter in question, was quite assured, and must at any time have been very great. But if we examine all the rest of this celebrated burst, we shall find that there is but a single clearly felicitous expression; ("scandalous

victory")—another of very doubtful correctness, ("pluming himself in defiance,") but which must have produced much effect, because Walpole cites that phrase alone; one period which is distinguished by any point at all, that where he speaks of ridiculing and corrupting virtue; and one passage of any energy at all before the application, namely, the description of the curses accruing from such a prince, such a minister, and such a parliament. We may also certainly conclude, from these things being well preserved, that little or nothing has been lost by the way; and then we must allow the merit of the whole piece to be greatly exaggerated, or at least that its effect depended upon the manner, the boldness and the application, far more than upon the excellence of the oratory as a composition.

If any additional proofs were wanting that our solution of the question is the right one, it might be easily supplied by the unerring test which the publications of these statesmen afford. There is nothing happy or striking in the pamphlets which they published at the time. Both Walpole and Pulteney have left several such tracts, and tracts which had much vogue in their day. But now they command as little interest from their composition, as from the questions of which they treat. They are generally distinguished by hardihood of assertion; often disfigured with coarseness and violence; seldom remarkable for any beauty or even correctness of diction. This test may be applied to some of the other statesmen who flourished in those times, and applied with perfect safety to their reputation. Chesterfield and Bolingbroke have left behind them a reputation for eloquence on which no doubt can rest; because, independent of all contemporary opinion, we have in their writings imperishable proofs that they are, the latter assuredly, to be classed with the great masters of speech.

But before any thing is said of these celebrated men, or rather of Bolingbroke, on whom alone it may be worth while to dwell, we may here pause to state why so large, as it may appear so disproportioned, a space has been allotted to Walpole, the centre figure in this group. It is because there is nothing more wholesome for both the people and their rulers, than to dwell upon the excellence of those statesmen, whose lives have been spent in furthering the useful, the sacred work of peace. The thoughtless vulgar are ever prone to magnify the brilliant exploits of arms, which dazzle ordinary understandings, and prevent any account being taken of the cost and the crime that so often are hid in the guise of success. All merit of that shining kind is sure of passing current for more than it is really worth; and the eye is turned indifferently upon, and even scornfully from, the unpretending virtue of the true friend to his species, the minister who devotes all his cares to stay the worst of crimes that can be committed, the last of calamities that can be endured, by man. To hold up such men as Walpole in the face of the world as the model of a wise, a safe, an honest ruler, becomes the most sacred duty of the impartial historian; and, as has been said of Cicero and of eloquence by a great critic, that statesman may feel assured that he has made progress in the science to which his life is devoted, who shall heartily admire the public character of Walpole.

Few men, whose public life was so short, have filled a greater space in the eyes of the world during his own times than Lord Bolingbroke, or left behind them a more brilliant reputation. Not more than fifteen years elapsed between his first coming into parliament and his attainer; during not more than ten of these years was he brought before the public in the course of its proceedings; and yet as a statesman and an orator his name ranks among the most famous in our history, independently of the brilliant literary reputation which places him among the best classics of our Augustan age. Much of his rhetorical fame may certainly be ascribed to the merit of his written works; but had he never composed a page, he would still have come down to our times as one of the most able and eloquent men of whom this country ever could boast. As it is upon his eloquence that his great reputation now rests, as upon that mainly was built his political influence, and as upon it alone any commendation of his political character must proceed, we shall do well to begin by examining the foundation before we look at the superstructure.

And here the defect, so often to be deplored in contemplating the history of modern oratory, attains its very height. Meagre as are the materials by which we can aim at forming to ourselves some idea of the eloquence of most men who flourished before our own day; scanty as the remains are of the speakers who even figured during the Seven Years' War, and the earlier part of the American contest; when we go back to the administration of Walpole, we find those vestiges to be yet more thinly scattered over the pages of our history; and in Queen Anne's time, during which alone Bolingbroke spoke, there are absolutely none. It is correct to affirm that of this great orator—one of the very greatest according to all contemporary history that ever exercised the art, and these accounts powerfully supported by his writings—not a spoken sentence remains, any more than of the speeches of Demades,* one of the most eloquent of the Greeks, any more than of Cicero's translation from Demosthenes, or the lost works of Livy and of Tacitus. The contemplation of this chasm it was that made Mr. Pitt, when musing upon its brink, and calling to mind all that might be fancied of the orator from the author, and all that traditional testimony had handed down to us, sigh after a "speech of Bolingbroke,"—desiderating it far more than the restoration of all that has perished of the treasures of the ancient world.

But although we may well join in these unavailing regrets, attempt vainly to supply the want by our conjectures, and confess our ignorance of the peculiar character of his oratory, the fact of its mighty power is involved in no doubt at all. The concurring testimony of all parties leaves this matter absolutely certain. The friends and supporters of Walpole, to whom his whole life was hostile, all his acts, his speeches, and his writings, are here agreed with the friends, the associates of Bolingbroke; and no diversity of shade marks the pictures which have come down to us from the hand of the antagonist

and of the panegyrist. His most intimate companion, Dean Swift, may be suspected of partiality, when he represents him as "having in his hands half the business of the nation, and the applause of the whole;" but when he tells us that, "understanding men of both parties asserted, he never had been equalled in speaking," and that he had "an invincible eloquence, with a most agreeable elocution," we can find no fault with the exaggeration, for this account falls short of what others have told. In truth, his impression upon the men of his own age may well be conceived to have been prodigious, when we reflect that hardly any orator can now be cited as having flourished before his time. This circumstance might even detract from the weight of contemporary testimony in his favour, if we had not more specific reasons for believing implicitly in it, than the mere concurrence of general reputation.

He had received at Eton a complete classical education; rather let us say, had laid there the foundation of one, which, like all others who have shone as scholars, he afterwards completed. But his attention was more bestowed upon the remains of Rome than of Athens; he was extensively and thoroughly acquainted with Latin writers, as indeed his frequent quotation of passages little known may show. With Greek literature he seems not to have been familiar; nor can the reader of his own works fail to perceive, that his style is not so redolent of the flowers which grew into the more vigorous climate of the Attic school. With the authors of the age immediately preceding his own—the true Augustan age of English letters—he was well acquainted; and although his style is quite his own, none being more original, it is impossible to doubt that he had much studied, and much admired (as who can stint himself in admiring?) the matchless prose of Dryden—rich, various, natural, animated, pointed, lending itself to the logical and the narrative, as well as the pathetic and the picturesque, never ~~balancing~~, never cloying, never wearying. To the literature of ancient and of modern times, he added a consummate knowledge of their history; and indeed appears of this to have made his principal study; for of natural science he was no professor, and his metaphysical writings have gained but little fame. Yet, that he was a profound moralist, had thoroughly studied the sources of human action, was well acquainted with the nature and habits of the mind, and had an understanding both adapted by its natural acuteness to take part in the most subtle discussions, as well as, habituated to them by study, it would be absurd to doubt, merely because his metaphysical speculations have been unsuccessful; as it would be the height of unworthy prejudice to deny, merely because his opinions are tinged with scepticism, and because an unhappy veil of infidelity darkened his life, while it shrouded his posthumous works. They who look down upon even the purely ethical and purely metaphysical writings of Bolingbroke, would do well to show us any statesman or any orator, except perhaps Cicero, who in any age has brought to the senate the same resources of moral science, which even the failures of Bolingbroke, as a professed author on these subjects, prove him to have possessed; and it is hardly necessary to remark, how vast an accession of force to his eloquence, whether in its argumentative, its pathetic, or its declamatory department,

* The fragment given in some *codices* as his, appears of more than doubtful authenticity. The finest portion is taken from a very well known passage in Demosthenes.

In considering Bolingbroke's character, there is even less possibility than in ordinary cases of separating the politic from the natural capacity; less pretence for making the distinction, so often and so incorrectly made, between that which is becoming or honest in political life, and that which is virtuous or pure in private. It is seldom, indeed, that the lax morality can be tolerated, or even understood, which relieves the general reputation of a man from the censure naturally descending upon it, by citing personal merit as a kind of set-off to political delinquency; seldom that there is any kind of sense in believing a man honest who has only betrayed his colleague, because he never cheated his friend; or in acquitting of knavery the statesman who has sacrificed his principles for preferment, merely because he has never taken a bribe to break some private trust, embezzled a ward's money, sold a daughter or a wife. Nothing can be more shadowy than such distinctions, nothing more arbitrary than such lines of demarcation. To say that a dishonest, or sordid, or treacherous politician may be a virtuous man, because he has never exposed himself to prosecution for fraud, or forgery, or theft, is near akin to the fantastical morality which should acquit a common offender of horse-stealing because he had never been charged with burglary. It must, however, be confessed, that as there are some cases of political offences much worse than others, so in these the impossibility of making such distinctions becomes more apparent; and both the kind and the amount of the crimes charged upon Bolingbroke, seem to point out his as an instance in which all contrast between public and private character signally fails. If, then, we advert to his conduct under these two heads, it is only in order to treat of different kinds of delinquency in separation and in succession.

He came into parliament as a declared tory; the ancient families from which he sprung, the St. Johns and the Ports, had ever been of that faith. In the ministry which the queen formed during the latter few years of her reign from the members of that party, he held a conspicuous place; having been secretary of state and a leading supporter, first in the commons, then in the lords. He began under Harley, and to Harley he devoted himself; to Harley he seemed firmly attached. Soon there broke out symptoms of jealousy: these occurred on the promotion of his chief to an earldom, while he only was made a viscount himself; the want of a blue riband completed the philosopher's chagrin; the incapacity, real or fancied, of his former patron, called down the moralist's vengeance instead of exciting his compassion or claiming his help; and the latter part of his official life was passed in continually renewed and continually failing attempts to supplant and to ruin him. But we know the interior of the cabinet too little, are too superficially acquainted with personal details, to be prepared for pronouncing a safe judgment upon the degree of blame which he thus earned: possibly he only shares it with the other party; not impossibly the whole may be Harley's. Upon the schemes in which he was engaged for restoring the Stuarts, undoing the work of the Revolution, exposing the civil and religious liberties of the country to the most imminent peril, and effecting this change through the horrors of civil war, possibly aggravated by foreign invasion, there can no doubt whatever

exist. We shall first advert to the result of the evidence upon this head: and then consider his case, as made by himself, to see how far he can be said to stand acquitted even upon his own showing.

That some at least of the queen's tory ministers, possibly the queen herself, were desirous of restoring the exiled family, and setting aside the act of settlement, extorted from the same party by King William, there can be no doubt. Bolingbroke always professed himself the fast friend of the Revolution, and cited his having helped to bring in the act of settlement in proof of it. But the coldness and the sluggishness of that proceeding, on the part of himself and the king's tory ministers, is well known; nor does any one now doubt that they endeavoured to protract the bill in its progress, until the decease of the king should interrupt or supersede the measure. But Bolingbroke's denial of any design favourable to the pretender, until after his attainder and during his exile, was constant and peremptory. Nor did any probabilities the other way suffice to convince men how false his assertions were, until the publication of Marshal Berwick's "Memoirs" at once disclosed the truth; and then we had a clear statement of his treason having commenced during the queen's lifetime—a statement under the hand of the very person through whom he has himself said that his communications to and from the Pretender uniformly passed, at the period when he confesses himself to have been engaged in the Stuart councils. There is an end, therefore, of his defence against the main body of the accusation, and it is ended by a witness to whose testimony he has precluded himself from objecting. But this is not all. His own conduct bears testimony against him as loudly as his own witness. Upon the queen's demise, Harley, Ormond, and himself, being vehemently suspected of treasonable practices, were accused in parliament constitutionally, legally, regularly, formally. What was the course pursued by the three? Harley, conscious of innocence, like a guiltless man remained, awaited his impeachment, faced his accusers, met his trial, was unanimously acquitted. Nor does any one now believe, nor did any but they whom faction blinded then believe, that he had any share at all in the intrigue set on foot to restore the Stuarts. Ormond and Bolingbroke fled; they would not stand their trial. Now, the former never denied his accession to the treasonable plot—never having indeed professed any favourable disposition towards the revolution settlement; the latter, though he pretended to deny his guilt, yet gave none but the most frivolous reasons to explain his flight. He could only say, that so odious to him had his former friend, his original patron, become, that he could not think of submitting to be coupled or mixed up with him in any matter or in any manner. So that his hatred of another prevailed over his love of himself—his inveterate dislike of his neighbour over the natural desire of self-defence; his repugnance for an enemy made him reject life itself when the terms on which it was offered involved the act of taking the same precaution with his rival to secure his safety; and rather than defend his honour, clear his character from the worst of accusations, in the way common to all men, and which one whom he disliked, had, like all innocent men, pursued, he preferred wholly abandoning the defence of his repu-

ly bear the impress of his extraordinary oratorical powers, and which, if spoken, must have produced an indelible effect. Take a noble passage from the *Dedication on Parties*.

"If King Charles had found the nation plunged in corruption; the people choosing their representatives for money, without any other regard; and these representatives of the people, as well as the nobility, reduced by luxury to degenerate and unhallowed aims of a court, or to receive, like miserable hirelings, the wages of iniquity from a minister; if he had found the nation, I say, in this condition, (which extravagant supposition one cannot make without horror,) he might have disheated her abroad, and impoverished and oppressed her at home, though he had been the weakest prince on earth, and his ministers the most vicious and contemptible men that ever presumed to the ambitious. Our fathers might have fallen into circumstances which compose the quintessence of political misery. They might have sold their birthright for porridge, which was their own. They might have been bullied by the foolish, bullied by the fearful and insulted by those whom they despised. They would have deserved to be slaves, and they might have been treated as such. When a free people crouch, like camels, to be loaded, the next at hand, no matter who, mounts them, and they soon feel the whip and the spur of their tyrant, whether prince or minister, resemble the devil in many respects; particularly in this—he is often both the tempter and the tormentor. He makes the criminal, and he punishes the crime."

Another fine passage, admirably fitted for spoken eloquence by its rapidity, its point, its fulness of matter, each hint rising above the last, may be taken from the celebrated Dedication to Sir Robert Walpole:—

"Should a minister govern, in various instances of domestic and foreign management, ignorantly, weakly, or even wickedly, and yet pay this reverence, and bear this regard to the constitution, he would deserve certainly much better quarter, and would meet with it too, from every man of sense and honour, than a minister who should conduct the administration with great ability and success, and should, at the same time, procure and abate, or even connive at such indirect violations of the rules of the constitution as tend to the destruction of it, or even at such evasions as tend to render it useless: A minister who had the ill qualities of both these, and the good ones of neither; who made his administration hateful in some respects, and despicable in others; who sought that security by ruining the constitution, which he had forfeited by dishonouring the government; who encouraged the profligate, and seduced the unwary to concur with him in this design, by affecting to explode all public spirit, and to ridicule every form of our constitution; such a minister would be looked upon most justly as the shame and scourge of his country; sooner or later he would fall without pity, and it is hard to say what punishment would be proportionable to his crimes."

Lastly, take this instance of another kind, but alike fitted for the senate:—

"The flowers they gather at Billingsgate to adorn and entwine their productions, shall be passed over by me without any explication. They assume the privilege of watermen and oysterwomen. Let them enjoy it in that good company, and exclusively of all other persons. They cause no scandal; they give no offence; they raise no sentiment but contempt in the breasts of those they attack; and it is to be hoped, for the honour of those whom they would be thought to defend, that they raise, by their low and dirty practices, no other sentiment in

them. But there is another part of their proceedings which may be attributed by malicious people to you, and which deserves, for that reason alone, some place in this Dedication, as it might be some motive to the writing of it. When such authors grow scurrilous, it would be highly unjust to impute their scurrility to any prompter, because they have in themselves all that is necessary to constitute a scold—ill-manners, impudence, a foul mouth, and a fouler heart. But when they menace, they rise a note higher. They cannot do this in their own names. Men may be apt to conclude, therefore, that they do it in the name, as they affect to do it on the behalf, of the person in whose cause they desire to be retained."

The gracefulness of Bolingbroke's manner has been so greatly extolled by his contemporaries, that we can hardly believe his eloquence to have risen into the vehemence ascribed to it by one who had studied his works more than other men, for he had written an excellent imitation of his style. Mr. Burke speaks of that rapid torrent of an impetuous and "overbearing eloquence for which he is justly admired," as well as "the rich variety of his imagery." There is assuredly nothing in his style to discountenance this notion; and, as Burke lived much nearer Bolingbroke's times than we do, there can be little doubt that his panegyric is correct. But all accounts agree in describing the external qualities (so to speak) of his oratory, as perfect. A symmetrically beautiful and animated countenance, a noble and dignified person, a sonorous and flexible voice, action graceful and correct, though unstudied, gave an inexpressible charm to those who witnessed his extraordinary displays as spectators or critics; and armed his eloquence with resistless effect over those whom it was intended to sway, or persuade, or control. If the concurring accounts of witnesses, and the testimony to his merits borne by his writings, may be trusted, he must be pronounced to stand upon the whole, at the head of modern orators. There may have been more measure and matured power in Pitt, more fire in the occasional bursts of Chatham, more unbridled vehemence, more intent reasoning in Fox, more deep-toned declamation in passages of Sheridan, more learned imagery in Burke, more wit and humour in Canning;* but as a whole, and taking in all rhetorical gifts, and all the orator's accomplishments, no one, perhaps hardly the union of several of them, can match what we are taught by tradition to admire in Bolingbroke's spoken eloquence, and what the study of his works makes us easily believe to be true.

* Preface to the *Vindication of Natural Society*, (*Sub Fine*.)

* It is inconsistent with the plan of these sketches to mention living speakers; and this imposes a restraint on us in illustrating by comparison. For who can fail to recollect that the utmost reach of eloquence has been attained by those who survive? Who can doubt that Lord Plunket will, in after times, be classed with the very greatest orators, and that his style, of the highest excellence, is also eminently original, entirely his own? It affords the most perfect study to those whom its perfection may not make despair.—In confining the mention of Mr. Canning to wit and humour, it must only be understood that we speak of the thing defective in Bolingbroke, not as confining Mr. C.'s excellence to that department; he was a very great and first-rate orator.

of royal perfidy in the manner of his dismissal, and not much more. At night he squeezed his hand, and expressed his regard for the man whom in the morning he dismissed by a civil message requiring the seals of his office, and renewing his protestations of gratitude for his services, and confidence in his attachment. Bolingbroke appears to have felt this deeply. He instantly left the party, and for ever; but he affects to say that he had previously taken the determination of retiring from all connection with the service as soon as the attempt of 1715 should be made and should fail. Assuming this to be true, which it probably was not, he admits that his course was to depend, not on any merits of the Stuart cause, not on any view of British interests, not on any vain, childish, romantic notions of public duty and its dictates, but simply upon his own personal convenience, which was alone to be consulted, and which was to exact his retirement unless the dynasty were restored—which was, of course, to sanction his continuance in the service in the event of success crowning the prince, and enabling Bolingbroke to be minister of England. But whatever might have been his intentions in the event of the pretender retaining him as his secretary of state, his dismissal produced an instantaneous effect. All regard for the cause which he had made his own, was lost in the revenge for his deprivation of place under its chief; and he lost not a moment in reconciling himself with the party whom he had betrayed, and deserted, and opposed. To obtain an amnesty for the present, and the possibility of promotion hereafter, no professions of contrition were too humble, no promises of amendment too solemn, no display of zeal for the government which he had done his utmost to destroy, overdone. To a certain extent he was believed, because the pretender's cause was now considered desperate, and Bolingbroke's interest coincided with the duty of performing his promise. To a certain extent, therefore, his suit was successful, and he was suffered to return to his country, to resume his property and his rank; but the doors of parliament and office were kept closed against him, and the rest of his life was spent in unavailing regrets that he had ever left his country, and as unavailing rancour against the great and honest minister, who had shown him mercy without being his dupe—who had allowed him to make his country a dwelling-place once more, without letting him make it once more the sport of his unprincipled ambition.

Here, again, regarding his final abandonment of the pretender, we have his own account, and on that alone we are condemning him. Because the parliament of the Brunswicks attainted him when he confessed his guilt by his flight, he joined the standard of the Stuarts. It was covered with irremediable defeat, and he resolved to quit it. But meanwhile the master into whose service he came as a volunteer, chose to take another minister; therefore Bolingbroke deserted him, and deserted him when his misfortunes were much more unquestionable than his ingratitude. The pivot of all his actions, by all that he urges in his own behalf, was his individual, private, personal interest. To this consideration all sense of principle was sacrificed, all obligation of duty subjected; whatever his revenge prompted, whatever his ambition recommended, that he deemed himself justified in doing, if not called upon to do.

Bolingbroke's "idea of a patriot king," certainly differed exceedingly from his idea of a patriot subject. The duty of the former, according to him, required a constant sacrifice of his own interests to the good of his country; the duty of the latter he considered to be a constant sacrifice of his country to himself. The one was bound on no account ever to regard either his feelings or his tastes, the interests of his family or the powers of his station; the other was justified in regarding his own gratification, whether of caprice, or revenge, or ambition, as the only object of his life. Between the ruler and his subjects there was in this view no kind of reciprocity; for all the life of real sacrifice spent by the one, was to be repaid by a life of undisturbed and undisguised self-seeking in the other. But if the guarantee which his system proposed to afford for the performance of the patriot king's duties, or for making patriots of kings, was somewhat scanty and precarious, not to say fantastical, ample security was held out for the patriot citizen's part being well filled. The monarch was enticed to a right and moderate use of power by clothing him with prerogative, and trusting rather to that not being abused than to influence not being very extravagantly employed; the secret for moderating the love of dominion, was to bestow it without any restraint; the protection given to the people against the prerogative of the prince, was to deliver them over into his hands; the method proposed for putting the wolf out of conceit with blood, was to throw the lamb to him bound. If this did not seem a very hopeful mode of attaining the object, a very likely way to realize the "idea of a patriot king," the plan for producing patriot citizens in unlimited supply was abundantly certain. Whatever defects might be shown in the one scheme of knowledge of human nature, whatever ignorance of human frailty, none whatever could be charged upon the other; for it appealed to the whole selfish feelings of the soul, made each man the judge of what was most virtuous for him to do, and to guide his judgment, furnished him with a pleasing canon enough—he had only to follow his own inclinations whithersoever they might lead. Such was the system of Bolingbroke upon the relative duties of sovereigns and subjects—a system somewhat more symmetrically unfolded as regards the former; but, touching the latter, fully exemplified by his practice, and also plainly sketched by his writings composed in his own defence. For it must never be forgotten, that he is not like most men who have gone astray, by refusing to practise what they preach, or proving unequal to square their own conduct by the rules which in general they confess to be just. His conduct has been openly and deliberately vindicated by himself, upon the ground, that all he did, at least all he admitted himself to have done, he was justified in doing; and he has admitted himself to have acted in every particular with an undeviating regard to the pursuit of his own interests, and the gratification of his own passions.

Of Bolingbroke's private life and personal qualities, as apart from his public and political, little needs be added. He who bore the part in affairs which we have been contemplating, could not easily have been a man of strict integrity or of high principle in any relation of life. There may have been nothing mean or sordid in his nature—an honesty seldom tried in

persons of his station, may have been proof against the common temptations to which it was exposed—the honour which worldly men make their god, may have found in him a submissive worshipper; but the more exalted and the nobler qualities of the soul were not likely to be displayed by one whose selfish propensities were gratified in public life, at the cost of all that statesmen most regard in public character; and little reliance can be placed either on the humanity, or the self-control, or the self-respect of one whose passions are his masters, and hurry him on to gratification at all the hazards that virtue can encounter. Accordingly, his youth was a course of unrestrained and habitual indulgence. In a libertine age he was marked as among the most licentious. Even his professed panegyrist, Dean Swift, makes no defence for this part of his life, and only ventures to suggest that he had lived long enough to regret and repent of it. Sir William Windham, too, fell into such courses, carried away by his example, and seduced by the charms of his society; and they who have written of him, ascribe his early dissipation to the ascendant of such a Mentor. That he survived this tempest of the passions many years, and became more quiet in his demeanour during the calmness of his blood, is perhaps more the result of physical causes than any great eulogy of his returning virtue, or any manifestation of his penitence.

That his feelings, however, when left to their natural course, unperturbed by evil associates, nor hurried by evil propensities, were kind and generous, there is sufficient proof. The marriage which in early youth he first contracted, was one of accident and of family arrangement: like all such unions, it was attended with little happiness. The second wife was one of his choice; to her his demeanour was blameless, and he enjoyed much comfort in her society. His attachment to his friends was warm and zealous; and they cultivated and looked up to him with a fervour which can ill be expressed by such ordinary words as esteem, or respect, or even admiration. Yet even in this relation, the most attractive in which he appears to us, his proud temper got the better of his kinder nature; and he persecuted the memory of Pope, whom living he had loved so well, with a rancour hardly to be palliated, certainly not to be vindicated by the paltry trick to which that great poet and little man had lent himself, in an underhand publication of the manuscripts confided to his care.

His spirit was high and manly; his courage, personal and political, was without a stain. He had no sordid propensities; his faults were not mean or paltry; they were, both in his private life and his public, on a large scale, creating, for the most part, wonder or terror more than scorn or contempt—though his conduct towards the pretender approached near an exception to this remark; and the restless impatience with which he bore his long exclusion from the great stage of public affairs, and the relentless vengeance with which he, in consequence of this exclusion, pursued Walpole as its cause, betokened any thing rather than greatness of soul.

That the genius which he displayed in the senate, his wisdom, his address, and his resources in council, should, when joined to fascinating manners and literary accomplishments, have made him shine in society without a rival, can easily be comprehended.

MUSEUM.—MAY & JUNE, 1840.

So great an orator, so noble a person in figure and in demeanour—one so little under the dominion of the principle which makes men harsh, and the restraints which tend to render their manners formal—was sure to captivate all superficial observers, and even to win the more valuable applause of superior minds. To do that which he did so well, naturally pleased him; to give delight was itself delightful; and he indulged in the more harmless relaxations of society, long after he had ceased to be a partaker in the less reputable pleasures of polished life. He probably left as high a reputation behind him among the contemporaries of his maturer years for his social qualities, which remained by him to the last, as he had gained with those who remembered the eloquence that in his earlier days had shook the senate, or the policy and intrigues that had also shaken the monarchy itself. The dreadful malady under which he long lingered and at length sunk—a cancer in the face—he bore with exemplary fortitude, a fortitude drawn from the natural resources of his vigorous mind, and unhappily not aided by the consolations of any religion; for having early cast off the belief in revelation, he had substituted in its stead a dark and gloomy naturalism, which did not even admit of those glimmerings of hope as to futurity, not untasted by the wiser of the heathens.

Such was Bolingbroke; and as such he must be regarded by impartial posterity, after the virulence of party has long subsided, and the view is no more intercepted either by the rancour of political enmity, or by the partiality of adherents, or by the fondness of friendship. Such, too, is Bolingbroke, when the gloss of trivial accomplishments is worn off by time, and the lustre of genius itself has faded beside the simple and transcendent light of virtue. The contemplation is not without its uses. The glare of talents and success is apt to obscure defects which are incomparably more mischievous than any intellectual powers can be either useful or admirable. Nor can a lasting renown—a renown that alone deserves the aspirations of a rational being—ever be built upon any foundations save those which are laid in an honest heart and a firm purpose, both conspiring to work out the good of mankind. That renown will be as imperishable as it is pure.

From the Edinburgh Review.

The Court and Camp of Runjeet Sing. By the Hon. W. G. OSBORNE, Military Secretary to the Earl of Auckland, Governor-General of India. *With an Introductory Sketch of the Origin and Rise of the Sikh State.* 8vo. London: 1840.

THIS is not a work of diplomatic or military pretension, nor does the little historical sketch at the beginning add any thing of moment to what was before known respecting the progress of the Sikh power in the north-west of India. It contains only the slight notes of a soldier's observation of the court, military displays, and personal habits of Runjeet Sing, one of the most remarkable among modern Oriental adventurers—a personage to whom our attention has been much drawn of late years, accustomed as we are to watch with jealousy the rise of any compact power on the frontier of our Indian

possessions; and the importance of whose alliance has been fully evinced by the service which he rendered us in our recent enterprise beyond the Indus. Although his death has deprived the narrative of some of the attraction which it would otherwise have possessed, it is not without interest as the latest account of a remarkable man, whose monarchy will probably soon be crumbled to pieces, while its name will only remain in history as identified with his own.

Mr. Macnaghten, the political secretary to the government, was at the head of the mission on which Captain Osborne travelled. It was sent when the menacing advance of the Persians on Herat rendered the alliance of Runjeet a matter of immediate and pressing interest. The party crossed the Sutlege, the north-western boundary of our empire, on the 20th May, 1838; and proceeded across the plains of the Punjab towards Adeenanuggur, where the Sikh chieftain was then holding his court. The travellers do not seem to have found much to admire in the natural beauty of this region, which has sometimes been represented in very flattering colours. Captain Burnes travelled over it in the brief spring of that climate, when the plains are covered with a carpet of short close sward, and the atmosphere cool and refreshing; but a few weeks of summer turn the whole into a wide and dusty expanse, with here and there a grove of trees, and irrigated fields along the banks of the five classical rivers which traverse it. The heat is tremendous, and far beyond the ordinary temperature even of the hottest months of eastern and maritime India. At Adeenanuggur, in June, the thermometer ranged from 100° in the day to 90° in the night; on the 9th it was at 112° in the tents all day. At Lahore, on the 17th, matters were little better; but the captain hit upon an expedient, in the quarters allotted to the mission in the Shalimar Gardens, which seems to have succeeded to admiration. This was—

"Pitching a tent about twelve feet square, made entirely of the fresh cuscus grass, and lined with yellow muslin, very thin, to prevent the water from the outside wetting the furniture, and yet sufficiently fine to allow of a free current of air. This I have pitched in the middle of the large marble hall in the centre of the gardens, the roof of which prevents the sun from striking down; and, all four sides being open, the hot wind is able to blow freely through it, which, by keeping the tent constantly wet on the outside, is converted from something resembling the blast from a furnace into a cool and refreshing, though damp, breeze, and the thermometer brought down to 84°."

In the end of June, the temperature is abated by the arrival of the violent summer rains.

The mission was introduced to Runjeet at Adeenanuggur:—

"As this was merely an audience of introduction, the object of the mission was not touched upon, and our time was principally occupied in answering Runjeet's innumerable questions, but without the slightest chance of being able to satisfy his insatiable curiosity. It is hardly possible to give an idea of the ceaseless rapidity with which his questions flow, or the infinite variety of subjects they embrace. Do you drink wine? How much? Do you taste the wine which I sent you yesterday? How often did you drink? What artillery have you? What do you eat with you? Have they got any shells? How

many? Do you like riding on horseback? What country horses do you prefer? Are you in the army? Which do you like best, cavalry or infantry? Does Lord Auckland drink wine? How many glasses? Does he drink it in the morning? What is the strength of the Company's army? Are they well disciplined? &c."

Victor Jacquemont, who seems to have attained to a greater degree of intimacy with this singular despot than any other European traveller, says, that his conversation was like a nightmare. But this childish inquisitiveness was no doubt in part assumed from policy, or had become a part of his habitual lesson. It is the common artifice of barbarous chieftains in their intercourse with those more civilized, as a mode of avoiding dangerous topics.

At Adeenanuggur, Captain Osborne became acquainted with many of Runjeet's principal people; for although politically hating the English, they seem to be frank, familiar, and approachable beyond most Orientals. The chief among them were Kurruck Sing, his legitimate son, who has since succeeded him, but has inherited none of his ability; Sher Sing, his adopted son, the bravest of the Sikhs, whose rivalry with Kurruck was then the object of much apprehension among all well-wishers to the stability of the dynasty; Dheean Sing, the minister, a fine specimen of the nation, but a determined anti-Anglican; Heera Sing, his son, the first favourite, whose relations with the sovereign are left to be conjectured by those who are familiar with Oriental courts:—

"Socket Sing, Dheean's brother, is one of the handsomest of the Sikh chiefs, who are all eminently good-looking. He is high in Runjeet's favour, as well as much respected and admired by all the Sikhs, and about twenty-eight years of age. His dress was magnificent. A helmet or scullcap, of bright polished steel inlaid with gold, and a deep fringe of chain mail, of the same material, reaching to his shoulders; three plumes of black heron's feathers waving on his crest, and three shawls of lilac, white, and scarlet, twisted very round and tight, interlaced with one another, and gathered round the edge of the helmet; a chelengk of rubies and diamonds on his forehead. Back, breastplates, and gauntlets of steel, richly embossed with gold and precious stones, worn over a rich, thick quilted jacket of bright yellow silk, with magnificent armlets of rubies and diamonds on each arm; a shield of the polished hide of the rhinoceros, embossed and ornamented with gold; a jewelled sabre and matchlock; with his long and glossy black beard and mustachoes—he looked the very *beau idéal* of a Sikh chief."

The military power of Runjeet was of course ostentatiously displayed before his European visitors; but, on the whole, the impression of it which we derive from Captain Osborne's pages is not so favourable as that which it appears to have made on some former observers; especially on Sir Alexander Burnes, who visited that sovereign before the romance of his greatness had been a little dissipated by closer acquaintance. The captain was most struck with the proficiency of the artillery; an arm in which Asiatic armies have seldom excelled, and which it is creditable to Runjeet to have kept on so superior a footing; inasmuch as the expenses attending it must have tried his parsimonious disposition more than those of any other branch of his service. The regular infantry form a fine looking body; composed,

as they are, of the tallest of the Asiatic races, who seem to maintain in this respect the physical superiority which distinguished those dwelling on the banks of the Five Rivers in the days of Alexander. The view of a body of these troops, which Runjeet Sing exhibited to his English visitors, must have been a noble one to a military eye:—

"It consisted of about twelve thousand men, and reached to the gates of Lahore, above two miles. I never saw so straight or beautiful a line with any troops. They were all dressed in white, with black cross-belts, and either a red or yellow silk turban, (the shako, it seems, is an European appendage, to which it had been found impossible as yet to reconcile them,) armed with muskets and bayonets of excellent manufacture, from Runjeet's foundry at Lahore."

But with all this imposing appearance, there were evidently serious deficiencies in the method of the Maharajah. His best troops were ill-officered, and worse paid.

"He asked several questions about our mode of paying troops; and mentioned his having been obliged to disband some hundreds of men from the regiments at Peshowar for mutiny. I asked when they had been last paid. 'Eighteen months ago, and yet they were discontented.' 'Very odd,' I replied. 'What should you do in such a case?' I explained that it could not have happened in our service, where the men were regularly paid. He replied, 'So are mine; and more than that, the rascals have been living on plunder for the last six months!' I tried in vain to impress upon him, that I did not see exactly how else they could live."

The following anecdote, if true, gives a tolerable notion of what their boasted discipline amounts to:—

"They tell rather an amusing story of some of Runjeet's crack regiments during one of his actions with Dost Mahomed, which will show how little dependence can be placed on their discipline in a case of emergency. During a very critical period of the action, Runjeet saw an advantageous opening for the advance of part of his reserve, which was composed of his best regiments, and he accordingly gave the order for one of the brigades to come to the support of his advance; to which order the only reply he received was, an universal shout from the men, that drill and manœuvres did very well in peace time and on parade, but that they could not stand it now when they were really in action, and that they must fight in their own way, or they would not fight at all! They accordingly all broke from their ranks, every man fighting for himself, and of course in a few minutes were completely routed and beaten."—P. 157.

The truth is, that the notion of maintaining armies disciplined after the European fashion, has hitherto only been one of those delusions which have misled many of our Indian neighbours to their destruction. It seems to be easy enough to drill the pliable Orientals into making a respectable show on parade. A few European instructors can train, after this fashion, a corps of many thousand; but to give them that steadiness which is the basis of all good qualities in the regular soldier, requires a great number of European officers, strong control by those officers over their men, regular pay and good treatment; and, above all, a systematic perseverance which no Indian government has ever shown. At every great crisis in our Eastern affairs, rumour has alarmed us with accounts of the disciplined troops of our antagonists, and their European commanders; but in no

single instance have these vaunted armies ever made serious opposition to our advance. On the contrary, reliance on them has frequently proved fatal to their masters, by urging them on to measures of defiance and acts of imprudence. Such was the destiny of Tippoo, the Nizam, Scindia, and others of our most renowned opponents; while the most obstinate enemies with whom we have had to deal, have been those who have had the wisdom to make use of their native methods of warfare, and the natural advantages of their respective countries. If Runjeet had ever allowed the rash impetuosity of his Sikh favourites to get the better of his policy, and confronted us with his forty or fifty thousand drilled infantry in the plains of the Punjab, the result must have been his destruction; even supposing that the popular suspicion respecting the personal courage of the showy Sikhs, to which Captain Osborne more than once alludes, had no foundation.

Of all this, indeed, their chieftain seems to have been himself aware; although, as the captain acutely remarks, he was perhaps the only individual in his dominions who estimated these troops at their real value.

"He is well aware that the knowledge of the fact of his maintaining upwards of twenty thousand regular infantry, armed and disciplined like Europeans, has done more towards keeping his refractory sirdars in order, than the fear of ten times their number of irregular forces would have done; and he is also well aware of the moral influence he derives from the reputation of being able to bring into the field, at a moment's notice, a body of infantry which, compared with those of other native powers, may be called highly disciplined and effective; and while he relies much on this influence, he places little confidence in their actual services."—P. 158.

The cavalry appeared to Captain Osborne the worst appointed part of the service.

"I took the opportunity of looking at the two squadrons of General Allard's cavalry, who were on the ground. They were the first of them I had yet met with, and I was much disappointed in their appearance. They do not look to advantage by the side of the infantry. They are men of all ages, ill-looking, ill-dressed, and worse mounted, and neither in appearance or reality are they to be compared with the infantry soldier of the Panjab. One reason for this is, that Runjeet personally inspects every recruit for his infantry, whilst the cavalry is generally recruited from the followers of the different sirdars, and most of them owe their appointments to favour and interest, more than to their fitness and capability."

A still better reason was probably to be found in his avarice, which neutralized all that the zeal and intelligence of Allard could perform in his service. He seems to have regarded both that officer and General Ventura, useful and faithful as they had been to him, with uniform distrust. They only shared, in this respect, the general lot of European adventurers in the service of native princes—one of the most uncomfortable and humiliating conditions to which a man of talent and character can reduce himself.

A singular portion of Runjeet's military force were the "Akalees," or immortals;—a sort of Sikh fanatics, who must be very disagreeable subjects in peace whatever may be their character in war.

"They are, without any exception, the most insolent

and worthless race of people in all India. They are religious fanatics, and acknowledge no ruler and no laws but their own: think nothing of robbery, or even murder, should they happen to be in the humour for it. They move about constantly, armed to the teeth; and it is not an uncommon thing to see them riding about with a drawn sword in each hand, two more in their belt, a matchlock at their back, and three or four pair of quoits fastened round their turbans. The quoit is an arm peculiar to this race of people; it is a steel ring varying from six to nine inches in diameter, and about an inch in breadth, very thin, and the edges ground very sharp; they are said to throw it with such accuracy and force, as to be able to lop off a limb at sixty or eighty yards' distance; but I have several times invited them to show their dexterity, without witnessing any proof of it that could convince me of the truth of this supposed accuracy. In general, the bystanders have been in greater danger than the object aimed at."

Runjeet continued to raise irregular regiments of these savages, and turned them to some use;—personally, however, he was obliged to bear towards them the same deportment which Victor Jacquemont says was shown them by all prudent men—namely, to treat them as ill-tempered dogs, and take no notice of them so long as they contented themselves with barking.

"At any review where these regiments may be paraded, it is still a common occurrence for them, on marching past him, to throw handfuls of musket-balls at his feet, and abuse and insult him in every sort of manner, frequently threatening his life—a threat which, in more than one instance, they have attempted to fulfil. The Maharajah bears it all with the greatest coolness, and they proceed with perfect impunity until they are detected in any great crime, such as robbery or murder, when he shows no mercy, and they are immediately deprived of either their noses, ears, arms, or legs, according to the degree of their offence."

They are useful when acts of desperate valour are needed. During the progress of a negotiation, while Runjeet was besieging Moultan in 1815, "An Akalee, named Sadhoo Sing, with a few companions, advanced to the *fausse braye*, and without orders, in one of their fits of enthusiasm, attacked the Affghans, who were sleeping or careless on their watch, and killed every man. The Sikh army took advantage of the opportunity, and, rushing on, in two hours carried the citadel."

Avarice, carried to an extreme degree, was the besetting weakness of Runjeet in his latter days, as much as rapacity had been in the earlier and more adventurous period of his life. It is well known how he involved his dominions in an expensive war, to get possession of a famous horse called Leili; and nothing can be more characteristic than his barefaced robbery of poor Shah Shooja, the lately reinstated monarch of the Affghans. That prince was obliged, in his misfortunes, to apply to Runjeet for protection; and the latter determined to make him pay for it, by extorting from him the celebrated diamond called Koh-i-Nor, or the "Mountain of Light," which the conqueror Nadir Shah had abstracted from the peacock-throne of Delhi.

"The eagerness of the Sikh to obtain, and the reluctance of the Affghans to resign, this celebrated jewel, (alike renowned for its magnitude and its migrations,) appear to have been of equal intensity: but not so the

power of the contending parties. The character of Runjeet, more unscrupulous than cruel, was curiously displayed in the measures he adopted to possess himself of this highly coveted prize. No greater severity was employed than appeared absolutely necessary to vanquish the obstinacy of the Shah, and none was omitted which promised the accomplishment of that end. *The exiled family was deprived of all nourishment during two days*; but when their frugeness was found proof against hunger, food was supplied. It was in vain that the Shah denied that the diamond was in his possession; and having exhausted remonstrance, resorted to artifice and delay. Runjeet was neither to be deceived nor diverted from his purpose, and at length Shah Shooja, wearied out by importunity and severity, and seeing that nothing else would satisfy the rapacity of Runjeet, agreed to give up the jewel. Accordingly, on the 1st June, 1813, the Maharajah waited on the Shah, for the purpose of the surrender. He was received with great dignity by the prince, and both being seated, there was a solemn silence, which lasted nearly an hour. Runjeet then grew impatient, and whispered an attendant to remind the Shah of the object of the meeting. No answer was returned; but the Shah made a signal with his eyes to a eunuch, who retired, and brought in a small roll, which he replaced on the carpet, at equal distances between the two chiefs. Runjeet ordered the roll to be unfolded, when the diamond was exhibited to his sight. He recognized, seized it, and immediately retired."—P. 32.

At Adeenanuggur the mission had an opportunity of seeing a personage called the "burying Faqeer;" whose feats had attracted much attention in the upper provinces, and even became the subject of a grave article in a work on the "Medical Topography of Loodhiana," by Dr. McGregor of the Artillery.

"He is held in extraordinary respect by the Sikhs, from his alleged capacity of being able to bury himself alive for any period of time. So many stories were current on the subject, and so many respectable individuals maintained the truth of these stories, that we all felt curious to see him. He professes to have been following this trade, if so it may be called, for some years; and a considerable time ago several extracts from the letters of individuals who had seen the man in the upper provinces, appeared in the Calcutta papers, giving some account of his extraordinary powers, which were at the time, naturally enough, looked upon as mere attempts at a hoax upon the inhabitants of Calcutta. Captain Wade, political agent at Loodhiana, told me that he was present at his resurrection after an interment of some months, General Ventura having buried him in the presence of the Maharajah, and many of his principal sirdars: and, as far as I can recollect, these were the particulars as witnessed by General Ventura:—After going through a regular course of preparation, which occupied him some days, and the details of which are too disgusting to dilate upon, the Faqeer reported himself ready for interment, in a vault which had been prepared for the purpose by order of the Maharajah. On the appearance of Runjeet and his court, he proceeded to the final preparations that were necessary, in their presence; and after stopping with wax his ears, nostrils, and every other orifice, through which it was possible for air to enter his body, except his mouth, he was stripped and placed in a linen bag; and the last preparation concluded by turning his tongue back, and thus closing the gullet; he immediately died away into a sort of lethargy. The bag was then closed, and sealed with Runjeet's own seal; and afterwards placed in a small deal box, which was also locked and sealed. The box was then placed in a vault, the earth thrown in and trod down, and a crop of barley sown

over the spot, and sentries placed round it. The Maharajah was, however, very sceptical on the subject, and twice in the course of the ten months he remained under ground, sent people to dig him up, when he was found to be in exactly the same position, and in a state of perfectly suspended animation. At the termination of the ten months, Captain Wade accompanied the Maharajah to see him disinterred, and states that he examined him personally and minutely, and was convinced that all animation was perfectly suspended. He saw the locks opened, and the seals broken by the Maharajah, and the box brought into the open air. The man was then taken out, and on feeling his wrist and heart, not the slightest pulsation was perceptible. The first thing towards restoring him to life, was the forcing his tongue back to its proper position, which was done with some little difficulty, by a person inserting his finger and forcibly pulling it back, and continuing to hold it until it gradually resumed its natural place. Captain Wade described the top of his head to have been considerably hoisted, but all other parts of the body cool and healthy in appearance. Pouring a quantity of warm water over him constitutes the only farther measure for his restoration, and in two hours' time he is as well as ever.

He states that his thoughts and dreams are most delightful, and that it is painful for him to be awake from his lethargy. His nails and hair cease growing, and on his first disinterment he is for a short time giddy and weak, but very soon recovers his natural health and spirits. His only fear whilst in his grave is being attacked by insects, which he obviates by having his box suspended from the ceiling."—P. 123.

In an unlucky hour for his saintship, he volunteered to have his pretensions tested in the presence of the English envoys, on their arrival at Lahore. On their suggesting a few additional precaution—producing padlocks, and proposing to post sentries of their own, the poor Faqueer first diplomatized, then blustered, and finally "bolted," and fairly refused to submit to the conditions. But his fear of Runjeet's anger, and the loss of his own importance, quite overcame his objections to being actually buried alive. He offered to

"Agree to the proposed terms, though he felt sure that our object was only to destroy him, and that we knew very well that he never would come out alive! I told him in reply, that I was as certain as myself of the latter fact, and that though there were no coroner's inquests in the Punjab, I had still a strong objection to having his death laid at my door, and that, as he himself now allowed the danger of the attempt, I must decline having any thing more to do with it."

So the credit of the conjuror stands in the Punjab, we suppose, on as firm a footing as ever. If the Faqueer actually had set up for a saint on the strength of his wonderful performances, it might undoubtedly be a meritorious act to unmask him. Otherwise, there was some degree of hardship in the proceeding. The trade of a juggler is harmless and amusing:—and it seems hard that the powers of a swallower of swords should be tried, by proposing to allow another to thrust one down his throat; or those of a fire-king, by forcing him to imbibe prussic acid under medical superintendence; or those of a burying Faqueer, by not being suffered to bury himself in his own way. Let the observers find out the trick if they can; but it is a little cruel to dispel the illusion by such expedients.

Although the visit lasted only a few weeks, Cap-

tain Osborne became a great favourite with the politic ruler of the Punjab; and though he did not actually offer him the government of a province, as he did to Victor Jacquemont, (if the gasconades of that ingenious traveller are to be taken for granted,) he made him various tenders, some of them of a nature little accordant with our notions of Oriental feeling respecting females. But Runjeet Sing's proceedings and opinions were peculiar, and partook of that absence of all strong passion which seems to have characterised the man. A remarkable as well as amusing instance we shall give in the words of Captain Osborne. The heroine of the story was one of Runjeet's famous Cachemirian Amazons—a corps of young females whom he disciplined, in one of his fancies, into a corps of cavalry, and of whom he stood in greater awe than of the stoutest and most mutinous Sikhs of his army.

"One of these girls, called the 'Lotus,' is rather a celebrated character at the court of Lahore. Runjeet Sing received her, with the tribute, from Cachemere about two years ago, when she was said to have been very beautiful. He fell violently in love with her, and fancied that his affection was as violently returned. One evening, in the course of conversation with General Ventura, an Italian officer in his service, when the girl was dancing before them, he made some remark upon her attachment to him, which he declared was purely disinterested, and too strong to be shaken by any offers of advantage or affection she might receive from other quarters. Ventura was incredulous; and Runjeet Sing, highly indignant at this doubt of his powers of attraction, defied him to seduce her, and promised to put no obstacles in his way, farther than stipulating that she should be placed in the customary seclusion of his zenana. After several polite speeches on the part of Ventura, upon the impropriety of his attempting to rival his sovereign, the challenge was accepted, and the young lady immediately transferred to the royal seraglio, with every precaution to insure her safety.

"Shakespeare described the sex in Desdemona
As very fair, but yet suspect in fame;
And to this day, from Venice to Verona,
Such matters may be probably the same."

"They are so in the Punjab most certainly; for scarce had eight-and-forty hours elapsed ere the hoary old lion of Lahore was aroused from his happy dreams of love and affection, by the intelligence that his guards were faithless, his harem violated, and himself deserted; and that the lovely Lotus had, nothing loth, been transplanted from her royal lover's garden to the Italian's, where she was then blooming in all her native beauty.

"Runjeet Sing bore her desertion with great equanimity, and in a short time she returned to her allegiance, and is now enrolled in his corps of Amazons. She has lately been very ill, and is said to be much altered in appearance, but is still a very lovely girl."

This lady told Captain Osborne that her royal lover had endowed her with seven villages, by way of providing her with a suitable income; and there were few of the corps of Amazons, it seems, who could not boast of some such donation—so completely have the customs of the ancient monarchy of Persia descended from age to age in the unchangeable East. It is a singular and melancholy conclusion of the history of the Lotus, that she burned herself on the funeral pile of Runjeet Sing; although, like Goethe's Bayadere, she had no call to such an act of self-devotion, and no title to share in the fearful honour

which his four legitimate wives derived from it. A sceptic in female virtue might argue from this example, that it is easier, at least in the east, to encounter a hideous death for a lord and master, than to remain constant to him.

The hateful debaucheries in which the conqueror of the Punjab indulged, are too well known to need recapitulation. Captain Osborne, it seems, had the honour of being invited more than once to take his share in the Maharajah's drinking parties.

"His wine is extracted from raisins, with a quantity of pearls ground to powder and mixed with it, for no other reason that I can hear, than to add to the expense of it. It is made for himself alone, and though he sometimes gives a few bottles to some of his favourite chiefs, it is very difficult to be procured, even at the enormous price of one gold mohur for a small bottle.

"It is as strong as aquafortis, and as at his parties he always helps you himself, it is no easy matter to avoid excess. He generally, on these occasions, has two or three Heber, in the shape of the prettiest of his Cache-mirian girls, to attend upon himself and guests, and gives way to every species of licentious debauchery. He fell violently in love with one of these fair cup-bearers about two years ago, and actually married her, after parading her on a pillion before himself on horseback, through the camp and city for two or three days, to the great disgust of all his people. The only food allowed you at these drinking bouts is fat quails, stuffed with all sorts of spices; and the only thing to allay your thirst, naturally consequent upon eating such heating food, is this abominable liquid fire. Runjeet himself laughs at our wines, and says that he drinks for excitement, and that the sooner that object is attained the better. Of all the wines we brought with us as a present for him from the governor-general, consisting of port, claret, hock, champagne, &c. the whisky was the only thing he liked."—P. 159.

We suspect that the story of the pearls was a mere invention of the Maharajah's, to justify the charge which he thought proper to make for his liquor.

In the midst of his excesses and intrigues—in the full indulgence of licentiousness and ambition—Runjeet Sing was called to his account—worn out and decrepid—at the age of sixty. His character, when fairly considered according to such authorities as we possess, resembled in most of its features those of other recent founders of military monarchies in the East—such as Ali Pasha of Albania, and, in some degree, the present ruler of Egypt. In all of them we trace the same almost instinctive disposition to artifice and chicanery; the same species of deliberate courage, useful rather than chivalrous, unsheathing itself only where a plain opportunity offers of striking with advantage; the same strange mixture of unbelief and fanaticism in religious matters; and the same tendency in the later years of life to miserly habits—deadening by degrees not only the nobler qualities of the heart, but the acuteness of the intellect. There were, however, many differences between them, both in circumstances and disposition. Runjeet Sing does not seem to have had either the extraordinary daring, or the equally extraordinary *fineness* of our ancient ally, the Albanian tyrant; but he had over him the great advantage of humanity. He was by no means cruel by temperament, and his policy confirmed him in the practice of clemency. He never took away life—a

strange example among the sanguinary rulers of Persia and India; and though his justice in other respects was summary and savage enough, it was mildness itself in comparison of that which was administered from the durbars of his neighbours. He is not to be compared, undoubtedly, to the Pasha of Egypt, either for the grandeur of his projects or for compass of mind; but having to deal with very different subjects—with independent Sikhs whom it was necessary to control by management, instead of a wretched peasantry, with whom the only problem was, to stop short in the course of oppression exactly at the point beyond which it would have exhausted and destroyed them, he has necessarily pursued a more useful though less ambitious career. On the whole, his detestable profligacy apart, there are few Eastern despots who will have left a better personal character in history, when little or nothing else is left of his name, and the fabric of his policy shall have fallen to pieces. This will probably soon be the case. He seems to have looked to Britain for the maintenance of his monarchy in the person of his son; but Britain has no means of preserving in unity a body composed of a hundred petty republics or clans, held together for a time by the genius of a single chief. If we are to maintain all our positions beyond the Indus, it will probably be necessary for us to command, in some way or other, the passes of the five tributary rivers which wash the plain between that great stream and our western frontier; but to control the conflicting passions and interests of the chiefs of Lahore, seems beyond our power.

"From the moment that Runjeet allied himself with us," (says our author,) "he appears to have cast away all doubt, jealousy and fear; to have treated us with uniform cordiality, and to have reposed with entire confidence on our friendship and support—a confidence which is now repaid by the exercise of our influence and authority to secure to his legitimate son, and designated heir, the inheritance of the kingdom which was created by the wisdom and valour of his father."

Short has been the period that "our influence and authority" furnished this security! Captain Osborne—more honest than the Abbé Vertot, who refused to stop, in their passage through the press, those pages of his work in which he predicted the immortality of the Swedish constitution, when the news arrived that the king had abolished it—has appended the following note to this passage:

"The reign of Kurruck Sing, who mounted the throne upon the death of his father Runjeet, has been of brief duration. For while these sheets are going through the press, intelligence has been received of a revolution in the court of Lahore, by which Kurruck was dethroned, and his son elevated to the musnud in his stead."

From the Edinburgh Review.

The Art of Deer-Stalking; illustrated by a Narrative of a Few Days' Sport in the Forest of Atholl. By WILLIAM SCROPE, Esq. F. L. S. and Member of the Academy of San' Luca, Rome. 8vo. London: 1838.

Among the masculine sports which exercise our ingenuity and call forth our physical energies, there

are none so exciting and so highly prized as the pleasures and toils of the chase. In wielding our delegated power over the animal creation, we derive but a transient enjoyment from the subjugation of the domestic races which administer to our ordinary wants. It is only the beast of prey whose lair is in the thicket, or the fleet quadruped whose dwelling-place is on the mountains, that summons us into the field, and develops all the resources of our sanguinary skill. To brave the malaria of the Indian jungle, and to partake in the fierce encounter between the tiger and his pursuer, is a species of transcendental sport in which human skill and courage are pitted against animal strength and ferocity. The mutual danger, too, which impends over the sportsman and his prey, gives a deeper interest to the struggle, where brute capacity often triumphs, and in which the intellectual combatant is sometimes the victim.

This species of amusement, so highly esteemed by the European in other quarters of the globe, is, we think, inferior in all respects to that which is to be found in the deer-forests of our native hills. The excitement of a tiger-hunt is doubtless more intense, its pageantry more imposing, and its casualties more hazardous; but the sources of interest which the deer-chase presents to a cultivated mind, are more numerous, more rational, and more allied to our better nature, in proportion as they are of a less cruel and sanguinary character.

The Indian and the African forests open their recesses to the free passage of the sportsman as well as the naturalist. No lord of the manor claims a right to its ferocious denizens—no action at law lies for trespass—and no chancellor of the exchequer stands at the receipt of custom. The right of pursuit and slaughter belongs to all; and he who exercises it most frequently and most valiantly, is the best benefactor of the neighbourhood. The privilege of deer-stalking, on the contrary, is as rare as it is valuable. The small number of our deer-forests, and their possession by the landed aristocracy, renders them almost inaccessible even to the most opulent; and the few which the key of gold does contrive to unlock, can be maintained only by a great outlay of capital. The absolute exclusion of sheep and cattle from the haunts of the deer, over an extent of thousands of acres—the enormous expense of residence in sequestered districts, and the necessity of numerous keepers to guard the sanctuary of the chase—render the occupancy of a deer-forest one of the choicest and most expensive of our amusements.

But rare and popular as this sport unquestionably is, it is not from this cause alone that it derives its prominent interest. The pleasure which it yields is not less intense, nor the skill which it demands less scientific, than the magnificent sports of the Tropics. In all its phases of excitement, from the "break of morn" to the "knell of parting day," reason is continually marshalling its powers against the *art-mopre* and unerring decisions of instinct; and in this noble rivalry of intellectual and physical sagacity, the race, as in other secular pursuits, is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. The dexterity of the rifleman is balanced by the fleetness of his prey; the sagacity and the power of the stag-hound is matched by the muscular energy and the indomitable courage of his antlered antagonist; and the quick vision and the acute perception of smell

which the stag inherits, often baffle the manoeuvres of the hunter, and mock the powers of his telescope.

In the intervals of rest, too, as well as in the active pursuit and the final conflict, the deer-chase presents many points of interest and superiority. No fetid exhalations nor putrid effluvia pollute the pure ether which the huntsman breathes. No dread of retaliation disturbs his rest, or paralyses the ardour of pursuit. His mind is free to roam over the beautiful and wide expanse of earth and sky. The blue vault which crowns him, and the granite pavement on which he treads, are equally objects of his admiration. The lofty peak, with its fretted yet crystalline flanks—the overhanging precipice, with its caverns, its rills, and its foliage—the sudden rush of the concealed cataract—the ghastly pine, dead and naked, yet in the form and attitude of life—the brown moss, displaying the wreck of ancient forests, and furnishing a unit of measure to sound the depths of primeval time—the mountain lake, now blue with the azure which it embosoms, now green with the purity of its waters, now bright with the ruffled reflection of the clouds, now in ebullition with the thunder-shower—these are the objects which meet the hunter's eye, and from which the geologist, the moralist, and the painter may draw the richest instruction. Amid this contemplation of nature's grandeur, the serenity of the moment is agreeably disturbed by the forms of life and beauty which break upon the view. The solitary stag appears in stately attitude on the brow of the precipice, or bounds over the plain, or springs across the mossy hag, or clears the span of the mountain torrent; or, perhaps, a noble herd become visible in the distance, now breaking the sky line with their twisted antlers, now "basking on Bendouran's steep," and now holding their council of instinct, when their startled senses indicate the approach of man.

"And lo! along the forest glade,
From out yon ancient pine-wood's shade,
Troop forth the royal deer,
Each stately hart, each slender hind,
Stares and snuffs the desert wind;
While by their side confiding roves
The spring-born offspring of their loves—
The delicate and playful fawn,
Dappled like the rosy dawn,
And sportive in its fear."

Such of our readers as have not partaken of the pleasures of the chase, will naturally wish to know something of the details of a sport so highly prized, and so difficult to command. Although the press teems with descriptions of oriental sports, yet no account has been given of the manners and habits of the aboriginal red deer of the Highlands—of the nature and extent of the forests which they inhabit—or of the arts by which they fall under our dominion. It is only of late, indeed, that this amusement has been systematically pursued; and of the small number of individuals who have been initiated into its mysteries, but few are qualified to become its historians.

Mr. Scrope, the author of the work placed at the head of this article, possesses, we believe, in a higher degree than any other person, all the qualities which are necessary for such a task. His fine taste, his classical acquirements, his vein of chastened humour, his exquisite skill as an amateur painter, his know-

ledge of character, and above all, his enthusiasm for the chase, and his ten years' experience of its details on the grandest scale, fit him in an eminent degree for describing the statistics of our deer-forests, the natural history of its antlered occupants, the system of rifle practice by which they are overpowered, and the manners and superstitions of the foresters, scouts, and gillies, who have formed his army of observation.

In the brief space which is necessarily allotted to the analysis of a work of this kind, we cannot hope to give our readers an adequate idea either of its literary merits, or of the fund of colloquial anecdote and discussion, which, while it gives life and spirit to the more technical details of the chase, enlivens at the same time the otherwise grave dissertations on the natural history of dogs and deer, and the statistics and scenery of their rocky domains. Still less can we hope to give the reader any just notion of those fine touches of sentiment and humour which sparkle amid the general narrative, or of the splendid engravings and lithographs, after paintings by Edwin and Charles Landseer, and Mr. Scrope himself, which embellish the work. The forest-joust between two stags in the frontispiece—the *cane venatica* in the vignette; the getting a quiet shot; the deer at bay in a torrent; the looking for a wounded deer; the being left behind in a dubious position; the lifting the deer out of a burn; the coming in for a shot; and the preparing the deer for being left on the moor—afford characteristic and pleasing representations of the more stirring events of a deer-chase.

In addition to these interesting illustrations of the work, we should have liked to see, even in the rudest outline, the principal deer-forests laid down on a map of Scotland; and the haunts of the roe-deer, and the grouse, and the ptarmigan, might have been appropriately added. Mr. Scrope, however, has supplied this defect by ample descriptions of the principal deer-forests in Scotland, and has tried even to estimate the number of deer by which they are occupied.

The Forest of Atholl, in which Mr. Scrope enjoyed the sport of deer-stalking for so many years, lies in Perthshire, and touches the counties of Aberdeen and Inverness. It is about forty miles long, and its extreme breadth eighteen miles, measuring 135,458 imperial acres. The part occupied by grouse is 3,742 acres; and that which is reserved exclusively for deer, contains 51,708 acres. In 1776, the number of deer did not exceed a hundred; but Mr. Scrope estimates them now at between 5000 and 6000, though others make them amount to 7000. The Forest of Marr, in Aberdeenshire, belonging to Lord Fife, consists of four contiguous glens on the north bank of the Dee, about fifteen miles long and eight wide, and covering an area of about *sixty thousand* acres; the number of deer is variable, but it is supposed that there is a regular stock of about 3000.

The forests in Sutherland, now greatly restricted by sheep-farms, were two in number, Dirrie Chat and Dirrie More. The former, running parallel with the east coast, extends about fifty miles in length, and from ten to thirty in breadth; the latter is about seventy miles long, and twenty broad. It is almost destitute of wood, and consists of deep and desolate glens, and of broken and disjointed masses of rock, singularly wild and precipitous. About thirty years

ago the deer in these forests were estimated at 3000, but at present they are supposed not to exceed 1000.

In a modern French work on geography, we are told that wolves *still* exist in the Highlands of Scotland. The author has made a mistake only of a century; for we find, in Mr. Scrope's description of the Sutherland forests, a most interesting account of the destruction of the *last wolf and her cubs*, between 1690 and 1700. This event, which took place on the east coast of Sutherland, was attended with remarkable circumstances. In consequence of some ravages among the flocks, the inhabitants turned out in a body to discover the depredator. Having failed in the attempt, a man of the name of Polson, accompanied by his son and an active herdsboy, resolved to search the wild recesses in the neighbourhood of Glen-Loth.

"Polson," says our author, "was an old hunter, and had much experience in tracing and destroying wolves, and other predatory animals. Forming his own conjectures, he proceeded at once to the wild and rugged ground that surrounds the rocky mountain-gully which forms the channel of the Burn of Siedale. Here, after a minute investigation, he discovered a narrow fissure in the midst of a confused mass of large fragments of rock, which, upon examination, he had reason to think might lead to a larger opening or cavern below, which the wolf might use as his den. Stones were now thrown down, and other means resorted to, to rouse any animal that might be lurking within. Nothing formidable appearing, the two lads contrived to squeeze themselves through the fissure that they might examine the interior, whilst Polson kept guard on the outside. The boys descended through the narrow passage into a small cavern, which was evidently a wolf's den, for the ground was covered with bones and horns of animals, feathers, and egg-shells; and the dark space was somewhat enlivened by five or six active wolf cubs. Not a little dubious of the event, the voice of the poor boys came up hollow and anxious from below, communicating this intelligence. Polson at once desired them to do their best, and to destroy the cubs. Soon after, he heard the feeble howling of the whelps as they were attacked below, and saw, almost at the same time, to his great horror, a full-grown wolf, evidently the dam, raging furiously at the cries of her young, and now close upon the mouth of the cavern, which she had approached unobserved, among the rocky irregularities of the place. She attempted to leap down at one bound from the spot where she was first seen. In this emergency, Polson instinctively threw himself forward on the wolf, and succeeded in catching a firm hold of the animal's long and bushy tail, just as the forepart of the body was within the narrow entrance of the cavern. He had unluckily placed his gun against a rock when aiding the boys in their descent, and could not now reach it. Without apprising the lads below of their imminent peril, the stout hunter kept firm grip of the wolf's tail, which he wound round his left arm; and although the maddened brute scrambled and twisted, and strove with all her might to force herself down to the rescue of her cubs, Polson was just able, with the exertion of all his strength, to keep her from going forward. In the midst of this singular struggle, which passed in silence—for the wolf was mute, and the hunter, either from the engrossing nature of his exertions, or from his unwillingness to alarm the boys, spoke not a word at the commencement of the conflict—his son within the cave, finding the light excluded from above, asked in Gaelic, and in an abrupt tone—"Father, what is keeping the light from us?"—"If the root of the tail break," replied he, "you will soon know that." Before long, however, the

man contrived to get hold of his hunting-knife, and stabbed the wolf in the most vital parts he could reach. The enraged animal now attempted to turn and face her foe, but the hole was too narrow to allow of this; and when Polson saw his danger, he squeezed her forward, keeping her jammed in, whilst he repeated his stabs as rapidly as he could, until the animal, being mortally wounded, was easily dragged back and finished."—P. 371.

The Forest of Corrichibah, or the Black Mount, is situated in Glenorchy, in Argyleshire, and belongs to the Marquis of Breadalbane. The extent of the forest kept exclusively for deer is 35,000 acres, and the number of deer is about 1500. The Forest of Glenartney, in Perthshire, belonging to Lord Wiltoughby D'Eresby, extends over 2800 Scotch acres, and contains from 700 to 1000 deer. There is a sanctuary or deer-preserve in the centre, and in winter the deer are fed with corn and hay.

Beside these forests we may enumerate those of Intercald, of 22,000 acres; of the Marquis of Huntly, of above 30,000 acres; of the Duke of Richmond, of 30,000 acres; and the lesser ones of Benalder, on the south side of Loch Laggan, rented by the Marquis of Abercorn; of Glengarry, in Inverness-shire, about seven miles long; of Applecross and Gairloch, in Ross-shire; and that of Gaick, in Inverness-shire. In the Western Islands, the deer forest of Jura contains 500 deer; that of Skye 230; and that of North Uist 100.

In giving an account of the deer forests of Badenoch, Mr. Scrope entertains his readers with a number of interesting adventures and stories connected with that part of the Highlands. One of these, which relates to the destruction of a hunting party in Gaick by an avalanche, has acquired a peculiar interest from the superstitious details with which it has been associated in the fancy of the Highlanders. The following is Mr. Scrope's brief notice of it:—

"In 1800, Captain John M'Pherson of Ballachroan, with four attendants, and several fine deer-hounds, was killed by an avalanche in Gaick. The house in which they slept (a strong one) was swept away from the very foundation, and part of the roof carried to the distance of a mile.* The catastrophe was ascribed by some to supernatural agency, and a great deal of superstitious exaggeration was circulated, to the annoyance of Captain M'Pherson's family and friends."—P. 118.

This melancholy event took place at the distance of thirteen miles from the residence of the hunting party. Their friends were naturally alarmed for their safety, when the drifting storm of wind and snow had shut up the roads and passes of the mountains; and every hour's delay in their return brought a new accession to their fears. A strong party, furnished with the necessary implements, penetrated through the snowy barrier which obstructed their path, and, after surmounting great hardships, they succeeded in disinterring their friends from their icy graves. Although we have heard them from the exploring parties, our limits will not permit us to detail the circumstances which marked this tragedy of the chase; but, even in the district where the truth was known, superstition has wove round it her mystic embroidery, and the story of the hapless deer-stalkers of Gaick became henceforth a legendary tale. When

the late amiable and accomplished Lord Webb Seymour, and our distinguished countryman, Professor Playfair, were surveying the mineralogical structure of Shehallien, they were accompanied by an old man as their guide, who was a schoolmaster in the neighbourhood; and while they were walking before their horses up the road, on the northern declivity of Rannoch, within sight of the mountain above Gaick, he gave the following version of the preceding story, adding, "There was nae the like seen in a' Scotland."

"It was on the night of, I think, the 14th of February, 1799, that there came on a dreadful storm of wind and drifting snow from the southeast, which was felt very severely in most parts of Scotland. On the preceding day, Captain M——, attended by three other men, had gone out a deer-shooting, in that extensive tract of mountains which lies to the west of Dalnacardach. As they did not return in the evening, nothing was heard of them. The next day, people were sent out in quest of them as soon as the storm abated. After a long search, the bodies were found in a lifeless state, lying among the ruins of a *bothy*, (a temporary hut,) in which it would seem Captain M—— and his party had taken refuge. The *bothy* had been destroyed by the tempest, and in a very astonishing manner. It had been built partly of stone, and partly of strong wooden uprights driven into the ground; it was not merely blown down, but quite torn to pieces. Large stones, which had formed part of the walls, were found lying at the distance of one or two hundred yards from the site of the building, and the wooden uprights appeared to have been rent asunder by a force that had twisted them off, as in breaking a tough stick. From the circumstances in which the bodies were found, it appeared that the men were retiring to rest at the time the calamity came upon them. One of the bodies, indeed, was found at a distance of many yards from the *bothy*; another of the men was found upon the place where the *bothy* had stood, with one stocking off, as if he had been undressing; Captain M—— was lying, without his clothes, upon the wretched bed which the *bothy* had afforded—his face to the ground, and his knees drawn up. To all appearance, the destruction had been quite sudden; yet the situation of the building was such as promised security against the utmost violence of the wind. It stood in a narrow recess, at the foot of a mountain, whose precipitous and lofty declivities sheltered it on every side except in the front, and here, too, a hill rose before it, though with a more gradual slope. This extraordinary wreck of a building so situated, led the common people to ascribe it to a supernatural power. It was recollected by some who had been out shooting with Captain M—— about a month before, that while they were resting at this *bothy*, a shepherd lad had come to the door and inquired for Captain M——, and that the captain went out with the shepherd, and they walked away together, leaving the rest of the party in the *bothy*. After a time, Captain M—— returned alone; he said nothing of what had passed between him and the lad, but looked very grave and thoughtful, and from that time there was observed to be a mysterious anxiety hanging about him. It was remembered that one evening, after dusk, when Captain M—— was in the *bothy*, some of his party that were standing saw a fire blazing on the top of the hill which rises in front of it. They were much surprised to see a fire in such a solitary place, and at such a time, and set out to inquire into the cause of it; but when they reached the top of the hill, there was no fire to be seen! It was remembered, too, that on the day before the fatal night, Captain M—— had shown a singular obstinacy in going forth upon his expedition. No representations of the inclemency of the weather, or of the dangers he would be exposed to, could restrain

* This is a mistake, the distance was not one-eighth of a mile.

him. He said he must go, and was resolved to go. Captain M——'s character was not spared, in order to give probability to these fancies. It was popularly reported that he was rapacious and cruel; that he had got money by procuring recruits from the Highlands,* an unpopular mode of acquiring wealth: and that, amongst other measures for this purpose, he had gone so far as to leave a purse upon the road, and to threaten the man who had picked it up with an indictment for robbery, if he did not enlist.†

This interesting story was communicated by Lord Webb Seymour to Sir Walter Scott, who published it as an example of those accompaniments of the rude popular legend, "possessing points of interest, of nature, and of effect, which, though irreconcilable with sober truth, carry with them something which the mind is not averse to believe—something, in short, of plausibility, which, let the poet or romancer do their very best, they find it impossible to attain to." Sir Walter adds it as his opinion, "That the feeling of superstitious awe annexed to the catastrophe contained in this interesting narrative, could not have been improved by any circumstances of additional horror which a poet could have invented; that the incidents, and the gloomy simplicity of the narrative, are much more striking than they could have been rendered by the most glowing description; and that the old Highland schoolmaster, the outline of whose tale is so judiciously preserved by the narrator, was a better medium for communicating such a tale, than would have been the form of Ossian, could he have arisen from the dead on purpose."

In the first chapter of his work, Mr. Scrope has given a very interesting account of the manners and habits of the red deer, or *Cervus elaphus* of naturalists. Their colour is usually reddish brown, and their horns vary in size and in the number of their branches, partly with age and partly from other causes. They shed their horns annually, between April and June, and the new horns attain their full growth in three months. These new horns are very sensitive, and, while they continue so, the deer fight with their fore-feet, keeping back their heads. The hinds have been seen to eat the shed horns, and the late Duke of Atholl once found a dead hind, which had been choked by part of the horn. The leaden-coloured skin, or velvet which invests the new horn, disappears in August and September, when the deer are in the best condition. "If a hart," says Mr. Scrope, "is cut when a fawn, he will never have horns; and if he is cut when five or six years old, after his horns have attained their full growth, he will never drop them; and if he be cut when he has dropped them, they will never be renewed." When one of the horns is inferior to the other, Mr. Scrope has often observed, that it is owing to a gunshot or other bad wound on the side where the horn is imperfect. The weight of deer varies from fifteen to thirty stone imperial. The rutting season is about the end of September and beginning of October in Scotland.

"This," says Mr. Scrope, "is a wild and picturesque season. The harts are heard roaring all over the forest,

* These recruits were said to be from Atholl, and it was an opinion among the less superstitious Highlanders, that the party were murdered by a band of Atholl men.

† All these reports were false.

and are engaged in savage conflicts with each other, which sometimes terminate fatally. When a master hart has collected a number of hinds, another will endeavour to take them from him. They fight till one of them, feeling himself wounded, will run in circles round the hinds, being unwilling to leave them. The other pursues, and when he touches the fugitive with the point of his horns, the animal thus gored either bounds suddenly on one side, and then turns and faces him, or will dash off to the right or to the left, and at once give up the contest. The conflict, however, generally continues a considerable time; and nothing can be more entertaining than to witness, as I have often done, the varied success and address of the combatants. It is a sort of wild joust in the presence of the dames, who, as of old, bestowed their favours on the most valiant."—P. 13. * * *

"A conflict of this savage nature, which happened in one of the Duke of Gordon's forests, was fatal to both of the combatants. Two large harts, after a furious and deadly thrust, had entangled their horns so firmly together, that they were inextricable, and the victor remained with the vanquished. In this situation they were discovered by the forester, who killed the survivor whilst he was yet struggling to release himself from his dead antagonist. The horns remain at Gordon Castle, still locked together as they were found."—P. 15.

Mr. Scrope has noticed a singular combination of cowardice and courage in the master hart. When he apprehends danger from a rifle, he will get into the midst of the hinds, and keep his antlers as low as possible; and while the hinds and the younger harts are keeping guard, the larger ones enjoy their ease on the hill-side. No sooner, however, is the herd strongly beset, than the master hart exhibits great boldness and decision. He takes the lead of his confiding herd, and forces his way through every obstacle. His daring courage is singularly contrasted with his shyness and timidity. The flutter of a moorfowl, or the plaintive note of a plover, will set him off at full speed; but when he sees his adversary, he is never off his guard. He is cool and vigilant; and, when he has taken a survey of the plans of his disturber, he decides in a moment, and often rushes through the very middle of the unarmed drivers.

"When a stag," says Mr. Scrope, "is closely pursued by dogs, and feels that he cannot escape from them, he flies to the best position he can, and defends himself to the last extremity. This is called *going to bay*. If he is badly wounded, or very much overmatched in speed, he has little choice of ground; but if he finds himself stout in the chase, and is pursued in his native mountains, he will select the most defensible spot he has it in his power to reach, and woe be unto the dog which approaches him rashly. His instinct always leads him to the rivers, where his long legs give him a great advantage over the deer-hounds. Firmly he holds his position, while they swim powerless about him, and would die from cold and fatigue before they could make the least impression on him. Sometimes he will stand upon a rock in the midst of the river, making a most majestic appearance; and in this case it will always be found that the spot on which he stands is not approachable on his rear. In this situation he takes such a sweep with his antlers, that he could exterminate a whole pack of the most powerful larchers, that were pressing too closely upon him in front. He is secure from all but man; and the rifle shot must end him. Superior dogs may pull him down when running, but not when he stands at bay."—P. 20-21.

The traditional opinion, that the deer sometimes

attains the age of upwards of a hundred years is of course not countenanced by our author. He has, however, found, in the superstitions of the Highlands, some arguments in favour of the *longa et cervina senectus* of Juvenal; and the Gaelic adage,—

"Thrice the age of a man is that of a deer,"

is supported by marvellous stories, attested by chiefs of honour and veracity. With all his respect for marvellous traditions, Mr. Scrope does not hesitate to inform us, that all the accounts he has received from park-keepers in England, where there are red deer, contradict their supposed longevity, and establish the fact that the longest-lived deer has not exceeded twenty years of age.

On the approach of storms, the deer quit the more elevated hills, and descend to the low ground, anticipating the change by sometimes two days. They never perish in snow-drifts like sheep, and they are seldom destroyed by avalanches. Only two accidents of this kind occurred in the Atholl forest during sixty years. Eleven deer were killed by an avalanche in Glen Mark, and twenty-one by another. The harts are good swimmers; and it is said that the rear hart, in swimming, rests his head on the croup of the one before him, and that the rest follow in the same manner.

Notwithstanding the ferocity of the deer in the rutting season, they have been seldom known to attack man without a cause. Instances, however, of a contrary nature have occurred.* John Crerar, having got behind a stag which was at bay in Glenmore, rashly took hold of his hind-leg, and tried to throw him over; "but, when he was about to do so, the animal saluted him with both his hind-legs, and with such effect, that one of his hoofs broke his watch, and the other struck him in the mouth, knocked out one of his teeth, and sent him sprawling on his back to the edge of the water." Mr. Scrope mentions that there is an instance upon record of a red deer having beaten off a tiger which was set loose upon it in an enclosed arena, at the instance of William Duke of Cumberland. Mr. Gilpin mentions the case of a peasant having been dangerously wounded in attempting to turn a stag when pursued by the hunters in the New Forest. The stag holding on his course, darted one of his antlers into the man, and carried him some paces sticking upon his horns. The unprovoked ferocity of a red deer confined in the Park at Taymouth, is thus described by Mr. Scrope:—

"In October, 1836, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Fox Maule had left Taymouth with the intention of proceeding towards Dalguise; and in driving through that part of the grounds where the red deer were kept, they suddenly, at a turn of the road, came upon the lord of the demesne standing in the centre of the passage, as if prepared to dispute it against all comers. Mr. Maule being aware that it might be dangerous to trifle with him, or to endeavour to drive him away, (for it was the rutting season,) cautioned the postillion to go slowly, and give the animal an opportunity of moving off. This was done, and the stag retired to a small hollow by the side of the road. On the carriage passing, however, he took offence at its too near approach, and emerged at a slow and

stately pace, till he arrived nearly parallel with it; Mr. Maule then desired the lad to increase his pace, being apprehensive of a charge in the broadside.

"The deer, however, had other intentions; for as soon as the carriage moved quicker he increased his pace also, and came on the road about twelve yards ahead of it, for the purpose of crossing, as it was thought, to a lower range of the parks; but to the astonishment, and no little alarm of the occupants of the carriage, he charged the offside horse, plunging his long brow antler into his chest, and otherwise cutting him.

"The horse that was wounded made two violent kicks, and is supposed to have struck the stag, and then the pair instantly ran off the road; and it was owing solely to the admirable presence of mind and sense of the postillion, that the carriage was not precipitated over the neighbouring bank. The horses were not allowed to stop till they reached the gate, although the blood was pouring from the wounded animal in a stream as thick as a man's finger. He was then taken out of the carriage, and only survived two or three hours. The stag was shortly afterwards killed."—P. 33.

As a proof of the determined resolution of the stag when pushed to extremity, and at the same time as a specimen of a *royal battue* got up on the most magnificent scale, Mr. Scrope quotes from Barclay's *Defence of Monarchical Government*, his account of the deer-hunt which was prepared by the Earl of Atholl for Queen Mary, in 1563. As we agree with Mr. Scrope in doubting the accuracy of the details, we shall give a very brief account of it. About two thousand Highlanders spent several weeks in driving from Marr, Badenoch, Murray, and Atholl, to an appointed place, two thousand deer, besides roes, does, and other game. The queen was delighted with the spectacle; and having ordered a large fierce dog to be let loose on a wolf that appeared, a stately hart, the leader of the herd, turned his face to the quarter from which they came, and was followed by the whole herd. A line of Highlanders obstructed their path; but, falling flat on the heath, they allowed the deer to pass over their bodies, and thus to wound several and to trample two or three to death. A detachment of the deer, however, having been turned by the hunters, the royal stag-hounds were let loose, and 360 deer, five wolves, and some roes, were killed.

Mr. Scrope now starts from Blair Castle on his first excursion to the Deer Forest, and after a brief dissertation on mountain scenery and mountain appetites, a friend from Badenoch (Mr. Edwin Landseer) joins him at breakfast at Bruar Lodge. In full equipment, the party ascend the flanks of Ben Dairg, and in the wilderness of rock and heath they have quitted every thing that is associated with domestic and social life. No sound is heard save that of the torrent; no notes but the wild bird's scream; the scared grouse occasionally change their resting-place; the plover flits from stone to stone; and the soaring eagle completes the climax of living nature. A hart is at last seen lying in a bog, and a group of hinds adorn the brow of the hill above. All are on the alert. "Pray, walk and creep behind me," whispers the leader; "be as silent as the grave, and when you step upon stones tread like a ghost. If your back aches insupportably, lie down and die; but do not move yourself an inch to save your life. Now, let us put our caps in our pockets. Heaven bless me! do not raise up your hair with your fingers

* This would not be considered such an instance in this country."—Museum.

in that way,—at present, it would be more becoming to be bald." One of the party now watches the deer, another follows with the dogs, and a third takes the rifles. The party now advances, sometimes on their hands and knees, sometimes up to the middle in the burn, now writhing on their stomachs through the mire, till they come in upon the flank of the hart. The leader now raises his rifle, and no sooner is the shot fired than up springs the deer, shot through the body, but still able to pant up the steep acclivity which lies in his path. The dogs are let loose; the chase is continued over the hill, and on reaching its summit the voice of the hounds breaks full upon their ear.

"And they saw one magnificent creature standing on a narrow projecting ledge of rock within the cleft, and in the mid course of a mountain cataract. The upper fall plunged down behind him, and the water, coming through his legs, dashed the spray and mist around him, and then at one leap went plump down to the abyss below; the rocks closed in upon his flanks, and there he stood, bidding defiance in his own mountain hold.

"Just at the very edge of the precipice, and as it seemed on the very brink of eternity, the dogs were haying him furiously. One rush of the stag would have sent them down into the chasm, and in their fury they seemed wholly unconscious of their danger. All drew in their breath, and shuddered at the fatal chance that seemed momentarily about to take place. Fortunately, the stag (sensible, perhaps, of his danger) showed less fight than usual; still the suspense was painfully exciting, for the dogs were wholly at his mercy, and as he menaced with his antlers they retreated backwards within an inch of instant dissolution. * * * Whenever the deer turned aside his antlers to gore Tarff, Derig seized the moment to fly at his throat; but the motions of the hart were so rapid, that the hound was ever compelled to draw back to the verge of the precipice. * * The stag at length, being maddened at these vexatious attacks, made a desperate stab at Derig, and in avoiding it the poor dog at length lost his footing, his hind legs passed over the ledge of the rock, and it now seemed impossible for him to recover himself. His life hung in the balance, and the fatal scale appeared to preponderate. Still his fore-legs bore upon the ledge, and he scraped and strove with them to the utmost; but as he had little or no support behind, he was in the position of a drowning man who attempts to get into a boat, and being, also like him, exhausted, the chances were considerably against him. In struggling with his fore-legs he appeared to advance a little, and then to slip back again, gasping painfully in the exertion; at length he probably found some slight bearing for the claws of his hind feet, and, to the inexpressible relief of every one, he once more recovered his footing, and sprang forward at the deer as rash and wrathful as ever.

"Tortoise (the hero of the party) at length found the proper spot,—the rifle was then raised, but when all hearts were beating high in sudden and nervous expectation of a happy issue, the dogs were unfortunately in such a position that a shot could not be fired from above without risk to one of them, and the danger was as fearful as ever. Three times was the aim thus taken and abandoned. At length an opening—the crack of the gun was heard faintly in the din of the waterfall—the ball passed through the back of the deer's head, and down he dropped on the spot without a struggle. The dogs now rushed forward and seized him by the throat; so firm and savage was their grasp, that they were with difficulty choked off. The men came cautiously on the

ledge of the rock, and began to take out the huge creature, two at his fore-legs and two at his hind quarters, and thus they lifted him out from the course of the torrent, and laid him at length upon the moss."—P. 59-62.

We cannot withhold from our readers an account of the accident which befell a stag-hound while in the active pursuit of a hart in the forest of Dirrie More in Sutherland. Having fallen down a sloping but steep precipice, he alighted upon a projecting shelf of rock, from which there was neither escape nor rescue.

"The rock," says Mr. Scrope, "opposed an insuperable obstruction from above, and the precipice menaced certain death below. * * * The spot could not be approached by man; and the poor animal, expecting that assistance from his master which it was impossible for him to afford, kept up a continual howling for succour during day and night. He continued to linger in his frightful prison for several days, and the sounds of his voice grew feeble and feeble, until they ended in a sharp kind of whistle, interrupted by various efforts to break out into a bark. Every kind of project was considered; but no means could be devised to save him, for the ground was of such a nature that no one could be lowered and pulled up by means of a rope. At length the faint sounds ceased—his flesh was carried away by eagles, and his bones are still whitening on the rock."—Pp. 65-66.

The next feat of the party was one in which the sagacity and instinct of the deer could be opposed only by skilful manœuvring on the part of the deer-stalker. Having discovered with the telescope a fine group of eight harts, the party took their station on Ben-y-venue, and scouts were sent to the right and left, not to drive the deer, but to endeavour to put them on this hill. In half an hour, the deer were all standing up, with their jutting necks and towering antlers, and gazing at the summit of the hill. The hind directs their motions, while the lazy harts are doing nothing. They seem in a state of uncertainty about their line of retreat. They turn aside for a few minutes, and come a little way down the hill. But now they stop, and examine all the glen before they venture into its recesses. They scan every part of the ground, and look with intense anxiety on every object within the range of their vision. They now march, like a retreating army, with their front and rear guard; and with measured steps they wind down a rocky precipice, impassable apparently by living beast. Dreading that they would go straight down the glen, and not come over to the middle hill, the party were in despair; but one of the scouts saw a parcel of hinds, which he thought would join them lower down, and he believed that they would then come down to the desired place.

"Maclaren," says Mr. Scrope, "the skilful missionary, who had a clear and commanding view of all their things, began to set to work in a more determined manner: he pressed forward rapidly, still out of sight of both parcels of deer; till at length, when he came sufficiently forward, he dashed down the hill in full view, shouting, hallooing, and hurling stones down the mountain with all his might, going to and fro as the deer shifted, slipping, clambering, and tumbling in such perilous places as would have endangered the life of a mountain god."—P. 80.

Amid all this tumult the deer continued to advance deliberately and calmly. The hinds last mentioned collected and wheeled about under the influence of these strange noises; and the decisive moment appeared to be at hand. The riflemen prepared for action; they heard the clatter of their hoofs; but in a moment the herd changed their plan. The hinds had started, and the harts and hinds of the main parcel were racing up to them. A change of tactics was now necessary. The riflemen, who had never been seen by the deer, went rapidly over the hill in a new direction to meet them. The young sportsman from Badenoch was unequal to the exertion which was now required; "his limbs faltered, his knees trembled, and his breath came short and loud, till, quite exhausted, he lay down on the moor a solitary and forsaken man, while his inhuman companions persisted in their course." The two practised hillmen, however, succeeded in reaching the desired spot, and, "worming themselves through the heather," they saw from behind a small knoll "the deer feeding forward very leisurely, but still restless, and with their sentinels looking back towards the east."—"They lay still as death until some hinds passed within an easy shot; next came a four-year-old hart, which was suffered to pass also; the better harts were following in the same direction, and the points of their horns were just coming in sight, when lo! Lightfoot, (Mr. Edwin Landseer,) having come into the ground, fired at the small hart which was galloping away gaily, and gaily did he still continue to gallop." This injudicious shot compelled Tortoise to dash forward and take a long shot at the last deer that was passing. The stricken deer, however, moved off with the rest of the herd. He soon falls behind them, and one of the deer is seen licking his wound. Percy, one of the best of the stag-hounds, is let loose, and tracks his prey along the banks of the Tilt, till he is brought to bay in the middle of the stream. An audacious stranger, (an English artist,) however, who came up to the deer in this position, assailed him in such a manner with stones and a bludgeon, as to make him break bay; but Percy continued the pursuit till the deer, quite exhausted, again stood at bay in the rocky bed of the Tilt. The stranger was again approaching the deer with his uplifted club, when Tortoise raised his rifle from a distance, and down fell the mighty hart, which was dragged by the stranger to the shore.

In his third chapter, Mr. Scrope introduces us to the deer forests of Badenoch, and to the legendary tales with which they are associated. Stories of witchcraft and fairies carry us quickly through his pages, and the fate of Walter Cumming, the "Wolf of Badenoch," terminates his narrative.

"Walter Cumming was killed by a fall from his horse, in the forest of Guick; he was the son, I believe, of one of the Cummings of Badenoch, and certainly a very profligate young fellow. Tradition says that he determined upon making a number of young women sheer stark naked on the farm of Ruthven, which was the residence of the Cummings of Badenoch. In the mean time he was called away on business to Atholl, and the day of his return was fixed for this infamous exhibition. When that day arrived, his horse galloped up to the court-yard, stained with soil and blood, with one of his master's legs alone hanging in the stirrup. Search was instantly made, and the mangled body of Cumming was

found with two eagles preying upon it. * * * *
The place where Walter was killed is called Leim-ran-fian, or the Fingalian's leap; and a terrible break-neck place it is."—P. 116.

The subsequent chapter teaches us the cardinal qualifications of a deer-stalker, among which abstinence, self-possession, watchfulness, strength, and courage, are among the most trivial. "His muscle must be of marble, and his sinews of steel." He must not only "run like the antelope, and breathe like the trade winds;" but he must be able "to run in a stooping position, with a greyhound pace, having his back parallel to the ground, and his face within an inch of it, for miles together." He must have a taste for running, like an eel through sand, *ventre à terre*, and he "should be accomplished in skilfully squeezing his clothes after this operation, to make all comfortable."

"He should rejoice," says Mr. Scrope, "in wading through torrents, and be able to stand firmly upon water-worn stones, unconscious of the action of the current; or if by fickle fortune the waves should be too powerful for him, when he loses his balance, and goes floating away upon his back, (for if he has any tact or sense of the picturesque, it is presumed he will fall backwards,) he should raise his rifle aloft in the air, Marmion fashion, lest his powder should get wet, and his day's sport come suddenly to an end. A few weeks' practice in the Tilt will make him quite *au fait* at this. We would recommend him to try the thing in aspect during a refreshing north wind, which is adverse to deer-stalking; thus no day will be lost pending his education. To swim he should not be able, because there would be no merit in saving himself by such a paltry subterfuge; neither should he permit himself to be drowned, because we have an affection for him, and moreover it is very cowardly to die."—P. 123.

After detailing the qualifications of the riflemen, and the tactics of the target, Mr. Scrope draws a vivid picture of the climate of the mountains, when the deer-stalker is himself brought to bay by the onset of the elements. The prognostics of the morning are realised. The mazy mist clambers up the hills, and invests the landscape with its watery shroud. The discouraged sportsmen are seen in little groups on the dripping heather, sulky and impatient, as if nature had deviated unjustly from her course in suspending their sanguinary pleasures. Bursts of sunshine, and careering clouds, and autumnal gusts, alternately cheer and depress them. The accumulated vapour, restless and weary with its embosomed fires, fixes its dark mass on the horizon, and blackens the huge form of the impending mountain. The furious blast at last arrives,—and the descending torrent, and the forked thunderbolt, and the peals reverberating from rock to rock: The rifles of heaven are discharged among the intellectual herd, and the proud huntsman,

"Scorch'd by the ethereal dart,
And his limbs black with lightning,"

sinks a more helpless victim than the stately hart struck with his shot, or torn by his bloodhounds.

After describing in his sixth chapter the forest of Atholl, its principal glens, and lakes, and lodges, and merry forresters, and amusing us with many interesting details of the last execution at Blair—of the royal feast and hunt given to James V. in 1592—

and of the adventures of the "Wolf of Badenoch," he proceeds in chapter seventh to give an account of a grand deer drive to Glen Tilt, under the auspices of the Duke of Atholl. The various sportsmen were concealed at different stations in the glen, and none of them were permitted to stir till the deer had fairly passed them. Sportsmen, whose discretion could be relied upon, were occasionally sent with the drivers, one at each wing; but they were only to consult the general sport, and not to fire unless the deer broke fairly out. On occasions like this the drivers often collect a herd of *five or six hundred* deer, which, upon reaching the glen, often broke into parcels, and turned back upon the drivers, so as to afford splendid and animated sport. When this took place the firing became general, and the dogs were then turned loose, for the purpose of bringing some of the heavier deer to bay.

"Crack, crack! go the rifles,—for either shot
A noble hart, bleeding, sinks on the spot;
The third ball has miss'd,—but the hindmost stag
Was struck by the fourth as he topp'd the crag.

"Uncouple the lurchers!"—right onward they fly,
With outstretching limb, and with fire-flashing eye:
On the track of his blood they are winging their way;
They gain on his traces,—he stands at bay!

"Magnificent creature! to reach thee I strain
Through forest and glen,—over mountain and plain;
Yet, now thou art fallen, thy fate I deplore,
And lament that the reign of thy greatness is o'er."*

The incidents of this deer drive were numerous and exciting, but our limits will not permit us to detail them as they deserve. Beset on all sides, the herd darts in gallant array across the meadow,—rushes through the rocky channel of the Tilt, and, "reeking and steaming," scamper right up the face of the great mountain, pursued by ruthless riflemen, exhausted drivers, and half-blown dogs. The skirmish now begins. "The herd collect into a dense mass, each deer wedging himself into it as he finds he is the particular object of attack. Not a single hart fell out; and the hounds at length returned with slinking countenances and drooping sterner, and, lolling out their tongues, they lie panting on the green sward. In this encounter the Duke of Atholl killed *three* first-rate harts, and Lightfoot (Mr. Edwin Landseer) slew *two*, and other rifles did proportional execution. A French count distinguished himself pre-eminently on this occasion by an achievement which is too ludicrous to be omitted. His voluble tongue, and his perennial music, disturbed too frequently the silence which the deer chase so imperiously demands. After missing many fair shots, he directed his rifle "right towards the middle of a dense herd of deer."

"Every thing was propitious—circumstance, situation, and effect; for he was descending the mountain in full view of our whole assemblage of sportsmen. A fine stag in the midst of the herd fell to the crack of his rifle. 'Hallo, hallo!'—forward ran the count, and sat upon the prostrate deer triumphing. 'Hé bien, mon ami, vous êtes mort, donc! Moi, je fais toujours des coups sûrs. Ah! pauvre enfant!' He then patted the sides of the animal

in pure wantonness, and looked east, west, north, and south for applause, the happiest of the happy; finally, he extracted a mosaic snuff-box from his pocket, and with an air which nature has denied to all save the French nation, he held a pinch to the deer's nose,—'*Prends, mon ami, prends donc!*' This operation had scarcely been performed, when the hart, who had only been stunned, or perhaps shot through the loins, sprang up suddenly—overturned the count—ran fairly away, and was never seen again. '*Arrête toi, traite! arrête, mon enfant. Ah, c'est un enfant perdu! Allez donc à tous les diables.*'"—Pp. 228-229.

Among the other events of this day's sport was the chase and capture of the Gown-cromb of Badenoch, a noted blacksmith and poacher, whose fowling-piece had disturbed a large parcel of deer which ought to have joined the general herd. When brought before the duke, his grace asked him whether he would go to Perth jail for three months, or stand a shot from his rifle at a hundred paces. The blacksmith chose the alternative of the bullet; and the ground being measured, and the poacher placed in position, the duke called for his best rifle, and having taken a long and steady aim, the life of the poacher was prolonged, and the breathless suspense of the hillmen intermitted by the explosion of the copper cap! The duke called for another rifle, better primed—the blacksmith "neither flinched nor stirred," but the rifle again uttered its shrill note of mercy. The courage of the poacher was rewarded with his fill of whiskey; and though he promised never to revisit the braes of Atholl, yet he confessed to the duke that he "couldna aye be without venison," and that he would find "mony a stoot hart in Glenfiddich, and mony a yell hind in the pine-woods of Braemar."

After the fatigues of the chase, Mr. Scrope proceeds in his eighth chapter to recount some of those interesting adventures of poachers and free-booters, which tradition never fails to preserve in the land of rocks and mountains. These stories possess various kinds of interest; but two of them which narrate very recent events, are especially deserving of notice. The first recounts a desperate struggle between a deer and a poacher, who very lately plied his vocation in Glen Tilt:—

"He set off in the evening," says Mr. Scrope, "that he might be on a deer cast in the gray of the morning. Whilst it was dark, he descried the horns of a deer in a hollow very near him; he had small shot only in his gun, and was in such a position that he could not change the charge without danger of disturbing the stag. He crept, however, so close to him, that when he sprung on his legs he fell to the shot. Not a little surprised, the poacher threw down his gun, dashed forward, and seized his victim by the hind leg; but it was no easy matter to hold him. In the struggle the man kept his gripe firmly, whilst the deer dragged him at a tearing pace amongst the large stones and birch hags, till he was all over bruises, his legs severely lacerated, and his clothes torn to shreds. His bonnet and plaid had entirely disappeared.

"He now contrived to get hold of his knife, but it dropped in the struggle; and as the deer still sustained its vigour, he had much ado to keep hold of the limb, even with both his hands. The darkness became deeper as the animal tore and strained forward through the skirts of birch-wood, and both repeatedly fell together.

* Breaking forth again into the open moor, he found

* From the Hen. T. H. Liddel's beautiful poem entitled "Deer-Stalking Rhymes," printed in Mr. Scrope's volume, p. 204.

his weight was beginning to tell on the energy of the stag, so that he had power to swing him from side to side, till at length, just as they were re-entering the wood, this determined bull-dog or a fellow fairly laid him on his broadside, and with such force that the crush seemed to stun him.

"Stripped almost naked as the man was, his shirt and kilt torn to tatters, and his hose and brogues nearly gone, he still contrived, by means of his garters and shirt belt, to secure the deer by binding his hind leg to a birch tree. Having accomplished this with great difficulty, he returned for his gun, and thus at length secured his victim."—Pp. 260-261.

After giving an account of the celebrated Gaelic poet and deer-stalker, Rob Doun, which he has quoted from this Journal for July 1831, and to which we refer our readers, Mr. Scrope gives an account of another day's sport, in which his party were summoned to deal with three fine harts feeding on the swell of Ben Daig. Tortoise and Lightfoot had, with great difficulty, got within sight of their game, and were about to occupy a little knoll covered with tufts of heather, when a chuckling moorcock sprung up from the heath, and caused the deer to break over the hill when the sportsmen had almost placed their fingers upon the trigger. This disappointment was, however, amply compensated by the brilliant success which attended the remaining operations of the day.

In the very interesting narrative of this day's sport, Mr. Scrope introduces the following remarkable account of an incident which happened in 1837, to the forester of Cluny.

"In passing through the forest of Stramashie, near Loch Laggan, he descried the horns of a stag above the heather at some distance; and taking advantage of the cover of a gray stone on the lee side of the animal's lair, crept cautiously up to him while he was apparently asleep. He had no rifle, but opened his deer knife, which he placed between his teeth that his hands might be freed, and then threw himself suddenly upon the stag. Up started the astonished beast, and sprang forward with Donald on his back, who grasped him with might and main by the horns, to keep his seat in a sportsman-like manner: no easy matter, I trow; for the animal made right down the rugged side of a hill with headlong speed, to a stream in the glen below, and dashed through it, still bearing his anxious rider with the knife in his hand, which he had neither time nor ability to use. When, however, this gallant pair reached the opposite side of the glen, and the deer began to breast the hill and relax his speed, Donald was enabled so far to collect his bewildered senses as to get hold of his knife; and he absolutely contrived to plunge it into his throat. The deer fell forward in the death struggle, and Donald made a somerset of course."—Pp. 281-282.

A struggle of a different kind took place between a celebrated deer-stalker, who, while hunting in the island of Jura with his deer-hounds, came suddenly upon three magnificent stags. He had no rifle; but after a long pursuit he came up with one of the deer standing at bay in some long heather, and quite exhausted. The dog lay within a few yards of him apparently done up.

"As soon, however, as his master shouted his name, the gallant brute sprang at the stag's throat, and a desperate battle ensued, in which the dog was tossed three times in the air, before his owner could get quite up; and was thus severely wounded. When the sportsman,

who had only a little herd-boy with him, reached the arena, the stag, without attempting to make off, thrust at them right and left, wheeling round and round to defeat every attempt to grapple with him; the boy had his leg severely lacerated, when the deer-stalker, who is a most muscular and powerful man, dashed in and seized the animal by the horns. The contest was desperate and doubtful; at length they both came to the ground, when the hunting-knife finished the contest."—P. 282-283.

The same sportsman, when shooting sea-fowl among the rocks of Colonsay, wounded a large seal basking on the shore. The seal, however, was scuffling over the rocks on his way to the sea—

"When our enthusiastic sportsman sprang from the boat, and grappling with the slippery brute just as he had reached the water, plunged headlong with him into the sea, where a singular conflict ensued, sometimes under water and sometimes in view, before the people, in the boat could manage to get hold of either of the combatants. At length, however, they succeeded in dragging both the young laird and his fat friend into the boat, to the great merriment and relief of his companions."—P. 284.

Mr. Scrope devotes his tenth chapter to the subject of the original Scottish greyhound, and treats with his usual skill the useful topics of leading and starting the deer-hounds, and the equally useful one of feeding and bleeding them. In his eleventh chapter he gives an interesting account of his last and best day's sport in the forest of Atholl, when the duke gave him the sole occupation of the forest, and commissioned him to kill as many harts as possible. We can only state that the toils of the day were rewarded by eight fine harts. This chapter terminates by the Hon. Mr. Liddel's poem, entitled "The Moors," which embodies the brightest lights and the deepest shadows of the deer-chase.

In the twelfth, and concluding chapter of the work, Mr. Macneill of Colonsay gives a learned history of the Highland deer-hound, and a pleasing account of a day's deer-coursing in the island of Jura, which every reader will peruse with interest.

Brief and imperfect as the preceding abstract is, we think that it will fully justify the high praise we have bestowed on this work, and induce our readers to sit down to the luxurious repast from which we have risen. We must confess, however, that in closing it, the triumphs of the chase have not left on our minds impressions wholly unalloyed; and we feel ourselves in the same "cheerless glen" from which Mr. Scrope acknowledges that he looks upon "those distant and sunny scenes of his life." It cannot be that we wish to rejoice again over the bleeding hart; to witness, in their last convulsions, the glazed eye and the palsied limb of the tender hind; or to see the ferocious bloodhound tearing and disfiguring the noblest forms of life and beauty. Every season of our pilgrimage has its appropriate enjoyments; and the occupations of our spring would form an unsuitable employment for the winter of our age. The pleasures, too, which wealth commands, and the active occupations which a vigorous constitution may have enabled us to pursue, are the least agreeable and the first faded of all our recollections. They have performed their part in accelerating the stream of time, as it passed lazily through the hour-glass of life; and having done this for ourselves alone, they were hallowed by no associations

of duty or of mercy. It is otherwise, however, with those sports in which pain is inflicted, or life destroyed. The cries of animal suffering, and the red current in which life ebbs to its close, will ring in the ear, or appeal to the eye, when the pleasures, which they yielded have been forgotten. They are, therefore, recollections of pain, which we try to stifle as we descend into the vale of years. Mercy, indeed, is the especial attribute of age. It steals upon us unperceived, and the more attenuated our own thread of life, the more do we sympathise with whatever lives and breathes. In the world of instinct, on the contrary, the impulses of nature, though weakened, are never subdued by age. The decrepid stag-hound would doubtless start from its death-lair to assail the stateliest hart; but we doubt if the most daring poacher would, in similar circumstances, recollect with satisfaction his boldest and bloodiest achievements.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HYMNS OF A HERMIT.

HYMN XVIII.

Can man, O God! the tale of man repeat,
Nor feel his bosom heave with livelier bound?
Through all we are the swelling pulse must beat
At thought of all we are, of all things round:
Our inmost selves the straining vision meet,
And memory wakes from slumber's cave profound:
And, like a rock upon a sunny plain,
The past amid thy light is seen again.

Ah! little sphere of rosy childhood's hour,
Itself so weak, and yet foreshowing all!
Unopen'd world of self-evolving power,
That now but hears the instant's tiny call!
Within its dew-dro life, its folded flower,
Distress and strife the thoughtless heart enthrall;
And stirrings big with man's unmeasured hope
Have scarcely strength against one pang to cope.

Bewildering, cloudy dawn! then pass from view
The first faint lines of mortal being's course;
Then wakes the will, and fiercely grasps a clue,
And wond'ring feels it snapp'd by headlong force,
And sad and weeping grows a child anew,
'Till joy comes back from life's unfailing source—
New aims, new thoughts, new passions take their turn,
And still the extinguished flame again will burn.

What gropings blind to leave the common way!
What yearnings vain that find no end reveal'd!
What hopeless war, and feeling's idle play!
What wounds that pierce through pride's phantasmal
play!—
A thousand objects woo'd and thrown away!
And idols dear that no response will yield!
And so within one bosom's living cell
A fiendish foe and helpless victim dwell.

Oh, gorgeous dreams, and wing-borne flight of youth!
That thinks by scorning earth to win the skies;
Forebodings dim of visionary truth,
That like a beast pursued before us flies;
Insane delight in monstrous forms uncouth,

That thence perchance some prophet-ghost may rise;
Blind love of light, and craving hate of rest!—
How far our strangest world is in the breast!

Abounding pictures, bright with morn and joy,
Of all the endless beings round us known,
Bewilder, vex, intoxicate, and cloy,—
A land of bliss how near, yet not our own!
All things so fair each sense they needs employ,
Yet 'mid them all the spirit wastes alone;
So many, lovely, large, and sweet they seem,
As if to prove the whole is only dream.

Fair vision all! and, 'mid the train of things,
How strong the sway the fairest shapes have won!
From them distraction, folly, rapture, springs,
And life's true rapture seems but now begun.
For mad we seek the joy that passion brings
To hearts by inmost treacheries all undone,
Though love's concealing veil is dark and stern,
Nor e'er did eyes profane its mystery learn.

So forward roll the years with woe and bliss,
'Mid act, and deed, and thought, and lone despair;
And, 'twixt the arduous That and easy This,
We feign the trial more than man can bear.
Still Conscience stabs and bleeds; Temptation's kiss
Still suck our purest life, and taints the air;
His feet with blood, his own and others' red,
Ambition climbs the unstable mountain-head.

But sick'ning hours, and weariness of breath,
And eyes that cannot brook to see the day,
And dreams that shuddering hail the name of death,
And fancies thin wuhued by dull decay,—
All these, O God! thy servant Conscience seith,
Are surely sent by Thee—thy word obey;
The world of man so bright, and soul so strong,
To man are shown defaced by human wrong.

And thus, by inward act and outward led,
We know the things we are if loosed from thee;
How blind as rocks, and weak as branches dead,
And vain and fierce, to show us nobly free,
To leave thy paths in desert wilds we fled,
And hoped no longer thine—our own to be;
So sinking down from fancied all to nought,
One grain of dust was left by misery taught.

That speck, O Father! still to thee was dear—
A living relic capable of good;
And bruised and crushed by woe, and shame, and fear,
Arose again from earth, and upright stood.
Thy Spirit still was there, not now severe,
And fed the yearning heart with loving food,
Till brave and clear, discerning all the past,
It knew that peace and hope were gain'd at last.

Now all confusion spent, and battles o'er,
Are seen as leading on to endless rest,
The world obscure and distant now no more,
With sights of truthful gladness fills the breast,
And love, so false and foul a name before,
With countless joys the wounded heart has blest:
And thus, O God! thy child serene and bold,
Goes forth to toils heroic manifold!

From the Dublin Review.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT IN IRELAND.

1. *First Annual Report of the Irish Temperance Union, on the principle of Total Abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, for the year ending 25th February, 1840.* Dublin: 1840.
2. *Professor Edgar's Digest of the Evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons, on the extent, causes, and consequences of drunkenness.* Dublin: 1840.
3. *Speech of John Mackay, Esq. on Temperance, delivered on the 29th December, 1837, at the Rotunda.* Dublin: 1840.
4. *Dublin Weekly Herald; Temperance, Agricultural, and Commercial Journal.*
5. *The Dublin Morning Register.*

It is now full six centuries and a half since, in the phrase of the old chronicles, "Ireland was conquered by the English." Many historians have repeated this assertion, and if we are to receive it as the record of an established fact, the English have at this hour much cause to blush for the very slender benefits they have conferred upon that country, and the imperfections of the power they have as yet derived from it in aid of the resources and stability of their own empire.

Looking to the progress which the other sections of the kingdom have made, even within the last century, in all the arts of war and peace, the traveller in Ireland feels certainly astonished at the backwardness of that country in the development of the superabundant means which its position and territory present for the production of national opulence. Stretching out, as it does, a promontory beyond all other European lands, into the Atlantic; indented on every side by natural harbours of the most convenient description, many of them leading by estuaries, navigable rivers, canals, and spacious lakes, into the interior parts of the island; exhibiting in every direction, by reason of the mountainous chains that girdle the coast, thousands of torrents that might easily be converted to mechanical purposes; possessing vast quarries of limestone, and marbles of the most varied and beautiful hues, mines of gold, silver, lead, copper, and iron; vast plains and valleys of the most fertile character; a climate which, although humid, is mild, and remarkably salubrious;—it ought, at this period of our history, to have stood forth as the habitation of a highly organised and affluent community, and the grand emporium of the two hemispheres.

What is the reason that the expectations of a foreign traveller, who proceeds from England to Ireland, are so deeply disappointed in every respect, when he compares the one kingdom with the other? There, upon a territory not half so richly endowed by nature, he finds industry of every kind carried to the utmost perfection; everywhere signs of unlimited wealth; a society in the full enjoyment of every comfort and luxury that man can desire. But before he sojourns many days in this the sister-realm, his mind becomes oppressed by the tokens of an inferior state of existence which he sees perpetually around him—towns filled with a squalid population—cabins

MUSEUM.—MAY & JUNE, 1840.

occupied by wretched families—multitudes of children absolutely naked, or scarcely covered by shreds of the coarsest materials: immense tracts of marshy land, that might easily be drained and cultivated—innumerable acres of more elevated soil, wholly unproductive; which the application of a comparatively small capital might clothe in the richest harvests—noble rivers rushing from heights, and expending what might well be called mechanical energies in empty sound—canals—lakes—many magnificent harbours, with scarcely a single sail to enliven them!

It is not, of course, intended to be said that Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Waterford, Limerick, are wholly destitute of trade, or that the interior of Ireland is all one mass of barrenness, idleness, and misery. Far from it. But the comparison which a visitor to Ireland, after travelling through England, feels himself obliged to make at every step, is undoubtedly calculated to cast a cloud upon his mind, which all the natural beauties of her scenery cannot remove; for he cannot but perceive, if he be a man of observation and discernment, that the ordinary care of a parental government, and the provisions of a wise and beneficent system of legislation, might long since, without any difficulty, have placed Ireland upon a level with Great Britain in all things that contribute to the power and splendour of a great nation.

Marvellous, undoubtedly, it is, that while the English people are constantly engaged searching for new continents, distant thousands of miles from their own shore, with a view to the extension of their wealth and power, they pass by the measureless capabilities of Ireland with such profound indifference. Twenty millions sterling are showered upon the West Indies, in order to effect a purpose undoubtedly useful in itself. In the East Indies they spare neither blood nor treasure, when an opportunity occurs for widening the precincts of their dominions. On one side, they, from impregnable fortresses, look down upon Persia; on another, they climb the Himalas, and touch the confines of Russia. On another, they menace the power of China, and challenge her hundreds of millions to battle, in order to protect their commerce. Commission upon commission is appointed to people and govern the Canadas, the Australias, the Zealands; and expeditions are prepared at the public expense, with the view to enter the rivers of Africa, and civilise the natives of that country. And while all this centrifugal energy is exerted in favor of remote dependencies, and of communities connected with them by no particular ties, they absolutely overlook eight millions of men, occupying an integral portion of their home possessions—possessions which, properly administered and fostered, would much more than compensate them for their lost America!

Let men sophisticate the history of English rule in Ireland as they may, it is impossible for any impartial mind not to see, that many of the evils inflicted upon this country have sprung from the jealousies which in most cases render conterminous nations inexorable enemies. When the English first obtained a footing in this country, they did every thing they could to prevent a native government from being formed or matured here. They studiously abstained from planting in it the Saxon tithings, or hundreds, or, indeed, any of the popular institutions previously founded in England, by which the elements of

society were organised and prepared for the great superstructure of self-government. They brought with them into Ireland only their naked swords, resolved, if they could not subjugate, to exterminate the native races. A vain attempt! The utmost they could do was to drive before them into the mountains of the western district masses of the Irish people, and to erect land-marks, beyond which it was made criminal to pass. But the moment they retired from the territory, which they merely overran, the native multitudes again rushed out from their fastnesses, and reoccupied the forbidden land, and the work of "conquest" was all to be again performed, as if no invasion had ever before taken place. No olive branch was ever held out by the "conquerors,"—as the armed bands of the Henrys, the Elizabeths, the Cromwells, the Williams styled themselves.—No sincere truces were offered, no kindly admonitions tendered; no manifestation was made of any thing like a genuine, regal, parental desire to civilise and cherish a people who might have been easily induced, by kind and honorable treatment, to become the faithful subjects of a protecting power. No. The sword, the torch, the cannon, the anathema, treaties made only to be broken—these were the means of government presented by aliens to men treading their own land, and determined never to surrender it.

Confiscation upon confiscation followed. Strangers were created lords of the soil; and, as if these acts of the grossest impolicy had not been sufficient to plant in the breasts of the Irish people the most violent prejudices against English domination, fresh persecutions were resorted to, with a view to force upon them a system of religion altogether different from that which had been handed down to them from their fathers, and had become identified with their homes, their altars, and their graves.

Had the liturgies of Henry, Elizabeth, or Edward, been even less imperfect than they were, they never could have obtained the suffrages of a people to whom they were held out for acceptance, accompanied by laws which already had condemned their clergy to death or exile, themselves to loss of property, their choicest temples to destruction, and their most beloved religious institutions to promiscuous plunder. Could any sane man have seriously supposed that a mode such as this for the propagation of a religion called "Christian," a mode so utterly the reverse of that practised and recommended by the MESSIAH—was likely to be successful? Impossible.

Nevertheless, the blind frenzy of "conquest"—the still more blind spirit of fanaticism—were deaf to the dictates of justice, reason, or mercy. The churches and the abbeyes, in those days the great seminaries of education, being overthrown, the Irish were prohibited by severe penalties from teaching themselves. No mode of education was allowed them unless they deserted their religion. And yet even now we hear English declaimers, who aspire to the title of "statesmen," calling upon their auditors to believe, that a community thus robbed of their property—thus interrupted in the practices of their religion—thus deprived of their schools—are willingly a pauper people, are naturally a demoralized race, and indomitably ignorant, barbarous, and prone to crime of every description! Had those accusations been just, to whom would the causes of such a state

of things been attributable? Assuredly to the English "conquerors."

In treating of this subject, we should wish it to be understood that we do not at all mean to include under the title of "conquerors," a majority, or indeed anything like a majority, of the English people. We entertain too high an opinion of that people, generally speaking—of their good sense, their love of liberty, their spirit of justice, and their attachment to religion—to suppose, that if they had been correctly informed as to the condition of Ireland, and if they had been consulted as to the mode in which it should be governed, they would at any period of their history have countenanced the systems of oppression established, or attempted to be enforced, by various administrations in this country. The political and religious animosity to which those systems owed their birth, prevailed principally amongst families in the higher orders of society, who held large estates in Ireland under titles which they derived from confiscation. With these families were connected many military adventurers, and followers of various kinds, who settled in the northern parts of Ireland, the whole of whose descendants might have been classed at a later day under the denomination of "Orangemen." Faction thus took the place which ought to have been occupied by generous protection. Religion became only a pretext for persecution. Novel, or questionable, titles to property were real perpetual sources of apprehension, which banded together a small minority of rich men, civil, military, and ecclesiastic, against immense numbers, whom it was their policy to treat as outlaws. But although this minority was long sustained by the British legislature and executive, we are of opinion that it would be a historical injustice to the British people to assert, that they participated in the long series of measures adopted by those authorities to the prejudice of Ireland—measures wholly indefensible upon any of those principles of equity or policy by which nations ought to be ruled.

It is true that some portions of the English constitution have been long since introduced into Ireland. Tribunals of "justice," (so called,) circuits, two houses of parliament, municipal corporations, public schools, and an university, were founded here after the English fashion. To these was added a dim reflection of the throne and its pageantry. But it need scarcely be remarked, that all these things were done solely in the interest of the "minority;" to protect the alien lord in his possessions, and to sustain a religion, which even to this hour, is but a withering exotic in Ireland.

To the great mass of the nation never were made known the more ancient institutions of England, so well calculated to beget self-respect, and that early love of liberty which teaches men how to govern themselves, and to defend their rights and privileges against every form of usurpation. To the Irish people the great charter was long a dead letter—the writ of habeas corpus in practice useless—the elective franchise unknown until a very late period—municipal corporations, in their legitimate shape, denied even to the hour in which we write. All the legislators who have yet essayed their skill in providing regulations for the government of this country, even those of the least unfriendly complexion, have, in consequence, been consciously or unconsciously imi-

tating the sapient architect, who commenced his edifice with the attic story, not troubling himself about the foundation, until he discovered that he could not find or make a sound one.

Therefore it is, at this day, when we ought (if just and wise laws had been in due time enacted for the government of Ireland) to behold here a well organised and prosperous community, we have in fact, only a mere conflux of families, who have been for some years kept in subjection by the bayonet of the soldier, or the *sabre* of the policeman; for in Ireland it is not the staff of the English constable that is used by the police, but the *sabre* of the French *gens-d'armes*. In fact, although the police in Ireland generally perform their duties in a manner as mild and as inoffensive as possible, they are nothing more or less than soldiers in disguise.

We have no difficulty in affirming, that if Ireland had been left during the last six centuries solely to the energies of her own children, her situation at this day would have wonderfully differed from what it is. If we desire to form a probable conjecture upon this subject, we have abundant data upon which such a conjecture may be fairly erected. Without plunging into the obscurity of documentary records, or examining the claims set up by zealous patriots in favour of Ireland to supereminence above all other nations, in every department of theology, literature, the arts and sciences, at a period generally styled the "dark ages,"—we cannot, at all events, fail to see, in the ruins of temples, palaces, monasteries, and colleges, which abound especially in the southern and western provinces of this country, and most of which were built in those ages, unquestionable proofs of a highly civilised, generous, and affluent people. Here is evidence, which speaks for itself, which cannot be contradicted or passed over in an argument of this nature.

In the absence of historical testimony of a more positive character, we conclude, and conclude rightly, from the splendid specimens of architecture, sculpture, and painting, which have been discovered in Egypt, especially of late years, that thousands of years ago—one is afraid to say how many—there must have existed in that country successive generations of men, marvellously enterprising and successful in war and commerce, and most admirably skilled in almost every art of peace with which we are now conversant. The same course of reasoning is applied with equal force to India, Greece, and Italy. Why should it not also be rendered applicable to Ireland?

Without going further, look at the many beautiful ruins, six or seven in number, all within vision at the same moment, upon the estates of Lord Dunraven, near Limerick: visit Quin Abbey, near Ennis, still nearly perfect: the ivy-clad structure raised to the honour of the cross, near Thurles: above all, to the majestic piles which crown the Rock of Cashel, and display the great progress made in ecclesiastical architecture from the times of paganism down to those when Irish genius was compelled to fly the shock of arms introduced by the invaders from England. Inspect, even cursorily, these monuments of national sanctity and taste, and say if they are the work of an ignorant and pauperised nation?

Consider also the native music of Ireland, which still lives, and ever must live, even though Moore had not identified it with his own immortality. The

faculty of producing combinations of tones which shall always touch the sense and make prisoner the heart—which shall not lose their charm by repetition—which awaken in the soul sentiments of joy, or of melancholy still more delicious than joy, and banish from it at the moment all other ideas—the power, the genius, or whatever ethereal impulse it is which creates sounds capable of working all this witchery, has been, we believe, rarely found, or prized, amongst a sanguinary, ungifted, degraded people.

The recollections of home and kindred, and of boyhood days and years—of scenes haunted when under the influence of cheerfulness and happiness without a cloud—will undoubtedly endear to individuals and races any sort of modulation, however wild or unmusical, which they had been accustomed long to hear. Airs, however, very agreeable to savage tribes, do not often please the more civilised. They are not frequently translatable into ideas of an amiable character. They tell of war, and of the cries of captives, the fury of anger, and the revelry of revenge.

But where is the country, not wholly barbarous, in which the melodies of Ireland have not been favourably received? The love with which they are universally cherished, speaks volumes for the natural genius of the people from whom those divine effusions have emanated, and attests a state of society amongst them conversant with every graceful form of imagery and thought; with innocence that suspects no vice, compassion that knows no selfishness, and resignation that never verges on despair. These are not the characteristics of an irreligious, uneducated, ill-disposed community.

Pass from the epoch of the Irish harp, cathedrals, and monasteries—or, in other words, from the days when learning, music, poetry, religion, domestic happiness, cheerful industry, refined taste, and general prosperity, reigned in this country, to the period when the British laws against the property, the education, and the religion of the natives were enforced with the most relentless cruelty; and what do we behold? A nation driven indeed into the wild recesses of their mountains, and deprived of every means of intellectual cultivation;—but within those very fastnesses their numbers began to swell in a ratio which has ever since gone on increasing, in despite of oppression, periodical famine, pestilence, and misery of every denomination.

Is it then to be wondered at, that on their return to the valleys and the plains, from which it became impracticable from their numbers again to expel them, they no longer appeared to be the same people that built the edifices of which we have spoken? An English peer, the great champion of the "minority," the would-be "conquerors" of Ireland, not long since described that great population as "aliens from England in blood, in language, and religion." Suppose this description to be just, what a satire did he pronounce at the same time upon the whole previous course of English legislation in Ireland! What! six hundred years of asserted supremacy on the part of England over a country within six hours sail from her coast, and the great mass of the inhabitants of that country still as much "alien" from her in "blood," in "language," and "religion," as they were when first she drew her sword against them!

Oh! impotent "conquerors!" Here is a confession of paralysis at the core, for which, who can find a remedy?

The Irish, it is said, in sermon and debate, are "ignorant." If so, who was it that first shut up their schools, and forbade them, under severe penalties, from acquiring even the rudiments of knowledge? The progenitors of the faction that now utters this accusation. In Ireland we are every hour told, human life is estimated at no value, and that here wretches may be found who for a few pieces of silver undertake to murder any individual pointed out to them by their employer. Such things, no doubt, have occurred. But who were they that by law enacted that the murder of a "mere Irishman" was not a capital offence—on the contrary, that it was a deed worthy of reward?—The same English faction that now denounces the crime their misrule encouraged. Above all, how often have we heard, during these last thirty or forty years, of the inveterate, incurable propensity of the Irish to habits of intoxication? Be it conceded that they have been long the slaves of that dreadful vice, the parent of all other evils: that the facility which has been afforded them by the cheapness of a beverage ardent to an excessive degree, and calculated from its influence upon the nervous system more than any other liquor to "madden to crime," has frequently produced in this country consequences of a most frightful character. But at the same time let us be just. Let us inquire what sort of policy that was which afforded every possible encouragement to the production of that liquor in Ireland, bringing it home to every man's door, tendering it to him, in exchange for the hire he received for his day's work, as much of the poison as would prepare him and the whole of his family for any deed to which the "fiend" might tempt them in moments of resentment? The government that derives revenue from the distillation of whiskey, and in order to increase that revenue by a larger consumption, lowers the duty upon its production, unquestionably contracts a most awful responsibility. Nevertheless, this responsibility is and has been fearlessly contracted by the same power, which executes the criminal whom its fiscal laws have created.

Let us go a little further. Can it be doubted that much of the habit of intemperance, which, until lately at least, pervaded the lower classes of society in Ireland, descended to them from the ranks of what is called the "gentry,"—a ruined race, composed partly of English blood, partly of men of the "pale," that is of Irish who deserted the cause of their country and their religion, in order to retain or recover property of which the confiscatory and penal laws would have otherwise deprived them?

The pictures given of the manners of these "gentry," during a considerable portion of the last century, and, indeed, down to a still more recent period, by writers whose testimony cannot be impeached, are anything but creditable to the "order." The whole object which "lords," and "esquires" of those days appear to have had in view, was to lead a life of what they called "amusement," for which, hunting and shooting parties merely formed pretexts. The *summum bonum*, was the enjoyment after the day's sport—the lavish banquet—the claret and champagne—and at night the supper of highly-seasoned meats, to act as stimulants for the whiskey punch that was

to be drunk till the morning broke in upon them. The triumph of those times of which "gentlemen" were most accustomed to boast, was the number of their boon companions whom they were enabled to out-drink, or, in their own phrase, to see "under the table."

Sir Jonah Barrington has been accused, by those who were but little acquainted with Ireland at the period to which we allude, of over-charging his sketches of the modes of life that prevailed amongst his contemporaries. We will not undertake to defend him at every point from this accusation. It is possible that his own convivial and joyous temper led him now and then into exaggerations, which, it must be confessed, are irresistibly amusing. Nevertheless, after making all just allowance for his colouring, enough remains to show that the chief characteristic of the upper classes in his time were, "improvidence," "extravagance," horse-racing, hunting, duelling, drinking, and swearing. Those "gentlemen" scarcely uttered a sentence without blasphemy, and went out to shoot each other with as little remorse as they would feel in aiming at a woodcock. The duellist who had taken down his man was a "hero," whose fame excited envy. If he exceeded that number, and murdered his half dozen, his name in the Irish temple of renown was immortal.

The proof that those habits of wild and wasteful expenditure, which Sir J. Barrington so humorously describes, did exist to a very great extent, may be found in the fact—notorious as the noon-day—that there are at this moment very few estates in Ireland free from incumbrances—incumbrances, the result of those habits—and, in many cases of such an amount as to place the whole income in the hands of mortgagees. Hence have arisen those enormously high rents which the tillers of the soil are compelled to pay for their holdings in that country. The truth is, that the nominal proprietor of the fee, generally speaking, would have no means of existence, unless he could force his tenants to pay him a tribute much above the fair value of the land; and as the poorer inhabitants are all agriculturists of necessity, competition never fails to procure him promises, at least, of a clear income—promises often impossible to be realised.

Let us sum up, then, the remarks we have just made. The mass of the Irish people had been long reduced to the lowest depths of misery by being treated as outlaws. They were deprived of their religious and secular teachers—their ecclesiastical edifices were unroofed, and in many places levelled to the ground. Thus demoralised, they rushed back again upon the lands from which they had been driven; and, when permitted in the capacity of serfs (for they were no better) to hold at will or otherwise, small portions of land, they came in contact with an order of "gentry," whose only pride it was to rival each other in extravagance, idleness, gluttony, intoxication, murder, blasphemy, and vice of every description.

Is it surprising, then, if the manners of the upper classes were by degrees adopted amongst the masses whom they held in vilenage? Can we feel astonished that, when duels were fought, as they frequently were, by "gentlemen," in the presence of thousands of the people, the spectators went away,

prepared for any evil deed which might be suggested by personal resentment, or proposed for a mercenary reward? Need we go further, in order to learn how it happened that whiskey drinking became so general, that when the lower classes could not procure it at prices within their reach, they manufactured it for themselves? And when the chancellor of the exchequer, in order to suppress private distillation, reduced the duty on spirits to such an amount as would enable any peasant in the land to get drunk for his day's wages, is it not unjust, to say the least of it, to impute the moral degradation of the Irish people to innate propensities incapable of amendment?

Let us observe, in passing, with what unerring certainty vicious example, sooner or later, recoils upon its authors. The criminal habits which descended from the higher to the lower orders, in due season produced their fruits. Some of the "gentry" have been assassinated by "mistake." Some have fallen the victims of malignity, maddened to frenzy by intoxication. Many have been threatened with similar penalties; and such has been the state of terror in which great numbers of landlords have been kept by obscure or open menaces of massacre, that those who could not conveniently take refuge elsewhere, have been obliged to convert their dwellings into fortresses—to live within gates closely guarded—to sleep with arms under their pillows—to feel, at every breath they drew, that they were strangers in the country, blockaded on every side by a host of enemies, latent or declared. These are facts; we do not mark them for any other purpose, than to show the natural process of evil example.

Take, therefore, the whole history of English connection with Ireland, and see how it has operated. Invasion succeeded invasion; confiscations, the most lawless that have ever been attempted in any country, followed each other rapidly. Then came the efforts to force upon the people a new form of religion, sustained by penal statutes of the most iniquitous character. Civil wars were the inevitable result, and new confiscations, and the effusion of blood in the field and upon the scaffold. All the devices which human ingenuity could discover having been exhausted, at length the reaction commenced, and one of its first and most decided symptoms was the celebrated Clare election. It was the result of that election which sent Mr. O'Connell to the house of commons before the law allowed him to sit there, which inspired the Irish people with some idea of their gigantic strength, and warned the Duke of Wellington that if he did not in time take measures of precaution, the empire would have been speedily convulsed to its centre.

"*Bellum ostendit—pacem habebitis*;" here is the great maxim upon which O'Connell has grounded that system of agitation, which he has since brought to so much perfection by his eminent skill in law; his fearlessness in treading upon the verge of insurrection, but never passing beyond it; his masterly power in keeping the flame of patriotism always burning, but never flaming into conflagration; his cool discretion, even in the midst of clamor, and under loads of insult, that would have broken down any other man, by which he has kept himself and his followers uniformly in the right, and prepared at every step he took to bid defiance to his enemies.

His idea of war was not, indeed, that of armed

contention. Feeling that he had the multitude with him, all that he had to do was to display their numbers, to teach them their rights, to collect their sentiments, and to show how impracticable against a whole nation would be the application of artillery. In this noble work he was assisted by the Catholic clergy—a clergy endeared by persecution to the people, and venerated for their virtues. The power of that order was manifested in all its strength at the election for Clare, for it was on that occasion that they issued an absolute mandate to the people to abstain from whiskey, at least while engaged in that great achievement;—and the mandate was obeyed! Though thousands of electors and non-electors were assembled on that occasion, not one intoxicated man was anywhere to be seen—a moral spectacle, which predicted the most extraordinary revolution that has ever yet been witnessed in any nation.

None but those who have been much in Ireland, can appreciate the zeal with which the Catholic clergy perform all their duties in this country. They have always seen that the true parent of every crime in the Irish mind has been the inordinate use of whiskey; and they have, in consequence, seldom left their altars on Sundays without appealing to their flocks, sometimes in the most moving accents of charity—sometimes in the most vehement and eloquent denunciations against the practitioners of that most degrading vice. For years have they laboured with particular energy in this department of their sacred office. The want of success never deterred them from their career. The hearts of the great mass of the Irish people, however open to all generous impulses, seemed completely impenetrable on this subject. The use of whiskey had become so universal, and so inveterately engrafted on all the modes of their existence, that the legislature found it necessary to interfere four or five years ago, and passed an act empowering the police in Ireland to apprehend any drunken persons whom they found in the streets, to take them before the magistrates, and have them fined in a small penalty. This act was undoubtedly attended with very beneficial consequences. It tended, at all events, to confine drunkards within their own houses, and to lessen very considerably the number of those riotous assemblies, which were the never-failing concomitants of races and fairs, especially in the southern and western districts.

Nor were the examples, the tracts, and the missions of the Temperance societies, established during the last eight or ten years in America and England, without their effect in Ireland. Such of the tracts as we have seen are exceedingly well executed. Many of them contain extracts from the evidences given before the select committee of the house of commons on drunkenness, in 1834—a committee obtained at the instance of Mr. Buckingham; and although it was much derided at the time, the mass of information which it collected on the subject has been since working its way through many channels to public attention, and has contributed very materially to the wonderful change we now behold going on before us.

The connection, for instance, between drunkenness and the rebellion in 1798, in Ireland, and between that vice and crime generally, is, we think, clearly established by this report, as the following extracts will show.

"The first thing I would mention," said one of the

witnesses, "is that the increase of crime is an evidence of the drunkenness in Ireland. It is a remarkable fact, with reference to the rebellion in Ireland, in 1798, that in 1797 and 1798 there were distilled and consumed one-fourth more whiskey than in the two preceding and succeeding years; that statement I have here, which I can refer to. In the year ending March the 25th, 1796, there were 3,681,103 gallons of spirits charged with duty; in 1797, 3,660,148; 1798, 4,783,954; 1799, 4,253,187; 1800, 3,621,498; and in the year ending 5th of January, 1801, 277,747; and by a return from the head police office, the number of prisoners disposed of at the different police offices in Dublin, from the year 1811 to 1814, which is in proof of this, is as follows:—In 1811, the number of prisoners was 10,737; in 1812, 9,908; 1813, 8,985 (during the last two years distillation was stopped); and in 1814, 10,249; thus showing, that merely rendering spirituous liquors more difficult to be obtained during eighteen months, in that short time reduced the number of criminal offences in Dublin nearly one-fifth; and that the instant the difficulty was removed, crime again prevailed to its former extent, although those prohibitions to distillation from corn took place during times of scarcity and distress, when it might have been expected that crime, urgent by want, would have increased rather than have diminished. In a late murder that took place between Ross and Waterford, in March, 1833, Malone, the murderer of Mr. Lennard (when the verdict guilty was pronounced against him in Kilkenny court-house,) said to the judge, 'Yes; my lord, I am guilty;' and pointing to his mother in the same dock, said, 'She has been the cause of it.' The fact is, the aged monster had agreed for the price of the blood to be shed by her sons; there were two implicated; she was above eighty years of age, and she watched the approach of the unfortunate gentleman, and handed the pistol to her son when she saw him coming. Malone, at first, was startled, and said, 'How can I murder the poor gentleman?' 'Take this, you cowardly rascal,' said the old woman, and gave him the remains of a half pint of whiskey obtained for the occasion.

"Was the result of his taking that half pint of whiskey the cause of the death of the gentleman?—Yes, he drank the whiskey, and murdered the gentleman, and was tried and hanged.

"Was the woman habitually a drunkard herself?—I do not know; but have heard that the young man himself was one of the best natured fellows in the country, yet so immoderately fond of whiskey was he, that he would stop at nothing to get it.

"The emigrant ship, Tottenham, from the port of New Ross, in April, 1833, was pursued to the mouth of the harbour by the king's officers in quest of Whitefeet accused of murder; four persons were taken and lodged in Kilkenny gaol; one of the four appeared quite unmoved; the other three expressed wonder at his being taken, and acknowledged that he was a wise man, for they never could induce him to drink whiskey, or join their nocturnal meetings at public houses; they now wished they had followed his example, and taken his advice; and one of the party, in the bitterness of his grief, was heard to lay his curse on whiskey in the most emphatic terms. The Kilkenny magistrates found that the capture of this sober person was quite a mistake; he was accordingly liberated."

"It may be recollected that the murder of the chief part of a family, named Kaneelly, took place some time past in the county of Tipperary, between Caher and Cashel; three brothers, young men in the prime of life, were murdered, and I was informed by an aged Roman Catholic clergyman in Clonmel, well acquainted with the habits and feelings of the people, that the party of mur-

derers which destroyed the Kaneelly's, intended merely to beat them and frighten them from the possession of a piece of land taken in opposition to the rules of the Hurlers or Whitefeet. Unfortunately, the leader of the party gave each of them several glasses of whiskey, and maddened by the poison, nothing could satisfy them but blood."

"Another proof I would adduce of the connection between crime and drunkenness is one of an incidental kind, yet, perhaps, as much to be relied on as more formal proof. A gentleman near Caher very reluctantly distrained a refractory tenant: he induced another of his tenants to purchase some of the distress at the sale (people were afraid to do so at that time;) the purchaser was accordingly visited shortly afterwards by the Whitefeet, was beaten unmercifully, and supposed to be left dead. A magistrate came to the house of the wounded man the following day to take his deposition, and asked him, 'Did you know any of the party?'—'No, sir.' 'Were they drunk?'—'No; they were all well able to do their business.' 'Had they drunk anything?'—'Well, I wonder that your honor, that a gentleman of your knowledge should ask such a simple question; sure, you do not think they would come without preparing themselves; I will engage they had two or three glasses of whiskey a man, whatever more they might have drunk.' I mention that as incidental, showing that crime is not even attempted without spirits."

The following facts mentioned by Mr. Mackay (a gentleman of the Irish bar) at a meeting of the Howard society in Dublin, bear also very strongly upon this point:—

"I will now," said Mr. Mackay, "mention another circumstance, that of a servant who lived with a gentleman in the same street in which I reside; he was then a member of the temperance society to which I belong, the St. Peter's District Temperance Society, and was one of the best conducted, sober servants in that street, and almost the sole support of an aged and decrepit mother and young sister. Unfortunately for him, his master died, and on his death he went to live with another master, who was in the habit of staying out late at night, and as he was in the habit of keeping such late hours, he thought it necessary to give this servant every evening a tumbler of punch. For some time this contented him, but it was for a short time. He then treated himself to one or two tumblers more; then he got some of his acquaintances to join him; his wages were not sufficient for this, and it ended in robbing his master's plate, and pledging it to buy whiskey; for this he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to transportation for life. His poor mother and sister tried every means, in vain, to have his sentence commuted; and the day on which he was removed from Newgate to the hulk at Kingstown, his unfortunate sister became deranged, and the inmate of a mad-house. The only other instance I will trouble you with, though I could mention several which have fallen under my own observation, is that of one of the persons accused of the burning of the unfortunate Sheas, of Wildgoose Lodge, in the county of Tipperary: all that hear me must recollect that most atrocious crime. Some time after its perpetration, happening to be in that county, I had a conversation with one of the persons implicated, a very well-looking young fellow, not quite twenty years of age. I asked how he could be induced to take part in so base and cowardly a crime? His answer—I shall never forget it—was, 'I was made drunk; and with the aid of whiskey would not only commit such another crime, but twenty others like it.'"

In a sketch of a recent *Ramble into Ireland*, which we find in an excellent weekly periodical, en-

titled *The London Saturday Journal*, the following amusing account is given of a "row," manifestly caused by whiskey:—

"It is necessary for me to observe that the vices most dominant in Ireland have hitherto been distinctly traceable to the immoderate use of ardent spirits. I believe it is no longer a subject of doubt, that the different kinds of atmosphere we inhale, the viands we eat, and the beverages we drink, have each the power of influencing sensation and action in different ways. For instance, the atmosphere of one day will fill the same mind with pleasant thoughts, while the atmosphere of another day will overcome it with gloom to such an extent, as, in some instances, to lead even to suicide. Sir Humphrey Davy composed a gas, the effect of which when drawn into the system was, to produce an inevitable propensity to laughter. Opium is known to awaken varied and curious visions in the mind, and the great virtue of the cigar is to tranquillise the busy thoughts, and bring on a disposition to reverie.

"In strict analogy with these effects, it cannot be questioned that the inordinate use of whiskey urges the muscles and limbs into an angry action. Three or four Irishmen shall sit down together in the best possible temper with each other. They are intimate friends—relations if you choose. They drink whiskey, mixed or unmixed, until the cheek and forehead become ruddy.—The period of danger then commences. If they go on much further, the slightest word, the momentary recollection even of a long by-gone offence—the smallest difference of opinion—will be sufficient to kindle a contest between these before 'most loving friends,' and as in Ireland the hard word instantly leads to hard blows, a battle forthwith ensues. When the temporary effect of the whiskey ceases, these same four men shall feel no hesitation in embracing each other as the best friends in the world, and shall wonder what it was that made them yield for the moment to such extraordinary resentment. This is no fiction. I have myself more than once witnessed scenes of this kind.

"The malignant action of whiskey on the nerves—its potency in urging its victim to pugnacity—never were displayed to me more decidedly, and at the same time more comically, than on one occasion, when I happened to be present at a public breakfast given on Dinas island, in one of the lakes of Killarney, after a most splendid stag hunt which had taken place in the morning. Many of the peasantry of the neighbourhood had of course assembled to participate in the pleasures of the day. When the chase was over, they found admission to the island, formed themselves into groups, which were abundantly served with whiskey by women who had brought with them little kegs of that liquor, and who went about from group to group disposing of their poison. By and by, while we were at breakfast, at which all the gentry of the district had assembled, a row was announced. In a moment the battle became furious, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the combatants were separated by the magistrates who happened to be present.

"The whiskey was by this time all consumed, and the very same men who had been so recently fighting against each other, having gained possession of their senses, I saw afterwards congregated here and there, talking to each other as if nothing had happened. I was curious to know the origin of the fight—and the number of broken heads. But the only answer I could get was, 'Sure, your honour, it wasn't a fight at all; it was only some *millins* from another parish that came here to make a disturbance!' No traces of ill-will were to be discerned anywhere: no blood to be seen, except that of a rioter, whose ear somebody had cut off with a *spade*, while exerting himself to quell the war. It was one of the cha-

racteristic occurrences of the day, the use of a *spade* as an implement for restoring the peace—the cleaving down of the ear from the offender's head seemed quite an ordinary affair. The whole thing passed off like a few flashes of lightning, and the ladies and gentlemen went on with breakfast.

"There was, however, one fellow so tipsy, that he had fallen insensible on the ground at the commencement of the row, after he had given and received a few blows. He came under my notice just as he was emerging from an uneasy slumber. He had a shillea in his hand, with which, as he arose, he struck the air, and finding that he had no other foe to call forth the remainder of his still unexhausted ire, he flung down his bat on the ground, and literally beat it into fragments.

"'What is this man at?' I asked of an old woman who was selling apples—'why is he so angry with his bat?'—'To cool himself, your honour—he'll be sober enough immediately.'

"Several persons were on the spot—yet nobody except myself took the least notice of this ludicrous example of the pugnacity produced by alcohol."

Temperance associations have been established in several parts of Ireland within the last ten years, very much through the influence of the Society of Friends, who have been always popular in that country, from their affable demeanor, the employment which they afford to great numbers of the people in their extensive corn-mills, and the benevolent attention which they have shown on every occasion to the labouring poor within their neighbourhood. A Temperance Union was formed in Dublin in the early part of last year, by several highly respectable persons, who appear to have set about their work in a skilful manner. They began by establishing an efficient travelling agency of well-qualified individuals, instructed to avoid polemics and party politics; to procure statistical details respecting prisons, penitentiaries, lunatic asylums, and hospitals, with a view to exhibit the ravages of intemperance, and generally to collect such information, as it might be useful to submit, and to persons in authority, upon this subject. They have wisely made it an object of primary importance to communicate constantly to the newspapers throughout the country statements carefully drawn up of the progress of temperance, and such other matter as they deem conducive to the success of the great cause in which they are engaged. They have selected a particular journal, *The Dublin Weekly Herald*, as their official organ; and from the specimen which we have seen of their labours in that publication, we are inclined to hope that they will materially assist in the moral revolution now advancing with such mighty strides in Ireland. They propose to hold annual meetings of temperance delegates in Dublin from the different local societies—an arrangement in which we hope they will be successful, as it would, if carried into effect, form a strong guarantee for the stability of the reform which has been already so triumphantly commenced.

We have now before us the first annual report of this Union, and though brief, it promises more materials for reflection, more solid grounds for hope as to the future destinies of Ireland, than any publication that has ever come under our notice. It mentions, with due praise, the labours of that eminent promoter of temperance in America, Mr. Delavan, who lately came over to Ireland for the express purpose of aiding in the temperance movement. He

brought with him a great number of admirable tracts, which have been already circulated by the "Union" throughout the country. They commemorate also, in just terms, the visit to Ireland of John Hockings, the well-known Birmingham blacksmith, the eloquent advocate of the "total abstinence principle," whose exertions, they assure us, "were the means of enlisting the zeal, or disarming the hostility of thousands." But they hail, as undoubtedly they ought to do, with the utmost "delight, the great moral reformation," brought about principally through the instrumentality of the very Rev. Theobald Mathew, the distinguished "apostle of temperance," as he is now designated, by the common consent of all parties and sects in the three kingdoms. They correctly state, that it is "a reformation, which, for the rapidity of its progress, and the excellence of its immediate results, is unexampled in history. To him," they add, "is due the merit of being the first Roman Catholic clergyman who [prominently] stepped forward in Ireland as a temperance reformer; and to the consistency of his practice, the previous benevolence of his life, and the confidence with which he is regarded, is to be attributed the fact, that so large a number of the Irish people are now pledged to the total disuse of all intoxicating drinks."

We are happy to be able to add our own personal testimony to the justness of this remark. The writer of this article has been intimately acquainted with the object of this well-earned panegyric from his earliest boyhood, and he can truly say, that even at that early stage of life he knew nobody so much or so generally beloved as the individual who is now the "observed of all observers" throughout Ireland. Incapable of anger or resentment, utterly free from selfishness, always anxious to share with others whatever he possessed, jealous of the affections of those to whom he was particularly attached, remarkably gentle in his manners, fond of expressing himself rather in smiles than in language; averse from the boisterous amusements to which boys in general are prone, and preferring to them quiet walks by the banks of a river, or by the side of green hedges, in company with two or three select associates, and yet very far from being of a pensive disposition; on the contrary so cheerful that the slightest ludicrous occurrence turned the smile he generally wore into hearty laughter—he grew up esteemed by every body who knew him. Even in his boyhood he seemed never to live for himself; and yet by not seeking it he exercised an influence upon those around him, which they never thought of questioning. Such was his character in his earliest days. And when the writer of these lines, after an interval of thirty years or more, visited Mr. Mathew in the autumn of 1838, he could discern no change in the outlines of that character, except that it was accompanied by a greater degree of physical activity, acquired from almost incessant motion in the performance of sacerdotal or charitable engagements, which seemed to have no end throughout the whole day.

It was delightful to observe the mode in which Father Mathew was always received as he passed through the streets in Cork. Every body knew him—especially the poor. The men touched their hats, and made way for him; the women curtsied, brightly smiling, apparently deeming it a lucky omen that they had seen their good shepherd that day. All

blessed him with looks of genuine affection. But these marks of universal respect, or rather of love, caused no emotion in his heart bordering in the slightest degree upon vanity. The perfect simplicity of his character remained untouched; he was still in mind and heart the boy of ten years old.

Even from that early age, Mr. Mathew stated his firm resolution to be a priest. He was born at Rathcloheen (county of Tipperary,) near Thomas Town, the seat of the Llandaff family, with which his own is nearly connected. He is one of six brothers, all of whom are respectably situated in life, and have uniformly looked upon him as the ornament of their house, where they generally assemble from their different places of residence once a year, to renew the ties of fraternal affection. It is a circumstance not to be passed over in estimating Mr. Mathew's character, that one of his brothers has been for many years a prosperous distiller, at Golden, in the county of Tipperary, and a near relative of his has also a large establishment of a similar nature at Middleton, in the county of Cork. We need not, therefore, remark how little consistent with considerations of a worldly nature are the present occupations of the apostle of temperance. The brother and the relative naturally write to him, and say, "If you go on thus, you will certainly ruin our fortunes." His answer is, "Change your trade; turn your premises into factories for flour; at all events my course is fixed. Though heaven and earth should come together, we should do what is right." This is language worthy of the MESSIAH.

Father Mathew received the rudiments of his education at an excellent grammar school at Thurles (county Tipperary,) which was kept in the market-house of that town by a very good classical scholar, named Flynn. From that school he proceeded to a seminary in Kilkenny, and thence to Maynooth, to complete his education for the church; after which he became a member of the Capuchin, or reformed Franciscan order of friars, one of whose institutions has been long established in Cork. Of that institution he is now the prior. After many years spent in the labours of his mission, he devoted all his pecuniary savings, and the proceeds of his patrimonial property, amounting to a sum of nearly £5000, to the erection of a church, which, with the assistance of penny subscriptions from his congregation, and a loan of about £300 from the Irish Board of Works, he has been engaged during a period of seventeen years in carrying on towards its completion. The house of commons should testify their gratitude for the public services of this good man, by not only converting that loan into a grant, but also voting a sum sufficient to perfect the sacred edifice according to its original design. If finished upon the plan upon which it has been commenced, it will be a great ornament to the city of Cork, and one of the most beautiful gothic churches in Ireland.

Another most valuable public work, which will always endear the name of Father Mathew to the poor of Cork, is a cemetery which he has established at his own expense near that city, upon the plan of Père-la-Chaise. It is an universal ambition of the Irish people to have what they call "a fine funeral." Loving that people with a truly parental affection, this admirable pastor has secured, under many difficulties, the attainment of their much prized object

for his congregation. For the rich who desire to be buried in his cemetery, there is a portion of it set apart, from which a small revenue is raised. Every expence of that revenue is applied either to the maintenance of the cemetery, or to charitable objects of a different character. . .

No person is better acquainted with the virtues and failings of his countrymen than Father Mathew. In common with his reverend brethren throughout Ireland, he has always been of opinion, that a people more richly endowed with virtuous dispositions, generous feelings, and intellect of the highest order, exists on no other part of the globe, and that no crime has been perpetrated to any extent among them which is not clearly traceable to the inordinate use of whiskey. Against that one gigantic vice, therefore, he laboured, like his brethren, for many years; and it is truly consoling to the friends of education in general, to see now, in the results of all these labours of the Catholic clergy, the manifestation of a great moral truth—that the good seed, though for a while its shoots may be unseen above the ground, is certain, nevertheless, sooner or later, to make its appearance. These pious men, who have worked so indefatigably in the vineyard so long, and for a season so hopelessly, may, indeed, now rejoice; for, “the winter is now past, the rain is over, the flowers have appeared in the land, the fig-tree hath put forth her green figs, and the vines in flower yield their sweet smell.”

Towards the close of the year 1838, Father Mathew had no more than about six thousand names on his temperance list—a large number, certainly, and much larger than that of any one temperance society existing in any part of the three kingdoms. In the November of 1839, the writer of this article again visited his friend, and found him in his humble home, engaged in administering the temperance pledge to about thirty individuals, two or three of whom were females. Nothing could be more simple than the form of his proceeding. He stood with his hat off, with his back to a table; the candidates for admission into his society knelt down into a semicircle before him, and he desired them to repeat after him the words of the pledge:

“I promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, except used medicinally, and by order of a medical man, and to discountenance the cause and practice of intemperance.”

He next passed round the semicircle, placed his hand on the head of each, and gave them his blessing, making, at the same time, the sign of the cross, and left the room. The new members then proceeded to two tables, where secretaries were sitting, each with a large book before him, in which he registered their names and addresses, after which he gave to each member a medal, and a card, folded in three or four printed papers, containing the rules of the society, and a few maxims for the general regulation of their future conduct. Such as possessed the means, paid the trifling sum of eight pence for the medal, cards, and printed papers. Those who were so poor as not to be able to pay, obtained these tokens of their admission gratis. Any surplus remaining, after the payment of the necessary expenses incurred in the office, was applied to the purposes of

charity; one of those purposes being, the defraying the fares of the poor, wearied, or infirm men who had come, many of them one hundred miles and more, from their homes to Cork, to take the pledge from Father Mathew. The number of names then upon his registry amounted to seventy thousand! The members were inhabitants of different parts of Ireland, from which many had come upon stage-coaches, cars, wagons, horses—many in boats by the sea-coast—many had walked. The roads for miles all round Cork were daily thronged with persons hastening to declare their abandonment of their habits of intemperance, in the presence and under the sanction of this simple friar, who felt perfectly astonished at the sort of *prestige* already so generally attached to his name, that “it would be of no use,” the postulants declared, “to take the pledge from any other man”—although many local societies had been established by that time, through the instrumentality of the Society of Friends, the Catholic clergy, and that admirable order, the “Christian Brotherhood,” who dedicate their lives to the education and general improvement of the poor.

The “prestige” is said to have arisen from the fact of its having become a matter of common observation, that the people on Father Mathew’s list appeared, after a little perseverance in their newly acquired habits, to enjoy better health than they had known for years before; and it was therefore inferred that the good father was endowed with preternatural powers in that respect. The ameliorated health was, of course, the result of their temperance; but the natural cause was overlooked, as is often the case; and, as the human mind, when undisciplined, is prone to superstition, the belief in miraculous operation on the part of the great temperance leader, does undoubtedly appear to have spread very widely amongst the lower orders of the Irish community. Indeed, some cases have been mentioned of instant cures of paralytic and other long-standing maladies, having been effected by the mere touch of the reverend gentleman’s hand. These fond ideas, we are bound to say, Father Mathew has frequently taken opportunities to denounce in the strongest manner. He may well afford to disdain all influence of that nature, for he cannot desire to be the instrument of any miracle so well deserving of the title, and so manifest to the eyes of mankind, as that which he is engaged in producing from day to day: for within a period of about eighteen months, the names upon his temperance register have increased from six thousand to at least one million!

It may be of importance to mark, while they are yet fresh to our contemplation, some of the leading features of this extraordinary movement amongst the Irish people. Father Mathew, in consequence of the most pressing invitations from all parties and sects, and especially from the reverend brethren of his own church, arrived in Dublin on Saturday the 28th of March, for the purpose of administering the pledge, the words of which were, to suit the wishes expressed to him from different quarters, varied from their original form. They now stand thus:

“I solemnly promise, with the Divine assistance, as long as I will continue a member of the Tee-total Temperance Society, to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, except for medicinal or sacramental purposes, and I will

do every thing in my power, by advice and example, to discountenance drunkenness."

Thus it will be seen that any one who takes the pledge, may give it back again if he finds that he cannot keep it with all the strictness which the Society requires. There may be many persons, for instance, disposed to agree with Dr. Sigmond, who maintains the doctrine that

"Good wine is a cordial, a good cordial, a fine stomachic, and, taken at its proper season, invigorates mind and body, and gives life an additional charm. There can be found no substitute for the fermented liquors that can enable a man to sustain the mental and bodily labour which the artificial habits of society so constantly demand. Temperance and moderation are virtues essential to our happiness; but a total abstinence from the enjoyments which the bounteous hand of nature has provided, is as unwise as it is ungrateful. If, on the one hand, disease and sorrow attend the abuses of alcoholic liquors, innocent gaiety, additional strength and power of mind, and increased capability of encountering the ever-varying agitation of life, are amongst the many good results which spring from a well-regulated diet, in which the alcoholic preparations bear their just proportion and adaptation."

This doctrine may be unobjectionable with reference to those classes of society in which the practices of religion are sincerely cultivated, and habits of self-respect forbid excesses of every kind. But for the multitude it would not do. It would open the door to indulgences which unfortunately they know not how to restrain; and it is undoubtedly wiser to choose between total abstinence and no restraint at all, than to choose a middle course, which could only lead to a reproduction of the evil sought to be removed.

A large open space near the custom-house having been fixed upon for the assemblage of the postulants, the reverend gentlemen made his appearance there on the morning of Monday the 30th. The scene is thus described by a writer who witnessed the proceeding.

"The day was unfavourable: a cold drizzling rain continued to fall throughout, but this did not in any wise damp the ardour of the multitude, which increased every hour, till towards the close of the day they amounted to probably ten thousand or upwards. The arrangements made by the police were excellent. A strong force of them formed an enclosure; at one end the people were admitted to receive the pledge, and at the other they took their departure. A body of horse-police paraded in front, so as to keep off the pressure of the crowd. There was no military present, nor indeed was there any necessity whatever for their services. The conduct of the people was excellent; and it deserves to be noticed particularly, THAT NOT A DRUNKEN PERSON CAME FORWARD TO BE PLEDGED. This forms a striking contrast to similar proceedings in the country parts of Ireland, where much discredit has been cast upon the temperance movement, owing to the number of inebriated persons who have presented themselves to the Rev. Mr. Mathew to be received as members. The steps were strewn over with saw-dust to render it convenient to the people to kneel down, it being in a kneeling posture that they repeated the words of the pledge after the reverend gentleman."

Before administering the pledge to each batch, as it came up, Father Mathew addressed them in language at once simple and fervid, occasionally play-

ful, and tinged with that tendency to mirth which marks the Irish mind, under circumstances even of the most grave and solemn nature. The great object of his exhortation was, of course, to inculcate the duty and advantages of temperance. Of necessity there was in his addresses little variety, except that now and then he introduced a little anecdote or fable, to bring the matter to the level of his audience. Nevertheless, the earnestness of his manner, the very simplicity of his language, the great truths which he enforced, the circumstances under which he spoke, the multitudes by which he was surrounded, the fact unprecedented of a truly meek and unaffected man—a Capuchin friar—a reformer actuated, as is admitted on all sides, by no other motive except the welfare of his fellow-men—thus called from his distant residence to the second city of the empire, to perform the great task assigned to him by Providence—were of themselves abundantly sufficient to lend a sublimity to the spectacle, to which no power of eloquence could give additional effect.

The summary of his principles and exhortations may be thus stated:

"It might, perhaps, be unnecessary for him to address them on the subject of the innumerable good effects of abstinence, or to recount to them the mighty change that had taken place throughout the south of Ireland in the morals and the habits of the people—not only in their morals and their habits, but also in their comforts. Prosperity, and plenty, and happiness, flowed in upon them since they had renounced altogether the use of intoxicating liquors. Yes, there was a blessing of heaven upon teetotallers—they possess comforts in this life which they had never known before—their homes were the homes of peace and comfort—their wives and their children were contented and happy. The Teetotaller's Society was not a sectarian or a political society; it had nothing whatever to do with such matters; it embraced members of every creed, and of every shade of politics. Why, the very first who had ever come forward to support him in this great work were members of the Society of Friends, Protestants, Presbyterians; and all, of every sect of religion and party, had, with equal zeal and sincerity, supported him in the undertaking. But, above all, he wished it to be known to all who heard him, that the impulse to this good work was not imparted by man—it came from Heaven. The impulse that had hurried so many hundreds of thousands of his fellow men to flock to the pledge of abstinence from the baneful liquors of intoxication, it was not, he trusted, presumption in him to declare was the work of God. These words were not his alone. Mr. M'Affee, a dissenting clergyman, happened some time ago to be in Londonderry. He then took part in assisting the progress of temperance. In the course of his efforts there that gentleman had been so good as to speak favourably of his (Mr. M.'s) exertions in the same cause. On Mr. M'Affee's return to the south he went to thank him for his kind expressions towards him. His answer was—'Father Mathew, it is not to you, or to me, or to any man, that thanks are due. I have travelled through a great part of the south of Ireland; I have been also to the north; I have witnessed the progress of total abstinence, and I am convinced that the work comes from God, and not from man, and that it prospers in the hands of our Creator.' Such were the very words of Mr. M'Affee. Besides the fact of its raising the people from a state of degradation—the consequence of drunkenness—another excellent effect of the society is this, that it unites every sect and party together, so that all will be but one people—the people of one great and common fold. Hitherto the different par-

ties into which the people were divided were like so many wild horses; one always found to be pulling against the other; instead of, like rational beings, all pulling strongly and firmly together, for the common benefit of all. This latter and most desirable state of things the Teetotaler's Society was eminently calculated to achieve. After this great moral change, no employer will inquire of what creed the man is whom he is about to engage; no landlord, who may be going to let his land, will trouble himself to find out of what sect or party a person offering to take it may be. His only question will be, is he a teetotaler? and if so, that will be to him a sufficient recommendation. No one is debarred from the enjoyment of comfort by taking the pledge. On the contrary, they secure many comforts unknown to them while they gave themselves up to indulge in the use of unhallowed liquor. Now, it required much more of fortitude in a man to stop at one tumbler of punch, or at one pint of porter, than was required of a teetotaler to abstain altogether. By refraining entirely from the use of those liquors their health would not suffer. On the contrary, it would be infinitely benefited.

"He would give them a melancholy instance how the great misfortune of drunkenness frequently occurred to previously temperate persons, for the want of some solemn tie over them, which would bind them to the exercise of some control over the weaknesses of their nature. He had known a highly respectable lady, the mother of a large family; in consequence of some domestic affliction, she took to drink. She took seriously ill some time after, owing to this indulgence in the use of ardent liquors; she grew rapidly worse; he was called to attend her; he hastened with all possible speed to her house, but on his arrival there, he found her a corpse in her bed, and an empty bottle by the side of it. She had died drunk. In proof that drunkenness was, in nine cases out of ten, the cause of poverty, and that prosperity was the result of temperance, he would mention an instance. One day in the streets of Cork, a man of the name of Barry, a corn dealer, on his way to the saving's bank, was met by a publican, named Murphy; the latter said to him, 'Why do you not come to see me now as often as you used?' To this the other answered, 'I cannot do any such thing now, as Father Mathew has desired me to keep out of the way of temptation.' 'I am sorry to see you looking so very badly,' said the publican; 'why your face is quite yellow.' 'Why,' said Barry, 'if my face be yellow, as is my pocket too, thank God,' and he pulled out of his pocket four sovereigns, which he was going to lay up in the saving's bank. Not less than three or four hundred new books had been opened in the Cork saving's bank since the spread of temperance there. By laying by money in that manner, they would have but little need for poor-laws or workhouses. By becoming teetotalers, the people would, in fact, constitute poor-law societies amongst themselves. Then, neither the aged father nor the mother of a teetotaler would be under the heart-rending necessity of applying for admission to a workhouse. 'And, my friends,' (continued the reverend speaker,) 'when you die, you may be sure of having fine funerals, an object so dear to all Irishmen.'

"He regretted that many people seemed to be angry with him, because he had carried on temperance to such an extent. But would these persons have him to abandon the cause which had accomplished such good? He knew that partial evil to some must be the result of the movement; but that was not his fault. No good work could progress without partial loss to some person or other. 'But,' said Mr. Mathew, 'THOUGH HEAVEN AND EARTH SHOULD COME TOGETHER, WE MUST DO WHAT IS RIGHT.' He then mentioned numerous cases of good that followed in the country parts of Ireland and in the great towns. In many places butcher's shambles had been

opened to supply the demand for meat; and the poor women visited the houses of their wealthy neighbours to learn from their servants how to dress it. Crime had wonderfully decreased; and it was very remarkable, that not a single member of the Total Abstinence Society in the south of Ireland, had been charged for any offence against the law. As soon as the people were all members, secret societies would be broken up; he every where warned the people against these societies, and against combination, and other illegal doings. He deprecated the charge that had been made against him, of carrying on temperance for the purpose of raising money: so far from that, he was rather a loser than a gainer. He was often obliged to support the poor who came to Cork, and to defray their expenses home again; besides having to pay secretaries, and to incur numerous incidental expenses. He had refused from different societies sums of money amounting to nearly one thousand pounds; gentlemen in England had offered him any sum he required, but he had declined all such offers. He cautioned the people against spending their money on ginger-beer, cordials, and such like things; home was the place for them, and there they should enjoy themselves."

However unfounded the idea that Father Mathew had the power to cure all diseases, it was nevertheless a most striking part of the spectacle, that an immense number of persons afflicted with various diseases and deformities presented themselves to the reverend gentlemen, and supplicated his blessing. This he did not refuse; but at the same time he told them that their belief of his possessing any power of healing was altogether erroneous, and that he hoped they would not injure the sacred cause of temperance by propagating or entertaining any notion of the kind.

Another highly impressive circumstance characterising these scenes was, the solemn effect produced by the mingled voices of a thousand, sometimes of fifteen hundred men, repeating slowly and emphatically aloud, under the canopy of heaven, after their pious and humble leader, the words of the pledge. Those who have been present on these occasions say that they never can lose the remembrance of that impression. "It was a new feeling," they say, "of which we could have previously formed no conception."

The following statements, made by Father Mathew, are well worthy of attention, in considering the progress of this mighty moral revolution:

"To show you the value of being a teetotaler, I may state that I was informed by a most respectable gentleman, a magistrate of the county of Tipperary—I will mention his name—Mr. Ryan, of Inch, that at the late races of Thurles, which on former occasions presented a scene of drunkenness, and which never passed over without broils and quarrels, there was only one drunk man to be seen on the course during their entire continuance. A circumstance that occurred before that, at the races of New Castle, afforded a great triumph to the society:—A gentleman went round the course with a purse containing thirty sovereigns, and offered it to any teetotaler that would break the pledge; but, to their eternal credit be it said, no person would do it. I forget the name of the gentleman; but it is a fact that thirty sovereigns were offered to any person that would break the pledge; and to their honour be it spoken, they resisted the temptation held out to them to break that pledge, and disgrace that society they had joined. I was in the town of Galway on last Patrick's day, and to the astonishment of the judges, of the counsellors, and of every person who wit-

nessed it, although, in consequence of the assizes and the teetotal proceedings, there could not be less than 200,000 persons congregated together—the streets were, in fact, impassable—not one man or woman was to be seen in a state of drunkenness; on the contrary, all were sober and well-conducted; and I am sure that there is not a single person in all Connaught or Munster, or in that portion of Leinster which has become teetotalised, who is sorry for having taken it."

The following address is so truly apostolic in its spirit and language, that we cannot omit to record it:

"The scene which they were then witnessing before them was one which would be attended with the greatest blessings to their common country. The history of Ireland in times past was the blackest on the book of time; but henceforward it would be equally remarkable for peace, prosperity, and the total disappearance of religious differences. Teetotalism and charity would heal the wounds which were inflicted by political and religious dissension and bigotry. All creeds and classes will live together in unity and harmony, and, in a word, as Christians should live. The Divine Redeemer has said—'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, that you love one another.' The word charity is misapplied when it is referred to alms-deeds, which is, in fact, but the effect of charity. They should do all the acts of their lives for the love of God, and it was impossible for them to love Him, if they did not also love their neighbours, who were his children. With the greatest reverence in the comparison, he would put it to them—how could a man say he had esteem for another, if he hated or ill-treated his children? If a man who would so act met his neighbour and said to him, 'I am most happy to see you, my friend;' would not the other say to him, 'how can that be, seeing that you met my child cold and hungry a while ago, and you refused to give it any relief?' Would he not then drive the pretended friend away from him; and is it not so with the Almighty God? For how can any person love Him when he will not do any good to the poor, who are his tenants? Every man can do good to his neighbour, no matter how poor he may be; for our Divine Redeemer has said, that even a cup of cold water given in his name will meet with its reward. Even among the poorest of the poor, charity of this kind can be exercised; for those who are too poor to give money will be able to give advice, and their well wishes, when sincere, must meet with a blessing. It was one of the strongest marks of the teetotallers, that they were obliged to be teetotallers in every thing. He must be totally free from all crimes, totally reformed, if he had been a drunkard; totally charitable and virtuous; and he may expect ultimately to meet an eternal reward in heaven."

The pledge being solemnly repeated by the postulants, the reverend gentleman then gave them his blessing in these words:

"May God give you grace and strength to keep the pledge you have taken, and make you good citizens, subjects, sons, and husbands."

It has been calculated that during the seven or eight days the reverend gentleman remained in Dublin, he administered the pledge to at least 80,000 persons. From Dublin he proceeded to the county of Wexford, and other parts of Ireland; in every place he has been attended by thousands, anxious to receive the pledge from his hands.

Upon the effect already produced, or likely to be produced, by these proceedings, it is almost unnec-

cessary to expatiate. The cause of temperance, says the report, the title of which stands at the head of this article, has now "overcome all opposition. The people are anxious to obtain information; speakers are listened to with marked attention, and it has become evident that in learning the truths of temperance, as well as in practising it, they have also learned to value knowledge and reason. It is now considered creditable to be a member of the temperance society, and the people feel proud of the progress of the cause throughout Ireland. The drinking customs are fast giving way before it; and there is reason to hope that amongst the working classes intemperance will soon cease to be a prevalent vice."

"When Ireland," says the committee of the Irish Temperance Union, in their address to Father Mathew, "becomes a sober nation (and we believe the day is not far distant), what may we not hope for as the certain consequence of such a happy consummation? Plenty will prevail where famine was a frequent visitant—religion and peace will flourish where crime and disorder were rampant—public confidence will increase—capital will flow into the country—party spirit and civil broils will decline, along with their foster parents' ignorance and intemperance. And in other countries our national reputation for the more solid, as well as the more brilliant, moral, and intellectual endowments, will rise to a height hitherto unknown. The increase of domestic happiness, which the success of this cause has already produced, it would be difficult to conceive, and impossible to portray."

"Already," say the members of the National Total Abstinence Association, in their address to the reverend gentleman, "is the seed beginning to germinate; our country having heroically burst from the fetters of sensual prostration, is now rising in the power and plenitude of her moral beauty, presenting the majestic spectacle of a people at once virtuous and brave, patient and generous. The temples of religion are crowded with worshippers; crime has disappeared from amongst your followers; the cottage and the hamlet are now the abodes of peaceful industry and domestic comfort. The artisan consults the wants and interests of his growing family, conscientiously discharges the duties of a husband and a parent, and moves with credit and respect in the honest and laudable vocation which Providence has assigned him. A tone of self-respect has been generated, which is generally diffusing itself, and silently pervading all classes of the community; while the effects of this mighty movement on the rising generation may be anticipated in the substitution of intellectual enjoyment for sensual indulgence, in the exercise of those rational pleasures which a cultivated taste will inspire; and in the universal emulation to acquire a sound, moral, and literary education, that high prerogative of intellectual man, to the attainment of which by all classes, the dissemination of our principles will, we feel convinced, give an inestimable impetus."

In the appendix to the report before us, there are numerous statements collected, showing the results of the temperance movements in many parts of the north of Ireland.

"A moral regeneration," says the late Mayor of Limerick, "has taken place among the people of this city,

which is really most astonishing, and truly gratifying to every philanthropic mind. Our police reports are much lessened, petty sessions business considerably reduced, and even summonses in the court of conscience have fallen off one third. Our streets and places of public resort are regular and quiet; and that which must be most gratifying, is the fact, that although reports have, at different times, been industriously circulated of members of the society having broken their temperance pledge, I have not been able to make out a solitary instance of such being the fact."

"The appearance of our city on Saturday, (market day,) bore evidence sufficient to convince the most sceptical of the improved habits of the people. We did not perceive a single drunken person on that day, nor have there been since then, as far as we can learn, more than four or five cases of drunkenness in the mayor's office."—*Kilkenny Journal*.

MALLOW.—The fair which took place on Monday was well attended. I walked through the fair, and it gives me sincere pleasure to state, that I did not see one drunken man, or any person in the slightest degree intoxicated.

BONMAHON.—"A happy change is already visible; this village and adjoining roads, which presented the disgusting scenes of drunkenness and quarrelling on Sunday evenings, were last night as still as death: a stranger coming amongst us would imagine we were living under a curfew law; not a person was to be seen outside doors. Every man was in peace at home, surrounded by his joyous family, listening to his recital of the miraculous history of the day."

"We notice coffee shops already driving a thriving trade; the bakeries obliged to do double work; the almshouses scarcely equal to the demand; the grocers quite satisfied with themselves; and the publicans, heaven help them, in the minority. Glorious vigils these for our country; harbingers of halcyon days."—*Waterford Chronicle*.

L. DOHREA.—"Our town, which was heretofore infested with drunken brawls, and the whiskey shops thronged with unfortunate beings eagerly swallowing the deleterious drug, presents a most happy and beneficial change."

"It is a melancholy fact, that while every other branch of trade in this town has been for some years in a declining state, upwards of sixty public houses have had a respectable share of business. Habitual drunkards have disgraced our streets; and, on market days in particular, the police were actively engaged in dragging unfortunate victims of intemperance to a prison. The case is happily altered; order and decorum are observed; the reformed drunkard, no longer brutalised by intemperance, is peaceable and industrious; and even those who have not yet taken the pledge, (not being surrounded by their late boon companions), are ashamed to be seen frequenting the dram shops."

"Some publicans have given up their licenses, and are about opening soup shops and coffee rooms; and altogether the aspect of affairs is completely changed."

CLONMEL.—"The face of society here is altogether changed. Not a single case of riot or assault occurred at the last fair. The respectable inhabitants were as much surprised as gratified at this, and all persons felicitated themselves in the great change that has taken place. The effect the society has in this part is indescribable."

The change, indeed, must be marvellous, for we find that from the evidence given before the committee on drunkenness, that there was scarcely any part of Ireland in which that vice prevailed more extensively than in Clonmel. In 1826, there were in that town (the chief town of the county Tippe-

rary) 97 licensed public houses or spirit shops; since 1826 there has been an increase of 83; the total now, (1834) 180. The gallons of spirits, which are 25 degrees over proof, received by the retailers for one quarter, was 77,897; supposed to be drunk by the sober population at home, one-eighth, 9737; 1aving, as drunk by workmen and paupers, 68,160 g. Home: one sixth allowed to be added by the retailers in the way of water, and so forth, 11,360; total per quarter, 79,520, which per year amount to 318,080 gallons; value, at 6s. 8d. per gallon, or 2½d. per naggin of licensed spirits, 26,506l. 12s. 4d. per quarter, or 106,025l. 13s. 4d. a year.

NANAGH.—"It is really astonishing to behold the most abandoned and reckless characters, who a few weeks before were a scandal to society and the victims of drunkenness, now showing forth in their lives models of virtue and temperance, and putting to the blush those who in the beginning both sneered at and were sceptical as to its results."

KILLARNEY.—"Before the foundation of the society, the publicans in this town numbered about sixty-four; at the October sessions fifteen surrendered their licenses, and as many more will follow their example at the next sessions. The respectable publicans, whose receipts hitherto averaged from two to three pounds per day, do not now receive ten shillings in the day."

CARRICK-ON-SUIR.—(After describing a procession which attended the funeral of a deceased member of the Temperance Society)—"A little month ago, and the most of these men were the veriest victims of the most debasing brutalising intemperance; ever and anon they might be seen tottering from those moral pest houses—the dram shops—revolting masses of filth and rags, breathing blasphemy, disturbing public order, outraging public decency, loathsome objects of pity or disgust. A little month, and now they walk abroad redeemed, emancipated from the vile enslavement of this most incoercible, most predominant of vicious propensities, drunkenness,—decently and comfortably appareled, exhibiting in their *total ensemble* not only the indications of cleanliness and comfort, but presenting a mental amelioration, and looking cheerfulness and contentment; altogether so completely reformed as to render their recognition an act of pleasing difficulty."

The population of the town and parish of Dungarvan (county Waterford) numbers about 11,000. It is calculated, that of these, at least 1,000 spent sixpence a day in drink, which would amount to about 9,000l. a year. Only imagine the benefits which these whiskey drinkers (supposing even only 2,000 out of the whole to be reformed) must derive by converting 9,000l. a year to the purchase of clothes and other articles conducive to their comfort! There were, even so late as last autumn, 75 whiskey shops in that town, and a careful inquirer has stated, that on an average, their sales amounted to 15l. a week each house, which would be nearly 60,000l. a year. This expenditure upon whiskey and porter, contributed, let us assume, from a semicircle whose radius shall be fifteen miles in extent, (Dungarvan being a sea-port town,) applied to better purposes, must of necessity speedily ameliorate the whole form and appearance of society in that country. A decided improvement showed itself in that town early in November, when, the writer to whom we allude assures us, "that the public houses, shebeen shores, and dram counters, are now as deserted as Goldsmith's village ale-house. *Number One*, the spart-

ment in our Bridewell designed for the reception of drunkards, is now at the service of any elderly lady or gentleman who may be in want of a good dry lodging in a retired situation. Our meat shambles are crowded with the wives and daughters of tradesmen, labourers, and fishermen, laying out the money hitherto spent in whiskey. The sale of tea, coffee, bread, oatmeal, and all other necessities, which may be deemed luxurious to the humbler classes, has increased in a ratio of 60 per cent.; while the business of petty sessions courts, within a circle of fifteen miles about Youghal and Dungarvan, has decreased in a ratio of 80 per cent."

It is stated by Mr. Cyrus Clark, of Glastonbury, Somersetshire, a member of the Society of Friends, who lately made a tour in the south of Ireland, that at Fermoy (county Cork), the usual number of spirit licenses applied for at the beginning of the year was, as he learned from good authority, eighty; but that this year the applications did not exceed five! "I have now," he adds, "returned to Dublin, and repeat that I have not seen more than one drunken man, to my knowledge, in the south of Ireland, and not one in Waterford, Clonmel, Cork, or Limerick! What a change!"

The Irish excise revenue returns for the last quarter, especially from the southern and western districts, fully corroborate these various statements. We find it affirmed, upon what we know to be good authority, that "the periodical returns heretofore made from the local districts to the excise-office in Dublin, yielded upon an average 20,000*l.* each, and those returns are made about every two months. The last returns do not average more than from 200*l.* to 500*l.* each. The excise revenue of Ireland has considerably exceeded 1,000,000*l.* per annum. The amount now received can scarcely reach half a million! Possibly it is much less, as whiskey has been the great source of excise revenue in this country. The temperance system has been rapidly extinguishing this branch of revenue; and in several counties the sums now paid to the collectors would not defray a fourth part of the salaries of the staff of officers employed in the collection."

No doubt the returns from the eastern counties, which Father Mathew has been recently visiting, will speedily show a similar decrease. We should not be at all surprised to find, in the course of a few months, the million per annum reduced to a sum not much exceeding £100,000. For the revenue, however, we have no apprehensions. The deficiency under one head will be rapidly supplied by a more than proportional augmentation under others—as that of tea, for example, which alone will probably compensate the chancellor of the exchequer for his temporary losses. But even were this not likely to be the result of the great moral revolution which is going on before our eyes, assuredly the solid groundwork thus laid for the regeneration of Ireland, would have been very cheaply purchased at the total sacrifice by the national treasury of a million sterling per annum. As to the inconvenience which this change may cause to distillers and other traders engaged in the manufacture or sale of spirits in Ireland, that also is a matter which may be easily amended. They would act wisely by taking their course at once, and transferring their capital to some other channel of employment.

Some months ago, when the effect of Father Mathew's operations began to show themselves in very decided colours upon the surface of society, there were many who doubted the facts related concerning those operations, and perhaps a still greater number who looked upon the impulses towards temperance which thus simultaneously appeared in different parts of the country, as mere fanaticism, or, at best, a sort of contagious sympathy, which must speedily have spent itself in resolutions not intended, or not possible, to be kept inviolable for any length of time. We have it now, however, upon evidence not to be disputed, that a very large number of persons, say at the least five hundred thousand, have scrupulously adhered to the pledge during a period of three months. Here is a fact not to be denied. That some may relapse into their former bad habits is highly probable. Human frailty tells us that we cannot depend upon the attainment of moral perfection, even by a long course of virtuous action. But making every allowance for the weak and vulnerable points of our common character, we think we ought not to be charged with fostering mere visionary hopes, if we congratulate ourselves and the country upon the events now going on in Ireland.

We think that there are not a few strong guarantees for the permanence of the change that has already taken place. In the first place, the vice of intemperance is of itself so disgusting, so injurious to happiness, health, and fortune, that when once it is abandoned, even for a short season, it is contemplated with a degree of horror which is a most powerful bar against the return of its ascendancy. In its absence virtues are acquired not practised before—little stores of wealth are gained, before unknown—the hearth, formerly neglected, is now kept clean—the parents and the children, long accustomed to mere rags, are now comfortably clothed—the pot on the fire, hitherto familiar only with potatoes, now contains a leg of good mutton, or a piece of bacon well garnished with cabbage—the "rent" is easily paid—a cow is added to the two or three pigs which in days scarcely yet gone by were the sole payers of the rent, all other sources of gain having been squandered on whiskey. It is morally impossible that those days of destitution and misery can ever come back upon a people who have even for a short time become acquainted with the results of the temperance system. Add to these circumstances the feeling of self-respect, attested from all quarters to have been already acquired by the practisers of temperance—the public shame that attends relapse—the diminution, by reason of the almost total extinction of distilleries and whiskey shops, of the occasions of temptation—the increased vigilance and renewed exhortations of the clergy, and the deeper impression which such exhortations must produce upon minds newly opened to the charms of those ever admirable precepts that constitute the foundation of christianity. The local societies existing, or that soon will exist, in every quarter of the island, must also acquire a power within their districts which it will not be easy to overthrow, or even resist or elude to any material extent. These are all, as we humbly conceive, guarantees of the most satisfactory description for the realisation of our best hopes on this most important subject. In short, as it appears to us, the relapse of any considerable portion of the Irish tem-

perance societies into the habits of drunkenness, so long the disgrace, and hinderance to every effort for the amelioration of that country, would now be a more astonishing change than even the sudden and sublime diversion from the ways of evil to those of every virtue, which has been recently effected in that country. It is comparable to no event recorded in history, except the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea. The God who opened to his people that path through the waters, and closed them again upon the Egyptians, their chariots and horsemen, knows how to set up his barriers against the second captivity of a nation which he has just set free from a still more terrible oppressor.

It is too soon yet to shape out all the political consequences which must follow from the moral changes now in progress through every part of Ireland. Temperance must beget wealth; wealth—self-respect, self-government, knowledge, power, tranquillity, the amalgamation of all parties into one people, the promotion of Ireland from a province to a nation. The example set by this country cannot be without its effect upon England, upon Europe, upon the whole earth. Let but the seeds of regeneration be freely cast upon that earth, and at the harvest time shall assuredly come the good fruit. Vast movements of men from the courses of vice to those of virtue may be hereafter looked for, as the result of labors directed betimes to that grand object. Thus shall the paradise so long lost to human vision be restored, and the sons of men be embraced in the one great fold of religion, charity and peace.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE OPIUM AND THE CHINA QUESTION.

WE claim attention from the public on the state of our relations present and to come with China. We pretend to no private materials upon the subject: but in this respect we stand upon the same footing as the leaders of our public counsels. All speak from the text furnished to them by Captain Elliot's correspondence, as published in the newspapers. So far we stand upon the universal level. But it is astonishing how much advantage one man may gain over another, even where all start from the same basis of information, simply by these two differences—1st, by watching the oversight of his competitors, most of whom are apt to seize upon certain features of the case with an entire neglect of others; 2dly, by combining his own *past* experience, gathered from books or whatever sources, with the existing phenomena of the case, as the best means of deciphering their meaning or of calculating their remote effects.

We do not wish to disguise that our views tend to the policy of war—war conducted with exemplary vigour. It is better to meet openly from the first an impression, (current amongst the hasty and undistinguishing,) that in such views there is a lurking opposition to the opinions of the conservatives. Were that true, we should hesitate. It is a matter of great delicacy to differ with one's party; and it is questionable whether, even in extreme cases, it can be right to *publish* such a difference. Once satisfied that the general policy of our party is cla-

morously demanded by the welfare of the country; and in this particular case of the tory pretensions, finding them sustained by the very extraordinary fact, that even out of office they are not out of power, but do really impress the conservative mind upon one half of the public measures, whilst of the other half a large proportion is carried only by *their* sufferance, by *their* forbearance, or by *their* direct co-operation—under such circumstances, an honourable party man will not think himself justified, for any insulated point of opinion, or even of practice, to load his party with the reproach of internal discord. Every party, bound together by principles of public fellowship, and working towards public objects, is entitled to all the strength which can arise from union, or the reputation of union. It is a scandal to have it said—"You are disunited—you cannot agree amongst yourselves;" and the man who sends abroad dissentient opinions, through any powerful organ of the press, is the willing author of such a scandal. No gain upon the solitary truth concerned, can balance the loss upon the total reputation of his party for internal harmony.

Meantime, as too constantly is the case in mixed questions, where there is much to distinguish, it is a very great blunder to suppose the conservative party to set their faces against a Chinese war. That party, with Sir Robert Peel for their leader, have in the house of commons recorded a strong vote against our recent Chinese policy; so far is true; but not against a Chinese war. Such a war, unhappily, is all the more necessary in consequence of that late policy: a policy which provided for nothing, foresaw nothing, and in the most pacific of its acts laid a foundation and a necessity that hostilities should redress them.

There is another mistake current—a most important mistake; viz. about the relation which the opium question bears to the total dispute with China. It is supposed by many persons, that, if we should grant the Chinese government to have been in the right upon the opium affair, it will follow of course that we condemn the principle of any war, or of any hostile demonstrations against China. Not at all. This would be a complete *non sequitur*. I. China might be right in her object, and yet wrong—insufferably wrong—in the means by which she pursued it. In the first of the resolutions moved on the 2d of May by the company of Edinburgh merchants, (Mr. Oliphant, chairman,) it is assumed that the opium lost by the British was a sacrifice to the "*more effectual execution of the Chinese laws*," which is a gross fiction. The opium was transferred voluntarily by the British: on what understanding is one of the points we are going to consider. II. There is a *causa belli* quite apart from the opium question: a ground of war which is continually growing more urgent; a ground which would survive all disputes about opium, and would have existed had China been right in those disputes from beginning to end.

Yet it is good to pause for a moment, and to look at this opium dispute so far as the documents give us any light for discussing it. The apologists of China say, that the Pekin government has laboured for some time to put down the national abuse of opium. Why, and under what view of that abuse? As a mode of luxury, it is replied, pressing upon the

general health; and, for a second reason, as pressing seriously upon the national energies. This last we put down in candour as a separate consideration: because, though all unwholesome luxuries must be supposed indirectly to operate upon the cheerfulness and industry of those who use them, with respect to opium, in particular, it must be allowed, that this secondary action is often the main one, and takes place in a far larger proportion than simply according to the disturbances of health. There is a specific effect known to follow the habitual use of opium, by which it speedily induces a deadly torpor and disrelief of all exertion, and in most cases long before the health is deranged, and even in those constitutions which are by nature so congenially predisposed to this narcotic, as never to be much shaken by its uttermost abuse.

Thus far, and assuming all for truth which the Chinese tell us, we have before us the spectacle of a wise and paternal government; and it recommends such wisdom powerfully to a moral people like ours, that we seem to see it exerting itself unpopularly: nobly stemming a tide of public hatred, and determined to make its citizens happy in their own despite. Fresh from this contemplation of disinterested virtue, how shocked we all feel on seeing our own scamps of sailors working an immense machinery for thwarting so beneficent a government! A great conflagration is undermining all the social virtues in China; the emperor and commissioner Lin are working vast fire-engines for throwing water upon the flames; and, on the other hand, our people are discharging columns of sulphur for the avowed purpose of feeding the combustion.

"Scandalous!" we all exclaim; but, as the loveliest romances are not always the truest, let us now hear the other party. Plaintiff has spoken: Defendant must now have his turn.

For the defendant then it is urged,—

That the Chinese government, having long connived at the opium trade, has now found three purely selfish reasons against it.

1st, As having at length a rival interest of its own; Lin and others are said to have some thousands of acres laid down as poppy plantations. Now, the English opium, and that of Malwa, as an old concern, is managed much more cheaply. To exclude the foreign growth is essential, therefore, as the first step towards a protection to the infancy of the home growth. On this view of the case we would recommend a sliding duty, such as that of our corn-laws, to the celestial opium growers.

2dly, That this foreign opium caused a yearly drain of silver; from the small range of Chinese commerce, it is impossible for China to draw upon foreign states; much of the imports must now be paid for in hard downright silver, which is the more disgusting, as formerly the current of silver ran precisely in the other direction.

3dly, That the English have become objects of intense jealousy at the court of Peking. Indeed, it is time for that cabinet to look about with some alarm, were it only that a great predominating power has arisen in India—a conquering power, and a harmonising power, where heretofore there was that sort of balance maintained amongst the many Indian principalities which Milton ascribes to the anarchy of chaos; one might rise superior for a moment, but

the restlessness of change, and the tremulous vibration of the equipoise, guaranteed its speedy downfall. Here, therefore, and in this English predominance, is cause enough for alarm; how much more since the war against Nepal, in virtue of which the English advance has pushed forward the English outposts within market range of the Chinese, and against the Burman empire, in virtue of which great interposing masses have been seriously weakened. It is become reasonable that China should fear us; and, fearing us, she most allowably seek to increase her own means of annoyance, as well as to blunt or to repel ours. Much of ours must lie in the funds by which we support our vast Indian establishment; and towards those funds it is understood that the opium trade contributes upwards of three million sterling per annum. In mere prudence, therefore, the cabinet of Peking sets itself to reduce our power by reducing our money resources, and to reduce our money resources by refusing our opium.

Such are the three reasons upon which it has been alleged that Lin and his master have been proceeding. And now, if it were so, what has any man to say against these reasons? Have not nations a right to protect their own interests? Is not the path of safety open to them, because it happens to lead away from British objects? Why, as to that, measures are not always allowable in a second or third stage of intercourse which might have been so in the first. But for the present we meditate no attack on these measures. Let them be supposed purely within the privilege of a defensive policy. Only let us have things placed on their right footing, and called by their right names; and let us not be summoned to admire, as acts of heroic virtue which put to shame our Christianity, what under this second view appears to be a mere resort of selfish prudence.

But, then, is it certain that this second view of the case is the correct view? Why, we have before acknowledged that documents are wanting for either view; any inference, for or against the Chinese, will be found too large for the premises. The materials do not justify a vote either of acquittal or of impeachment: but, as this is so, let us English have the benefit of this indistinctness in the proofs equally with the Chinese. So much, at the very least, is fair to ask, and something more; for, upon the face of this Chinese solicitude for the national virtue, some things appear suspicious. "Nemo repente fuit turpissimus."—Nobody mounts in a moment to the excess of profligacy: and it is equally probable that "Nemo repente fuit sanctissimus." This sudden leap into the anxieties of parental care, is a suspicious fact against the Chinese government.

Then, again, is it, or can it be true, that in any country the labouring class should be seriously tainted by opium? Can any indulgence, so costly as this, have struck root so deeply as to have reached the subsoil of the general national industry? Can we shut our eyes to this gross dilemma? Using much opium, how can the poor labourer support the expense—using little, how can he suffer in his energies or his animal spirits? In many districts of Hindostan, as well as of the Deccan, it is well known that the consumption of opium is enormous; but amongst what class? Does it ever palpably affect the public industry? The question would be found ludicrous. Our own working class finds a great

providential check on its intemperance in the costliness of intoxicating liquors. Cheap as they seem, it is impossible for the working man (burdened with average claims) to use them to excess, unless with such intervals as redress the evil to the constitution. This stern benediction of Providence—this salutary operation of poverty—has made it impossible for one generation to shatter the health of the next. Now, for the opium eater this counteracting provision presses much more severely. Wages are far lower in the opium countries; and the quantity of opium required, in any case where it can have been abused, is continually increasing; whereas the dose of alcohol continues pretty stationary for years.

These things incline a neutral spectator to suspect, grievously, some very earthly motives to be working below the manoeuvres of the celestial commissioner, since it really appears to be impossible that the lower Chinese should much abuse the luxury of opium; and, as to the higher, what a chimerical undertaking to make war upon *their* habits of domestic indulgence! With these classes, and in such a point, no government would have the folly to measure its strength. And, as to the classes connected with public industry, we repeat and maintain that it is impossible (for the reason explained) to suppose *them* seriously tainted; so that a delusion seems to lie at the very root of this Chinese representation.

But, apart from all that, we see two pinching dilemmas even in this opium case—dilemmas that screw like a vice—which tell powerfully in favour of our tory views; first, as criminating the present whig administration beyond all hope of apology; secondly, as criminating the Chinese administration. The first clenches the argument, moved by Sir James Graham, on the criminal want of foresight and provision in our own cabinet; and we are surprised that it could have been forgotten in the debate: the second goes far to justify our right of war against China.

We will take these dilemmas in the inverse order, putting forward the latter dilemma first.

I. When Lin seized the British opium, and in one day pillaged our British merchants to the extent of more than two millions sterling, by what means was it that Lin got “a hank” over so much alien property? The opium was freighted on board various ships; and these ships were lying at various distances in the waters of the Bocca Tigris. No considerable part of it was on shore, or in the Canton factory. What is our inference from this? Why, that the opium was not in Lin’s power. Indeed, we are sure of that by another argument; for Lin begs from Captain Elliot the interposition of his authority towards getting the opium transferred to Chinese custody—a thing which most assuredly he would not have done, had he seen the slightest hopes of its coming into his possession by violence. Merely the despair of success in any attempt to seize it, prevailed with him to proceed by this circuitous course. Captain Elliot—for reasons not fully explained—granted this request. Now, then, what we ask is—that all who advocate the Chinese cause, would be pleased to state the terms on which this deliberate transfer of British property was made over to Lin—what were the terms understood by the party surrendering and by the party receiving, viz. Lin? That monosyllabic hero did, or he did not, make

terms with Captain Elliot. Now, if you say he did not, you say a thing more severe, by twenty times, against the whig superintendent than any of us Tories, in or out of parliament, has ever hinted at. What! a British agent, sent to protect British interests, giving up British property by wholesale—sacrificing millions of British pounds sterling—without an effort to obtain an equivalent, without a protest, without a remonstrance! Why, a diplomatist, acting for the most petty interests, gives up nothing without a consideration; nothing at all, without a struggle at the first, without an equivalent at the last. *Quid pro quo* is the very meaning and essence of diplomacy. And observe that Captain Elliot does far more than *sanction* the surrender: it is not as though Chinese artillery had been ready to enforce a seizure, and Captain Elliot, for peace’s sake, interfered to substitute a milder course. Nothing of the sort: but for him the opium would not and could not have passed into Chinese hands. In such circumstances—for of course he insisted for some equivalent—you cannot suppose the first horn of the dilemma, that he did not. That is too incredible. Suppose, therefore, the other horn of the dilemma. You *must* suppose it. Mere decency binds us to suppose, that Captain Elliot, in compliance with the most flagrant demands of duty, *did* make terms. What *were* those terms? What *was* the equivalent? This we have a right to know, because hitherto (and by Lin’s account the affair is now terminated) no equivalent at all, no terms of any kind, have been reported as offered by the Chinese, or as accepted by the British. Sundry of the Chinese have, indeed, since that time made an awkward attempt at cutting sundry British throats, and have had their own cut instead—a result for which we heartily grieve, as the poor victims were no willing parties to this outrage upon our rights. But this could hardly be the equivalent demanded by Elliot. And, as to any other, it is needless to inquire about it, since nothing of any kind has been offered to the British except outrages and insults. Here, then, is a short two-edged argument, which it will be difficult to parry—Lin agreed to a stipulation for equivalents, in which case he must have broken it. Lin did *not* agree, in which case we have a heavier charge against the superintendent, that is, the representative of our own government, than any which has yet been put forward.

II. But worse, far worse, as respects our own government, is the second dilemma. It is this:—Those who had charge of the opium surrendered it on the most solemn official guarantee of indemnification. Now, in offering that guarantee, was Captain Elliot authorised by his government? or was he not authorised? Practically, there is no such indulgent alternative *now* open to the government: because the time is now passed in which that government could claim the benefit of a disavowal. *Instantly* to have disavowed Captain Elliot was the sole course by which the whig government could retrieve their position, and evade the responsibility created for them by their agent. When they first appointed him, they had delegated their responsibility to him; they had notified that delegation to all whom it might concern. It must be an extreme case, indeed, which can warrant a minister in disavowing his own agent, so deliberately selected—and much more when

the distance is so vast. In no case can this be done unless where it can be demonstrated that the agent has flagrantly exceeded his powers. But, in cases of money guarantees, or the drawing of bills, it is hardly possible that an agent should do so: such cases are not mixed up with the refinements of politics, about which the varieties of opinion are likely to arise. Always, and in all situations, an agent knows what are the limits of his powers as to so definite a subject as money. And, were it otherwise, what would become of the innumerable bills drawn upon the British treasury by consuls and naval officers in ports of countries the most remote? Nobody would take such bills; no ship in our navy, no ship-wrecked crew, could obtain aid under the worst circumstances, if a practice existed of disavowing authorised agents, or resisting bills when presented for payment. The Elliot guarantee, therefore, was hardly within the privilege of disavowal by Lord Melbourne's government. They it was who sent the agent—who clothed him with authority—who called upon all men in the east to recognise him as representing themselves—who proclaimed aloud, "Behold the man whom the queen delighteth to honour: what he does is as if done by ourselves: his words are our words: his seal is our seal!"

The argument, therefore, will stand thus:—Captain Elliot solemnly undertook to the British merchants, in order to gain a favourite point for Lin, that no fraction of the money at which the opium had been valued should finally be lost. On the faith of that undertaking, the surrender was made quietly, which else, confessedly, would not have been made at all. Now, in making that perilous engagement—so startling by the amount of property concerned, that no man could pretend to have acted inconsiderately—was Captain Elliot exceeding his powers or not? Did the government disavow his act, even in thought, on first hearing it reported, or did they not? If they did—if privately they were shocked to find the enmity of responsible obligation which Elliot had pledged in their behalf—if they felt that he had created no right in the persons who held his engagements—why did they not instantly publish that fact? Mere honesty, as in a commercial transaction, requires this. If a man draws on you unwarrantably for an immense sum, you never think of replying, "I have not money enough to meet this demand." You say to the holders of the bills—and you say it indignantly—and you say it *instantly*—without taking time to *finesse*, or leaving time for the creditor to lose his remedy—"This man has no authority whatever to draw upon me. I neither am myself his debtor, nor do I hold the funds of any third party who is. But what was the answer of the English government, when summoned to make good the engagements of their agent? Did they say boldly—"We disavow this agent; we disown this debt: we desire that these bills may be noted and protested!" No: but *evasively*, perfidiously, as speaking to ruined men, they reply:—"Oh, really, we have not funds to meet these bills; and, if we should go to parliament for funds, we have a notion that there will be the decoy to pay for contracting so large a debt!" Like a riotous heir, they dare not show to their public guardians the wild havoc of funds which they have authorised.

The sole evasion of this argument would be, if it could be alleged that the bills were bad bills, that they were given without a consideration. But that can be maintained only by those who are misinformed as to the facts. Were it the case that Lin could have seized the opium, though in honour the government would still be answerable for the acts of their agent, and though a contract is a contract, still it might have been said that the British merchants, after all, had been placed in no worse situation by the act of Captain Elliot. But, as the case really stands, the total loss—every shilling of it—was a pure creation of Elliot's. The ships were not in the situation of an army having to stand the hazard of a battle before they could carry off the contested property; in which case it might have been wise to pay some fine for escaping a struggle, however certain the issue. No: they had but to raise their anchors and spread their sails; a lunar month would have seen the opium safe in the waters of Bengal, from which it would have been landed to await the better market of the following year.

But, say some extravagant people, the Chinese had the right of seizure, though not the power to enforce that right; and the inference which they would wish us to draw from that is, that it was the duty of the British merchants to show respect for the laws and maritime rights of China. What! at the cost of two and a half millions sterling! Verily, the respect for China must be somewhat idolatrous which would express itself on this magnificent scale. But, waiving that, mark the reply: Nobody doubts the right of China to seize contraband goods when they are landed, or in the course of landing; because, by that time the final destination of the goods is apparent. And our own government at home—but *having power to sustain their claim*—go somewhat further; they make prize at sea of cargoes which are self-demonstrated as contraband. But who in his senses ever held the monstrous doctrine, that a smuggler is under some obligation of conscience to sail into an English port, and there deliver up his vessel as a victim to the majesty of the offended revenue laws? The very most that China could in reason have asked was, that the opium ships should sail away, and not hover on the coasts. Even this is a great deal more than China had a right to ask—conceding also throughout that China had not herself for years invited this contraband commerce, cherished it, nursed it, honoured it—because it is certain that a maritime kingdom, without a revenue fleet, has no more right to complain of smugglers in its defensive diplomacy; than offensively it has to declare a port or a line of coast under blockade without *bona fide* efforts and means to enforce that blockade. Certainly not, it will be said; and the English opium ships were acting under no recognised maritime law when they so foolishly surrendered their cargoes. But it will be alleged in apology for that rash surrender, that perhaps it might not be merely the Elliot indemnification which persuaded them to this act—that barely made it a safe act. What made it a politic act was probably the belief, that, for any less price, they could not purchase back the general renewal of Chinese commerce. Ay, now we come to the truth. This was the equivalent, beyond a doubt, understood between Lin and Elliot as the condition upon which the surrender was to take effect. Well understood,

most assuredly it was; and if it was not expressed, was not reduced to writing, the blame of that is to be divided (in such proportions as may hereafter be settled) between the confiding folly of our English dupe and the exquisite knavery of the celestial Lii. *Non nostrum tantas componere lites.*

We have stated these two dilemmas more diffusely—and yet not diffusely, since nothing has been said twice over; but more, however, in detail than else might have been necessary—because a transaction of this kind, unless kept steadily before the eye for some time, is too easily forgotten, and no proper impression of its nature is retained. But the broad result from the whole is—that Lin used Captain Elliot as an engine for cheating Englishmen; the roasting chestnuts could not be extracted from the fire: Lin knew that: he was well aware that he must have burned his own paws in attempting it; and, like the monkey in the fable, he wisely used Elliot as his cat's-paw. 2dly, That Lin also cheated the English out of that commerce, the restoration of which he had in effect sold to them, and again through Elliot; and 3dly, that the English government has cheated the English merchants out of two and a half millions of pounds sterling—again, for the third time through Elliot; and, in fact, were it a case at Bow street against the swell mob, the English government would have been found in rank collusion with Lin. Lin picks the left-hand pocket, first of opium, and secondly of trade: the government then step in, whilst the merchants are all gazing at Lin, and pick the other pocket of money: both speaking at first through Elliot, but finally speaking directly in their own persons.

Even this is not all: there is something still worse and more jesuitical in the conduct of our home government. They proceed to decree reprisals against China. But why? Very fit it is that so arrogant a people should be brought to their senses; and notorious it is that in eastern lands no appeal to the sense of justice will ever be made available which does not speak through their fears. We, therefore, are the last persons to say one word against this *ultima ratio*, if conducted on motives applying to the case. By all means thump them well: it is your only chance—it is the only logic which penetrates the fog of so conceited a people. But is that the explanation of war given by government? No, no. They offer it as the only means in their power of keeping faith with the opium dealers and not breaking with Elliot. "What do you want?" they say at the treasury: "Is it money? Well, we have none; but we can take a purse for you on the queen's highway, and that we will soon do." Observe, therefore, you have them confessing to the debt. They do not pretend to deny *that*. Why, then, what dishonesty it was to say in the first instance to the bill-holders, "We have no funds!" They had then, it seems, been authorising engagements, knowing at the time that in respect of those engagements they were not solvent.

This is the first thing that meets us; viz. that, at all events they had meditated fraud. But when, after some months importunity for payment, a treasury attorney suggests this new fashion of paying just debts, which is in effect to go and kick up a spree in the oriental seas, and to fetch back the missing funds out of all the poor rogues whom they can find abroad,

—note this above all things; letters of marque and reprisals may be all fair enough against European nations, because as much commercial shipping as they have abroad, so much warlike shipping they have to protect it. The one is in regular proportion to the other; fair warning is given: we say, take care of yourselves; your war shipping ought to protect your commercial shipping; and if it cannot, the result will be a fair expression that we have measured forces against each other, nation against nation—the result will be one of fair open fighting. Now, in the Chinese seas there are none but commercial ships. There are no fighting ships worth speaking of. Consequently no part of the loss will fall on the state. Our losses in opium will be made good by the ruin of innumerable private traders. That cannot be satisfactory to any party; and quite as little can it satisfy our British notions of justice, that the rascally government, and that "sublime of rascals," Lin, will escape without a wound. Little teasings about the extremities of so great a power, and yet, in a warlike sense, so unmaritime a power as China, will be mere flea-bites to the central government at Peking; not more than the arrows of Lilliput in the toes of Gulliver, which he mistook for some tickling or the irritation of chilblains.

Are we then comparing our own naval power, the most awful concentration of power, and the most variously applicable power which the earth has witnessed to the efforts of Lilliput? Not so, reader; but of what avail is any power under circumstances which forbid it to act? The power of gravitation is the greatest we know of; yet it is as nothing at all if you would apply it to the sending up of rockets. The English navy might as reasonably throw bombshells into the crater of Vesuvius, by way of bidding it be quiet, or into the kingdom of the birds above us, as seek to make any deep impression upon such a vast callous hulk as the Chinese empire. It is defended by its essential non-irritability, arising out of the intense non-development of its resources; were it better developed, China would become an *organised state*, a power like Britain: at present it is an inorganic mass—something to be kicked, but which cannot kick again: having no commerce worth counting—no vast establishments of maritime industry—no arsenals—no ship-building towns—no Portsmouths, Deals, Deptfords, Woolwiches, Sunderlands, Newcastle, Liverpools, Bristols, Glasgows; in short, no vital parts—no organs—no heart—no lungs. As well deliver your broadsides against the impassive air; or, in Prospero's words,

"Stab the still closing waters
With all be-moek'd at wounds."

Indeed, it is a more hopeful concern to make war upon the winds and the waters; for both are known to suffer great changes during some time after the continued cannonading of a great sea-fight; whereas China is, like Russia, defensible, without effort of her men, by her own immeasurable extent, combined with the fact of having no vulnerable organs—no local concentrations of the national power in which a mortal wound can be planted. There lay the mistake of Napoleon in his desperate anabasis to Moscow: in the whole area of interminable Muscovy, which centuries could not effectually traverse with armies, there was but one weak or vulnerable place, and that

was the heart of the Czar. But it was too deadly a stake to throw upon that single chance the fate of so vast an army, and the future *prestige* of the French military name. Moscow having perished, which, after all, was a flea-bite even as regarded the *annual* income of the land; for it contained little more than gilt furniture and boxes of sweetmeats (see Segur), all had perished that *could* perish for Russia, after which every loss must be a French loss. Even without the winter, the French army was a condemned body after that. *There* surely was a deadly miscalculation. And such a miscalculation is ours in meditating the retrieval of our losses by war upon this inert and most lubberly of masses.

But perhaps it will be said we shall not altogether depend on sea-captures. We shall seize the island of Formosa; may be we shall seize Canton. But even in those places we shall find no such accumulations of government stores as would be found in any of our active and warlike European states. Some old fixtures in the shape of buildings, palaces, halls of justice, &c. will be the most that we can count upon as government property; or perhaps Lin, in his hurry of absconding, may leave his snuff-box behind, his opium-box, or his peacock's feather. But we can hardly hope to bring the celestial fixtures to a Demerara "*vendue*." It is true there are the revenues. These we can divert, either in Canton or in Formosa, to our own exchequer. But, unless we adopt the French plan of instant requisitions, (which, if at any time fair, would surely be far otherwise in a case where there is no shadow of a quarrel with the people, but only with the government,) we must stay for some years to gather in any considerable harvest: because the great source of Canton wealth will be dried up by the inland embargo upon the tea provinces; and the Formosa prosperity depends much upon coasting commerce with the main land of China, which will now be subject to all the hazards of a contraband trade. Besides, these two occupations will require a land force; and the very expenses of such occupations may very easily be such that we shall all think it a happy thing if the said interrupted local revenues should satisfy them.

But finally, in dismissing this opium part of the general question, we would wish to press upon the attention of any interested parties, that they should not look at the several parts of the affair as insulated cases, but should review the entire series as a whole, in which the last stage is adapted to the first, in which the first movement contemplates the end. This war upon China may be *otherwise* useful; we ourselves believe it will, and for purposes which we are going to notice. But at present we are dealing with it as a measure adopted by our government to meet certain difficulties created (with or without reason) by themselves, and defended upon specific grounds. It is those grounds we speak to; we argue *ad hominem*. The defence put forward for this war is—that thus we shall recover the value of the surrendered opium. By whom surrendered? Not, as one might think, by some former thoughtless tory administration; no, but by themselves, and a very few months ago. Was ever such a Penelope's policy, such weaving and unweaving, adopted by any rational government? They (for of necessity their undisavowed agent is *they*) one fine day give up like lambs more than £3,000,000 worth of pro-

perty, and on another fine day like tigers they say, Let us fetch it back by war. We did a most drunken act last night: we gave up our watch and purse to a fellow because he had the impudence to ask it. This morning, being sober, let us "pitch into" him and fetch it back.

Upon every principle of plain dealing, every British merchant who surrendered his opium will have a right to say—indemnified or not indemnified by a war, he will have the right—"Captain Elliot, as commissioner of the British government, as an honourable Englishman, one of a nation that is generous and noble, (be its faults otherwise what they may,) and that disdains all trickery,—can you lay your hand upon your heart and look me in the face whilst you say, that either I ought to have understood, or that you thought I understood, by that solemn guarantee to see me reimbursed, simply this remote—this contingent—this fractional chance from such a war as we can wage with China? Will you say that, for my children's bread, as a thing understood and recognised between us, I was to exchange a certain property, in absolute possession, for some aerial claims upon some distant fighting excursion against some place or places unknown, in a kingdom almost belonging to another planet?" The thing is too monstrous for evasion: it speaks for itself. No reimbursement can clear the honour of the parties guaranteeing: that is now impossible. But, were it not so, two home considerations remain: 1st, How many mercantile establishments, or their creditors, may have gone down whilst waiting? 2d, If the money principle of the war is to pay the merchants in the first place, and to leave the costs of the expeditions as a charge against the country, why not, by a simpler process, have created the charge, in the first place, as a direct indemnification to the merchants, and then afterwards go a campaigning for glory and repayment? Unless the proceeds from the expeditions shall be found to cover both debts, what is this but to create a secondary debt for the purpose of covering a primary debt, and with the vast disadvantage of certain intermediate bloodshed, with a prodigious waste of energy, and by a process most absurdly lingering as well as childishly circuitous?

So much for the opium question, which when probed, does not seem to colour the state of our foreign relations very favourably for the present administration. But, as it may be thought that the general bearing of this review is unfavourable also to the entertainment of a Chinese war, we will now turn to that side of the question.

War, as a measure of finance—as a mere resource of a delinquent and failing exchequer, is certainly less likely to succeed with an empire like China, so compact, so continental, so remote—and, beyond all other disqualifying circumstances, so inorganic—than with any other in the known world. The French have an expression for a man who is much mixed up in social relations—that he is *repandus dans le monde*; or, as Lord Bolingbroke once said of Pope, by translating that phrase, *scattered and diffused in society*. Now this is the very description of our own English condition as a people; and, above all other facts, it proclaims our indomitable energy, and our courageous self-dependence. Of all nations that ever have been heard of, we are the most scattered and exposed: we are to be reached by a

thousand wounds in thousands of outlying extremities; the very outposts of civilisation are held by Englishmen, every where maintaining a reserve of reliance upon the mighty mother in Europe—every where looking to her in the last extremities for aid, or for summary vengeance, in the case of her aid coming too late; but all alike, in the ordinary state of things, relying upon themselves against all enemies; and thinking it sufficient matter of gratitude to England that she has sent them out with stout arms—with a reverence for laws—with constitutional energy, and, above all, with a pure religion. Such are we English people—such is the English condition. Now, what we are in the very supreme degree, that is China in the lowest. We are the least defended by massy concentration—she the most so. We have the colonial instinct in the strongest degree—China in the lowest. With us the impulses of expatriation are almost morbid in their activity—in China they are undoubtedly morbid in their torpor. At one time, and it may be so still, the Chinese government absolutely refused to treat, on the cheapest terms, for the redemption of certain Chinese captives, or even to defray their return home—on the Roman plea, that they had abjured their country: but how? Not upon the Roman principle that, having fled in battle, or having yielded to captivity, they had disgraced their sacred mother-country and ceased to be her children; no; but because, having exiled themselves in quest of bread, they had dared to think any other more hopeful than the celestial soil. With such principles it is not to be supposed that Chinese colonies can ever prosper, or ever become other than a degraded limb of the Chinese state. It is vain to expect much energy in a direction which is habitually frowned upon by the Chinese authorities and institutions. And accordingly, not now only, but for a very long futurity, we must expect to see sailors, shipbuilders, colonists, foreign capitalists, merchants, &c. thriving only as those thrive who are a despised class of offcasts. There is not motion enough in the stagnant state of Chinese society to hope for any material change. And to China as it is—not China as it might be—we must adapt our future relations, which are annually becoming more important.

A war for money, a war for indemnities, cannot be a hopeful war against a lazy, torpid body, without colonies, ships, commerce, and consequently without any great maritime depots. A rich seaside, a golden coast, that is what we need to make a naval war lucrative. But what then? We need war for other purposes than instant gain. And these purposes it is our next duty to press upon the attention.

All our misfortunes or disgraces at Canton have arisen out of one original vice in the foundation of our intercourse. This began under the unhappy baptism of two unequal contracting sponsors; a great and most arrogant emperor on the one side, a narrow company of mercantile adventurers on the other. In Europe, governments treat with governments, merchants with merchants. All, therefore, goes rightly. But in Asia, until we also became a great Asiatic potentate, the case was constantly as between the Roman logician armed with a book, and his imperial opponent backed by thirty legions. In China, for local reasons of shyness towards all foreigners, the case was worse than elsewhere; there was a simple

counting-house and ledger on the one side, there was a great throne and its satellites on the other. Every cause of dispute and repulsion was called into action between the parties, mutual religious horror being superadded; and for a cement, for a link, for reciprocal attraction, there was but the one mean principle of reciprocal gain.

Here, however, we pause to notice one capital oversight in political economy. It has been said many scores of times, in derision of our English hold upon China, that in so vast a territory our tea demand, large as it seems, must be a *bagatelle*. Must it so? Now mark how three sentences shall put that down.

1. Our demand is not little in any sense: it is great relatively, it is great absolutely. So poor are the majority of the Chinese, that they never taste such a beverage as tea; more than Hungarian peasants drink tokay, or French peasants champagne. And it has been repeatedly computed that our English exportation is one clear moiety of the crop.

2. But if it were barely a tenth instead of a half, nay a fiftieth, it would operate most powerfully on the Chinese funds, were it only for this reason, that the tea provinces are but a small part of China. Consequently, whatever loss follows any decay of English purchases, falls (after allowing for the profits of carriers and the Canton establishments) not upon all China, in which case the vast subdivision might make it a trifle to each individual, but upon a few provinces, enjoying a particular soil and climate; and even in those provinces, as much land is unfitted for the culture of tea, it falls exclusively upon one class of proprietors. Now, it is idle to say that an English demand annually for forty millions of pounds, suddenly subtracted, could be a trifle to any single body of men in any state upon earth. Gathered in its whole thunders upon one limited class of proprietors, so large a loss, and so sudden a loss, must be overwhelming.

3. This last rectification arises by simply substituting for all China the really small class amongst whom the loss must be divided. But there is another and a worse rectification which blows to atoms the notion that our custom is a matter of indifference to China. Very probably Lin thinks so, because Lin is not much read in Ricardo. But a second year's experience will tell another tale even to Lin. It is shameful that men preaching the doctrines of Ricardo should have overlooked their application to China. Suffice it in this place to say, that if, instead of forty million pounds, England called for only a few hundred thousands, even that small addition to the previous demand might force into culture some inferior soil which would necessarily give the regulating price for the whole; immediately after which a rent would take place on the penultimate quality of tea-ground, a double rent upon the ante-penultimate, a triple rent upon the pre-ante-penultimate, and so on through all the gradations upwards. By parity of process, on the withdrawal of this English stimulus, a corresponding retrocession will take place on every quality of soil; every quality must sink in rent instantly; for the delay by means of written leases will only transfer the loss from proprietor to farmer; and the lower qualities, which have only been called into use because a smaller range could not furnish the total demand, will be entirely with-

courier to Peking for further orders. In due course, the fatal mandate returned for the execution to proceed, and this poor injured man suffered on a Chinese gallows by hanging, for having fulfilled his duty on the deck of a British ship. Baseness and faint-heartedness so complicated, we willingly believe, cannot often have been repeated by British authorities even in a factory. We would even hope that the case must be unique. But it is proper that we should know what are the atrocities which, under the spirit of gain, even free-born Britons can commit, and which, under their accursed system of law, the Chinese can exact.

These precedents, it will be said, belong to a past age. Certainly as regards the British share in the disgrace, but not as regards the Chinese share in the terror. The same scenes are eternally impending. The Chinese laws do not change. It is the very expression of their improgressive state that they cannot. Centuries make no reforms in a land open to no light. That same monstrous principle, upon which a poor dependant of England was then given up to an ignominious death—the principle that, in a certain event, inevitable misfortune and malice aforethought are equally criminal, punishable equally by the death of a dog—this principle never will be abandoned. This principle has, since the year 1785, again and again brought us into terrific embarrassments; and it is idle to suppose that in a seaport, the resort of sailors from the highest spirited nation upon the earth, and liable to perpetual insults from Chinese vagabonds, any vigilance can ever close or seal up this opening to occasional manslaughters. We do not mention, as a separate evil, the liability of our people to be confounded with the Americans; from the identity of their naval costume, this must continually happen: but amongst Chinese idolaters we view the Americans as one with ourselves. They are Christians—they have our British blood in their veins; and they have inherited from ourselves, as children of enlightened liberty, the same intolerance of wrong. It would be a petty clannish form of nationality to separate our cause from theirs.

But now mark; as yet, or at least until the last few years, this horrible Chinese degeneration of moral distinctions has operated only upon a known, distinct, and concentrated surface, upon a body of men under the eye, and partially reined up tightly by the hand, of cautious superiors. Had any other been the case, long before this the very stones in England would have mutinied for vengeance—such would have been the judicial atrocities committed by the Chinese. At present all things are changing in the aspects of English colonization and of our Asiatic commerce. The mere expansion of our Indian empire, and the widening circle of our Asiatic relations, would gradually multiply our shipping, our social necessities, and our points of contact with foreigners in all eastern seas. But, apart from India, the following important changes have recently begun to open:—

1st, The colonial importance of New South Wales is now annually strengthening, so much as to send off sub-dependencies to other parts of the same great continent. The insular colonies of Van Dieman's will add another nucleus in the same region, which already is connecting itself, by numerous threads, with important settlements in every part of the eastern ocean.

2dly, The infant colony of New Zealand will soon of itself, form another and a separate nucleus in the same region of that ocean. This colony has been treated with contradictory harshness by Lord John Russell—now drawing back from the most reasonable interposition of government—now volunteering the most hostile; this day refusing the slightest expression of maternal grace from England—next day placing England, towards her own suppliant children, in the attitude of a malignant step-mother. But, for all that, New Zealand is destined to a giant's career. It is a youthful Hercules, that will throttle the snakes about its cradle. The climate, not too relaxing, the soil, the waters, the interconnection between the noblest children of civilisation, and by very much the noblest race of savages in the world—these great advantages, combined with two others—(the first being, that a large proportion of capitalists will be concerned in this colonial edifice; and the second, that convicts will be excluded,)—compose a body of inauguration for this enterprise, which wears a promise hardly within the compass of disappointment. The long infancy of all other colonies will be spared to this; 1st, in consequence of the power and light which are now directed upon the general subject of colonisation from the centres of European civilisation; 2dly, in consequence of the peculiar local endowments; and lastly, in consequence of the magical revolution in the arts of locomotion.

3dly, The missionary efforts, from Christian England, are now annually expanding their means, and organising their forces. Were it merely through the growing knowledge of eastern languages, this religious interest must go on at a pace liable to sudden accelerations of speed. It is in the nature of such undertakings to kindle as they advance; and, as the separate centres of radiation, begin to link on to each other, gradually interknitting as a chain of posts in active intercommunication.

All these concurring causes will soon multiply our oriental shipping by twenty-fold. In fact, fresh emporia, such as Singapore, have been rising of late years. Ceylon has been rising rapidly in importance. Our increasing intercourse with the Red sea, (now strengthened by military stations,) will further abbreviate the intercourse between Europe and the Indian ocean. These causes, taken by themselves, and apart from the fact that the missionaries have been applying themselves, with peculiar energy, to the vast unguarded sea-coast of China, will avail to carry into Chinese jurisdictions a score of British ships for one that has had occasion to face that danger. Occasional shipwrecks, or calls under stress of weather, will increase in the same proportion. And of this we may be assured, that opportunities for retaliation, in a twenty-fold proportion, will hence-forwards offer to this ignoble people in every case where their monstrous laws may happen to be infringed.

It is a subject of just alarm, that not only will the occasions for revenge be multiplied, but the chances of provoking revenge, by offending those unnatural laws, will even outrun our increased scale of intercourse. For it must never be forgotten, that the opening of the trade to China—were there no other change in operation—has, by itself, utterly deranged the old local authority of any superintendents whom

the new condition of the commerce will endure. Hitherto the enterprising parties (the final controllers) have been cautious and intelligent capitalists—now they will be desperate adventurers. The trade, as it now stands, has succeeded to an inheritance of some ancient forms; but it has inherited no part of the ancient obedience. The obedience paid to Captain Elliot was, in all its circumstances, as different from that which once corresponded to the demands of China, as the new condition of the China seas will be from those of the eighteenth century. This obedience heretofore was compulsory—now it is prudential, and (in the literal sense of that word) precarious; for it depended upon the entreaties of Captain Elliot. Heretofore it was instant; now it followed after long deliberation. Heretofore it was unconditional; now it took the shape of a capitulation. So much obedience was sold for so much indemnification. And most undoubtedly even this form of submission would have been refused, had the quality of the indemnification been known or its distance suspected. In future, every man will govern himself according to his separate views of Chinese policy, or his own facilities for evading it. But, amongst these facilities, the most tempting will be the unprotected state of the Chinese coast as regards the coercion of smuggling. With the inefficacy of Chinese administration will grow the cruelty of Chinese revenge, in order that vengeance may redress the weakness of foresight, and barbarous punishments make up for defective precautions. This people, who are bestial enough to think the will and the intention no necessary element in the moral quality of an act, are also savage enough to punish vicariously. A smuggler will be caught and impaled within sight of his ship: his comrades, by way of furious revenge, will land, will burn a dozen or two of villages, and massacre the flying inhabitants. These particular criminals will probably escape. But the ship that goes next on shore in China, will meet the full storm of Chinese vengeance. And, if some colonial ship freighted with emigrants, or some packet with passengers, should be driven out of her course, and touch at a Chinese port, as sure as we live, some horrid record will convulse us all with the intelligence—that our brave countrymen, our gentle countrywomen, and their innocent children, have been subjected to the torture by this accursed state.

No: it is in vain to dissemble. Even without the irritations of contraband trade, and without the extension of our eastern intercourse now opening before us, it is too certain that the humiliation and the national crime of 1785 will revolve upon us. Many times we have been on the brink of the same tragedy. And, knowing those facts, it is scarcely to be forgiven that our government should not long ago have taken steps in a most decided way to place our relations with this immoral state upon a footing of European security. Things have at last taken a turn which, *on other grounds*, has induced our government to meditate an armed negotiation with China. Now, therefore, it will be most important to combine this ancient and lasting purpose of security with the accidental purposes of the moment; and, whilst healing a present wound of our own infliction, (for the indemnity we are seeking corresponds to a surrender volunteered by ourselves,) to

obtain a lasting guarantee, once and forever, against far worse wounds to character, as well as property, which have continually impended over our Canton connection.

Let us now consider in what way this great object can be compassed; and how it may be possible to extract from an ill-advised rupture, not merely a satisfaction for the momentary grievance, but such concessions in regard to our permanent perils, as may reconcile us all to the rashness of Captain Elliot, and may turn the opium loss (were that even past retrieval) into a mere pepper-corn rent for the very amplest condition of commercial privilege.

What we want with oriental powers like China, incapable of a true civilisation, semi-refined in manners and mechanic arts, but incurably savage in the moral sense, is a full explanation of our meaning under an adequate demonstration of our power. We have never obtained either the one or the other. Our two embassies were faithfully executed, but erroneously planned. To pause at the outset upon what may be thought a trifle, but is really no trifle in dealing with oriental princes, even the presents in those embassies were not childish, so much as ruinously selected. Certain departments of public business have immemorially been conducted as jobs in Great Britain: for instance, the building of palaces, and the regulation of national presents. The first, instead of being confided to a national superintendence, has constantly settled upon the individual caprice of the existing prince; which caprice taking every variety of direction, it has naturally followed, that more money has been spent in merely undoing and pulling down walls, than availed in France to build the Louvre, the Tuileries and Versailles; and with this final result—that, excepting Windsor, we have no palace worthy of the nation. The same hole-and-corner influence has mismanaged the department of presents. For no reason upon earth, beyond an old precedent, thousand guinea diamond boxes were at one time given to a variety of people on every occasion of signing a treaty; and, in Mr. Canning's brief administration, when that minister was questioned about them, it actually came out that no person was officially responsible for the boxes being worth any thing approaching to the price paid by the nation. In another case, and a very important one—viz. the Algerine presents—we have the evidence of a most respectable consul, Mr. Broughton, who made large personal sacrifices for the British honour, that blunders the most childish were committed—blunders interpreted as insults. Had an old frigate, or even a corvette, of which so many were going to decay "in ordinary," been sent to the dey, the present would have been received thankfully as a royal one: instead of which an assortment of *bijouterie* was offered, by which the dey thought himself mocked. The diamond box concern had interfered as usual. A musical snuff-box, valued to the nation at five hundred guineas, was scornfully tossed by the dey to his cook; and the only article which he thought worthy of himself was a brace of finely finished pistols, which probably had not cost above fifty guineas. Thus highly does the nation pay to found a lasting sense of injury in the minds of foreign princes.

As respected China the matter was worse. Amongst the presents assorted for the celestial em-

peror was actually a complex apparatus, (suited to the bedchamber of an invalid,) which cannot be mentioned with decorum. Oriental princes will not believe that the sovereign, who is nominally the presenter of such offerings, has not a personal cognisance of the affront. In their own establishments every trifle of this nature is duly reported and discussed, as one means of relieving the dire monotony which besieges the sensual lives of the east. And, besides, *not* to have had cognisance of what concerned a brother potentate, is already an affront.

That preliminary being first of all settled, which requires great tact in the case of China, from the jealousy with which they regard our superiority in the mechanic arts, and their entire incapacity for the liberal arts, a project is suggested by our present exigencies which has slightly been entertained in former times. It is now certain that we must have some sort of military expedition against China. It is also certain that we can never have full explanations exchanged, or the basis of any treaty laid, without a solemn diplomatic congress between the two nations. What if the two appeals were combined? Embassies have failed in the east, partly because speaking from no apparent station of power, and appealing to no previous knowledge of our European rank, they could not command the requisite attention and respect. On the other hand, a warlike invasion is too openly an expression of coercion to found a settlement that will last. But what if the feelings of an arrogant state were so far consulted as to allow her some colourable varnish for wounded vanity? What if, instead of a negotiating army, we were to send an armed negotiator? Instead of an army with an ambassador in its rear, an ambassador followed by an army for his train? Such retinues are not unknown in many eastern lands. A column of 14,000 men, with a suitable train of artillery, it is understood to be the opinion of military men, would easily march to Peking, if landed at the nearest point. One person, indeed, assures us that we underrate the Chinese Tartar troops: an experienced native, it seems, of Nepaul, had told him that the "Chinese scymeter cuts deeply." Now, if this officer confined his remark *literally* to the swords, (*and not using the word as a general symbol for martial power*), there is no doubt; and it is surprising that the oriental weapons of steel are generally much superior to our own. In the suite of the French General Gardane, sent ambassador by Napoleon to the court of Teheran, there were many military men, who reported that the best Damascus blades were better than the very best Toledo. But, as these could only be purchased from Turkish enemies, the Shah had patronised two native manufactories, at Ispahan and in Chorasán, which were in *their* turn as much superior to the Syrian arms as those to the Spanish. One officer put the rival qualities to a test which was decisive; and M. Jancoigne (who afterwards published a French report on the Persian armies) says expressly—"The swords they use, much superior to ours in temper, make wide and deep wounds, which are generally mortal." The advantage belongs to all oriental armies which import Persian sabres. But what of that? It still remains true of all oriental armies, that, even as to weapons, they are badly armed; badly as respects the class and selection of the arms, whatever may be their quality as manufactures. The Persian ar-

mies have been beaten into some useful reforms by the Russians, and trained into others by Sir H. Bethune. The armies of India have been gradually improved by the example of the English. With these exceptions no eastern armies can so much as face European troops, where all arms of the service are complete, in almost any disproportion. A few brave mountain clans do not amount to a serious exception. One universal error in the composition of eastern armies, is the vast preponderance of the cavalry. The Persian cavalry, taking the quality of men, horses, and arms conjointly, thirty years ago, was the most splendid in Asia; yet an agent of Napoleon's reported thus, on the question of their serviceableness—"This brilliant cavalry cannot fight in battle array;" and then, after describing their excellent qualities as individual horsemen, or acting as partisans "for turning the flanks of an army, and as skirmishers," this Frenchman concludes thus:—"But the perfection of European tactics would not permit the *élite*, even of the Persian cavalry, to support the impetuosity of heavy dragoons, French or English: they are unequal to the regular shock of our cavalry of the line; and they are unequal to the task of breaking our infantry." Yet this cavalry, we repeat, was by unanimous consent, at the head of all Asiatic cavalry. As to the infantry, until recently in Persia and Hindostan, it is every where a rabble of tumultuary levies in Asiatic armies.

Upon many people's minds it will rest as an unpleasant augury, what Sir Robert Peel said of our engaging in a war with three hundred and fifty millions of men. We think Sir Robert must have smiled when he used that argument. One of Shakespeare's clowns hearing of a man having suffered or having threatened a million of stripes, says, "a million of stripes may come to a great matter." And certainly three hundred and fifty millions of cudgelings "would come to a great matter," which would not improve our position, though it might strengthen the demand for opium. But, seriously, of all nations the Chinese is the most sedentary, and the least available for a locomotive war—such as *we* can always make it. The fourth part of their three hundred and fifty millions, which in a nation wholly barbarous ought to express the number of males disposable for war, would be too many for the purpose by a thousand fold, if they could be applied to the service, or being applied, were of the martial quality required. But the improgressive and imperfect civilisation of this nation is precisely of that kind which most effectually prevents the abstraction of men from their daily industry. Nations cannot starve in order to fight; and the position of China, exposed for some generations to no potent enemy on her frontiers, is precisely such as to prevent her nominal army from being, in a true military sense, seasoned to war, or, in military phrase, "*aguerrie*." An armed police is the utmost, from mere defect of enemies, that any Chinese army can long have been. And were it even otherwise, had the Chinese a large army (like our Indian establishment) continually exercised in field duties, and in sharp fighting by a large family of ambitious neighbours, still the great questions would recur—1, Have they a good INFANTRY? 2, Presuming all the advantages of experience and seasoning in the field, are the men efficiently ARMED? 3, Have they the magical—almost the spiritual—power of DISCIPLINE to bind the indi-

viduals into unity? 4. Have they an engineering establishment? Have they an ARTILLERY?

A quarterly journal of eminence in our land absolutely attempts to startle the country, as regards this last question, by pointing attention to the awful fact, that the Chinese had thrown a twelve pound ball into the mast of the Volage or the Hyacinth! Wonderful!—and the poor mast has to undergo an operation in lithotomy, before it can be pronounced out of danger! Why, Persia herself, whose field artillery consisted of certain dromedaries with a swivel mounted on the hump, (*zemboureks* they were called,) which swivel being once fired to the imminent hazard of the cannonier and his neighbour, the regular manœuvre was for the dromedary to wheel to the right about, and gallop off for a day's march to the rear, in order to insure the concern against capture; even Persia had some capital cannon in her arsenals. And how acquired? They had been left behind by the Portuguese when they evacuated the island of Ormus. And most other Asiatic powers have come into an odd assortment of Christian artillery and other old iron, as derelicts of us Europeans. Why, then, should it astonish us that China, by robbery or purchase, or in the way of *jettison* and *flotsam*, should come into possession of a Christian hulk or so with its heavy guns? This argues nothing for her native skill in engineering. One discharge of a rocket brigade, should our expedition make a *hourrah* upon any great city, will be a sufficient reply to all such alarmists.

It is in no other way than as an armed body that an English embassy can ever prevail at Peking. It is in no other character than as an ambassadorial body that an English army can fail to leave behind a very lasting impression of irritation at Peking. Either form of approach taken separately would thwart our views; the purely martial form would terminate in hostility; the purely diplomatic would terminate in smoke. But, if the two could be dexterously blended, if the one could be so used as to mask the other, from the twofold engine we might expect a great and a permanent result. Eastern princes, when they receive alimony as suppliants from others at a distance, call it before their own subjects tribute which they have levied. And when they really pay tribute, they call it alimony which they have granted. To a certain extent we may wink at such evasions in China. But we must not any longer allow our ambassadors to be called *tribute-bearers*, as were Lords Macartney and Amherst. We must not any longer allow ourselves to be called *barbarians*. It is doubtful, indeed, as to this last term, what is the exact value of the Chinese word so rendered. In the use of the Greek word *Barbaroi*, besides the four stages through which it is traced by Gibbon, (chap. li. vol. ix., foot-note, p. 463-4,) it is certain that in each separate stage the word admitted of some modifications, which mitigated the insult, and caused it to be sometimes self-assumed as a mere name of distinction, equivalent to *alien* or *non-Grecian*. Some such misunderstanding may operate here. But misunderstandings, one and all, we must have cleared up. They are perilous with two sorts of nations—with insolent nations, and with dishonest nations. And the very first rule in dealing with such a nation is—*Better to be cheated than to be insulted.*

The first thing is, to look out for really skilful,

but in any case really honest interpreters. Want of skill may be remedied. One or two circumlocutions, or varying repetitions, will always make the meaning clear, if any doubt arises upon a separate word: and generally *things*, substantial *things*, are too much interwoven with the points in dispute to allow any large range for mistake. But there is no guarding against the perfidy of a native Chinese, whose cowardice suggests to him some evasion of a strong English idea. We must have a letter first of all, full and circumstantial, written to the emperor; and, because it is said that he feels it a degradation to have been addressed of late by a viceroy, (the governor-general of India,) this letter must speak directly from her majesty the queen that now is to his imperial majesty. This will be also the better course for another important reason—it will justify a frank language; it will prevent the language of kindness and respectful consideration from seeming adulatory; it will prevent the language of plain dealing from seeming insolent. A very great aid would be rendered to the cause, if a short sketch could be sent with this letter, describing the great leading points in our social polity; showing the value which we also set upon human life, (which otherwise the stupid Chinese fancy peculiar to themselves;), but showing also that we value other things still more highly, such as equity, human rights and duties as measured by intention, &c. and stating the nature of a representative government; how far it limits the powers of the sovereign, but in what a high degree it provides for the honour, and dignity, and usefulness of the sovereign. Such a sketch would prepare the emperor to understand in future, that special requests which he might make of our queen, as tests of her sincerity, are liable to refusal from the nature of popular rights, without any failure in respect or in sincerity of good will.

The Chinese understand by this time, which formerly they did not, something of the truth in relation to our civil grandeur. This they have learned indirectly, and by a sort of logical *sortites*. Our Indian empire, which they see and tremble at, is an exponent to their understanding of that England which they cannot see. To know that this mighty colonial possession is but a remote dependency on England; to know that it is so little essential to the splendour of our English crown, as never to have been visited by any of the royal family; to know also that the whole vast line of communication between India and England has always been kept open by our ships, and consequently (let French emissaries traduce us as much as they will) that, by a practical test continually applied, we must always have been "too many" for our European enemies, through a long line of thirteen thousand miles—all this must convey a gorgeous impression of British power to the minds of the Peking counsellors. What we now want is, to connect this power with our interests in Canton. Contrasting so enormous a power with the mean submissions and the precarious tenure of our Chinese factory, what else can the emperor naturally conclude, than that we (like himself) throw off from parental care those who, for the sake of gain, have consented to expatriate themselves into corners where they hold no one privilege, not so much as air, as water, as fire, but upon insolent sufferance and capricious indulgence?

This must be set to rights: an explanation must

be given, difficult to devise, of our long inattention to these Chinese rights. We must also speak plainly on the terms of equality which we mean to hold in negotiating. This is not quite unprecedented in the east. In Ferishta's Hindostan, as abridged by Colonel Dow, will be seen a case where a king of Persia was so offended at the arrogant style of a great mogul sovereign, that he insisted on explanations; which accordingly were given to this effect: That if he used vainglorious titles, they were meant only for his own subjects, not at all in disparagement of his brother princes. Those are weak people who think such points of titular honour, of rank, of precedence, to be trifles any where. Cromwell did not think them such: he most wisely refused to treat in French, though otherwise a trifle, because it would be used as an argument that we British had submitted to take a secondary place, and to receive a sort of law from our enemies. The first Cæsars did not think them such, who cashiered magistrates for using the Greek language on the tribunal. But in Asia all external forms are more important by many degrees. In Europe the prevalent good sense and the diffusion of truth as to all possible relations of power, &c. give a perpetual limitation to the gasconades of French proclamations, French bulletins, &c. which makes nugatory their false pretensions. But in all Asiatic despotisms no truth is current. Ignorance that is total, credulity that is beyond European conception, combine to support all delusions which are not put down with a strong hand by us who are the most certain to suffer from them.

Among the presents, (which to all eastern princes, but especially to such as only play at making war, ought chiefly to be articles of warlike use,) none can be so well adapted to dazzle the Chinese as a train of our field artillery, with its entire establishment of horses, &c. This, after doing its appropriate service to the ambassador's "retinue" to and from the point of debarkation, might be left as a present with the emperor. As to mere philosophical instruments, how could those dazzle a people incapable of using them? There lay the error of Napoleon, who made Monge exhibit chemical experiments before the Mamalukes and the Arab sheiks. Not having the very elements of science so as to comprehend more than that there had been a flash, or an effervescence, or an explosion, the solemn blockheads naturally said—"Aye, this is very well, but can he do what our magicians can do? Can he make us jump into Abyssinia and back again in an hour?"

But by whatever presents and explanatory letters we court the personal favour of the emperor, the strength of our impression will rest upon our visible demonstration of power contrasted with our extreme forbearance in using it. That *must* make a favourable impression. And it is obvious that we are now arrived at a crisis in which some powerful impression is indispensable, in order, not only to make the further progress which is challenged by our position in Asia, but to continue our hold on the progress which is made already; not only for those objects even, but to meet the certain danger to our fellow-subjects from casual collisions with the Chinese laws. It is obvious enough that the Chinese commerce, if it were not ours already, ought to be procured by treaty—considering the clamorous instincts which propel us in our great Asiatic career. It is obvious that this Chinese commerce, having long

been ours, *will* be pursued now at whatever hazard; and that it is the duty of our government to make that intercourse secure and honourable which it has long been out of their power to prevent. Lastly, it is obvious that even if this commerce were extinguished by the violence of the Chinese, we should still need a treaty and a previous demonstration of our power, in order to protect our ships, with their increasing crews and passengers, from casual collisions with a cruel nation.

These arguments for an armed interference apply to any period of that vast system on which our Asiatic interests have been for some years expanding. But they apply at this moment beyond others for a separate reason, viz.—on account of two injurious acts on the part of the Commissioner Lin, which have suddenly created a crisis. The first of these acts being the seizure of our opium, (since a peaceable surrender, under a virtual condition not fulfilled, *is* a seizure;) the second of these acts being the violent, summary, and (as Lin says) everlasting exclusion of the British name from China. There were at any rate, and already, three general arguments for an interposition of our government, pointing to the future; there is now a fourth argument, pointing to the past, the reprisals called for against special and recent outrages. This last reason we have treated as itself furnishing strong matter against our own government; but that does not acquit the Chinese government. It is only in collusion with the Chinese commissioner that our government has been wrong. To seek indemnities, where we ourselves created the necessity for those indemnities by submitting to the wrong, criminales the government under whose impulse and misrepresentation we *did* submit to that wrong: but it does not acquit Lin, under whose breach of faith that submission has turned out to be an illusory act. Lin is guilty; and our own government, in a measure, the accomplice of Lin. Yet, self-created as is our present necessity for indemnities, by pursuing that object in connection with the other great objects indicated by the constant state of our danger from China, the government will have its only chance of effacing past folly. We may forgive the absurdity and the fraud by which our merchants were decoyed into a supererogatory surrender of two birds in the hand by way of obtaining an uncertain reversion upon one bird in the bush; this and much besides we may forgive, and even rejoice in our own losses, as well as the blunders of our government, if they should turn out to be the happy occasion of forcing a stream of light upon our Chinese position, and winning something more than a momentary indemnification for the British factory—winning honour for the name of Britain—winning a secure settlement planted in law, and self-respect for our establishment in China—for ever taking away from British merchants all temptations to co-operate in legal murder—for ever guaranteeing our own brothers and sisters from liability to torture.

We have taken no notice of one feature in our Chinese relations, which threatens us beyond China. We have been alarmed recently on the matter of Chiva. There is a monomania in this country as regards the emperor of Russia—because the Poles were conspirators, he must be a tyrant—and every man is suspected of aiming at a snuff-box through the Russian ambassador, who speaks a word of truth on behalf of his Russian majesty. All that we shall

say therefore is—that the expedition to Chiva can hardly have any relation to the British movement upon Cabul. It was planned and talked of two years before we crossed the Indus. The khan of Chiva is the common nuisance of central Asia; equally offensive to Russia as a disturber of her commerce in its natural channels, and a common Algerine pirate as regards her peaceful subjects on the Caspian. As regards India, if Russia could venture to assault with mere war an empire founded on both the war and the diplomacy of eighty years, how could she take an effectual departure from the Jaxartes, when she cannot reach it without the sacrifice of despair? Not to mention, that Russia cannot spare troops for an Indian campaign—has not a battalion that is acclimatised—cannot wish for an empire so distant as to demand a new centre of administration. Now, on the other hand, if China could become more warlike, the peril which we vainly look for on the western Himalaya will seriously reach us from the eastern.

We have taken no notice of a feature in the domestic circumstances of China, which may happen to favour us. A secret and revolutionary society of vast ramifications, sometimes called the society of the *Triad*, diffused through every province of maritime China, and having for its object to overthrow the existing Tartar dynasty and government, has been noticed by English travellers of late years. This may happen to co-operate with our purposes. But we rely upon no obscure features, whether for hope or for fear. We rely upon the condition of China—full of insolence, full of error, needing to be enlightened, and open to our attacks on every side. A popular review has pronounced recently an apotheosis of China; finding out that she is distinguished for her skill in the arts, (but obscure *mechanic* arts,) and that she was so when our ancestors lived in the forests of Germany. True; and no fact could better have measured the difference between us. The review takes a retrospect of 1500 years. All the world sees how we have used that interval. We British have traversed the whole distance from savage life to the summit of civilisation. China, starting with such advantages, has yet to learn even the elements of law and justice, without counting on doubtful advantages. We rely upon this known and attested state of Chinese society, which needs a diplomatic interference to make it endurable. We rely upon our past position at Canton, which was always full of temptations to partnership in murder. We rely upon our injuries, which are recent. We rely upon our honour, trampled under foot. We rely upon our interests, which, alike for commerce and for person, are now finally at stake.

POSTSCRIPT.

On the 11th of May this article went to press. And on the 15th day of May, the lords' debate being then circulated through Edinburgh, it first became known to us, that between our views on this remarkable question, and those of the Duke of Wellington, as now brought forward by party collision, there were some pointed coincidences. Any man in the world may be proud of a coincidence, in a matter so complex, with the illustrious duke. And the business of this postscript is accordingly,

First of all, to establish and claim the benefit of that coincidence: to show that it *was* such; and that our agreements with the duke are not consequent upon any communication that we *could* have had with the noble

duke's opinions. The statement of dates, as given above, shows satisfactorily that our speculations upon this great Oriental crisis—however closely approaching to the duke's—must have had a separate and independent origin. Indirectly, also, we are proud to establish our claims in this way, as having fairly appreciated the probable course of tory doctrines upon so elaborate a question, and of tory policy, at a time when neither one nor the other had been circumstantially developed; when it was not yet fully known where the tory blame and praise would settle as to the past; nor in what precise channel the tory policy would travel as to the future.

Secondly, To explain any case, however subordinate, in which we appear to have *differed* from the duke; and in which, according to the extent of our differences, the presumption is that we must be wrong.

Thirdly, Without reference to any claim or any explanation on our own account, it is a purpose of this postscript to tell the general reader who cares not for the person saying, but simply for the thing said—How far we have found reason to modify any opinion previously delivered after the benefit we acknowledge to have received from this discussion, before so enlightened a senate, as the house of lords; and more particularly, whether we have any fresh views to offer after the affair has been brought under the review of the most sagacious and the most experienced amongst modern statesmen.

Amidst the sharp musketry of a parliamentary debate, it is the general feeling, that the Duke of Wellington's opinions or suggestions tell like cannon shot. Whatsoever falls from him is received by the country as having an oracular value. And in this present instance of the China debate, his authority has told so effectually as to have crushed, by anticipation, a second debate pending contingently in the house of commons. Notice of a motion on this subject has been expressly withdrawn upon the ground of the powerful impression made by the Duke of Wellington. It becomes, therefore, the more important that we should throw a glance over the points established by his grace, as they accord so entirely with our own previous view, and strengthen so greatly the opinions, and the grounds of those opinions, which we had already expressed in print.

The whole field of the questions concerned divides into two great sections—the past, and the future: the *past*, in relation to the criminality which has brought on the crisis—how that criminality is to be distributed amongst the several parties to the transaction; the *future*, in relation to the policy which must now be applied to the successful unraveling of this crisis. What is past, undoubtedly cannot be recalled: but it is not the less important to understand it thoroughly, both for the purpose of framing measures to prevent its recurrence, and because our whole policy, even where it is and must be of a warlike character, will, undoubtedly, need to be shaped very differently, accordingly as it contemplates a case of mixed aggressions, partly British, partly Chinese, or a case of horrible outrage (in the way we have maintained, and in the way it now appears the Duke of Wellington maintains) exclusively Chinese, and utterly unprovoked.

The parties liable to inculpation, as having participated in the proceedings at some stage or other, are three:—The Chinese government, the British opium-dealers, and our own domestic administration. Let us pass them in rapid review, and weigh the distribution of blame among these three parties as awarded by the illustrious duke.

I. *The Chinese government*.—Here the duke's statements are not only, as we described them to be generally, like cannon shot in their effect, but are like such shot, in its course and mode of progress, as described in Schiller's *Wallenstein*—"shattering *what* it reaches, and shattering that it *may* reach." Not only does he shatter the object of his attack—the immoral government of Chi-

na—but, in his road to that object, he goes right through the centre of all who have in this country undertaken the apology of that government. Had the Chinese even stood upon any fair ground of right in the first stages of the case, they would have forfeited that advantage in the last: "for," says the duke, "in all the fifty years of my own experience as a servant of my country—no, nor in any part of my reading—have I met with such another case of outrage as that authorised by the rulers of China to our accredited agent." And if some people object—Oh! but the Chinese would not recognise Captain Elliot as an accredited agent—they would not receive a British official representative—in that case so much the worse: because then Captain Elliot had the rights of a private individual; and there was no more plea open to the Chinese government for making him responsible than any obscure sailor taken at random.

So much for the *last* stages of the Chinese conduct; and here the duke does but strengthen an impression which is open to us all. But as to the *first* stages, by a reference to sources of information more special and personal, he cuts the ground from below the feet of the Chinese government in a way peculiar to himself. We could but suspect: for we had no documents. The duke proves: he had ample documents. In papers furnished to the lords he had seen, in a committee of the lords he had heard, direct evidence—proof not to be gainsaid or shaken—that the acting administration of China, those persons, one and all, whom we aliens are required to consider and to treat as the responsible government of the land, had through a series of years encouraged the importation of opium. There flutters to the winds a whole library of polemic pamphlets. After this, is it any thing to us, whether in such a case, and many another case, the emperor is, or is not, kept in the dark by the mandarins? We are bound to know the emperor's pleasure through those whom he deposes to us as his representatives. We can know it in no other way. The internal abuses of their government are for their own consciences. To us they are nothing. And there, at one blow from the mace of the iron duke, lies in splinters upon the floor almost every pro-Chinese pleading which has taken up the ground of morality.

II. *The British opium-dealers.*—Upon this head the duke is overwhelming. Their acquittal, indeed, is involved in the fact which has been just stated on the duke's authority with regard to the Chinese administration. If that body encouraged importation, in respect of *them* the importers cannot be wrong-doers. There might be room for some wrong in relation to our British government: because, if they had happened to forbid the opium traffic wisely or foolishly, then it might have been a fair plea at home—"Look for no British aid if China should injure you in respect to an interest which *we* have discountenanced." So much room and no more, there might have been for wrong on the side of the opium merchants. There *might* have been—but *was* there? Hear the all-shattering duke:—

First he declares—that, so far from even looking gloomily upon this opium commerce, parliament had cherished it, suggested its extension, and deliberately examined the means at their disposal for promoting its success, as a favoured resource both of finance and of trade. The duke reminds the house—that he himself, with other patriotic peers, had been parties to a committee, of which one main business was to recommend and introduce (by way of substitution for the privileges lost to the East India Company on throwing open their trade) some modified form of a monopoly with regard to opium.

Secondly—if this should be thought to shift the blame from the merchants to the British parliament—in order to make it any duty of our legislators that they should interfere to stop the opium traffic, first of all we must have such a measure made out to be a possibility. Now

the duke puts down that notion *ex abundanti*. For, at a time when certain intolerable treaties with native princes had armed us with a machinery towards this result, such as we never *shall* have again, and never *ought* to have had, even then we could not succeed in operating upon the trade, except after the following fashion:—Our Indian government proclaimed restrictions: our merchants, native as well as British, evaded them. Our government made another move in the game, evading the evasions. Our merchants, wide awake, counter-evaded the evasions of their own evasions. And thus the sport proceeded, the two parties doubling upon each other, and dodging like an old experienced hare against a greyhound: until at last, upon a necessity arising for the government to abolish the treaties, we were obliged to whip off the dogs, and the *game* party of merchants had it all their own way. Lord Ellenborough, whose former experience at the board of control made his evidence irresistible on this point, confirmed all that the duke had said; with circumstantial illustrations of this vain race with the merchants, and showing that even for that ineffectual trial of strength, our Indian government enjoyed some momentary advantages which it must never count upon for the future. We have seen the best of our facilities for such a conflict with private interest. Even then it was a hopeless conflict: "a fortiori" it will be so hereafter. Impossibilities are no subjects for legislation; by civil law—"nemo tenetur facere impossibilia."

Thirdly—But possible or not in a practical and executive sense, if it is our *duty* to restrain any given social nuisance; we must not plead our impotence in bar of complaints against us: and in default of our own restraints, we must not complain if others, suffering by the nuisance, take that remedy into their own hands which we profess to have found too difficult for ours. Other checks failing, let us not complain of those for redressing the evil who suffer by the annoyance. Certainly not. Nor *do* we complain. Nor is there any thing to that effect involved in any one British act, or in any one argument that has been built upon it. We quarrel with no nation for enforcing her rights of domestic policy, so long as she keeps herself within the methods of international justice. But, with respect to China, we make two demurs: we refuse to hear of any people raising their separate municipal law into a code of international law: it is not merely insolence, but it is contradictory folly to suppose, that, in a dispute between two independent parties, one of the parties is to constitute himself umpire for both. This demur we make in the first place. And secondly, we say, that, apart from her savage *modes* of redressing civil wrongs, China has, in this instance, forfeited her claim to any redress, from her long collusion with the wrongdoers, whom now in caprice she accuses; and because, not only she participated through every class of her population in the opium traffic, which with us rested on the support of those only who were naturally, inevitably, *without bribes*, the agents of such a traffic, but also because she was the original tempter, inviter, hirer, clamorous suborner, of that intercourse which now she denounces. Roguery, like other tastes, has its fashions. Chinese roguery and court intrigue are now, it seems, blowing from some fresh point of the compass. Be it so. We argue not against any nation's caprices. But we refuse to hear of our merchants and our sailors being made the victims to such caprices—this year inviting the man whom next year they crucify.

That duty, therefore, which so many are urging against us, as binding our faith and tying our hands in the collision with China, the Duke of Wellington disowns as being a pure chimera under the circumstances of the case. But on the other hand, says the duke, whilst these men argue for an obligation of conscience which cannot be sustained, observe the real and solemn obligations, some notorious, some implied in treaties,

which these disputants are goading us to trample under foot. That duty of superintendence applied to opium, which is merely fanciful as regards China under the circumstances created by herself, we really *do* owe, and shall for many years owe, to native powers of Hindoستان. We came under such obligations by contracts, by cessations in our favour, by diplomatic acts, long since locked up into the public diplomacy of India. We cannot disturb those arrangements without a sympathetic violence running through the whole tenure, guarantees, compensations of all Indian chanceries. We were long ago pledged to the protection of many vested interests rooted in the poppy-growing districts. If we should co-operate with China in vainly attempting to exclude Indian opium from the vast unprotected coasts of China, we undertake the following series of follies: we lend ourselves to a caprice of a hostile government; to a caprice leveled at our own power: we undertake to do for China what she is laughably impotent to do for herself: we take upon ourselves the expenses of an act so purely hostile to ourselves, which expense would else soon recall China to her senses: and lastly, as if such a course of follies were not complete without an appendix of spoliation, we purchase the means of this aid to our enemy by the sacrifice of debts, duties, contracts, guarantees to the closest of our neighbours, and, amongst our Indian allies to some of the oldest and most hopeful. The Duke of Wellington, we must remember, is at home in the affairs of India. And this particular suggestion, as to the rights and interests of provinces likely to be affected by any compromises with China, belongs entirely to his grace. Until this vein of interests had been exposed, it was supposed that a policy of concession to China would simply pledge us to a maniacal course: whereas the duke has shown that it would pledge us also to perfidy, to a general infraction of treaties, and to a convulsion of industry and political economy through many channels in which they are now prosperously flowing.

Such is the circuit of the duke's logic. Traveling round the circle of parties concerned, when he hears it said of the Chinese—They have received an injury amounting to a cause of war, "By no means," he replies; "they courted what they complain of. I have proof that they did." When he hears it said of the merchants—Their trade must be stopped—he replies: "I defy you to stop it: the thing has been tried, and was laid aside as impossible." When it is retorted—"Well, if it is an inveterate abuse, at least it is an abuse,"—the duke rejoins, "No abuse at all: parliament recognised an old right, created a new one, in the opium-growers." "But at least, justice to China requires that the right should be forborne in that instance." "On the contrary," the duke again instructs us, "justice to India requires, that in that instance, above all others, the right should be protected and favoured." Thus pertinaciously does this champion of truth and scourge of false pretensions ride round the ring, and sustain the assault against all comers who would make a breach through the barriers of equity or civil policy.

But, after all these parties are disposed of, there still remains,

III. *Our domestic administration.*—Now what degrades the Duke of Wellington condemns their policy, in its want of foresight, may be gathered from his special complaints, both now and formerly, of the twofold defects at Canton—defect of naval force, defect of naval judicatories; and, more generally, from his complaint that far too great an onus was thrown upon the responsibilities of Captain Elliot; too much, in fact, for any one man unrelieved by a council to support. His objections, indeed, to the ministry, came forward indirectly in the errors which he exposes, and the cautions which he suggests. But the reasons why the duke makes no

pointed attack on Lord Melbourne's government are, first of all, the general principles which govern this great servant of the state in all movements—viz. his anxiety for ever to look round the wide horizon for some national benefit, rather than into a local corner for some party triumph; and, secondly, because upon this particular question of China, the present ministry are not so much opposed to the Tories, as to a fantastic party of moral sentimentalists, who, by force of investing the Chinese with feelings unintelligible to Pagans, (substituting at the same time a romance for the facts of the case,) have terminated in forcing upon the public eye a false position of the whole interest at stake; a position in which all the relations of person are inverted, in which things are confounded, and our duties (otherwise so clear) are utterly perplexed. It is this anti-national party who, on these questions of Opium and China, form the true antagonist pole to the ministry. As to us Tories, we are here opposed to the party in office, only in so far as they have conceded to the Chinese. Where they have met this arrogant people with an English resistance, we praise them, honour them, support them. And exactly upon that mixed principle of judgment it has been—that the duke, seeing the strong primary demand that he should support them, has less diligently sought out those secondary cases in which it would have been necessary for him to blame or to condemn them.

Thus far with regard to the *past*, and the general distribution of blame which that review must prompt. As to the *future*, and the particular courses of oriental policy which any speculation pointed in that direction must suggest for comparison—it will be remarked, as a singularity in so great a soldier when facing a question so purely martial, that the Duke of Wellington declines to offer any opinion whatever on the possible varieties of warfare, on the modes of combining the land and sea forces, on the local opportunities for applying them with effect, on the best general chances of success, or the permanent object to be kept in view. But let us not misinterpret this high principled reserve. Some persons have drawn the inference so as to load the Duke of Wellington with the responsibility of having doubted whether a warlike course were, in our circumstances, an advisable course. Nothing of the sort. Not war; but this war; not a warlike policy as generally indicated by our situation, but that kind of policy as governed by our present disposable means, and moving under some particular plan, of which the very outline is yet unknown and the scale is yet unassigned—that it is which the duke drew back from appreciating. Knowing the immense weight which must follow any opinion from himself upon a matter so professedly falling within his right of judgment, he forbore to prejudge a scheme of war as to which Europe was hanging on his lips. But, as to war generally, that the duke does not encourage doubts of the necessity to support our pacific relation at all times by showy demonstrations of our readiness for fighting—is evident from the constant recurrence in his own Chinese state-papers of warlike suggestions. It is almost comic to observe what stress he lays, in sketching the line of argument to be employed by British negotiators with China, upon "a stout frigate" within hail.

In one point only we are reminded, whilst closing, of a difference between the Duke of Wellington's views and those which we had previously expressed. As this point respects an individual officer, it is fit that we should do him justice by the whole vast preponderance which belongs to the Duke of Wellington's praise over any man's censure. We had blamed Captain Elliot: the duke praises him with a fervour that must constitute Captain Elliot's proudest recollection through life. But the truth is—we speak of different things. We spoke of Captain Elliot as identified with his principals, and as

representing their line of policy. The duke speaks of him as a separate individual, acting, in a moment of danger, according to a true British sense of duty upon sudden emergencies, for which he could have received no instructions from England. In his firm refusal to give up Mr. Dent, and afterwards the six sailors demanded by Lin, Captain Elliot's conduct was worthy of his country. And the Duke of Wellington, who is always right, reminds us, by his fervid commendation, of our own error in having neglected to place those acts in that light of exemplary merit which belongs to them.

And here we cannot help saying a word or two of one of the few men in any period who has lived to see his own consecration in human affections, and has had a foretaste of his own immortality on earth. Let us briefly notice the Duke of Wellington's present position amongst us; which is remarkable, and almost unique. Until within these few years this great man had been adequately appreciated according to the means which the nation then possessed for framing a judgment of his merits. We measured him, that is to say, by his acts. Europe had seen him as a soldier: had seen him as an ambassador—no ceremonial ambassador, but in a general congress of nations still rocking with the agitations of convulsions without a parallel, as a mediatorial ambassador for adjudicating the rights of the world: finally, Europe had seen him as a prime minister of England. In the first character, as the leader of "the faithful armies" which, under whatever name, did in reality sustain the interests of human nature and the cause of civilisation upon earth, it would be idle to speak of him. In the two last characters, it was the general feeling of England that the Duke of Wellington had exemplified "the majesty of plain dealing" upon a scale never before witnessed, and in functions to which such a spirit of dealing was hardly supposed applicable. Thus far we all did him right, but we also did him a great wrong; and it was inevitable that we should do so. It was a wrong which he bore cheerfully, and with the submission which he felt to be one of his duties as a public servant in a free country. But it must have been bitter and trying to his secret sense of justice, seeing that subsequent revelations have exposed to view a peculiar and preternatural strength, a compass of power absolutely without precedent, in that very organ of his character to which our popular error ascribed an elementary weakness. Nobody can look back for a space of six or eight years but he must remember as a general notion prevailing against the Duke of Wellington, as a taunt often urged against us by our political opponents, often silently conceded by ourselves—that, either from habits of long usage, or from original vice of temperament, he was too rigid and untractable in his political opinions; in his demeanour too peremptory, too uncivic; that with the highest virtues of the military character he combined some of its worst disqualifications for political life; that his notions tended to impress too martial a character of discipline upon the public service; that even his virtues of a civic order were alloyed with this spirit—his directness and plain dealing being but another aspect of that peremptory spirit which finds its proper place in a camp; and that, finally, as to the substantial merits of national wants or grievances, apart from the mode and manner of his administration, not less by temper than by his modes of experience, the duke was incapacitated for estimating the spirit of his age, and stood aloof from all popular sympathies. Thus stood public opinion, when a memorable act of retribution was rendered to the duke's merits, and a monument raised to his reputation, such as will co-exist with our language, in the series of his despatches, &c. published by Colonel Gurwood. The effect was profound. The Duke of Wellington had long been raised as far beyond the benefits, as he is beyond

the need, of any trivial enthusiasm derived from momentary sources or vulgar arts; and this book was fitted to engage the attention of none but the highly cultivated. The reverence of the land for the duke's character, the gratitude of the land for the duke's services, scarcely seemed open to increase. But undoubtedly a depth of tone and a solemnity approaching to awe, were impressed henceforth upon the feelings with which all thoughtful men regarded the Duke of Wellington as an intellectual being. Now, first, it was understood what quality of intellect had been engaged in our service, moving amongst what multiplied embarrassments, thwarted by what conflicts even in friendly quarters, winning its way by what flexibility of address, watching all obstacles by what large compass of talents, and compensating every disadvantage for the public service by what willing sacrifices of selfish feeling. Were it not for the singleness of purpose, for the perfect integrity, for the absolute self-dedication, and the sublime simplicity we should say—Here is a Machiavelian subtlety of understanding! With an apostolical grandeur of purpose, there is here combined the address of a finished intriguer; and for a service of nations upon the grandest scale, we see displayed a restless and a versatile spirit of submission to circumstances and to characters, which, according to all the experience of this world, belongs naturally to modes of selfishness the most intense. The wisdom of long-suffering; the policies of allowance in matters of practice; the spirit of indulgence to errors that were redeemable; the transcendent power to draw into unity of effect, elements the most heterogeneous, and tempers the most incompatible; in short, that spirit of civic accommodation to the times in which we had supposed him to have been most wanting, and that spirit of regard to the bold national temperament of the armies he led, which was held most irreconcilable with martial discipline;—precisely these were the qualities which the Gurwood correspondence has exposed as the foremost of the duke's endowments: in any case, the very rarest endowments; and in this case, amongst an army so high spirited, the most operative for the final success. In short, to sum up the truth by the sharpest antithesis, instead of ruling in his civic administration by means of military maxims, the Duke of Wellington applied to military measures and to the conduct of armies that spirit of civic policy which, in times less critical by far, had not been attempted by generals of nations the most democratic.

Such is the retributory service, late but perfect, rendered to the duke's character. The shades of evening are now stealing over his life; and for him also, that night is coming in which so man can work. But as yet no abatement is visible in his energies of public duty. Tenderness, as towards a ward of the nation, is now beginning to mingle with our veneration. And, in the course of nature, the anxieties of a mighty people will soon be suspended on his health, as they have long been suspended on his majestic wisdom.

Meantime, there is a kind of duty—upon every question of politics to which the Duke of Wellington has been constructively a party—of looking towards him as the centre upon which our public counsels revolve. But in Asiatic questions he has a closer interest, and a sort of property by various tenures. Through his elder brother, as a brilliant administrator of our British empire in India, and through his own memorable share in raising that empire, he has obtained a distinct cognizance of Indian rights, which makes him their natural guardian. And of this opium dispute he has himself demonstrated—that in its rebound it is more truly a question for our Indian friends than for our Chinese antagonists. To the duke, therefore, at any rate, we look in this emergency—as one which lies originally within his field. And it is with the view of exhibiting the map so matched against the crisis—of equalizing the authority with the occasion—that we have digressed into this act of critical justice to the duke's merits. But if that course would have been a matter of propriety whilst merely looking with a general political deference to the duke's authority, much more is it become such after the duke's comprehensive examination of the case; and after the effect of that examination has been put on record by so public a test as instantly followed: some persons having silently, some avowedly, withdrawn from the further prosecution of a question which, in this stage at least, had been laid to rest by his grace's exposition of its merits.

POOR JACK.

BY CAPT. MARRYAT, AUTHOR OF "JACOB FAITHFUL," "PETER SIMPLE,"
"JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER," &c. &c.

"You haven't got never a copper for Poor Jack, your honour?"

CHAPTER I.

In which, like most people who tell their own stories, I begin with the histories of other people.

I have every reason to believe that I was born in the year of our Lord 1786, for more than once I put the question to my father, and he invariably made the same reply; "Why, Jack, you were launched a few months before the Druids were turned over to the Melpomene." I have since ascertained that this remarkable event occurred in January 1787. But my father always reckoned in this way: if you asked him when such an event took place, he would reply, so many years or months after such a naval engagement or remarkable occurrence; as, for instance, when I one day inquired how many years he had served the king, he responded, "I came into the service a little before the battle of Bunker's Hill, in which we licked the Americans clean out of Boston." As for Anno Domini, he had no notion of it whatever.

Who my grandfather was, I cannot inform the reader, nor is it, perhaps, of much consequence. My father was a man who invariably looked forward, and hated any thing like retrospection: he never mentioned either his father or his mother; perhaps he was not personally acquainted with them. All I could collect from him at intervals was, that he served in a collier from South Shields, and that a few months after his apprenticeship was out, he found himself one fine morning on board of a man-of-war, having been picked up in a state of unconsciousness, and hoisted up the side without his knowledge or consent. Some people may infer from this, that he was at the time tipsy; he never told me so; all he said was, "Why, Jack, the fact is when they picked me up, I was quite altogether *non pomus*." I also collected at various times the following facts—that he was put into the mizen-top, and served three years in the West Indies; that he was transferred to the main-top, and served five years in the Mediterranean; that he was made captain of the foretop, and sailed six years in the East Indies; and, at last, was rated captain's coxswain in the Druid frigate, attached to the Channel fleet cruising during the peace. Having thus condensed the genealogical and chronological part of this history, I now come to a portion of it in which it will be necessary that I should enter more into detail.

The frigate in which my father eventually served as captain's coxswain was commanded by a Sir Hercules Hawkingtrefylyan, Baronet. He was very poor and very proud, for baronets were not so common in those days. He was a very large man, standing six feet high, and with what is termed a considerable *bow-window* in front; but at the same time portly in his carriage. He wore his hair well powdered, exacted the utmost degree of ceremony and respect, and considered that even speaking to one of his officers was paying them a very high compliment: as for being asked to his table, there were but few who could boast of having had that honour, and even those few perhaps not more than once in the year. But he was, as I have said, very poor; and moreover he was a married man, which reminds me that I must introduce his lady, who, as the ship was on Channel service, had lodgings at the port near to which the frigate was stationed, and occasionally

came on board to take a passage when the frigate changed her station to the eastward or to the westward. Lady Hercules, as we were directed to call her by Sir Hercules, was as large in dimensions, and ten times more proud than her husband. She was an excessive fine lady in every respect; and whenever she made her appearance on board, the ship's company looked upon her with the greatest awe. She had a great dislike to ships and sailors; officers she seldom condescended to notice; and pitch and tar were her abomination. Sir Hercules himself submitted to her dictation; and, had she lived on board, she would have commanded the ship: fortunately for the service, she was always very sea-sick when she was taking a passage, and therefore did no mischief. "I recollect," said my father to me, "once when we were running down to Portsmouth, where we had been ordered for provisions, that my Lady Hercules, who was no fool of a weight, being one night sea-sick in her cot, the lanyard of the cot gave way, and she came down with a run by the head. The steward was called by the sentry, and there was a terrible shindy. I, of course, was sent for, as I had the hanging up of the cot. There was Sir Hercules with his shirt flapping in the wind, and a blanket over his shoulders, strutting about in a towering passion; there was the officer of the watch, who had been sent for by mistake, and who was ordered to quit the cabin immediately; and there was I, expecting to be put in irons, and have seven dozen for my breakfast. As for Sir Hercules, he didn't know what to do; he did nothing but storm at every body, for my lady, with her head under the clothes, was serving him out at no small rate. She wouldn't, she declared, allow any man to come into the cabin to hoist her up again. So indecent, so indelicate, so shocking—she was ashamed of Sir Hercules—to send for the men; if they didn't leave the cabin immediately, she'd scream and she'd faint—that she would—there was no saying what she wouldn't do! Well, there we waited just outside until at last Sir Hercules and my lady came to a parley. She was too sick to get out of bed, and he was not able to hoist her up without assistance; so being, as I suppose, pretty well tired of lying with her head three feet lower than her heels, she consented, provided that she was properly kivered up, to allow us to come in and put all to rights. Well, first she made Sir Hercules throw over her his two boat cloaks, but that wouldn't do; so he threw the green cloth from off the table, but that wasn't enough for her delicate sensibility, and she hollowed from under the clothes for more kivering; so Sir Hercules sent for two of the ship's ensigns, and coiled away the bunting on her till it was as high as a haycock, and then we were permitted to come in and hoist her ladyship up again to the battens. Fortunately it was not a slippery hitch that had let her down by the run, but the lanyard had given way from my lady's own weight, so my back was not scratched after all. Women ain't no good on board, Jack, that's sartain."

But I must now introduce a more important personage than even Lady Hercules, which is my mother. They say "like master, like man," and I may add, "like lady, like maid." Lady Hercules was fine, but her maid was still finer. Most people when they write their biography, if their parents were poor, inform you that they left them a good name and nothing else. Some parents cannot even do that; but all parents can at all events leave their children a *pretty* name, by taking a little trouble at their baptism. My mother's name was Araminta, which, as my father truly observed was "a touch above the common." She had originally gone into service as a nursery maid, living in her first situation one year and nine months; in her second, she remained two years and four months; then she left to *better* herself, and obtained the situation of nurse in a family where she remained two years and one month; after which, Lady Hercules then having a child of

* I have since heard a different version of the result of this battle.

a year old, she was received into her service. At three years old the child died, and my mother was promoted to the situation of ladies' maid. This advancement quite spoiled her; she was prouder than her mistress, and gave herself ten times more airs, and when, at first, my father (who as coxswain was constantly up at the house,) offered to speak to her, she turned away from him in most ineffable disdain. Now my father was at that time about thirty years of age, and thought no small beer of himself, as the saying goes. He was a tall, handsome man, indeed so good looking that they used to call him "handsome Jack" on board of the *Druid*, and he had, moreover, a pigtail of most extraordinary size and length, of which he was not a little proud, as it hung down far below the waistband of his trousers. His hair was black and glossy, and his love-locks, as the sailors term the curls which they wear on their temples, were of the most insinuating description. Now, as my father told me, when he first saw my mother with her sky scraping cap at the back of her head, so different from the craft in general, he was very much inclined to board her; but when she boomed him off in that style, my father, who was quite the rage and fancy man among the ladies of Sally Port and Castle Rag, hauled his wind in no time, hitching up his white trousers, and turning short round on his heel, so as to present his back to her whenever they happened to meet. For a long time he gave her a wide berth. Now this fact of my father returning her disdain had the usual effect. At first she was very savage, and when she spoke of him to Lady Hercules, she designated him as "that proud coxswain, who seemed to think himself a greater man than Sir Hercules himself—with his filthy pig-tail indeed!" My father also, when he spoke of her to the boat's crew, termed her "that proud — of a lady's maid," the word not mentionable, being both canine and feminine. Thus matters went on for some time, until my mother, by a constant survey of my father's handsome proportions, every day thought him to be a more proper man, and a few advances on her part at last brought them to a mutual understanding.

CHAPTER II.

My father does what most sailors do—he makes a foolish marriage, one of the consequences of which is brought to light at the end of the chapter.

I have observed at the finale of my first chapter, that at last my mother and father came to a good understanding; but, at the same time Madame Araminta (for so my mother insisted upon being called) took good care to let my father understand that she considered that she was lowering herself by surrendering up her charms to a captain's coxswain. She informed him that her father might be said to have been royally connected, being a king's messenger (and so, indeed, he might be considered, having been a two-penny postman); and that her mother had long scores against the first nobles in the land (she was a milk-woman), and that she had dry-nursed a young baronet, and was now, not merely a ladies' maid, but a *lady's ladies' maid*. All this important and novel communication sunk deep in my father's mind, and when he heard it he could hardly believe his good fortune in having achieved such a conquest: but, as the sequel will prove, his marriage did not turn out very happily. He used to say to me, "Jack, take my advice, and never marry above your condition, as I did; nothing would please me, but a *lady's ladies' maid*; I had no right to look up to even a *ladies' maid*, and had your mother been only a simple maid, all might have been right." But these were after-reflections when it was too late. I do not wonder at my poor father's senses being dazzled, for, as he said to me, "You see, Jack, after being used to see nothing but Point

women, all so slack in stays and their rigging out of order, to fall aboard of a craft like your mother, so trim and neat, ropes all taut, stays well set up, white hammock-cloths spread every day in the week, and when underweigh, with a shawl streaming out like a silk ensign, and such a rakish gaff topsail bonnet, with pink pennants, why, it was for all the world as if I was keeping company with a tight little frigate after rolling down channel with a fleet of colliers: but bowsomever, fine feathers don't make fine birds, and handsome is as handsome does."

My father's marriage was, however, precipitated by circumstances. One afternoon, after he had been accepted, he had taken his quid out of his cheek, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and was in the act of giving and receiving a chaste salute, when Lady Hercules happened to come down into the kitchen—a most rare occurrence, and wholly unexpected from a lady of her refined and delicate ideas. She caught my father and mother in the very fact; and, (as my father expressed it,) with an exclamation of horror, "She 'bout ship, and sculled up stairs like winkin." A loud peal of the bell summoned up my mother, leaving my father in a state of no pleasant suspense, for he was calculating how far Sir Hercules could bring in "kissing a lady's ladies' maid" under the article of war as "contempt of superiors," and, if so, how many dozen kisses his back might receive from the cat's return. While he was absorbed in this pleasing speculation, Lady Hercules was pouring out anathemas against my mother's want of delicacy and decency, informing her that it was impossible she could submit the decoration of her person to one who had so contaminated herself with tobacco-chewing seaman—who was all pigtail within and without; for, as the Scripture says, "Who can touch pure without being defiled?"

Although my mother had made up her mind, that was to be a question between a place and a husband, she should decide upon retaining the latter, still she thought it advisable, if it were possible, to conciliate my lady. She therefore pulled out a cambrie handkerchief, and with her ladyship scolded, she covered up her face and wept. Lady Hercules continued to scold until she was out of breath, and thereby compelled to stop. My mother then replied with deep humility and many tears, "that indeed she had been so persuaded (sob) that she at last promised (sob) marry; but only on one condition—yes, indeed—(sob) that her ladyship gave her consent—positively on no other (sob)—no, indeed, upon her honour! Mr. Saunders was (sob)—excellent young man—(sob)—so attached to Sir Hercules (sob), and had such a great respect for her ladyship, that—(sob)—(sob)—(sob)—he had won her heart."

By this time her ladyship had regained her breath, and she interrupted my mother by pointing out to her, and allowing all she said to be correct, yet still that was no reason why she should allow such indecent liberties; that Sir Hercules had never obtained such favours from her until after the ring had been put on her finger. Then indeed, such things might be—that is, occasionally, in the kitchen of all places!—And, besides, how did she know how many wives the coxswain had already? She shouldn't be surprised, if, with that long pigtail of his, he had five at least—nay, perhaps, six or seven. Here my mother replied, that "it was out of gratitude to her (sob) for having consented to permit him to (sob) speak to Sir Hercules (sob), who would plead with her ladyship (sob) which had occasioned Mr. Saunders (sob) to take—such a—liberty (sob)—(sob)—(sob)—which he had never—done before (sob)—No!—never—upon her honour—never!—And here my mother's sobs choked her utterance.

This explanation somewhat pacified, and a little subsequent humility and flattery gained the mistress, who consented to settle the matter with Sir Hercules, alleging,

one principal reason for so doing, that after the familiarity which had taken place between them, the sooner they were married the better. The wishes of her ladyship were tantamount to commands. Sir Hercules pronounced my father to be a fool, and they were married.

My mother was a good-looking person, perhaps two or three years older than my father; she was of very bad temper, very vindictive and revengeful, and in every way she had a pleasure in annoying other people, and when she succeeded invariably concluded her remarks with "There—now you're vexed!" Whenever out of humour herself from the observations of others, she attempted to conceal her vexation by singing; and having been so many years of her life in the nursery, her songs were usually those little ditties used to pacify or amuse children in arms. "Saunders," she would cry out, "if you arn't the biggest fool that ever walk'd on two legs—to look at that long tail of yours you're so proud of, one would think I'd married a monkey, a *hourang-houtang*, instead of a man. There—now you're vexed! One can't open one's mouth." My mother knew where to strike; and this attack upon his pig-tail was certain to provoke my father, who would retort in no measured language, till she, in her turn, lost her temper, and then out she would sing, in a sort of scream—

"Hey diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon," &c.

And thus she continued to sing (or squeal) until her wrath cooled down.

The consequences of forming a matrimonial alliance with a captain's coxswain soon became visible. Six months after they had been married, Lady Hercules pronounced my mother's appearance to be quite indecent, and declared her no longer fit for the office of lady's maid to a lady of her exquisite delicacy; and my mother, who became less active every day, received notice to quit, which she did when her month was up, in great wrath, packing up her boxes, and slamming the door as she left the house, singing at the very highest pitch of her voice,

"Dickery, dickery, dock; the mouse ran up the clock," &c.

My father wished her to come and live with him on board the frigate; but to that my mother would not consent, saying, that she had, it was true, degraded herself and her family by marrying a coxswain, but she was not going to further contaminate herself by mixing with the vulgar creatures on board. In this resolve I think my mother was right; but her dismissal and disgrace was followed up by my father being disrated and turned into the main-top, for no other reason in the world than such being the will and pleasure of Lady Hercules.

Her ladyship considered that she had lost a good servant through my father's intervention; and having therefore taken a dislike to him, did not choose that he should, as coxswain, come up to the house as usual; and, as he no longer did the duty of coxswain, she asserted that he was not entitled to the rating. Thus, seven months had hardly passed away before my father's marriage became a source of vexation and annoyance; his pay was decreased, and he was no longer a petty officer. My mother's pride was hurt; and if she was resolute in not going on board to remain with him when he was captain's coxswain, she was still more so, now that he was reduced to a common seaman. As for my father, he was the picture of misery—he had no consolation except turning his quid and tying his pig-tail.

But every thing changes in this world, and among other changes, was that of the station frigate, which was ordered foreign. Sir Hercules took leave of his lady, who retired to Tunbridge Wells. My father took leave of my mother, who retired to Woolwich. She had saved some money in service, and my father handed over to her all the pay

which he received, when the ship's company were paid previous to the sailing of the ship. It is but justice to observe, that the moment he was out of soundings and away from the influence of her ladyship, Sir Hercules reinstated my father, and gave him back his rating as coxswain. My father was indeed the smartest and best seaman in the ship; he could do his work from stem to stern,—mouse a stay, puddling an anchor, and pass a gammoning, as well as he could work a Turk's head, cover a manrope, or point a lashing for the cabin table. Besides which, he had seen service, having fought under Rodney, and served at the siege of Gibraltar.

But I must return to my mother, who, when she first went to Woolwich, which she did in a transport that was ordered round, took lodgings in the outskirts of the town; and not wishing to acknowledge that she had married a common sailor, as she supposed my father still to be, asserted that she was the wife of a captain of a merchant vessel, which had been taken up as a transport to convey troops to the West Indies. On this supposition, being received into a society above her real station, she was compelled to spend more money than she could afford, and her finances rapidly wasted away. In the meantime I was born—a fine baby; but with nothing to look up to but a penniless mother, an absent (if existing) father, the workhouse, and the sky.

CHAPTER III.

In which my mother proves herself a tender wife, and at the same time shows her patriotism and devotion to her country.

I had almost unconsciously arrived at the age of two years before there were any tidings of my father. All the information that my mother could obtain was, that the ship's company of the *Druid* had been turned over to the frigate called the *Mélopomene*, the former having been declared not seaworthy, and in consequence condemned and broken up at Port Royal.

But no letter had been received from my father, who indeed was not much of a scholar; he could read, but he could not write. By this time my mother's savings were expended, and she was in great tribulation lest the deceit she had practised should be exposed. Indeed, there were already many surmises as to the truth of her story, it being so long that her husband had been absent. At last, when she had changed her only remaining guinea, a letter arrived from my father, dated from Portsmouth, stating that the ship was to be paid off in a few days, and then "he would clap on all sail and be on board of his old woman in no time."

My mother, although not a little disgusted at being called an old woman—an affront which she determined to revenge upon a more fitting occasion—was in raptures with the contents of the letter: she therefore returned a kind answer, informing my father what a promising child he was blessed with, and giving him a direction to meet her at Greenwich, as she had resolved upon not receiving him at Woolwich, where her false assertions would have been exposed. Going round to all her acquaintances, she bade them farewell, telling them that her husband had returned well, and *well to do*, and had ordered her to meet him at Greenwich. Having thus satisfactorily, as she imagined, got out of this little difficulty, she packed up and hastened to Greenwich, where she sunk her assumed rank and waited very impatiently for her husband. He came at length, seated with many others on the outside of a stage-coach—his hat bedecked with ribands, a pipe in one hand and flourishing a pewter pot in the other. It hardly need be added that he was more than half tipsy. Nevertheless, even in this state, he was well received; and after he had smothered her with kisses, dandled me on his

knee, thrown into her lap all the pay he had left, and drank three more pots of porter, they went very peaceably and lovingly to repose.

I regret to say that this amity did not last long. My father's manners, which perhaps had been softened down by the awe which he had of Lady Hercules when he first made my mother's acquaintance, were now more coarse, and so was his language; and the neatness and cleanliness of person which he was obliged to maintain while performing the duties of a coxswain to a married captain were not so observable. Besides which, being no longer under discipline, he was almost every night intoxicated; and being so, he was more self-willed and regardless of his wife's injunctions: the consequences were, that having received from my father fifty pounds, my mother first locked that up, and then "unlocked her jaw." Disputes were now hourly occurring; and it was "now you're vexed," and "hey diddle diddle," from morning till night.

My father would repair to the grog-shops to have a dance and carouse with his messmates, and my mother would not accompany him to such a vulgar place: consequently he went alone, was out very late, coming home very drunk, if indeed he came home at all. Moreover, the wives and companions of the other seamen would insult her when she walked out, for pretending to be better than they were.

One day when she was walking out arm in arm with my father, unluckily she was met by one of her Woolwich acquaintances. This was the severest stroke of all, as she had intended to return to Woolwich; but now she was discovered, and avoided by one party, as well as insulted by the other. I cannot defend my mother's conduct; nor indeed was she deserving of pity, as her treatment had been brought about by her own folly and pride. The effect of all this was, however, that of souring her temper still more; and the constant vituperation poured out upon my father so roused his indignation, that one evening, when more than usually intoxicated, the "lady's ladies' maid" received such a severe box on the ear, that the one candle turned to a general illumination. This blow was never forgotten nor forgiven, although my father was very sorry for it, and begged her pardon the next day, with promises of amendment.

Just at this time the French revolution commenced, and there was expectation of a war with France; the press-gangs were ordered out, and the seamen, aware of it, remained concealed until they should leave the town. But my mother had made up her mind; she found out an officer who commanded one of the press-gangs, gave her address, and having supplied my father with spirits until he was stupefied, she let in the gang, and before morning my father was safe on board of the tender lying off the Tower. This treachery on her part my father did not discover until some time afterward; and it was the occasion of a scene between them, as I shall hereafter show. The next day my mother went on board of the tender to visit my father, put her cambric handkerchief to her eyes, pressed his hand between the iron bars, and lamented his hard fate, and her hard fate; but when requested by him to smuggle a little liquor in a bladder to comfort him with, she tossed up her head and declared, that "nothing could induce her to do any thing so ungentleel." Whereupon my father turned away, lamenting the day that ever he had married a lady's ladies' maid.

A day or two afterwards my mother brought my father his kit of clothes, and two pounds of his own money. As a war was expected, my mother would have persuaded my father to give her his "will and power" to receive his prize-money; but my father, grown comparatively wiser, positively refused. He turned away on his heel, and they parted.

I shall, for the present, leave my father to his fortunes,

and follow those of my mother. Convinced by his refusal to sign the deed, which she had brought ready prepared with her, that she had little in future to expect from my father, and aware probably of the risk incurred by a seaman from "battle, fire, and wreck," she determined the time to husband her resources, and try if she could not do something for herself. At first she thought of going again into service and putting me out to nurse; but she discovered that my father's return was not without its consequences, and that she was again to be a mother. She therefore hired rooms in Fisher's Alley, a small street still existing in Greenwich, and indeed still a general thoroughfare. Here, in due time, she was brought to bed of a daughter, whom she christened by the name of Virginia; not so much out of respect to her last mistress, who bore that name, as because she considered it peculiarly lady-like and genteel.

CHAPTER IV.

In which I tell the reader all I can recollect about myself, and moreover prove the truth of the old adage, "that it is a wise child who knows its own father."

My readers must not expect me to tell them much of what passed during the first four years of my existence. I have a recollection of a deal board put at the door of our house, which opened into Fisher's Alley, to prevent me, and afterwards my sister, from crawling out. Fisher's Alley is a very narrow street, and what was said in a room on one side of it can be heard on the other, and I used to hang over the board and listen: there were drunken men and drunken women, and occasionally scolding and fighting. My mother, having made up her mind to saving, had taken a lease of the house, and furnished: and every day I heard her saying at the door, "Walk gentlemen; I've a nice clean room and boiling hot water for the seamen used to come in to take tea, drink, and smoke; and so did the old pensioners occasionally, for my mother had made acquaintance with several of them. I was always very ragged and dirty, for my mother neglected and ill-treated me; as soon as my sister was born she turned all her affections over to Virginia, who was always very much petted, well dressed, and a very beautiful child.

All this I recollect, but little more, except that my mother gave me several beatings for calling my sister "Jenny," which I had learned to do from others who knew her; but when my mother heard them, she was always very angry, and told them that her child had not such a vulgar name; at which many would laugh, and make a point of calling out "Jenny" to Virginia whenever they passed and saw her at the door. When I was little more than four years old I would climb over the board, for I had no pleasure at home. As I grew older, I used to hasten down to the landing steps on the beach where the new inn called the "Trafalgar" now stands and watch the tide as it receded, and pick up any thing I could find, such as bits of wood and oakum; and I would wonder at the ships which lay in the stream, and the vessels sailing up and down. I would sometimes remain on late to look at the moon and the lights on board of the vessels passing; and then I would turn my eyes to the stars, and repeat the lines which I had heard my mother teach little Virginia to lip:

"Pretty little twinkling star,
How I wonder what you are;
All above the earth so high,
Like a diamond in the sky;"

and when I did stay out late I was sure of having no supper, and very often a good beating; and then Virginia would wake and cry, because my mother beat me, for I

were fond of each other. And my mother used to take Virginia on her knee, and make her say her prayers every night; but she never did so to me; and I used to hear what Virginia said, and then go into a corner and repeat it to myself. I could not imagine why Virginia should be taught to pray, and that I should not.

As I said before, my mother let lodgings, and kept the ground-floor front room for people to drink tea and smoke in; and I used to take my little stool and sit at the knees of the pensioners, who came in, and hear all their stories, and try to make out what they meant, for half was to me incomprehensible; and I brought them fire for their pipes, and ran messages. Old Ben the Whaler, as they called him, was the one who took most notice of me, and said that I should be a man one of these days, which I was very glad to hear then. And I made a little boat for my sister, which cost me a great deal of trouble and labour; and Ben helped me to paint it, and I gave it to Virginia, and she and I were both so pleased; but when my mother saw it, she threw it into the fire, saying it was "so ungentleel," and we both cried; and old Ben was very angry, and said something to my mother, which made her sing, "Hey diddle diddle," for the whole day afterward.

Such are the slight reminiscences, which must content the reader, of my early existence.

When I was eight years old (about six years after his last visit), my father made his appearance; and then, for the first time, I knew that my father was alive, for I was but two years old when he left, and I remember nothing about him, and I had never heard my mother mention his name, as if he still existed.

My father came in one day very unexpectedly, for he had given no notice of his return; and it so happened that as he came in, my mother was beating me with the frying-pan, for having dipped my finger in the grease, in which she had been frying some slices of bacon. She was very angry, and as she banged me with it, Virginia was pulling at her skirts, crying and begging her to desist. "You little wretch," cried my mother, "you'll be just such a sea-monster as your father was—little, vulgar animal, you must put your finger in the frying-pan, must you? There, now you've got it." So saying, she put down the frying-pan, and commenced singing as loud as she could, "Hush-a-by baby, Pussy's a lady"—"Ay—now you're vexed, I dare say," continued she, as she walked into the back kitchen.

All this time, my father had been at the door looking on, which she had not perceived. My father soon came in. "What's your name, my lad?" said he.

"Tommy Saunders," replied I, rubbing myself; for the frying-pan was very hot, and my trousers very much out of repair.

"And who is that little girl?" said he.

"That's my sister Virginia; but," continued I, "who are you? Do you want my mother?"

"Not very particularly just now," said my father, taking up my sister and kissing her, and then patting me on the head.

"Do you want any beer or baccy?" said I—"I'll run and get you some, if you give me the money, and bring back your change all right."

"Well, so you shall, Jack, my boy," replied he, and he gave me a shilling. I soon returned with the pipes, tobacco, and beer, and offered him the change, which he told me to keep to buy apples with it. Virginia was on the knee of my father, who was coaxing and caressing her, and my mother had not yet returned from the back kitchen. I felt naturally quite friendly towards a man, who had given me more money than I ever had in my life; and I took my stool and sat beside him; while, with my sister on his knee, and his porter before him, my father smoked his pipe.

"Does your mother often beat you, Jack?" said my father, taking the pipe out of his mouth.

"Yes, when I does wrong," replied I.

"Oh! only when you do wrong—eh?"

"Well, she says I do wrong; so I suppose I do."

"You're a good boy," replied my father. "Does she ever beat you, dear?" said he to Virginia.

"Oh! no," interrupted I; "she never beats sister, she loves her too much; but she don't love me."

My father puffed away, and said no more.

I must inform the reader that my father's person was very much altered from what I have described it to have been at the commencement of this narrative. He was now a boatswain's mate, and wore a silver whistle hung round his neck by a lanyard, with which little Virginia was then playing. He had grown more burly in appearance, spreading, as sailors usually do, when they arrive to about the age of forty; and moreover, he had a dreadful scar from a cutlass wound, received in boarding, which had divided the whole left side of his face, from the eyebrow to the chin. This gave him a very fierce expression; still he was a fine-looking man, and his pig-tail had grown to a surprising length and size. His ship, as I afterwards found out, had not been paid off, but he had obtained a fortnight's leave of absence, while she was refitting. We were all very sociable together, without there being the least idea, on the part of my sister and myself, with whom we were in company, when in rolled old Ben the Whaler.

"Sarvice to you," said Ben, nodding to my father.

"Tommy, get me a pipe of 'baccy.'"

"Here's a pipe and 'baccy too, messmate," replied my father. "Sit down, and make yourself comfortable, old chap."

"Won't refuse a good offer," replied Ben, "been too long in the sarvice for that—and you've seen sarvice too, I think," continued Ben, looking my father full in the face.

"Chop from a French officer," replied my father; after a pause he added, "but he didn't live to tell of it."

Ben took one of the offered pipes, filled, and was soon very busy puffing away alongside of my father.

CHAPTER V.

My father and mother meet after an absence of six years. She discovers that he is no longer a coxswain but a boatswain's mate.

While my father and Ben are thus engaged, I will give the reader a description of the latter.

Ben was a very tall, broad-shouldered old fellow, but stooping a little from age: I should think he must have been at least sixty, if not more; still he was a powerful, sinewy man. His nose, which was no small one, had been knocked on one side, as he told me, by the flukes (i. e. tail) of a whale, which cut in half a boat, of which he was steersman. He had a very large mouth, with very few teeth in it, having lost them by the same accident; which, to use his own expression, had at the time "knocked his figure-head all to smash." He had sailed many years in the whale fisheries, had at last been pressed, and served as quarter-master on board of a frigate for eight or nine years, when his ankle was broken by the rolling of a spar in a gale of wind. He was in consequence invalided for Greenwich. He walked stiff on his leg, and usually supported himself by a thick stick. Ben had noticed me from the time that my mother first came to Fisher's Alley; he was the friend of my early days, and I was much attached to him.

A minute or two afterward my father pushed the pot of porter to him. Ben drank, and then said—

"Those be nice children, both on 'em—I know them well."

"And what kind of craft is the mother?" replied my father.

"Oh! why, she's a little queer at times—she's always so mighty particular about gentility."

"Do you know why?" replied my father. Ben shook his head. "Then I'll tell you—because she was once a lady's maid."

"Well," replied Ben, "I don't understand much about titles and nobility, and those sort of things; but I'm sorry she's gone down in the world, for though particular about gentility, she's a good sort of a woman in her way, and keeps up her character, and earns an honest livelihood."

"Much the better for her," replied my father, who refilled his pipe, and continued to smoke in silence.

My mother had gone into the back kitchen to wash, which was the cause, (not having been summoned,) of her being so long absent.

Virginia, who had become quite sociable, was passing her little fingers through my father's large whiskers, while he every now and then put his pipe out of his mouth to kiss her. I had the porter pot on my knees, my father having told me to take a swig, when my mother entered the room.

"Well, Mr. Benjamin, I shouldn't wonder—but—Oh! mercy, it's he!" cried my mother. "Oh! be quick—Salvolatily!"

"Sall who? What the devil does she mean?" said my father, rising up, and putting my sister off his knee.

"I never heard of her," replied Ben, also getting up—"but Mistress Saunders seems taken all aback, any how. Jack! run and fetch a bucket of water."

"Jack, stay where you are," cried my mother, springing from the chair on which she had thrown herself. "Oh, dear me!—the shock was so sudden—I'm so flustered—who'd have thought to have seen you?"

"Are you her brother?" inquired Ben.

"No; but I'm her husband," replied my father.

"Well, it's the first time I've heard that she had one—but I'll be off, for Mistress Saunders is too genteel to kiss, I see, before company." Ben then took up his stick, and left the house. It may be as well here to remark, that during his absence, my father had fallen in with one of the men who had been employed in the press-gang, and from him he learnt that a woman had given the information on which he was taken. He made the man, who was present when my mother called upon the officer, describe her person; and the description in every point was so accurate, that my father had no doubt in his mind, but it was my mother who had betrayed him; this knowledge had for years rankled in his breast; and he had come home, not only from a wish to see how things were going on, but to reproach my mother with her treachery.

Whether my mother's conscience smote her, or that she perceived by my father's looks that a squall was brewing, I know not; but as soon as Ben had left the house, she shut the street door that the neighbours might not hear. Having so done, she turned to my father, who had resumed his seat and his pipe.

"Well," said she, putting her apron to her eyes, "you have been away a good six years, and left me to get on how I could with these two poor orphanless children."

"You know best why I went," replied my father, "and by whose means I was walked off in such a hurry."

"Me?" replied my mother.

"Yes, you," responded my father.

"Well, what next?" cried she.

"I'll tell you what next," said my father, rising, and taking about eighteen inches of inch-and-a-half rope out of his pocket. "Look you, ma'am, when I first found out that it was by your peaching that I was sent on board of

the tender, I made up this colt; and I vowed that I would keep it in my pocket till I served you out—now the time's come."

Here my father flourished his rope's end. My mother would have flown to the door, but my father was beforehand with her: he turned the key, and, to the astonishment of Virginia and me, he seized my mother, and, holding her at arm's length, gave her several blows—not severe ones. I must acknowledge; indeed they could not have hurt her.

"There," said my father; "it's well for you, my lady's maid, that I did not fall in with you, when I first made up this colt; and it's well for you that I've heard a good character of you from the old chap who has just now left the house, or you'd have smarted for the false trick you played upon me. Howsoever, I've kept my oath, and you may thank your stars that it's no worse."

My mother, who had not uttered a cry during the punishment, but only looked very indignant, now that my father had finished his speech and was rolling up his colt to put it in his pocket, suddenly threw herself down on the floor, screaming murder with all her might; the noise summoned the neighbours—all Fisher's Alley was in an uproar, and our house was besieged with people, who attempted to force their way in—for my mother continued her screams, and poor little Virginia became so frightened that she also roared as loud as her mother.

"I've more than two minds," said my father, taking the rope's-end out of his pocket again, "but howsoever, since you wish it, all the world shall know it."

My father put his colt into his pocket and went to unlock the door: my mother, perceiving what he was about, immediately rose and hastened up stairs to her own room. My father then told the neighbours what had occurred, and why my mother had been punished, and the very name of Fisher's Alley was, "served her right." Ben the Whaler, who was outside with the others, espoused my father's cause; and as soon as the people dispersed, my father invited him to join him in his pipe and pot.

Little Virginia, still terrified, had crept up to her mother. I, on the contrary, felt the highest respect for one who could dare to punish my mother, who had so often punished me; and the knowledge that he was my father inspired me with a feeling of tenderness toward him which I could not repress. I was old enough to understand why my mother had received such treatment, and could not feel angry with my father; I therefore stayed below, and went for the porter as was required.

I believe that at first it had been my father's intention to have administered a much severer castigation to my mother, and then to have left the house, taking me with him, for he had not been apprised of the birth of Virginia; but whatever were his intentions before he came, or the morrow, it is certain that he continued to smoke and talk with old Ben the Whaler till a very late hour, when I sat by and listened.

CHAPTER VI.

A bright pleasant evening after a squall, in which the art of angling is introduced in a way which would have added to the knowledge of Isaac Walton himself.

"I beg pardon, messmate," said Ben, as he and my father became more sociable; "but may I make so bold as to ask you how you contrived to get that sear across your figure-head? You did say something about a French man, if I heard right; and as the war is now of two years standing, I suppose you've had a rap or two at Mounseer."

"'Xpect I have," replied my father. "Well, old chap I'll just wet my whistle, and then I'll tell you all about it—and it won't take long neither. The boats were ordered away—"

"Of what ship, messmate?"

"Very true, I began in the middle. Well, it was in the ship I now belongs to, the 'Oudacious'—we were with the squadron off Ferrol;—signal made chase south-east—clapt every stitch on her after two gun-boats, who were running down in-shore. Light winds—got well in for the land, and then it fell calm. Gun-boats four miles off using their sweeps—out boats in chase—I was coxswain of the first pinnace—a devilish fast boat, messmate, I can tell you, with a smart brass gun—pulled two feet to their one, and came up with them hand-over-hand—both cutters and the other pinnace well up with us—the old launch, half a mile astern. Now you see, sir, I've got the picture for you, haven't I?"

"Just exactly," replied old Ben.

"Well, then it was a long pull; and that reminds me that I'll have a long pull now, so hand me the porter, messmate." My father took a tremendous long pull at the pewter, and then handing it to Ben, he recommenced.

"We were soon within gunshot, and they turned their heads toward us, and blazed away: very pretty shot they fired, for they cut away three of our starboard oars, before we were near enough to return the fire with our small gun. However, the second pinnace and cutters came up, and shared the shot with us; and at last the old fat launch came grunting along, for all the world like an old boar, pitching into them round and grape. Now the first lieutenant was in the launch, and, of course, commanded, and he ordered the boats to separate more, which was very right, as it divided the shot; and then he passed the word that when he sounded the bugle, we were all to pull to the headmost gun-boat and board her. D'ye understand, messmate?"

"Perfectly," replied Ben, taking his pipe out to reply.

"Well, then, just hand me the pot." My father drained it this time, and told me to go for another.

"Then I shall lose the story," replied I.

"No, boy, you won't," replied Ben; "I'll answer for it your father will heave-to till you come back."

"So I will, Jack," replied my father; and having with every expedition executed my task, my father then continued—

"Well, there we all were, waiting for the bugle, each boat creeping on a little every moment, so as to have a fair start, as they do in a race; when at last the signal was given, and away we all went like smoke, with our oars bending double. The first pinnace reached the gun-boat first; then the cutters banged alongside of her—all three of us to windward—while the second pinnace and launch took her to leeward. There's not much climbing in getting on board of a gun-boat; indeed, we were at it before we were out of the boat, for the Frenchmen had pikes as long as the spanker boom; but we soon got inside of their points, and came to close work. They stood a good tussle, I will say that, so they always do; we may laugh at 'em, and call 'em Johnny Crapows, but they are a right brave nation, if they arn't good seamen, but that I reckon's the fault of their lingo, for it's too noisy to carry on duty well with, and so they never will be sailors till they larn English."

"I never heard them carry on duty in French," said Ben; "it quite beats my comprehension how they can do it at all."

"Well, I have," replied my father; "and every word they use is as long as the main-top bowling; and the mast is over the side before they can get them out. Why, would you believe it? I once asked one of these fellows what he called the foremast in his language; and what d'ye think he said? 'Why, I'm blowed if he didn't call it a 'Mardarty-marny,' (and that's the only bit of French I know); but how is it possible to work a ship in such gibberish?"

"Quite impossible," replied Ben.

"Well, as I've yawed a little out of my course, suppose we take another swig before I take a fresh departure?"

After they had both drank, my father proceeded—

"Well, messmate, I was on the gunnel as soon as the others; and a sword came down upon me like a flash of lightning. I had just time to lift my cutlass, and save my head; and then I found it was the sword of the French lieutenant, who commanded the gun-boat. He was a tall, clean-built chap, with curls hanging down like a poodle dog's—every curl not thicker than a ropeyarn, and mayhap a thousand of them—and he quite foamed at the mouth (that's another fault in these Frenchmen—they don't take things coolly, but puts themselves in a passion about nothing): so thinks I to myself, it won't do for you to go on chopping at that rate; for when I fended it off, he made my whole hand tingle with the force of his blow; so I darts at him, and drives the hilt of my cutlass right into his mouth; and he fell, and his own men trod him under foot; and on we went, hammer and tongs. By this time the boarding of the launch and pinnace to leeward, for they could not get up as soon as we did, created a diversion, and bothered the Frenchman, who hardly knew which way to turn: however, as there were more of our men on the other side, they must on 'em faced about; and the French officer was then able to get on his knees; and while I was busy, and did not see him, he just give me this cut across the figure-head, which don't add to my beauty any how. Well, it was cut for cut, messmate; I just took one look at the beggar, and drove my cutlass into his skull, just as he was rising up; and he never rose again. That's my story."

"I suppose you took the craft?"

"Yes; and her consort too. But many lost the number of their mess; and I lost all my beauty. Just hand me the baccy, messmate; and, Jack, go for the next pot of beer."

I found them both smoking in silence when I returned; but, after a few minutes, my father said, "Messmate, as I have told you how I got this chalk, suppose you tell me in return how you got that nose of yours fixed so hard a starboard? That's fair play."

"Exactly so," replied Ben. "Why, d'ye see? I served most of my early life in the whaling line. I was three voyages to the north; but taking the black whale counts for nothing; you must go south arter the sparmacitty, if you wish to see sport."

"I never was in that line," replied my father; "but I've heard fellows spin the devil's own yarn about it."

"And so they may, and tell the truth, that's sertain, shipmate. You see, the sparmacitty don't take the harpoon quite so quietly as the black whale does; he fights hard to the last, and sometimes is very free with his jaws. The very large ones are the most easy to kill; so we always look out for them, when we can, as they give less trouble, and more oil: the most dangerous are the half grown, which we call 'forty-barrel bulls,' as that's about what oil we get out of them."

"Well," said my father, "I'm blessed if ever I knew whales were called bulls, before this night."

"Yes, that's our term," replied Ben, "and now to my story. We were down off the coast of Japan; when, about one hour after daybreak, the man looking out at the mast-head gave the usual word when he sees a whale blowing, 'There she spouts.' And this he repeats every time the fish rises. We had a clean hold at the time, for we had but just come to our fishing-ground, and we were mighty eager. The boats were down in a jiffy, and away we pulled. We were within a quarter of a mile of the whale, when, to our disappointment, he peaked his flukes—"

"What's that, messmate?" inquired my father.

"Why, you see, it's the right term after all, for the tail of a sparmacitty is like the flukes of an anchor; and, of course, now you understand me."

"Yes, you mean to say he went down, I suppose."

"Of course; for how could he go down head-foremost, without peaking his tail in the air?"

"One lives and larks as long as one lives," observed my father. "Heave ahead again, old boy."

"Well, as you can't know what you ha'n't heard any thing about, I must now tell you that these animals be as regular as the bells in a man-of-war; and whenever they goes down to feed, they always stays exactly about the time allowed for dinner in a comfortable ship; that is, seventy minutes exactly. An hour, you see, is the regular time allowed; and the other ten minutes are by favour of the officer of the watch, or first lieutenant. We knew that we must wait that time for him, so we tossed up our oars and laid by."

"I suppose them sparmacitty chaps have a watch in their pockets," said my father, smiling.

"It's a true bill, nevertheless, messmate, and they never alter; how and why they keep to their time, the Lord who gave them the sense to do so only knows. It is one of the wonders of the deep, which they only who go on the great waters can bear witness to."

"It beats my comprehension quite entirely," replied my father; "and yet I have seen animals with a great deal of sense. In one ship we had a sheep who would chew tobacco and drink grog—now go ahead again."

"Well, we had waited about half an hour, when we saw a whiff at the mast-head of the ship; we knew that it was to direct our attention to some other point, so we looked round the horizon, and perceived that there was a 'school' of young bulls about three miles from us. We were four boats in all; and the first mate desired my boat and another to go in chase of them, while he remained with the other two, for this old whale to come up again. Well, off we went, and soon came up with the school; they are the most awkward part of whale fishing; for they are savage, and, moreover, easily 'galled,' that is, frightened. I picked out one, and tried up with him; but he was very shy, and at last he raised his head clean out of the water, and set off at the rate of ten miles an hour; this showed that he was aware of danger. I had just thought of giving him up, and trying for another, when he suddenly turned round, and came right toward the boats. That we knew meant mischief; but, in coming toward us, he passed close to the other boat, and the steersman gave him the harpoon right well into him. This made him more savage, and he stood right for my boat, plunging up the sea as he rushed on. I was already on the bow with the harpoon, and the men were all ready with their oars to pull back, so as to keep clear of him. On he came, and when his snout was within six feet of us, we pulled sharp across him; and as we went from him, I gave him the harpoon deep into the fin. 'Starn all!' was the cry as usual, that we might be clear of him. He 'sounded' immediately, that is, down he went, head foremost, which was what we were afraid of, for you see we had only two hundred fathoms of line in each boat; and having both harpoons in him, we could not bend one to the other, in case he 'sounded' deep, for sometimes they will go down right perpendicular, and take four lines, or eight hundred fathoms with them; so we expected that we should this time lose the whale as well as our lines, for when they were run out, we must either cut, or go down with him. Well, the lines ran out so swift, that we poured water on them that they might not fire—and we thought that it was all over, for the lines were two-thirds out, and he was going down as fast as ever, when all of a sudden he stopped. We were hauling in the slack lines, when we saw him rise again about a quarter of a mile off. It was a hurrah, for we now thought we had him. Off he set with his nose up, right in the wind's eye, towing the two boats at the rate of twelve miles an hour; our stems cleaving through the sea, and throwing off the water like a plume of feathers on each

side of the bows, while the sun's rays pierced through the spray and formed bright rainbows. We hoped soon to tire him, and to be able to haul in upon our lines, so as to get near enough to give him our lances; but that was only hope, as you'll hear. Of a sudden he stopped, turned round, and made right for us, with his jaws open; then all we had to do was to baulk him, and give him the lance. He did not seem to have made up his mind which boat he would attack—we were pretty near together, and he yawed at one, and then at the other. At last he made right for the other boat, and the boatswain dodged him very cleverly, while we pulled up to him, and I put the lance up to the stock into his side. He made a plunge as if he were going to 'sound' again; and as he did so, with his flukes, he threw our boat into the air a matter of twenty feet, cutting it clean in half, and one of the boat's thwarts came right athwart of my nose, and it never has been straight since. So now you have it messmate; and I should'n't mind if you passed the beer this way, for this long yarn has made my throat somewhat dry."

"When you've had your swig, old chap, you may as well tell us how the matter ended," observed my father.

"Why it just ended in our losing the whale in the first place, and the boat with her gear in the second. We were picked up by the other boat, and there was no time to be lost, for the sharks were brought together by the scent of the whale's blood; the whale sounded again, and we were obliged to cut the line, and return on board. But God bless you, messmate, I could tell you many a longer yarn than that, and mayhap I shall some day do another."

"Well, I hope you will," replied my father; "but your fishing story has put me in mind of a rather curious incident caught by a lad on board of a man of war; and suppose I finish what's at the bottom of this here pot; send for another, and when he comes back, I'll tell you about it."

"There's nothing gives me more satisfaction," replied Ben, "than to pass away the evening in a sober quiet way, as we are doing now, telling and listening to long yarns. A'n't you sleepy, Jack?"

"Oh! no," replied I, "not a bit. I'll run for the pore and don't let father begin till I come back, Ben. The house will be shut up soon; shall I get more than a pot?"

"Yes, Jack; but no more beer," replied my father, putting some silver into my hand; "get one pot of beer, and a bottle of rum? We'll have that by way of a nightcap, old boy."

I ran for the beer and liquor, and was soon back. My father and Ben refilled their pipes, and the former commenced as follows:

"When I was quarter-master on board of the 'Melmene,' we had an old chap for first lieutenant whose name was Fletcher. He was a kind-hearted man enough, as you never worried the ship's company when there was no occasion; but, at the same time, he was what you call a great stickler for duty—made no allowances for neglect or disobedience of orders, although he would wink at a little sky-larking, walking aft, shutting his eyes, and pretending not to see or hear it. His usual phrase was, 'M' man, you've got your duty to do, and I've got mine.' And this he repeated fifty times a day; so at last he went by the name of 'Old Duty.' I think I see him now, walking up and down with his spy-glass under his left arm, at the hand of the other pushed into his breast, as if he were fumbling for a flea. His hat was always split and worn in the front, from constantly taking it off, instead of touching it, when he came on the quarter-deck; and as soon as it was too far gone in front to raise the purchase off his head, he used to shift it end for end, bringing the back part in front, and then he would wear it, until, as the Yankee

say, it was in 'taterations altogether,' and he was forced to bend a new one.

"Now we had a boy on board, who entered one day when the captain landed at Torquay to dine with a friend. His name was Jack Jervis; his father and his whole tribe had been fishermen for as long as could be remembered; and Jack himself had been drafted out of his cradle into a coble; and there he had continued day and night, from one year's end to another, helping his father to fish—so, you see it had become second nature to him; and, after he came on board, his liking for his former calling still remained with him, and he never was so happy as when his line was overboard, or when he was snooding a hook in some corner or another. He went by the name of Jack the Fisherman; and a smart, active, willing lad he was, sure enough.

"Now there was a little difficulty between Old Duty and Jack the Fisherman. Old Duty would not allow the lines to be overboard when the ship was in harbour; as he said it was untidy in appearance, and that there was always plenty of work, and no time for fishing. So Jack hadn't pulled up his line ten or a dozen times, before he was pulled up himself.

"'Whose line's that?' says Old Duty.

"'Mine, sir,' says Jack, touching his hat.

"'I don't allow fishing, young man,' said the first lieutenant. 'You understand me?—I, don't allow fishing. You've your duty to do, sir, and I've got mine.'

"Jack, who had only been two or three days on board, and who, I believe, would never have entered, had he known that there would have been such a 'weto,' as the boatswain used to call it, looked quite astonished, and said—

"'What, mayn't I fish, sir!'

"'No, my man, you must not fish without permission; and that I never give in harbour. If I catch you fishing again, you get two dozen at the gun; recollect that. You've got your duty to do, and I've got mine.'

"'Well, Jack could not give up his habit, so he used to fish at night, and all the night long, out of the fore-chains; but it so happened that the ship's corporal caught Jack in the middle watch, and reports him to the first lieutenant.

"'So, you've been fishing again, sir,' says Old Duty.

"'No, sir,' replied Jack, 'not fishing—only laying night lines.'

"'Oh! that's it,' replied the first lieutenant; 'only laying night lines! Pray, what's the difference?'

"'Please, sir,' said Jack, touching his hat, 'the difference is—that it's not the same thing.'

"'Well, sir, I see but one difference, and I'll meet it accordingly. You've your duty to do, and I've got mine.'

"The boys' heads and ears having been pulled about and examined by the master-at-arms, they were dismissed; and Jack thought that he had got off—but he was mistaken.

"After the hammocks had been piped down, and it was dark, the boys were ordered up by the master-at-arms; Jack was seized to the gun, and had his two dozen. 'There, sir,' said Old Duty, as they cast the seelings off, 'if fishing at night is not fishing, punishment at night is not punishment. Now we're quits. You've your duty to do, and I've got mine.'

"I don't think that Jack perceived any more difference in the two dozen at night-time than the first lieutenant did between day and night fishing; however, Jack did not fish for some time afterward. But it so happened that the first lieutenant was asked on shore to dine with the port-admiral; and, although he seldom left the ship, he could not refuse such a compliment, and so he went. As soon as it was dark, Jack thought his absence too good an opportunity not to have a fish; so he goes into the mizen-chains,

and drops his line. Well, he fished (but I don't know whether he caught any) till the boat was hailed in which the first lieutenant was coming on board, and Jack thought it time to haul in his line; but, just at that moment, there was a jerk; and Jack, who knew that a fish was at the bait, could not for the life of him pull up his line—for you see, he was a fisherman heart and soul; so Jack trusted to Providence and the first lieutenant's going down below as soon as he came on deck.

"Now, you see, the ship was lying at the time 'cross the tide, the wind blowing against the current: the star-board side (being to leeward, as to the wind, but to windward, as to the tide) had been cleared away, and manned for the boat, and Jack made sure that the first lieutenant would pull to that side; but he was mistaken. Whether it was that the first lieutenant wished to have a look round the ship or not, I do not know, but he pulled across the bows, and went round the stern, passing the larboard side: as he passed, Jack shrunk under the lee of the dead eyes and lanyards, hoping he might not be seen; but the first lieutenant, having the clear horizon on the other side, perceived the line which Jack had half-hauled up, and, having an eye like a cat, makes out Jack also.

"'I see you, sir—I see you, Mr. Jervis, fishing again, sir. Very well,' cried the first lieutenant, from the stern-sheets of the boat, as he passed by. 'You've your duty to do, and I've got mine.' 'That's as good as two dozen to-morrow morning at muster,' thought Jack, who cursed his luck, and, in a very melancholy mood, began to haul up his line, which, as soon as he had been discovered, he had let go down to the bottom again. Now, it so happened, that, as Old Duty went up the other side, his foot slipped; and, how it was, I can't tell, for they say he wasn't the least groggy, but down he fell, between the boat's gunnel and the ship's side, just like a deep sea lead, and disappeared. There being so few men on deck, there was not much of a bustle—there was a dive or two for him with the boat-hook, but all in vain—Old Duty was gone.

"In the mean time, Jack on the other side was slowly hauling up his line; but he had not got it half way up when he felt a heavy strain, and he thought that a large conger eel had followed the bait up, as they do sometimes, and he hauled and hauled with all his might. At last, who should he bring to the surface of the water but Old Duty, who had been sucked under the ship's bottom by the tide, and had been hooked by Jack, as he was pulling up. When Jack saw it was the first lieutenant, as he told me, his first idea was to let him down again; but that was only for a moment. The words of the first lieutenant still rang in his ears, 'You've your duty to do, and I've got mine,'—so Jack did his duty. He hollows out that he had caught Old Duty; and the boat shifted round and took him on board. The old fellow was quite senseless; but as he had been but a short time in the water, he was put to bed, and resuscitated by the surgeon. The next morning he was all just as if nothing had happened, walking the deck with his right hand in his breast, and his spy-glass under his left arm as usual.

"Well, we all told Jack that he was safe this time, but Jack seemed to think otherwise. He shook his head—and now you'll learn who was right.

"When the boys were all mustered next morning, towing a line, and holding out their paws, the first lieutenant turns round and says, 'Jervis, you were fishing last night, against my orders.'

"'Yes, sir,' said Jervis, 'and I caught a first lieutenant;' for Jack had a good deal of fun in him.

"'Yes, sir, and queer fishes they are sometimes,' replies Old Duty, 'but you forget that you have also caught two dozen. You have your duty to do, and I've got mine.'

"Well, as you may suppose, there were many of us

looking abaft, just to see what would take place, and were not a little astonished at the idea of his rewarding Jack with two dozen for saving his life; however, of course, we were mum. Jack was tied up; and the first lieutenant whispered a word into the ear of the master-at-arms, who again whispered to Williams, the boatswain's mate; and the effect of that whisper was, that the cat was laid on so lightly that Jack hardly felt it—so lightly, indeed, that the first lieutenant walked away aft, that he might not appear to be a party in the consarn, and Jack was cast off without having half a tear in either eye, when Old Duty went up to him.

"You fished last night against my orders, and therefore you have received your punishment. You saved my life last night, and therefore it is my duty to reward you. I could not let you off this punishment, as it would be making the King pay you for me, instead of my paying you myself. I'm not a rich man, but here's ten guineas for your purse, and here's my gold watch. Spend the first usefully, and keep the other; and observe, Jack Jervie, if ever you are again caught fishing in harbour, you will as surely get two dozen for your pains. *You've your duty to do, and I've got mine.*"

"Well, messmate, that's a queer story altogether, and queerer fellows in it. I wouldn't have minded sailing with that Old Duty. Suppose we drink his health."

"With all my heart; for you're right, old chap: when we knows what we are to expect, we're always ready to meet it; but some officers I've sailed with shift about like a dog-vane, and there's no knowing how to meet them. I recollect—but I say, Jack, suppose you turn in—your eyes are winking and blinking like an owl's in the sunshine. You're tired, boy, so go to bed. We sha'n't tell any more yarns to-night."

I was very tired, indeed, and could not keep my eyes open any longer; so I went up stairs, and was asleep almost as soon as I laid my head upon the pillow.

CHAPTER VII.

In which my mother gives my father a scriptural lesson. My father's grief at parting with an old friend. He expostulates with my mother, and quits the house.

I woke early the next morning; for the whole night I had been restless, and dreaming of the unusual occurrences of the day before. It was just daylight, and I was recalling what had passed, and wondering what had become of my father, when I heard a noise in my mother's room. I listened,—the door opened, and she went down stairs.

This surprised me; and being conscious, even at my age, of the vindictive temper shown by my mother upon every occasion, and anxious to know where my father was, I could not remain in bed; I put on my trousers, and crept softly down stairs without my shoes. The door of the front room was ajar, and I looked in. The light was dimly peering through the window which pointed to the alley; the table was covered with the empty pipes, tobacco, and large pools of beer and liquor which had been spilt on it; the sofa was empty, and my father, who evidently had become deeply intoxicated the night before, was lying on the sanded floor with his face downward; my mother, in her short dressing-gown and flannel petticoat, was standing over him, her teeth set, her fists clenched, and arms raised; with a dire expression of revenge in her countenance. I thought at the time that I never saw her look so ugly—I may say, so horrid; even now, her expression at that moment is not effaced from my memory. After a few minutes, she knelt down, and put her ear close to his head, as if to ascertain whether he was in a sound sleep: she then took a knife from the table, felt the edge, looked

at my prostrate father, and raised it. I would have screamed, but my tongue was glued to my lips with horror. She appeared to reflect; and, after a time, laid the knife down on the table, put the palm of her hand to her forehead, and then a smile gleamed over her moody features. "Yes, if he murders me—but they will be better. I muttered she at last. She went to the cupboard, took out a large pair of scissors, and, kneeling down by my father, commenced severing his long pigtail from his head. My father was too sound asleep to be roused; in a minute the tail was off; and my mother rose up, holding it, with an expression of the utmost contempt, between her finger and thumb. She then very softly laid it down by his side, and replaced the scissors in the cupboard: as I expected that she would go up stairs again, I concealed myself in the back kitchen. I was correct in my supposition. A moment afterward I heard her ascending the stairs, and go into her own room.

I must say that I felt indignant at this conduct of my mother's, as, so far from provocation, she had hardly received the reward of previous treachery. I believe, however, that, like most people, I was actuated by my own feelings towards my mother, who had treated me so unkindly. I thought for a little while—what would my mother do? She would hardly remain in the house, to meet the wrath of my father, when he made the discovery. She would escape him: this I had no wish that she should do; so I went softly into the front parlour, and pushed my father, to awake him: for some time this was useless—he muttered and growled, but it appeared impossible to rouse him. There were the remains of a jug of water on the table; and, as I had seen the same thing done before by a drunken sailor, I took the jug, and poured the water on the nape of his neck. In a minute or two this had the effect of waking him; he turned over, opened his eyes, when I put my finger to my lips to intimate silence. He looked at me with a vacant stare. Time pressed; I heard my mother moving about up stairs, and I was afraid she would leave the house before my father had recovered his senses. I therefore took his pigtail from the floor, and held it up before him. This appeared to surprise him: he fixed his eyes upon it for a few seconds, and then, as if he last suspected what had taken place, he put his hand to the back of his head, and found no pigtail there. Suddenly he jumped up; he appeared to be sobered all at once—he caught the pigtail out of my hand, looked at it, felt convinced of his loss, threw himself down on the sofa, and wept like a child.

"I saw my mother do it, father," said I, whispering in his ear. This appeared to recall him; he raised himself up, wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, ground his teeth, and shook his head. He threw his tail on the sofa, and, as he eyed it, a deep melancholy spread over his countenance. After a minute or two, he folded his arms, and thus lamented over it:

"Well, I never would have thought it, had they told that you and I should have parted company. Many, many years has it taken you to grow to your present length: often have you been handled, often have you been combed, and often have you been tied. Many's the eel has been skinned for your service, and many's the yard of rope which you have cost me—you have been the envy of shipmates, the fancy of the women, and the pride of Tom Saunders. I thought we should never have parted, 'arth, and, if so be my sins were forgiven me, as could show a fair log, that I might be permitted to stay in the world which is to come. But there you are parted for all the world like a limb shot off in a never to be spliced again. What am I to say when on board? I shall have a short tale to tell, instead of a long tail to show. And the wife of my bursum to do it! Well, I married too high, and now my pride is laid

Jack, never marry a lady's ladies' maid; for it appears that the longer the names, the more venomous the cattle be."

Just as he had finished, I heard my mother coming down stairs, with Virginia, whom she had taken up and dressed, to take away with her. "Hush!" I heard her softly say to Virginia, "don't speak, dear, or you'll wake your naughty father."

She had hardly said this, when she made her appearance, with Virginia on one arm, and a large bundle on the other. But as soon as she perceived that my father was awake, and cognizant of her revenge, she uttered a loud scream, dropped Virginia and the bundle, and, running up stairs to her own room, locked herself in.

Poor little Virginia set up a roar at this very unusual (and I believe, felonious) act of child-dropping on the part of my mother. I ran to her, and carried her to the sofa; while my father, with compressed lips, first taking two or three quarter-deck strides up and down the room, locked the street door, put the key in his pocket, and then ascended the stairs to pay a visit to my mother, who, I believe, would very willingly have been 'not at home;' but some people are importunate, and will take no refusal; and, when my father retired three or four steps from the door, and, with a sudden run, brought the whole weight of his foot to bear upon it, it flew open. At first, my mother was not visible: my father thought she had escaped; but at last he espied her legs under the bed. Seizing her by her extremities, he dragged her out, without any regard to propriety, until he had her into the middle of the room, with his foot upon her. What a situation for a lady's ladies' maid! I had put Virginia down on the sofa, and crept up the stairs, to see what took place. My father and mother were in these relative positions, and he thus addressed her:

"I have heard say, that a man mustn't thrash his wife with any thing thicker than his own thumb. That's as may be—and I do recollect when the first lieutenant wanted to cut off the men's hair, that the purser told him that it was felony, under the act of cutting and maiming. I don't know whether the first lieutenant would have made a felony or not; but this I'm certain of—he'd have made a mutiny. You deserve no mercy, and you shall have none. This pigtail of mine shall be what I shall use upon you—and if the coat is heavy, recollect you cut it for yourself; and as you may not be able to bear what I say by the time I have done with you, I'll just tell you now. I'll point the end, and work a mouse on this pigtail of mine, and never part with it. I'll keep it for your own particular use, and for nobody else's; and as certain as I come back, so certain every time I come, you shall have a taste of pigtail without *chewing*, my lady's ladies' maid."

Having made this uncommon long speech, to which my mother offered no reply, her eyes being fixed in terror upon the brandished tail, which was nearly as thick as her own arm, my father proceeded to put his threats into execution. Blow descended after blow; my mother's cries became feebler and feebler, until at last she appeared senseless. Then I ran to my father, and clinging to his leg, cried "Oh! father, she's dead!"

This observation induced him to leave off. He looked at my mother's face; her eyes were closed, and her jaw had fallen. "Well, she has had enough of it, this time," said my father after a pause—"may be too much on it. But when I looks at this tail in my hand, I feel as if I could give her more. And if she be dead, I think the judge would not hang me, if I showed him what I have lost. I'd rather have parted with an arm or a leg, any day of the week. There's been provocation enough, at all events, if she be dead—a saint in heaven couldn't stand it."

During these remarks, my mother gave no signs of returning animation, and at last my father became seri-

ously alarmed. "Jack," said he, "I must cut my stick, or they may put me into limbo. As soon as I have cleared out, do you run for a doctor to look at your mother; and mind you don't forget to tell that old chap, who was boosing with me last night, every thing which has happened; and the people will say, come what will on it, that I was aggravated sufficient—and Jack, if there be a crowner's inquest, mind you tell the truth. You know, I didn't want to kill the old woman, don't you, my boy—for didn't I say I'd keep the tail to give her another dose when I came back again? that proves I didn't intend that she should slip her wind, you know boy. I said I'd give her another dose, you know, Jack—and," continued my father, "so I will, if I finds her above ground when I comes back again."

My father then went down stairs. Little Virginia had fallen asleep again on the sofa; my father kissed her softly, shook hands with me, and put a crown in my hand. He then unlocked the door, and thrusting the end of his pigtail into his breast, coiled it, as it were, round his body, hastened down the alley, and was soon out of sight.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which the doctor pays a visit and receives no fee; and I am obliged to work very hard to procure myself a livelihood.

I did not forget my father's injunction, for I was very much frightened. There was a doctor who lived half way up Church Street, a short distance from Fisher's Alley. He was a little man with a large head, sunk down between two broad shoulders—his eyes were small and twinkling, his nose snubbed, his pate nearly bald; but on the sides of his head, the hair was long and flowing. But if his shoulders were broad, the rest of his body was not in the same proportion—for he narrowed as he descended, his hips being very small, and his legs as thin as those of a goat. His real name was Todpoole, but the people invariably called him Tadpole, and he certainly in appearance somewhat reminded you of one. He was a facetious little fellow, and, it was said, very clever in his profession.

"Doctor Tadpole," cried I, out of breath with running, "come quick—my mother is very bad indeed."

"What's the matter?" said he, peering over a mortar in which he was rubbing up something with the pestle.

"External or internal?"

Although I did not know what he meant, I replied: "Both, doctor, and a great deal more beside."

"That's bad indeed," replied Tadpole, still rubbing away.

"But you must come directly," cried I. "Come along—quick!"

"*Festina lente*, good boy—that's Latin for hat and boots. Tom, are my boots clean?"

"Ye'es," replied a carrotty-headed boy, whom I knew well.

The doctor laid down a pestle, and taking his seat on a chair, began very leisurely to pull on his boots, whilst I stamped with impatience.

"Now, do be quick, doctor—my mother will be dead."

"Jack," said the doctor, grinning, as he pulled on his second boot, "people don't die so quick before the doctor comes—it's always afterward: however, I'm glad to see you are so fond of your mother. Tom, is my hat brushed?"

"Ye'es, sir," replied Tom, bringing the doctor's hat.

"Now then, Jack, I'm all ready. Tom, mind the shop, and don't eat the stick liquorice—d'ye hear?"

"Ye'es, sir," said Tom, with a grin from ear to ear.

The doctor followed me very quick, for he thought from my impatience that something serious must be the matter.

He walked up to my mother's room, and I hastened to open the door; when, to my surprise, I found my mother standing before the glass arranging her hair.

"Well!" exclaimed my mother, "this is very pretty behaviour—forcing your way into a lady's room."

The doctor stared, and so did I. At last I exclaimed, "Well! father thought he'd killed her."

"Yes," cried my mother, "and he's gone away with it on his conscience, that's some comfort;—he won't come back in a hurry—he thinks he has committed murder, the unfeeling brute!—Well, I've had my revenge."

And as she twisted up her hair, my mother burst out screaming—

"Little Bopeep, she lost her sheep,
And couldn't tell where to find him—
She found him, indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For he left his tail behind him."

"Why then, doctor, it was all sham," exclaimed I.

"Yes—and the doctor's come on a fool's errand:

'Goosey, Goosey, Gander,
Whither dost thou wander?
Up stairs and down stairs,
And in a lady's chamber.'"

The doctor shrugged up his shoulders so that his head disappeared between them; and at last he said, "Your mother don't want me, Jack—that's very clear. Good morning, Mrs. Saunders."

"A very good morning to you, Dr. Tadpole," replied my mother with a profound courtesy—"You'll oblige me by quitting this room, and shutting the door after you, if you please."

As the doctor and I went down, my mother continued the song:

"And then I met a little man,
Couldn't say his prayers,
I took him by the left leg,
And sent him down stairs."

As soon as we were in the parlour, I acquainted the doctor with what had happened—"I'm sure I thought she was dead," said I, when I had finished the story.

"Jack, when I asked you where your mother was bad, external or internal, you replied both, and a great deal more besides. So she is—internally, externally, and infernally bad," said the doctor laughing. "And so she amputated your father's pigtail, did she—the Dalilah! Pity one could not amputate her head, it would make a good woman of her. Good bye, Jack, I must go and look after Tom—he's swallowed a whole yard of stick liquorice by this time."

Soon afterward, Ben the Whaler came in to look after my father, and I told him what had occurred; he was very indignant at my mother's conduct, and, as soon as the affair was known, so were all the tenants of Fisher's Alley. When my mother went out, or had words with any of her neighbours, the retort was invariably, "Who sent the press-gang after her own husband?" or, "Who cut off the tail from her husband's back?—wasn't that a genteel trick?" All this worried my mother, and she became very morose and ill-tempered; I believe she would have left the alley, if she had not taken a long lease of the house. She had now imbibed a decided hatred for me, which she never failed to show upon every occasion; for she knew that it was I who had roused my father, and prevented her escape from his wrath. The consequence was, that I was seldom at home, except to sleep. I sauntered to the beach, ran into the water, sometimes rowed in the wherries, at others hauling them in and holding them steady for the passengers to land. I was beginning to be useful to the watermen, and was very often rewarded with a piece of bread and cheese or a drink of beer out of their pots. The first year after my father's visit, I was seldom given a meal, and continually beaten—indeed sometimes cruelly so;

but as I grew stronger, I rebelled and fought, and with such success, that although I was hated more, I was punished less.

One scene between my mother and me may serve as a specimen for all. I would come home with my trousers tucked up, and my high-logs unlaced and full of water—sucking every time that I lifted up my leg, and marking the white sanded floor of the front room, as I proceeded through it to the back kitchen. My mother would come down stairs, and perceiving the marks I had left, would get angry, and as usual commence singing,

"A frog he would a wooing go,
Heigho, says Rowley."

I see—there's that little wretch been here,—

"Whether his mother would let him or no.
Heigho, says Rowley."

I'll rowley him with the rolling pin, when I get hold of him. He's worse than that beastly water-spaniel of Sir Hercules', who used to shake himself over my best cambric muslin. Well, we'll see. He'll be wanting his dinner; I only wish he may get it.

"Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and pull'd out a plum,
And cried, what a good boy am I!"

'Good boy am I!' good-for-nothing brat, just like his father. O dear! if I could but get rid of him!

'There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She'd so many children she didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She whipped them all round, and sent them to bed.'

And if I don't whip him, it's my fault, that's all. Virgin my love, don't spit—that's not genteel. It's only *ma's* and Yankes who spit. Nasty little brute! oh! here we are, are you?" cried my mother, as I entered. "Do you see what a dirty mess you have made, you little ungrateful animal? Take that, and that, and that," continued she, running the wet bristles of the long broom into my face with sufficient force to make my nose bleed. I stood the first push, and the second; but the third roused my indignation—and I caught hold of the end of the broom toward me, and tried to force it out of her hands. It was push against push; for I was very strong—she screaming as loud as she could, as she tried to wrest the broom from my clutches; I, shoving at her with all my force—like Punch and the devil at the two ends of the stick. At last, after she had held me in a corner for half a minute, I made a rush upon her, drove her right to the opposite corner, so that the end of the handle gave her a severe poke in the body, which made her give up the contest; and exclaim as soon as she recovered her breath—"Oh! you nasty, ungrateful, ungenteel brute! You little viper! Is that the way you treat your mother—and nearly kill her? Oh, dear me!"

"Why don't you leave me alone, then? you never beat Jenny."

"Who's Jenny, you wicked good-for-nothing boy—you mean your sister Virginia. Well, you'll have no dinner, I can tell you."

I put my hand in my pocket, took out a sixpence which I had received, and held it up between my thumb and finger. "Won't I?"

"You audacious boy! that's the way you're spoiled by foolish people giving you money."

"Good bye, mother." So saying, I leaped over the board fixed up at the door, and was again down at the beach. Indeed I was now what is termed a regular *mud-larker*, picking up halfpence by running into the water, offering my ragged arm to people getting out of the wherries, always saluting them with, "You haven't never

got a halfpenny for poor Jack, your honour?" and sometimes I did get a halfpenny, sometimes a shove, according to the temper of those whom I addressed. When I was not on the beach, I was usually in company with Ben the Whaler, who, after my father's visit, was more kind to me than ever: and there were several other pensioners who were great friends of mine; and I used to listen to their long yarns, which were now becoming a source of great delight to me; at other times, I would be with the watermen, assisting them to clear out their wherries, or pay the seams. In fact, I was here, there, and every where except at home—always active, always employed, and I may add, almost always wet. My mother used to scold whenever I came in; but that I did not mind: her greatest punishment was refusing me a clean shirt on a Sunday: at last, I picked up halfpence enough to pay, not only for my food, such as it was, but for my own washing, and every day I became more independent and more happy.

There were other ways by which money was to be obtained during the summer season; which was from the company who used to come down to the white bait parties at the Ship and other taverns. There were many other boys who frequented the beach besides me; and we used to stand under the windows and attract attention by every means in our power, so as to induce the company to throw us halfpence to scramble for. This they would do to while away their time until their dinner was ready, or to amuse themselves and the ladies by seeing us roll and tumble one over the other. Sometimes they would throw a sixpence into the river, where the water was about two feet deep, to make us wet ourselves through, in groping for it. Indeed, they were very generous when they wished to be amused; and every kind of offer was made to them which we thought suited to their tastes, or likely to extract money from their pockets.

"Dip my head in the mud for sixpence, sir?" would one of us cry out; and then he would be outbid by another.

"Roll myself all over and over in the mud, face and all, sir—only give me sixpence!"

Sometimes I would perceive a lovely countenance, beaming with pity and compassion at our rags and apparent wretchedness; and then the money thrown to me gave me much more pleasure: but the major portion of those who threw us silver for their own amusement would not have given us a farthing, if we had asked charity for the love of God.

It must not, however, be supposed that I gained the enviable situation of *Poor Jack* until I had been some time on the beach; and there was no want of competitors for his office among the many idle boys who frequented the beach. When I first plied there, I was often pushed away by those who were older and stronger than myself, with a "Go along with you! He's not poor Jack—I'm poor Jack, your honour." This, at first, I submitted to; taking my chance for a stray halfpenny, which was occasionally thrown to me; trusting to my activity in being the first down to the boat, or to my quickness in a scramble. I never quarrelled with the other boys, for I was remarkable for my good temper. The first idea I had of resistance was from oppression. One of the boys, who was older and taller than myself, attempted to take away a sixpence which I had gained in a scramble. Before that, I had not resented being pushed away, or even when they threw water or mud at me; but this was an act of violence which I could not put up with: the consequence was a fight; in which, to my surprise (for I was not aware of my strength,) as well as to the surprise of the bystanders, I proved victorious, beating my opponent, until he reeled into the water, following him up until he tumbled, and then holding his head down in the mud, until he was almost stifled. I then allowed him to get up; and he went home crying to his mother. For this feat, I was rewarded with the plaudits

of the old pensioners and others who were looking on, and with a shilling, which was thrown to me from the window of the inn. Ben the Whaler, who had witnessed the fray, told me, the next day, that I handled my fists remarkably well; and that I had but to keep a higher guard, and I should fight well. He was an old pugilist himself, and he gave me a few directions which I did not forget. I soon had a chance to put them into practice; for, two days afterward, another boy, bigger than myself, as I was plying as "Poor Jack," pushed me back so hard that I fell off the steps into the deep water, and there was a general laugh against me. I did not care for the ducking, but the laugh I could not bear; as soon as I gained the steps again, I rushed upon him, and threw him off, and he fell into the wherry, and, as it afterward appeared, he strained his back very much; nevertheless he came out to thrash me; and this time it was a regular fight, as the pensioners and watermen interfered, taking us both up on the higher ground, and seeing that it was fair play. Ben the Whaler acted as my second, and we set to. The boy was too powerful for me, had it not been for the hurt he had received, and the instructions I obtained from Ben every time that I sat on his knee between each round. Still it was a very hard fight, and I was terribly beaten—but I could not give up, for so many betted upon my winning; and Ben told me, at the end of every round, that, if I only stood up one more, I should be certain to beat him; and that then I should be *Poor Jack for ever!* The last inducement stimulated me to immense exertion; we closed and wrestled, and my antagonist was thrown; and, in consequence of the strain he had before received, he could not stand up any more. Poor fellow! he was in great pain; he was taken home, and obliged to have a doctor; and an abscess formed in his side. He was a long time getting well, and, when he came out of doors again, he was so pale—I was very sorry for him, and we were always the best friends afterward, and I gave him many a halfpenny, until I had an opportunity of serving him.

I mention these two fights, because they obtained for me a greater reputation than I merited: this reputation perhaps saved me a great deal more fighting, and obtained me the mastery over the other boys on the beach. Indeed, I became such a favourite with the watermen, that they would send the other boys away; and thus did I become, at last, the acknowledged, true, lawful, and legitimate "Poor Jack of Greenwich."

CHAPTER IX.

In which I take a cruise contrary to the received rules of navigation. On my return from a cold expedition, I meet with a cold reception.

As soon as I was fairly in possession of my office, I gained sufficient money to render me almost entirely independent of my mother. Occasionally I procured an old jacket, or trousers, or a pair of shoes, at the store of an old woman, who dealt in every thing that could be imagined; and, if ever I picked up oakum, or drifting pieces of wood, I used to sell them to old Nanny—for that was the only name she was known by. My mother, having lost her lodgers by her ill-temper, and continual quarrelling with her neighbours, had resorted to washing and getting up of fine linen, at which she was very expert, and earned a good deal of money. To do her justice, she was a very industrious woman, and, in some things, very clever. She was a very good dress-maker, and used to make up the gowns and bonnets for the lower classes of people, to whom she gave great satisfaction. She worked very hard for herself and my sister, about whose dress and appearance she was more particular than ever; indeed, she showed as much affection for her, as she did ill will towards me.

To look at me, with my old trousers tucked up above my knees, my ragged jacket, and weather-beaten cap; and then to see Virginia, so neatly, and even expensively, dressed, no one could have believed that we were brother and sister. My mother would always try to prevent Virginia from noticing me, if we ever met when she was walking out with her. But my sister appeared to love me more and more; and, in spite of my mother, as soon as she saw me, would run up to me, patting my dirty jacket with her pretty little hand; and, when she did so, I felt so proud of her. She grew up handsomer every day, and so sweet in disposition, that my mother could not spoil her.

It was in the autumn that I gained undisputed possession of the office of "Poor Jack;" and that winter I had an adventure which nearly occasioned my making a vacancy for somebody else; and which, the reader will agree with me, was any thing but pleasant.

It was in the month of January,—the river was filled with floating ice, for it had frozen hard for several days; and, of course, there were but few people who trusted themselves in wherries,—so that I had little employment, and less profit. One morning, as I was standing on the landing-steps, the breath coming out of my mouth like the steam of a tea-kettle,—rubbing my nose, which was red from the sharpness of the frost,—and looking at the sun, which was just mounting above a bank of clouds, a waterman called to me, and asked me whether I would go down the river with him, as he was engaged to take a mate down to join his ship, which was several miles below Greenwich; and if so, he would give me sixpence and a breakfast. I had earned little for many days, and, hating to be obliged to my mother, I consented.

In an hour we started: there was no wind,—the water was smooth, and the sun's rays glittered on the floating patches of ice, which grated against the sides of the wherry, as we cut through them with our sharp prow. Although we had the tide with us, it was three hours before we gained the ship. The mate paid the fare, and gave us something to drink; and we passed an hour or more warming ourselves at the caboose, and talking with the seamen. At last a breeze sprung up, and the captain ordered the men to get the ship under weigh. We shoved off, the tide having flowed some time, expecting to be back to Greenwich before dark.

But it clouded over; and a heavy snow-storm came on, so that we could not see in what direction we were pulling; the wind blew very fresh, and it was piercing cold; however, we pulled as hard as we could, not only to get back again, but to keep ourselves from freezing.

Unfortunately, we had lost too much time on board of the vessel; and, what with that, and the delay arising from the snow-storm preventing us pulling straight back, the ebb-tide made again before we had gained more than two-thirds of our way. We were now nearly worn out with the severe cold and fatigue, but we pulled hard, keeping as close in-shore as we could. It was necessary, at the end of one reach, to cross over to the other side of the river; and, in so doing, we were driven by the tide against a large buoy, when the wherry filled and upset in an instant. We both contrived to cling on to her, as she was turned bottom up; and away we were swept down among the drifting ice, the snow-storm still continuing to beat down on our heads. I was nearly frozen before I could climb on the bottom of the wherry; which I at last contrived to do, but the waterman could only hold on. There we both were, shivering and shaking; the wind piercing through our wet clothes—the snow beating down on us, and our feet freezing among the drifting ice—borne away with the tide towards the mouth of the river—not able to see two yards before us, or likely to be seen by any one, so as to be assisted. We were too cold to speak, but re-

mained in silence, looking at each other, and with no pleasant forebodings as to our fate. The ice now formed in large masses; the icicles hung from our clothes, and a sense was lost in our extremities. It was now dark and pitch; and so feeble were we that it was with difficulty we could keep in our positions. At last the storm abated, the sky cleared up, and the bright full moon shone in the heavens; but our case appeared hopeless—we felt that before morning we must perish. I tried to say what prayers I had learned by hearing my sister say them; but my teeth chattered, and I could only think them. At last, I perceived a vessel at anchor—the tide was sweeping us past—we were close to her and I contrived to cry out; but there was no reply. Again I screamed, but it was in vain. They were all in their warm beds; while we floated past, freezing to death. My hopes, which had been raised, and which had occasioned my heart to resume its beating, now sank down again, and I gave myself up in despair. I burst into tears; and, before the tears had rolled half way down my cheeks, they had frozen hard. "I am indeed 'Poor Jack' now," thought I; "I shall never see my father or Virginia any more." As I thought so, I saw another vessel ahead of us. I summoned all my strength, and called out long before we floated past her. The light wind bore my voice down; there was a man on deck, and he heard it; he walked forward, and I perceived him looking over the bows. I hallooed again, to direct his attention to where we were; for our wherry was so incrustated with ice, that she might have been taken for a larger piece floating by. I saw him turn away, and heard him then with a handspike on the deck. How my heart bounded! I almost felt warm. As we were passing the vessel, I called out again and again, and the man answered me—

"Ay, ay, hold on for a minute or two, and I'll see to you."

"We are saved," I cried to the waterman; but he was quite insensible, apparently frozen stiff where he was clinging. In a few minutes I heard the sound of oars, and then they stopped; the boat came quietly alongside that they might not by the shock throw us off into the water; they dragged us both in, and took us on board, poured a glass of brandy down our throats, stripped off our frozen clothes, chafed our limbs, and put us between the hot blankets which they had just left. As soon as I was in bed, the mate made me drink a tumbler of brandy, and left me. I soon fell into a deep sleep, but before they had ceased their attempts to restore vitality to my companion; which at last they did. When I awoke the next morning, I was quite well; and the waterman was also recovering, although not able to leave his hammock. The mate who had had the watch and had saved us, told me that the wherry was safe on board; and as the ship was bound up the river, that we had better remain where we were. I narrated our accident; and my clothes having been dried at the caboose, I dressed myself, and went on deck. My companion, the waterman, did not escape so well; his foot was frost-bitten, and he lost four of his toes, before he recovered. It was singular that he, who was a man grown up, should suffer so much more than I did. I cannot account for it, except that my habit of always being in the water had hardened me more to the cold. We remained on board two days; during which we were treated with great kindness.

It was a fine bright morning, when, as the ship was passing the hospital, we shoved the wherry off, and landed at the steps; and, when we jumped out, we were greeted by all who were standing there. We had very naturally been given up for lost. They supposed that we had perished in the snow storm. Old Ben was among those who were standing at the steps, and he walked up with me to my mother's house.

"I did go to the old woman and break the matter

her in a becoming way, Jack," said Ben; "but I can't say that she appeared to take it much to heart, and that's the truth. Had it been little Jenny, she'd have cried her eyes out."

I arrived at Fisher's Alley, and the neighbours looked out; and as I nodded to them, they cried, "Why, here's Jack come back again. Where have you been to, Jack?" This passing from mouth to mouth, at last reached my mother's ears; she looked out, and saw me and Old Ben close to the door.

"Here be your son, Misses," said Ben; "so you may thank God for his mercy."

But my mother did not appear to be very thankful. She turned round and went in; I followed her, while Ben was standing at the door in amazement at her not flying to me and kissing me. On the contrary, she must have been angry at my return; for she commenced singing—

"Jack and Gill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Gill came tumbling after."

And then she broke out—"And where have you been, you good-for-nothing boy, all this time? putting me to all this useless expense that you have; all my money thrown away for nothing." I looked at the table, and perceived that she had been making a black dress and bonnet, to put little Virginia into mourning; for she never let slip an opportunity to dress out my sister.

"Fifteen good shillings thrown away and lost—all by your coming back. Your sister would have looked so interesting in it. Poor child! and now she will be disappointed. Never mind, my darling, you may have to wear them soon yet, if he goes on in this way."

Virginia did not seem to mind it at all; she was kissing and patting me, and was delighted to see me again. But my mother took her by the hand, and catching up the half-made dress and bonnet in her other, walked away up stairs to her room, singing—

"There was an old man who lived under a hill,
And if he's not dead, he lives there still."

"So much for motherly love! Dang it, what's her heart made of?" said a voice. I turned round; it was old Ben, who had been an unobserved spectator of the scene.

CHAPTER X.

In which I narrate what I consider the most fortunate incident in my life; and Ben the Whaler confides to me a very strange history.

Among the pensioners, there was one with whom I must make the reader acquainted; as he will be an important person in this narrative. His name was Peter Anderson, a north countryman, I believe from Greenock: he had been gunner's mate in the service for many years; and, having been severely wounded in an action, he had been sent to Greenwich. He was a boatswain in Greenwich Hospital; that is, he had charge of a ward of twenty-five men; and Ben the Whaler had lately been appointed one of the boatswain's mates under him. He was a very good scholar, and had read a great deal. You could hardly put any question to him, but you would get from him a satisfactory sort of an answer; and he was generally referred to in all points of dispute, especially in matters connected with the service, which he had at his fingers' ends; and moreover, he was a very religious, good man. I never heard him swear, but correct all those who did so in his presence.

He had saved some money in the service; the interest of which, with his allowances as boatswain, enabled him to obtain many little comforts, and to be generous to others. Before Ben was shifted over to Anderson's ward, which he

was when he was appointed boatswain's mate under him, they had not been well acquainted; but, since that time, they were almost always together; so that now I knew Anderson, which I did not before, except by sight. He was a very venerable-looking old man, with gray locks curling down on his shoulders, but very stout and hearty; and, as Ben had told him all about me, he took notice of me, and appeared also to take an interest. When I came back, after the providential escape I have mentioned in the last chapter, Ben had narrated to him the conduct of my mother; and a day or two afterward, when the frost had broken up, and they were both sitting down, basking in the sun, which was shining bright, I went up to them.

"Well, Jack," said old Ben, "are you ready for another trip down the river?"

"I hope I shall earn my sixpence at an easier rate, if I do go," replied I.

"It was wonderful that you were saved, boy," said Peter Anderson; "and you ought to be very thankful to the Omniscent."

I started; for I had never heard that term applied to the Deity.

"You mean God, don't you?" said I, at last; for I thought he couldn't mean any other.

"Yes, boy; has not your mother taught you that name?"

"She never would teach me any thing. All the prayers I know I have stolen from my sister."

"And what do you know, Jack?"

"I know 'Our Father,' and 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' and I believe that is all."

"How old are you now, Jack?"

"I am three years older than Virginia; she, I heard my mother say, was six the other day—then I suppose I'm nine."

"Do you know your letters?"

"Yes, some of them; I learned them on the boats."

"But you cannot read?"

"No, not a word."

"Has your mother ever told you of the Bible?"

"Not me; but I've heard her tell Virginia about it."

"Don't you ever go to church?"

"No, never. Mother takes little Virginia; but she says I'm too ragged and ungenteel."

"Why does your mother neglect you? I suppose you are a bad boy?"

"That he's not," interrupted Ben; "that's not the reason. But we must not talk about that now; only I must take Jack's part. Go on, Peter."

"Would you like to learn to read, Jack?" said Anderson; "and would you like to hear me read the Bible to you, until you can read it yourself?"

"Indeed I would," replied I. "There's many of the boys on the beach, smaller than me, who can both read and write."

Peter Anderson then told me that he would teach me, provided I behaved myself well. He desired I would come to his cabin every afternoon at six o'clock, a time which interfered little with my avocation of "Poor Jack," and that he would give me a lesson. Before he had finished talking, one of the lieutenants of the hospital sent for him; and Ben remained behind, to point out to me how valuable my knowing how to read and write might one day prove to me.

"I've no larning, myself, Jack," said he; "and I know the loss of it. Had I known how to read and write, I might have been something better than a poor Greenwich pensioner; but, nevertheless, I'm thankful that I'm no worse. Ever since I've been a man grown I've only regretted it once—and that's been all my life. Why, Jack, I'd give this right arm of mine—to be sure, it's no great things now; but once it could send a harpoon in, up to the

hilt—but still a right arm is a right arm to the end of your days; and I'd give it with pleasure, if I only knew how to read and write;—nay, I wouldn't care about the writing; but, if I could only read print, Jack, I'd give it; for then I could read the Bible, as Peter Anderson does. Why Jack, when we do go to the chapel on Sunday, there's not one in ten of us who can follow the parson with his book; all we can do is to listen; and when he has done speaking, we are done also, and must wait till he preaches again. Don't I feel ashamed, then, Jack, at not being able to read; and ought not they to feel proud who can;—no, not proud, but thankful? We don't think of the Bible much in our younger days, boy; but, when we are tripping our anchor for the other world, we long to read away our doubts and misgivings; and it's the only chart you can navigate by safely. I think a parent has much to answer for, that don't teach his child to read; but I must not blame my father or mother, for I never knew them."

"Never knew them?"

"No, boy, no. My father and mother left me when I was one year old; he was drowned; and my mother—she died too, poor soul!"

"How did your mother die, Ben?"

"It's a sad, sad story, Jack, and I cannot bear to think of it; it was told me long afterward, by one who little thought to whom he was speaking."

"Do tell me, Ben."

"You're too young, boy, for such a tale—it's too shocking."

"Was it worse than being froze to death, as I nearly was the other day?"

"Yes, my lad, worse than that; although, for one so young as you are, that was quite bad enough."

"Well, Ben, I won't ask you to tell me, if it pains you to tell it. But you did not do wrong?"

"How could a baby of two years old do wrong? and five thousand miles off at the time, you little fool? Well, I don't know if I won't tell you, Jack, after all; because you will then find out that there's a comfort in reading the Bible—but you must promise me never to speak about it. I'm a foolish old fellow to tell it to you, Jack, I do believe; but I'm fond of you, boy, and I don't like to say, 'no' to you. Now come to an anchor close to me. The bells are ringing for dinner. I shall lose my meal, but you will not lose your story, and there will be no fear of interruption."

"My father was brought up to the sea, Jack, and was a smart young man till he was about thirty; when a fall from the main-yard disabled him from hard duty, and going aloft; but still he had been brought up to the sea, and was fit for nothing on shore. So, as he was a clean, likely fellow, he obtained the situation of purser's steward in an Indiaman. After that, he was captain's steward on board of several ships. He sailed originally from Yarmouth; and, going home, after a voyage, to see his relations, he fell in with my mother, and they were spliced. He was very fond of his wife; and I believe she was a very true and good woman, equally fond of him. He went to sea again, and I was born. He made another voyage to India; and when he came back, I was two years old. I do not recollect him or my mother. My father had agreed to sail to the West Indies as captain's steward, and the captain, with whom he had sailed before, consented that he should take his wife with him, to attend upon the lady passengers; so I was left at Yarmouth, and put out to nurse till they came back—but they never came back, Jack; and, as soon as I can recollect, I found myself in the workhouse, and, when old enough, was sent to sea. I had been told that my father and mother had been lost at sea, but no one could tell me how—and I thought little more about it,

* Ben's observations were true at the time he spoke; but this is no longer the case. So much more general has education become, that now, in a ship's company, at least five out of seven can read.

for I had never known them; and those we don't know do not love or care for, be they father or mother."

"Well, I had sailed four or five voyages to the north—the whalers, and was then about twenty-five years old when I thought I would go back to Yarmouth and see myself; for I was 'harpooner and steersman' at that age, and not a little proud. I thought I would go and see at the old workhouse, for it was the only thing I could collect; and see if the master and mistress were still alive for they were kind to me when I was living with them. I went to Yarmouth, as I said: there was the workhouse and the master and mistress both alive; and I made myself known to them, and the old people looked at me through their spectacles, and could not believe that I could possibly be the little Ben, who used to run to the pump for water. I had money in my pocket; and I liked to old people, who offered me all they could give, without hopes of receiving anything in return; and, as I knew nobody else, I used to live much with them, and pay them handsomely; I gave the old man some curiosities, and the old woman a teapot, and so on; and I remained with them till it was time for me to sail again. Now you see, Jack, among the old folk in the workhouse, was a man who had been at sea; and I often had long talks with him, and gave him tobacco, which he couldn't afford to buy, for they don't allow it in a workhouse, which is a great hardship; and I have often thought that I should not like to go into a workhouse, because I never could have a bit of tobacco. The man's hair was as white as snow, much too white for his age; for he was more decrepid and worn out than, perhaps, he was old. He had come home to his parish, being unable to gain his living, they had sent him to the workhouse. I can't understand why a place should be called a workhouse, where they do nothing at all. The Charley, as they called him, got very ill; and they thought he would not last long—and when the old people were busy, I used to talk a great deal with him; he was usually very quiet and composed, and said he was comfortable, but that he knew he was going fast."

"But," says he, "here's my comfort;" and he pointed to a Bible that he had on his knees. "If it had not been for this book," said he, "I do think, at times, I should have made way with myself."

"Why," says I, "what have you done? Have you been very wicked?"

"We are all very wicked," said he; "but that's not exactly it—I have been haunted for so many years, that have been almost driven mad."

"Why," said I, "what can you have done that you should have been haunted? You haven't committed murder, have you?"

"Well, I don't know what to say: if a man looks at and don't prevent murder, is it not the same? I have long to live, and I feel as if I should be happier if I had a clean breast of it; for I have kept the secret a long while, and I think that you, as a sailor, and knowing what sailors suffer, may have a fellow-feeling; and perhaps you will tell me (for I'm somewhat uneasy about it) whether you think that I am so very much to blame in the business I've suffered enough for it these many years; and I trust that it will not be forgotten that I have so, when I'm called up to be judged—as we all shall, if this book is true—as I fully believe it to be."

"Here he appeared to be a good deal upset; but he took a drink of water, and then he told me as follows:

"About twenty-three years ago, I was a seaman on board of the William and Caroline, West Indiaman, bound to Jamaica. We had two or three passengers on board, and the steward's wife attended upon them. She was a handsome tall young woman; and when she and her husband came on board, they told me they had one child, which they had left at home. Now Yarmouth, you see, is in

native place; and, although I did not know her husband, I knew her family very well; so we were very intimate, and I used to talk about the people we knew, and so on. I mention this, in consequence of what occurred afterward. We arrived very safe at Jamaica, and remained, as usual, some time at the island before the drogers brought round our cargo, and then we again sailed for England.

"Well, we got clear of the islands, and were getting well north, when there came on a terrible gale of wind which dismasted us; and for three weeks we were rolling about gunnel under, for we were very heavily laden; and we lost our reckoning. At last we found out that we had been blown down among the reefs to the southward of the Bahama Isles. We had at one time rigged jury masts, but unfortunately the gale had blown up again, and carried them also over the side; and we had no means of doing any thing, for we had no more small spars or sails, and all our hopes were, of falling in with some vessel which might assist us.

"But we had no such good fortune; and one morning, when a heavy sea was running, we discovered that it was bearing us down upon a reef of rocks, from which there was no chance of escape. We had no resource but to get the boats out, and take our chance in them. The captain was very cool and collected; he ordered every thing in which might be requisite; called up the men, and explained to them his intentions. All the water and provisions were put into the launch, for the sea ran so high that the small boats could not carry them; and it was intended that all the boats should keep company till it moderated, and then each boat should have its own supply. When all was ready, we were *told off* to our respective boats. The steward and his wife were to be in the same boat with me; and I had put her carefully in the stern-sheets, for I was her great friend. Now the steward was called out by the captain to go for something which had been forgotten; and while he was away the ship was struck by a heavy sea, which occasioned such a breach over her that all was in confusion, and to prevent the small boats from swamping, they were pushed off. The launch was still held on for the captain, who hastened in with the mate and the steward, for they were the only three left on board; and away we all went. I mention this as the cause why the steward was separated (only for a time as we supposed) from his wife. We had not been clear of the ship more than five minutes, before we found, that we, in our boat, could hardly make head 'gainst the wind and swell, which bore down on the reef close to us; the launch, which was a heavy pulling boat and deeply laden, could not; and in a quarter of an hour we had the misery to see her in the breakers, swallowed up with all hands, together with all the provisions and water for our sustenance. I will not attempt to describe the agony of the steward's wife, who saw her husband perish before her eyes. She fainted; and it was a long time before she came to again; for no one could leave his oar for a minute to assist her, as we pulled for our lives. At last she did come to. Poor thing! I felt for her. Toward night the wind lulled, and we had every appearance of fine weather coming on; but we had nothing to eat, and only a barrico of water in the boat, and we were quite exhausted with fatigue.

"We knew that we must pull to the northward, and try and fetch the Bahama Isles, or, perhaps, one of the small quays to the southward of them, where we might procure turtle, and, perhaps, water; and when the sea had gone down, which it did very fast, we put the head of our boat in that direction, pulling all night. At daybreak, the other boat was not to be seen; it was a dead calm, but there was still a long heavy swell—we shared out some water and rested till the evening, and then we took to our oars again.

"We rowed hard till the morning, but when the sun rose it scorched us up; it was impossible for us to keep to our oars without drinking, and, there being no one to take the command, our water was all gone; and we had not gained fifty miles to the northward. On the third morning we laid down exhausted at the bottom of the boat—we were dying not only with thirst but with hunger; we had agreed that when night came on we would take to the oars again; but some would and some would not; so that, at last, those who had taken to their oars would pull no longer.

"The steward's wife at times sang psalms, and at times wept; she had a very sweet voice; but her lips were soon glued together for want of water, and she could sing no longer.

"When the sun rose on the fourth day, there was no vessel to be seen: some were raving for water, and others sat crouched under the boat's thwarts in silent despair. But, toward evening, the sky clouded over, and there fell a heavy rain, which refreshed us. We took the gown from off the steward's wife, and spread it, and caught the water; and we all drank until our thirst was quenched,—even our wet clothes were a comfort to us;—still we were gnawed with hunger. That night we slept; but the next morning every man's eye flashed, and we all looked as if we would eat each other; and there were whisperings and noddings going on in the bow of the boat; and a negro who was with us took out his knife, and sharpened it on the boat's gunnel. No one asked him why. We spoke not, but we all had our own thoughts. It was dreadful to look at our hollow cheeks,—our eyes sunken deep, but glaring like red hot coals,—our long beards and haggard faces,—every one ready to raise his hand against the other. The poor woman never complained or said a word after she left off singing,—her thoughts appeared elsewhere. She sat for hours motionless, with her eyes fixed on the still blue water, as if she would pierce its depth.

"At last the negro came aft; and we were each upon our guard as he passed us, for we had seen him sharpen his knife. He went to the stern sheets, where the poor woman sat, and we all knew what he intended to do—for he only acted out his own thoughts. She was still hanging over the gunnel, with her eyes fixed downwards, and she heeded not his approach: he caught her by the hair and dragged her head towards him. She then held out her arms towards me, faintly calling me by name; but I—shame on me—remained sitting on the after thwart. The negro thrust his knife into her neck, below the ear; and, as soon as he had divided the artery, he glued his thick lips to the gash, and sucked her blood.

"When the deed was done, others rose up and would have shared; but the negro kept his white eyes directed towards them—one arm thrust out, with his knife pointed at them, as he slaked his thirst, while, with his other round her waist, he supported her dying frame. The attitude was that of fondness, while the deed was—murder. He appeared as if he was caressing her, while her life's blood poured into his throat. At last we all drew our knives; and the negro knew that he must resign his prey or his life. He dropped the woman, and she fell, with her face forward, at my feet. She was quite dead. And then—our hunger was relieved.

"Three days passed away and again we were mad for want of water,—when we saw a vessel. We shouted, and shook hands, and threw out the oars, and pulled as if we had never suffered. It was still calm, and, as we approached the vessel, we threw what remained of the poor woman into the sea; and the sharks finished what we had left. We agreed to say nothing about her; for we were ashamed of ourselves.

"Now, I did not murder, but I did not prevent it; and

I have ever since been haunted by this poor woman. I see her and the negro constantly before me; and then I think of what passed and I turn sick. I feel that I ought to have saved her,—she is always holding out her arms to me, and I hear her faintly call ‘Charles,’—then I read my Bible—and she disappears, and I feel as if I were forgiven. Tell me, what do you think, messmate?”

“‘Why,’ replied I, ‘circumstances will make us do what we otherwise would never think possible. I never was in such a predicament; and, therefore, can’t tell what people may be brought to do—but tell me, messmate, what was the name of the poor woman?’”

“‘The husband’s name was Ben Rivers.’”

“‘Rivers, did you say?’ replied I struck all of a heap.

“‘Yes,’ replied he ‘that was her name; she was of this town;—but never mind the name,—tell me what you think, messmate?’”

“‘Well,’ says I, (for I was quite bewildered,) ‘I’ll tell you what, old fellow—as far as I’m concerned, you have my forgiveness, and now I must wish you good bye—and I pray to God that we may never meet again.’”

“‘Stop a little,’ said he; ‘don’t leave me this way—Ah! I see how it is—you think I’m a murderer.’”

“‘No I don’t,’ replied I; ‘not exactly—still there be no harm in your reading your Bible.’”

“‘And so I got up, and walked out of the room—for you see, Jack, although he mayn’t have been so much to blame, still I didn’t like to be in company with a man who had eaten up my own mother!’”

Here Ben paused, and sighed deeply. I was so much shocked with the narrative, that I could not say a word. At last Ben continued:

“‘I couldn’t stay in the room—I couldn’t stay in the workhouse. I couldn’t even stay in the town. Before the day closed, I was out of it—and I have never been there since. Now, Jack, I must go in—remember what I have said to you, and learn to read your Bible.’”

I promised that I would, and that very evening I had my first lesson from Peter Anderson—and I continued to receive them until I could read well. He then taught me to write and cipher; but before I could do the latter, many events occurred, which must be made known to the reader.

CHAPTER XI.

In which the doctor lets out some very novel modes of medical treatment, which are attended with the greatest success.

Such a change has taken place since I can first recollect Greenwich, that it will be somewhat difficult for me to make the reader aware of my localities. Narrow streets have been pulled down—handsome buildings erected—new hotels in lieu of small inns—gay shops have now usurped those which were furnished only with articles necessary for the outfit of the seaman. Formerly, long stages, with a basket to hold six behind, and dillies which plied at the Elephant and Castle, were the usual land conveyance—now they have made place for railroads and omnibuses. Formerly, the wherry conveyed the mariner and his wife with his sea-chest down to the landing-place—now steamboats pour out their hundreds at a trip. Even the view from Greenwich is much changed, here and there broken in upon by the high towers for shot and other manufactories, or some large building which rises boldly in the distance; while the Dreadnought’s splendid frame fills up half the river, and she that was used to deal out death and destruction with her terrible rows of teeth, is now dedicated by humanity to succour and relieve.

I mention this, because the house in which Dr. Tadpole formerly lived no longer exists; and I wish particularly to describe it to the reader.

When I left Greenwich in 1817 or 1818, it was still

standing; although certainly in a very dilapidated state. I will however give a slight sketch of it; as it is deeply impressed on my memory.

It was a tall, narrow building of dark red brick, much ornamented, and probably built in the time of Queen Elizabeth. It had two benches on each side the door; for, previous to Tadpole’s taking possession of it, it had been an alehouse, and much frequented by seamen. The doctor had not removed these benches, as they were convenient, when the weather was fine, for those who waited for medicine or advice; and moreover, being a jocular, sociable man, he liked people to sit down there, and would often converse with them. Indeed, this assisted much to bring him into notice, and made him so well known among the humbler classes, that none of them, if they required medicine or advice, ever thought of going to any one but Dr. Tadpole. He was very liberal and kind, and I believe there was hardly a poor person in the town who was not in his debt, for he never troubled them about payment. He had some little property of his own, or he never could have carried on such a losing concern, as his business really must have been to him. In early life he had been surgeon in the navy; and was said, and I believe with justice, to be very clever in his profession. In defending himself against some act of oppression on the part of his captain—for in those times the service was very different to what it is now—he had incurred the displeasure of the navy board, and had left the service. His enemies (for even the doctor had his enemies) asserted that he was turned out of the service; his friends, that he left the service in disgust; after all a matter of little consequence. The doctor is now gone, and has left behind him in the town of Greenwich a character for charity and generosity of which one can deprive him. He was buried in Greenwich churchyard; and never was there, perhaps, such a numerous procession as voluntarily followed his remains to the grave. The poor fully paid him the debt of gratitude, if they did not pay him their other debts; and when his will was opened, it was found that he had released them all from the latter. Peace to him, and honour to his worth.

The shop of Doctor Tadpole was fitted up in a very curious manner, and excited a great deal of admiration. During his service afloat, he had collected various objects of natural history, which he had set up or prepared himself: the lower row of bottles in the windows were full of snakes, lizards, and other reptiles; the second tier of bottles in the windows were the same as are now generally seen—large globes containing blue and yellow mixtures, with gold hieroglyphics outside of them; but between each of these bottles was a stuffed animal of some kind, generally a small monkey, or of that description. The third row of bottles was the most incomprehensible; no one could tell what was in them; and the doctor when asked, would laugh and shake his head: this made the women very curious. I believe they were chiefly preparations of the stomach, and other portions of the interior of the animal frame; but the doctor always said it was his row of “secrets;” and used to amuse himself with evading the questions of the other sex. There were some larger specimens of natural history suspended from the ceiling, chiefly skulls and bones of animals; and on the shelves inside a great variety of stones and pebbles and fragments of marble figures, which the doctor had picked up I believe in the Mediterranean; altogether the shop was a strange medley, and made people stare very much when they came into it. The doctor kept an old woman to cook and clean the house, and his boy Tom, whom I have already mentioned. Tom was a good natured lad; and, as his master said, very fond of liquorice but the doctor used to laugh at that (when Tom was not by), saying, “It’s very true that Tom craves my liquorice but I will say this for him, he is very honest about *jale* and *rhubarb*, and I have never missed a grain.”

Next door to the doctor lived another person, who kept a small tobacco-shop, which was a favourite resort of the pensioners and other poor people. She was an Irish woman, with the strong accent of her country, a widow by her own account. Who her husband had been was not satisfactorily known: if the question was put, she always evaded it as much as possible. All she said was, that his name was St. Felix, and that he had been of no profession. She was about twenty-two or twenty-three, very handsome, and very pleasing in her manners, which was perhaps one cause of the surmises and scandal which were continually afloat. Some said that her husband was still alive; others that he had been transported for seven years; and many (and among them my mother) declared that she could not produce her "marriage lines." Indeed there was no end to ill-natured reports, as always will be the case, when men are so unfortunate as to have a reputation, or women so unfortunate as to be pretty. But the widow appeared to be very indifferent to what people said: she was always lively and cheerful, and a great favourite with the men, whatever she may have been with the women. Doctor Tadpole had courted her ever since she had settled at Greenwich: they were the best of friends, but the doctor's suit did not appear to advance. Nevertheless the doctor seldom passed a day without paying her a visit, and she was very gracious to him. Although she sold every variety of tobacco, she would not permit people to smoke, and had no seats either in the shop or at the door—but to this rule an exception was made in favour of the doctor. He seldom failed to be there every evening; and although she would not allow him a chair, she permitted him to remain standing at the counter, and smoke his cigar while they conversed. It was this indulgence which occasioned people to think that she would marry the doctor; but at last they got tired of waiting, and it became a sort of proverb in Fisher's Alley, and its precincts, that when things were put off to an indefinite period, to say, "Yes, that will be done when the widow marries the doctor."

One evening, Ben had sent me to fill his tobacco-box at Mrs. St. Felix's, and when I went in, I found the doctor in her shop.

"Well, Master Tom Saunders, or Mr. Poor Jack," said the widow, "what may your pleasure be?"

"Pigtail," said I, putting down the penny.

"Is it for your father, Jack, for report tells me that he's in want of it?"

"No," replied I, "it's for old Ben—father's a long way from this, I expect."

"And do you intend to follow him, Jack? It's my opinion you'll be the very reverse of a good sailor if you cruise bottom up as you did on your first voyage."

"It's not the pleasantest way of sailing, is it, Jack?" observed the doctor.

"Not in the winter time," replied I.

The widow measured the length of the pigtail, as milliners do tape, from the tip of the finger to the knuckle, and cut it off.

"And now will you oblige me with a cigar?" said the doctor. "I think this is the sixth, is it not, Mrs. St. Felix? so here's my shilling."

"Really, doctor, if it were not that the wry faces I make at physic would spoil my beauty, I'm almost in honour bound to send for something to take out of your shop, just by way of return for your patronage."

"I trust you will never require it, Mrs. St. Felix; I've no objection to your sending for any thing you please, but don't take physic."

"Well, my girl Jane shall have a dose, I declare, she is getting so fat and lumpy. Only don't let it be laudanum, doctor, she's so sleepy-headed already. I told her this morning that she was looking pale, just by way of preparing her."

"Mrs. St. Felix, you must excuse me, but you're no right to interfere with my practice. I prescribe physic when I think it necessary, and Jane is perfectly well at present, and shall not have any."

"And you've no right to interfere with my household, doctor. If I choose, I'll physic Jane, and the dog, and the cat, and the kitten, which I reckon to be the whole of my establishment, all four of them on the same day. Tell me, doctor, how much ipecacuanha will make a kitten sick?"

"Mrs. St. Felix, I am not a veterinary surgeon, and therefore cannot answer."

"Veterinary! Well, I thought they only doctored horses."

"I beg your pardon, their practice extends further, as I can prove to you. I was once at the establishment of one in London, and I observed, in a large room, about a dozen little lap-dogs all tied up with strings. The poor little unwieldy, waddling things were sent to him because they were asthmatic and I don't know what all—and how do you think he cured them?"

"It's for me to ask that question, doctor."

"Well then, he told me his secret. He tied them all up, and gave them nothing to eat, only water to drink; and in three weeks they were returned in as beautiful condition, and as frisky as young kids. Nothing but diet, Mrs. St. Felix."

"I should rather think it was no diet, doctor. Well, I do declare, I'll tie up Jane for three weeks, and see if nothing but water will cure her complaints. Well, Mr. Jack, why don't you take the tobacco to Ben?"

"Oh! he's in at supper, now; there's no hurry," replied I; "and I like to hear you talk."

"Well, there'll be less scandal in your remaining to hear us than there would be if we sent you away, any how. How is little Miss Virginia, sister to Poor Jack?"

"She's quite well, and wants to come and see you; only mother won't let her."

"Many thanks to your sister for her compliment; and not forgetting your mother for hers, also. So your mother has given up 'making lay on reasonable terms'?"

"Cause people wouldn't come."

"And that is a sufficient reason, even if she had not another; which is, that she's never out of hot water, without boiling more. Doctor, you're as mute as a fish. You told me how to cure Jane and the dogs; now tell me what's the dose for a cat and kitten?"

"A ha'p'orth of liver, cut into small pieces."

"There'll be no difficulty in getting that down their throats, any how."

"Talking about liver, Mrs. St. Felix, I once knew a friend of mine who cured some geese of a liver complaint."

"Had they been long in the East Indies, poor creatures?"

"No, but they had been in a very hot climate. You see, he was over in France during the last peace, and he went to the baths at Montpellier for the benefit of his health. He lodged with an old Frenchman. Now, you see, Mrs. St. Felix, in the south of France they have a custom of making certain pies, which are much esteemed, and are called *pâtés de foie gras*—that means livers of geese, in French."

"It don't sound much like livers in English, doctor; but never mind that, go on with your story."

"Here's a customer, Mrs. St. Felix; serve him first, and then I will go on with my story."

An old pensioner came in, and laying the coppers on the counter, asked for a ha'p'orth of returns, and a farthing of snuff.

"That's a large ready-money order, doctor," said the widow as the man left the shop. "A'n't I making my fortune? Now go on; I'm as eager about the liver as my own cat."

"Well, the great object is to increase the size of the geese's livers, that is, to bring on a regular liver complaint; and, to effect this, they put the poor animals in a hot closet, next the kitchen fire—eram the food into their mouths through a funnel, and give them plenty of water to drink. This produces the disease; and the livers of the geese, when they are killed, very often weigh three or four pounds, while the animals themselves are mere skeletons."

"And the French eat those liver complaints?" interrupted the widow, making a face.

"Yes, they do, and are as fond of it as my boy Tom is of liquorice. Well, this doctor, who is a friend of mine, quarreled with his host, who boasted of his geese having the largest livers in Montpellier, and was very proud of it. My friend knew that he could not annoy him more than by preventing his success: so, having a large quantity of Cheltenham salts with him, he used every morning to put a quantity of them in the water which the geese were given to drink. This had the same effect upon them as it has upon men and women; and, instead of becoming more diseased every day, the geese recovered their health and spirits. The Frenchman crammed and crammed, made his closet still hotter, and sacre-bleu'd and actually tore his hair, because his geese would be well and hearty; but, the more he tried to make them ill, the more salts were given to them by the doctor, who gained his point and his revenge."

"Well, that's a funny story, doctor; and, since you know how to cure it, the first time I meet with a sick goose, I'll send him to you."

"Many thanks; but as it is, there's plenty of geese to send for the doctor."

"That's true enough; and now, Master Jack, you've had quite enough for your penny, and I won't allow Ben to be kept waiting any longer."

"You are not going to tell any more stories, doctor?" said I.

"Why, you mud-larking vagabond, you don't mean to say that I've told stories? Be off with you! And, I say, as you pass round the corner, just tell Tom that I'm coming home directly."

"Won't that be a story, doctor?" said I, as I went out of the door. I heard them both laugh, but I did not hear what they said.

CHAPTER XII.

I prefer a suit to old Nanny, and procure a new suit of clothes. The advantage of being well-dressed—you may walk out with the ladies.

The reader must not give me too much credit, when I tell him that, ever since I had been under the tuition of Peter Anderson, I had quite a craving to go to church. Although what I had gained from his precepts and explanations had increased my desire, still I must acknowledge that the strongest reason for my being so anxious was, that my mother would not take me, and did take Virginia. Further, my curiosity was excited by my absolute ignorance of what the church service consisted; I had heard the bells toll, and, as I sauntered by, would stop and listen to the organ and the singing. I would sometimes wait and see the people coming out; and then I could not help comparing my ragged dress with their clean and gay attire.

This wish continually worried me; but the more I reflected, the more impossible it appeared to me that I should be able to gratify it. How could I possibly go to church in my tattered and dirty clothes—and what chance had I of getting others? I certainly gained, at an average, eighteen pence per week, but I saved nothing. Would my mother give me clothes? No, that I was sure she would

not; for she grudged me even the little victuals I did apply for. I thought this matter over and over, and lay in bed. Ben had no money. Anderson I could ask for it. I thought that I would apply to Dr. I, but I was afraid. At last it came into my head the better first ascertain how much money I should have before I took further measures. The next morning I went to a fitting-out shop, and asked the lad who attended much money I should have to pay for a pair of breeches, waistcoat, and jacket. The lad told me that I should have a very nice suit for twenty-two shillings. I gave him two shillings! What an enormous sum it appeared to me then; and then there was a straw hat to buy, and a pair of shoes and stockings. I inquired the price of the articles, and found that my dress could not be made complete under thirty-three shillings. I was quite disappointed for the sum appeared to be a fortune. I sat down to calculate how long it would take me to save up the money, at sixpence a week, which was all that I could afford; but, at that time, never having learned the art of figures, all I could make of it was, that it would take a time as to be beyond my calculation.

It was Saturday evening—I sat down on the steps of the landing-place, very melancholy, thinking that the next day was Sunday, and abandoning all hopes of ever going to church, when a Thames fisherman, of the name of Freeman, who lived at Greenwich, and with whom I was acquainted—for I used to assist him on Saturday night to roor his coble off the landing-place, and hang up his nets to dry—called out to me to come and help him. I did so; we furlled the sails, hauled on board the boat for keeping the fish alive, hoisted the nets up to the mast, and made all secure; and I was thinking to myself that he would go to church to-morrow, and I could not but have asked me why I was so sad. I told him.

"Why, Jack," said he, "I can't help you, but I can tell you that times with me just now; indeed, I could help you if times were ever so good; I've too many children of my own; but look ye, here's a good long piece of fat bacon, which I picked up, and it's well worth a shilling. I'll give it you (for I do owe you something), and do you take it to old Nanny. She's a queer body; but suppose you try whether she'll let you have the money. She can't refuse, and, as you have dealt with her so long, perhaps she will, if you promise to lay some by every week to repay her."

This idea had never occurred to me, for I knew Nanny was very close, and drove very hard bargains with me; however, I thanked Freeman for his piece of rope, and piece of advice, and when we landed, I determined, at all events, I would try.

I have before mentioned old Nanny, who kept a rag store, and to whom I used to sell whatever I picked up on the beach. She was a strange old woman, and appeared to know every thing that was going on. How she gathered her information, I cannot tell. She was miserly in general; but it was said she had done kind things in one or two instances. Nobody knew her history: all that any one knew was that she was old Nanny. She had no kindred that she ever mentioned; some people said she was rich, if the truth were known; but how are we to get the truth in this world?

I was soon at old Nanny's store, with the piece of fat bacon coiled over my arm.

"Well, Jack, what have you got here; a piece of fat junk? no, it is not, for it is quite rotten. Why do you bring me such things? What can I do with them?"

"Why, mother," says I, "it's new rope; not been used hardly; it's the very best of junk."

"Boy, boy! do you pretend to teach me? Well, do you want for it?"

"I want a shilling," replied I.

"A shilling!" cried she, "where am I to find a shilling? And if I could find one, why should I throw it upon a thing not worth twopence, and which will lumber my store till I die? The boy's demented!"

"Mother," says I, "it's worth a shilling, and you know so give it to me, or I go elsewhere."

"And where will you go to, good-for-nothing that you? where will you go to?"

"Oh! the fishermen will give me more."

"The fishermen will give you a couple of stale flat-fish, take home to your mother."

"Well, I'll try that," said I, going.

"Not so fast, Jack, not so fast; if I make a penny by one day, I suppose, to keep your custom, I must lose nothing by you the next. Now, I'll give you sixpence; I know I'm to get my money back, I don't know."

"No, Nanny," said I, "I must have a shilling."

"A shilling, you little cheat, I can't give it; but what you want? don't you want a key to your chest, or nothing of that sort?"

"I've no chest, mother; and therefore don't want a y."

"But you want something out of all the pretty things my shop; boys always fancy something."

I laughed at the idea of pretty things in her shop; for contained nothing but old iron, empty bottles, dirty rags & vials; so I told her there was nothing that I wanted.

"Well," says she, "sit down a little, and look about you; there's no hurry. So Mrs. East has got another y, worse luck for the parish, with six children already!"

"Look about you, and take your time. Did you hear of Mr. James giving his wife a black eye last night, because she wanted to get him out of the alehouse. I wonder who that letter was from that Susan Davis had from the post office. I think I could guess; poor girl, she has asked rather peaking for some weeks. Don't be in a hurry, Jack; look about; there's plenty of pretty things in my shop. So Davis the butcher has been pulled up for id meat; I thought it would come to that, and I'm glad of it. There's a capital lock and key, Jack, to put to your test, when you get one; suppose you take that. What's the doctor about? They say he is always sitting with the widow. Does your mother make plenty of money by pear-starching? I know your sister had a spotted muslin sock on last Sunday, and that must have cost something. Here's a spade, Jack, very useful to dig on the beach; you may find something—money perhaps—who knows? Take the spade, Jack, and then you'll owe me sixpence. So Bill Freeman pawned his wife's best gown last Saturday night. I thought it would be so. He may say it's because he's caught no fish this bad weather. But I know more than people think. Here's a nice glass bottle, Jack, couldn't you like to give it to your mother, to put pickles in; it's white glass, you see. Look about, Jack; there's plenty of pretty things, you see. So the Governor's daughter is going to be married; at least I suppose so, for I met her riding with a young gentleman; and now-a-days the quality always make love on horseback. Well, Jack, have you found any thing?"

"No, mother, I hav'n't; and I must have my shilling or no: unless, indeed, you're inclined to help me to what I want, and then I'll give you the rope for nothing."

"Give me the rope for nothing!" replied old Nanny. "Sit down, Jack, and let me know what it is you want."

I thought it was of little use to make the application, but I determined to try; so I explained my wishes.

"Humph!" said she, after a minute's thought, "so you want thirty-three shillings to buy clothes—to go to church in. Your mother dresses your sister in spotted muslin, and leaves you in rags;—suppose you wait till your father comes home again?"

"That may not be for years."

"Why, Jack, I don't go to church—I am too old—too poor to dress myself to go to church, even if I could go so far,—why should you go?"

"Well, mother," said I, rising up, "if you will not do it, I'm very sorry: I would have paid you honestly, and have given you good bargains, so good bye."

"Not so fast, Jack,—sit down, sit down, boy,—look about the shop and see if you can find something that will suit you." Here Nanny communed with herself aloud: "Thirty-three shillings! that's a great deal of money,—pay me honestly,—and good bargains! His mother called me an old cat the other day;—I think they could be got cheaper, they always cheat boys;—she'd be vexed to see him dressed clean at church;—honest boy, I do believe;—a boy that wants to go to church must be a good boy. Oh, dear me, it is so much money!"

"I'll work day and night to pay you, Nanny."

"And mind, Jack, I'm to have good bargains,—and this piece of rope for nothing;—something paid every week."

"If I can earn it, mother, as sure as I sit here."

"Well, the old cat will do more for you, Jack, than your mother would. You shall have the money; but, Jack, I must bargain for the things."

"Thank you, Nanny, thank you!" replied I, jumping off my seat with delight.

"Well, we can do nothing to-night, Jack. Come to me on Monday, and if I don't change my mind—"

"Change your mind!" said I, sorrowfully. "I thought you had promised!"

"Well—so I did—and—and I'll keep my promise, Jack. Come on Monday, and, as you can't go to church to-morrow, see if you can't pick up a little money."

I did not neglect her injunctions, and was fortunate enough to be able to bring her sixpence on the Monday morning. Nanny went with me to the clothing shop, haggled and fought until she reduced the articles to twenty-eight shillings, and then they were ordered to be made and sent to her house. I earned but little money that week, and more than once Nanny appeared to be very unhappy, and repent of her kind offices; but when Sunday came she was cheerful; she washed me herself very carefully, and then put on my clothes. I cannot express the delight I felt at that moment; when Nanny said to me, as she placed the hat on my head—

"Well, Jack, I wouldn't have thought that you were such a handsome boy as you are. Why, you may walk with your sister Virginia, and she will have nothing to be ashamed of, pretty as she is. There now, go and show yourself; and, Jack, don't forget your promise to pay me back soon, and give me good bargains!"

I repeated my promise, and hastened to the hospital to find Peter Anderson. He did not know me when I came up to him. I told him how and why I had got the clothes; he patted my head, said I was a good lad, and that he would take me to the chapel at the hospital, where I could sit with the school-children; he could manage that. Then I met Ben and others, and they were all so surprised. I went to the chapel, and although I could not hear well what was said, for I was a long way off from the person, and the old pensioners coughed so much, I was very much pleased, although a little tired before it was over. When the service was finished, I was proceeding to my mother's, when I met her and little Virginia coming home from the town church.

"There's a nice little boy, Virginia," said my mother; "wouldn't you like to walk with him?"

My mother did not know me, but Virginia did immediately; she burst away from her mother and ran into my arms, laughing and crying as she clung to me, and then she cried out—

"Mother, yes, mother, I will walk with him!" and she hastened me away with her, much to my mother's annoy-

ance, who would have ran after us to stop her, but she didn't think it genteel to go so fast; so Virginia and I went off together, leaving my mother very angry indeed. We walked along towards the Hospital, Virginia crying out to every one she knew, her large hazel eyes beaming with delight, "Look, this is brother Jack!" and I went with her to Peter Anderson and old Ben. I was so proud to have my sister with me; and Peter Anderson said—

"This is as it should have been a long while ago." And then he continued, "Jack, you may happen not to earn any money in the week, and if so, come to me, for old Nanny must not be disappointed; but, recollect, you must pay for your own clothes out of your own earnings."

When it was dinner-time, Virginia and I went home together. As we came to Fisher's Alley I said to her, "Mother will be angry with you."

"I can't help it, Jack, replied she; you are my own brother, and we are not doing wrong."

When we went in, my mother looked hard at me, but, to my surprise, said nothing: she was sulky, but whether it was with Virginia or with me, or with my new clothes or whether her conscience smote her for her neglect of me, I do not know. She put the dinner on the table in silence; and after it was over, she went up stairs. Virginia and I did not neglect this opportunity; she put on her bonnet, we slipped out, and walked about together till tea-time. When we came back, my mother seized my sister by the arm and carried her up to bed. Little Virginia made no resistance, but turned her head and smiled at me as she was led away. I never felt so happy in my life as I did when I went to bed, and thought over the events of the day.

CHAPTER XIII.

I am so unfashionable as to pay my debts. Ben's opinion as to my father's return. The chances exemplified in the list of killed and wounded. The L'Orient blowing up, and the Royal George going down.

Time passed; and three years of it certainly were not unprofitably spent. Anderson had instructed me well. I could read, write, and cipher, and, what the reader will consider of more consequence, I was well acquainted with the Bible, and duly admonished by my preceptor of my duty towards God and man. Nor was my sister Virginia neglected: my mother, as soon as she was seven years old, sent her as a day scholar to a young lady's seminary, where she was well taught, although the style of the school was much above my sister's situation in life; but my mother would not allow her to go any where else, although there were several schools more appropriate: she declared that Virginia should not mix with the vulgar ungenteel girls of the place; and that, if she had, demeaned herself by marrying below her rank, at all events her daughter should be brought up as she ought to be. The neighbours laughed at her, but my mother did not care; she worked hard, and was always ready to pay the quarter's bill for schooling whenever it was due.

To me, Sunday was a day of rejoicing; I was so glad to throw off my ragged apparel of "Poor Jack," and put on my best clothes, that I might walk with my sister; for my mother gradually softened down her asperity (perhaps out of prudence), as she could raise no objection to Virginia walking with her brother when he was clean and well dressed, and Virginia was very firm in supporting me when I requested permission. Indeed, latterly, my requests were more like demanding a right than a favour, and my mother appeared to wish to avoid a contest. She knew that I was a good scholar, very independent of her, and very much liked: the favourable opinion of others indeed her to treat me with more consideration; but we

had no regard for each other—only preserving a sort of armed neutrality.

There are grades in all classes of life; and the young ladies' seminary, to which Virginia went as a day scholar, had its distinctions of rank. The first in consequence among the young ladies were the two daughters of Mr. Tippet, the haberdasher; then came the latter's daughter, Miss Beaver. The grades appeared to be as follows: manufacturers held the first rank; then dry goods, as the tea-dealers, grocers, &c.; the third class consisted of the daughters of the substantial butchers and pastry cooks. The squabbles between the young ladies about rank and precedence were continual. What then must have been the position of poor little Virginia, whose mother was a clear-starcher and getter-up of fine linen? At first they called her the washerwoman's daughter, and would not associate with her—which made her very uncomfortable; and she used to tell me on the Sundays, when we walked out, how she had been treated during the week. But it was all for her advantage, and tended to correct the false pride and upstart ideas which in time must have been engendered by my mother's folly. Neither, after a few weeks, was my sister unhappy; she was too meek in disposition to reply, so that she shamed those who would assail her; and being, as she was, of the lowest rank in the school, there could be no contest with the others as to precedence. Her mildness, humility, and sweetness of temper soon won upon both the schoolmistress and the scholars. Eventually the Misses Tippet took Virginia under their protection; and this magnanimity on their part silenced all opposition. My mother had desired my sister to take lessons in dancing. At first the girls would not stand up with her; but, when the elder Miss Tippet took her as a partner, my sister became quite the fashion, and, what was better, a great favourite and pet with every body: and they all patronized her as "little Virginia."

I very soon paid off my debt to old Nanny, without having to apply to Peter Anderson. I had assistance (but without asking for it) as follows: The second Sunday after I had obtained my clothes, I called, with Virginia, upon the widow St. Felix. She was in the back parlour; and the doctor, as usual, sitting with her. She received us very kindly, spoke a good deal to Virginia, and told me that I looked very handsome for "Poor Jack."

"You'll be quite the fashion," continued she; "and I presume, like most fashionable gentlemen, your clothes are not paid for."

I replied, laughing, that they were not; but that they should be, if I lived and could work.

"I've heard the whole story from old Ben," replied she. "Come in to-morrow, Jack; I want to speak with you."

I did so in the forenoon, when she put a five-shilling piece in my hand, and said, "That's from me, to help you to pay your debt to old Nanny. But that's not all, Jack; I've coaxed the doctor (not that he required much coaxing, to do him justice), and here's two half-crowns from him, which, I believe, will go about as far as my five shillings. Now, Jack, you look very happy; so, just out of gratitude, run as fast as you can, and make poor old Nanny happy, for she moans over her generous fit, and wonders all day long whether you will ever pay her again."

I had listened all this while to Mrs. St. Felix; but I was so moved by her kindness and generosity that I could not speak. I had received money for services performed, and I had obtained it from Nanny as a loan, to be repaid with interest; but so much money, as a gift, had never entered into my imagination. I could not restrain my feelings; I dropped my face on the counter, to conceal the tears which escaped.

"I can't say 'thank you,' as I wish, indeed I can't," said I, as I looked up at her.

"Why, you foolish boy, you have said 'thank you,'"

replied the widow; "and now run away, for I must leave the shop a minute."

This assistance made me redouble my exertions, and in three months I had repaid the whole. The last portion which was due I received from Virginia. She knew how much I paid off every week; and, when on Sunday I told her that I had only one and sixpence owing, she ran up stairs, and, when she came down again, put the sum into my hand. She had been saving up all that she could coax out of my mother ever since I had first obtained the clothes; and great, indeed, was her delight when she gave me the money; she kissed me, and began to dance, although it was Sunday, and then she proposed that we should walk together to old Nanny's and close the account. We found the old woman sitting on her steps; the door was open, but the shop shutters were up. On the Saturday night I had paid her two shillings, so that she did not expect to see me. Virginia put the one-and-sixpence in her hand, saying, "Now brother has paid you all."

"Yes, darling, he has," replied old Nanny; "but then he promised—"

"I know I did," interrupted I; "and I will keep my promise. I promised you good bargains."

"You're an honest boy, Jack; and what's more strange, your sister isn't a spoiled girl; but that's not her mother's fault. My dear, if it was not Sunday, you would be able to see all the pretty things in my shop, and perhaps you might like something. You must come another day."

I thanked old Nanny once more for having trusted me, and then we left her. I did keep my word with her, and gave her good bargains for a long while afterward.

I often thought of my father, who had been absent now for nearly four years; and, as the time advanced, I became anxious to hear of him. I seldom met old Ben the whaler without talking about my father, and asking Ben what chance he thought there was of his return.

"Why, you see, Jack," said Ben, "in these times, it's hard to say whether a man be alive or not. Every day we hear of some naval action or another, and therefore every day some must lose the number of their mess; and then you see, Jack, a man may be supposed to be dead for years, and after all turn up in some French prison or another; and then ships change their station, and ships' companies their ships; and then ships are sometimes wrecked, with all hands, or take fire, and are blown up. Many a good seaman loses his life by falling overboard in a gale—and who knows or cares? Whether your father be alive or be dead, Jack, it is impossible for me to say; but, howsoever, I hope he be."

This was not a satisfactory, although a cautious reply, and I never could get Ben to give any other. I began to think that one of the mischances enumerated in Ben's catalogue might have occurred, and that I should never see my father again; when one morning, as I was standing at the landing place, Ben came up to me and said, "Now, Jack, perhaps we may hear something of your father. Here's been a famous action fought, and a matter of a thousand men killed and wounded. I've only just heard about it—Nelson has licked the French on the coast of Egypt (Ben here referred to the battle of the Nile); and the Oudacious, the ship on board of which your father was boatswain's mate, was in the action. Now you see the names of the killed will be sent into the office here, that their relations may receive the pay and prize-money due to them; so now, Jack, perhaps you'll hear something about your father."

"But I shall only hear of his being killed, by your account; I don't want to hear that."

"No, boy, of course you don't; but if you do, you'll hear the worst of it, and that's some comfort; and if he ar'n't killed, why, perhaps he's wounded, and perhaps he ar'n't; all perbapses in this world. Howsoever, come

with me. I saw Anderson, with a paper in his hand, walking up to his retreat, as he calls it; so let's make all sail after him, and we shall overhaul him before he begins to read it."

There is a small hill just inside of the Greenwich Park Gates, commanding a beautiful view of the river and the Hospital. Here Anderson was accustomed to repair when the weather was fine, that, as he told me, he might commune with himself. In this instance he had retired there to avoid the excitement and confusion which prevailed; he had, however, been accompanied by three other pensioners, whom we found on the hill when we arrived; and, before we had been there a minute, the pensioners had followed up so fast that there was quite a crowd. We were just in time to hear him commence reading the newspaper account. The wind was very high; old Anderson had taken off his hat, (out of respect, I presume, for the service,) and his long gray locks were swept by the wind, which, indeed, carried away his voice, so that it was with difficulty that I could hear what he said. "*Second Edition.* Glorious news! We have the felicity to inform our readers, that, by the despatches received at the Admiralty this day, a splendid naval victory has been gained over the French fleet lying in Aboukir Bay, by Rear Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson and the gallant seamen under his command. We refer our readers to the despatch of Sir Horatio Nelson for the details: we have only to say, in few words, that the French fleet of thirteen sail of the line and four frigates were, on the 1st of August last, when lying at anchor in Aboukir Bay, attacked by the English fleet of twelve sail of the line and one fifty-gun ship, and after a severe action, eleven sail of the line and two frigates belonging to the French were taken or burnt. The loss on our side amounts to two hundred and eighteen killed, and six hundred and seventy-seven wounded."

"Hurrah! three cheers, my lads;" cried Anderson, dropping the hand which held the newspaper, and raising the other with his hat in it above his head. The three hearty cheers were given by the crowd which had now assembled; and then Ben said to me—

"You see, Jack, there's a lot of killed and wounded; so now, perhaps, you will hear something about your father."

By this time I had been pushed back, first by one, and then by another, until I was a long way off from where Anderson stood.

"I can't hear a word that Peter says," replied I to Ben. "No, because the wind's so high; and I myself am a little hard of hearing out of doors; suppose we go now, and by and by you shall get the paper from Anderson, and read it all over to me."

"Come away, Ben," replied I, impatiently, "I've got a shilling, and I'll buy one."

We left the hill, and went down into the town, directing our course to where we heard the horns blowing. I had not, however, to go to such an extraordinary expense, as "a full and particular account" had been struck off for twopence; one of these I purchased, and then Ben and I sat down on the bench outside of a public house and commenced reading.

"How good that porter looks!" observed Ben, after a pause, as he eyed a man near to him who was blowing off the froth from the top of the pot he held in his hand.

"Well, Ben, as I have bought the account of the battle for twopence, suppose I spend the rest of the money I intended to pay for it in a pot of porter, to drink the health of Nelson?"

"Ay, my boy, and of those who fought with them," replied Ben. "Your own father, Jack, whether he be dead or alive."

I sighed at the idea of my father being dead; for I had a great regard for him, although I had not seen much of him. The porter was brought; and after we had both

drank, I recommenced reading. Having concluded Admiral Nelson's despatch, and the list of the ships taken, we then came to the loss in killed and wounded on board the respective English ships.

"Vanguard—thirty killed, seventy-five wounded; total, a hundred and five."

"Yes, Jack, that was Nelson's own ship; and he is always to be found where the shot fly thickest."

"Beleroophon—forty-nine killed, a hundred and forty-eight wounded; total, a hundred and ninety-seven."

"Well! she was in the thick of it, any how," observed Ben.

"Majestic—fifty killed, a hundred and forty-three wounded; total, a hundred and ninety-three."

"Why, she and the Bellifruon seem to have pretty well shared and shared alike. You see, Jack, they led into the action, and had all the cream of the fire."

I went on reading, and Ben remarking, until I came to the Audacious.

"Audacious—one killed, and thirty-five wounded; total, thirty-six."

"Well now, Jack, that's all in favour of your father being alive; 'cause why should he be the one killed, more than any one else? I'd bet two pots of beer that he's among the wounded—but it's impossible to say; for you see, Jack, that although they give us the names of the officers killed and wounded, they always lump the petty officers and common seamen. Well! here's to your father, Jack, any how—we shall soon hear something about him."

"I hope so," replied I, folding up the paper.

"And now, Jack," continued Ben, handing me the pot, "don't you feel how proud a thing it is to know how to read. Here I am, you see, old enough almost to be your grandfather, and don't I look like a helpless baby beside you;—you can inform me of what is going on, but I cannot help myself. Don't I feel, as I sit here, as if you were the man, and I were the boy; indeed I do, Jack, and no mistake;—but, after all, there was no one to blame in my case; that's some comfort."

I certainly did acknowledge to myself how much I had gained by the tuition of Peter Anderson, and what advantage it was to me that I had been instructed; and I could not help, for a moment, feeling that I had the advantage over my good friend Ben.

According to the usual custom on the occasion of a great victory, the pensioners had, on the following day, what was called a holiday; that is, a day of rejoicing, on which they were supplied with an extra quantity of beer, to make merry with. On these occasions, the rules of the Hospital, with respect to sobriety, are, of course, not strictly observed. Most of those who prefer smoking, collect in what is called the smoking-room, where they sit and enjoy themselves; but very often, as there is so much noise on these occasions, those who belong to the same ward collect together, club for some spirits to add to their extra allowance, and sit by the fire, which is in the corridor of the ward. The fire-place is generally a very large one, and surrounded by benches with high backs to serve as screens against the cold and wind; and, as there are tables inside, you are very snug and comfortable. On this occasion, many of the *Warriors' Ward*, of which Anderson was boatswain, and Ben one of the boatswain's mates, had repaired to their own fire, for it was now October, and very chilly after the sun was down.

Ben, I suppose, in return for the pot of porter which I had given him, invited me to be of the party; they drank the health of Nelson, and talked about the different ships which were in the action. Some drank very fast, and then reeled off to their beds, which were close at hand; others were taken to bed by Peter Anderson and Ben; and, at last, there were but four or five left. One of these was the

other boatswain's mate of the ward; I knew very little of him at that time, except that his name was James Turner. He was a very quiet well-behaved man, and seemed to be more fond of sitting or walking alone than of being in company; never was known to drink too much, and, indeed, as boatswain's mate, was more relied upon by Anderson than even Ben was—although, perhaps, Ben was his more constant companion. The conversation relative to the particulars of the battle of the Nile was resumed; and Anderson observed—

"What an awful sight it must have been to behold the blowing up of the L'Orient, French three-decker, with upward of a thousand men on board! Merciful Heaven! so many poor fellows launched into eternity in one moment! They say there were but seventy-three saved."

"There were nearly as many souls lost when the Royal George went down at Spithead, with all the fleet at anchor round about her," replied Ben; "were there not, Turner, for you were on board of her?"

"Yes, I should think there were," replied Turner; "but it is impossible to say how many people were on board at the time."

"Messmate," said Anderson; "as all the noisy ones are gone, and we shall be able to hear you, suppose you let us know all about it? I have heard a good deal, but I suspect not the rights of it."

"With all my heart," replied Turner. "It was a sad affair; and was all owing to the pride of an officer, who was not much of a sailor, at all events."

I drew nearer, that I might not lose a word of what Turner said; and then he narrated in the following words,

THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

"Well, messmates, the Royal George was a hundred-gun-ship; and, what we don't often see now, when I first belonged to her, her guns were all brass. We had brass twenty-four pounders on our quarter-deck, fore-castle, poop, and main deck, brass thirty-twos on our middle deck, and brass forty-two pounders on our lower deck. In the spring of '82, when we were at Plymouth (about six months before she sank), it was considered that the brass forty-twos on the lower deck were too heavy for her, and so they were put on shore, and we had iron thirty-twos instead. I don't think, myself, it made much difference in the weight of metal, and we were sorry to part with them. We were a flag-ship, you know,—old Kempenfelt carrying his blue at the mizen,—and our poop lanterns were so large that the men used to get inside of them to clean them. She was rather a top-heavy sort of ship, in my opinion, her upper works were so high,—why, we measured sixty-six feet from the keelson up to the taffrail; but still, with proper attention, there was nothing to fear on that score.

"Well, it was on the 29th of August, '82,—that's just fourteen years and about six weeks ago,—that we were lying at Spithead, in company with Lord Howe's fleet of between twenty and thirty sail of the line: there was the Victory, Barfleur, Ocean, and Union, all three-deckers, I recollect, close to us. We were in good repair, not at all leaky, and we were to have sailed in two days to have joined the fleet in the Mediterranean. We had been paid, in consequence of our being about to sail foreign; and we had been paid in golden guineas. I think that, could all the money be collected together, from the pockets of the seamen, the women, and the Jews, who went down in the ship, it would be a very pretty fortune even for a duke's daughter."

Here Ben shoved the ale to Turner who drank a little and proceeded; while Ben took a swig and passed it round.

"Well, you see, messmates, the first lieutenant had been washing the decks on the morning before, and the carpen-

ter had been ordered to let the water in, when it was found that the water-cock which was about three feet below the water-line, was out of order, and it was necessary that it should be repaired. The foreman came off from the dock-yard, and stated that it was necessary that the ship should be careened over to port, sufficiently to raise the mouth of the pipe—which went through the ship's timbers below—clean out of the water, that they might work at it; so, between seven and eight o'clock on that morning, the whole of the larboard guns were run out as far as they could be, and of course the larboard lower deck ports were open; the starboard guns were also run in amidships, and secured by the tackles: the shifting over of this great weight of metal brought the larboard lower deck port sills just level with the water; the men were then able to get at the mouth of the pipe to the water-cock on the starboard side, as it was clean out of the water, and for about an hour they were working away hard at it.

"It was about nine o'clock, we had just finished our breakfasts, and the hands had been turned up, when the last lighter, with the rum on board, came alongside. She was a sloop of fifty tons, called the Lark, and belonged to three brothers, whose names I forget. She was secured to the larboard side of the ship; and the hands were piped 'clear lighter.' Some of our men were in the lighter slinging the casks; others at the yard tackle and stay-falls hoisting in; some in the spirit-room stowing away. I was in the waist, bearing the casks over, down the hatchway; none of us thinking that we should never mix our grog out of that liquor."

"No, I suppose not," observed Anderson; "but we little know what the day may bring forth."

"That's true as gospel," said Ben.

"It's a very old saying, that every little helps: I did not think of it at the time; but, you see, as we were clearing the lighter, all the men were on the larboard side, and that must have brought the ship down still more to port. Then again, the water was not so smooth as it was when we first careened her, and it began to wash into the lower deck ports, and of course had no escape, so that there was very soon a good weight of water in the lower deck. There were mice in the ship; and they were disturbed by the water entering into their quarters, and the men were catching them, and laughing as they swam about, little thinking that it was to be a general swim so soon afterward. But the carpenter was the first that perceived that there was danger; for again, you see, the casks of rum, hoisted in, and lying on the decks on the larboard side, before they could be lowered into the hold, made also a difference; and so the carpenter went on deck to the lieutenant, who was officer of the watch, requesting that he would be pleased to order the ship to be righted somewhat, as she could not bear it; but the lieutenant gave a very short answer to the carpenter, who then went down below."

"Who was the lieutenant on deck?" inquired Anderson.

"I don't recollect his right name; he was, I think, the third lieutenant: he went by the name of 'Jib and Foresail Jack'; for, whenever he had the watch, he did nothing but up jib, and down jib, up foresail, down foresail, every five minutes, always worrying the men for nothing. He was not considered as a good officer, but a very troublesome one: he had a knack of twisting and moving his fingers about as he walked the deck; and the men were wont to say that 'he must have been a forty piny teacher.'"

"And where were the captain and first lieutenant?" said Anderson.

"The first lieutenant was, at the time, busy in the wings, I believe; and as for the captain, I don't know where he was; but you know a captain seldom interferes in harbour."

"What sort of man was the admiral?" said Anderson.

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"He was a thin, tall man, upwards of seventy years of age, and he stooped a good deal in his walk."

"Wet your whistle, Jem," said Ben, "for this is a long yarn."

"Well," continued Turner, as soon as he had put down the pot, "the carpenter came up a second time on the quarter-deck to the lieutenant, and said to him—

"If you please, sir, to right the ship: it's my duty to tell you she will not bear it any longer." He spoke in a very positive way, as was his duty; but the lieutenant answered with an oath—

"If you think, sir, that you can manage the ship better than I can, you had better take the command." I was in the waist at the time, with a good many more men, and we heard what the carpenter said, and what answer the lieutenant gave. Indeed, we were all aware of the danger, and felt very uncomfortable: there were plenty of good seamen on board, who knew what they were about almost as well as the officers, and certainly better than the one who had the watch.

"A few minutes afterwards (whether it was that he had remained that time doing nothing, merely because he would not be dictated to by the carpenter, I know not,) the lieutenant ordered the drummer to be called to beat to quarters, that the guns might be run into their places and the ship righted. The drummer's name was passed along quick enough, for we were all alarmed at our situation; for the ship just then heeled over still more. I jumped down off the gangway as soon as the drummer was called, and hastened down to my quarters. The drum was not beat, for the man had not time to get his drum. All hands were now tumbling down the hatchways as fast as they could to their quarters, that they might run their guns into their places, and so right the ship. The gun I was stationed at was the third gun from forward on the starboard side of the lower gun-deck. I said to Carroll, the second captain of the gun, 'I say, let us try to get our gun out without waiting for the drum, as the sooner we right the better.' We boused out our gun, which had been run in amidships; but the ship heeled over so much that, do all we could, it ran in again upon us, and at the same time the water made a heavy rush into the larboard lower deck ports. 'The ship is sinking, Carroll!' cried I; 'lay hold of the ring-bolt and jump out; we shall all be drowned!' He made for the ring-bolt, caught it, climbed out of the port, and jumped into the sea. I presume he was drowned, for I never saw him afterwards. I followed him as fast as I could out of the same port, which was the one belonging to our gun (the third from forward on the starboard side); and when I was outside, I perceived that all the other port-holes were crowded as full as they could be with the heads of the men, all trying to escape, and jamming one another so that they could scarcely move either one way or the other. I caught hold of the sheet anchor, which was just above me, to prevent falling back inboard; and, perceiving a woman struggling at the port, I caught hold of her, dragged her out, and threw her from me. The ship was now lying down so completely on her larboard broadside, that the heads of the men in the ports disappeared all at once; they all dropped back into the ship, for the port-holes were now upright; and it was just as if men were trying to get out of the tops of so many chimneys, with nothing for their feet to purchase upon. Just after the men fell inboard, there came a rush of air through the ports, so violent as to blow my hat off. It was the air from the hold and lower deck, which, having no other vent, escaped as the water which poured in took up its space. The ship then sunk in a moment, righting as she went down. I was a good swimmer and diver, and when she was sinking I attempted to keep above water; but it was impossible: I was drawn down with the ship until she reached

the bottom. As soon as she grounded, the water boiled and bubbled a great deal, and then I found that I could swim, and began to rise to the surface. A man tried to grapple me as I went up; his fore-fingers caught in my shoe, between the shoe and my foot. I succeeded in kicking off my shoe, and thus got rid of him; and then I rose to the surface of the water."

"Take breath after that, Jem," said Ben, handing him the ale.

"I can tell you that I could hardly take breath when I came to the surface, for my head came up through a quantity of tar, which floated like fat on a boiler, and it nearly smothered me; for you see, there had been one or two casks of tar on the decks, which had stove when the ship was going down, and the tar had got up to the top of the water before I did. It prevented me from seeing at first, but I heard the guns firing as signals of distress." Here Turner drank some ale.

"Well," said he, after a short pause, "I may as well finish my story. As soon as I could clear the tar from my eyes, I saw the main topsail halyard block about level with the water's edge, about eight or ten yards from me; so I swam to it and rode on it, holding on by the halyards, and then I looked about me. The fore, main, and mizen tops were all above water, as was a part of the bowsprit, and also part of the ensign-staff, with the flag hoisted—for you see, messmates, we went down in only thirteen and a half fathom water, that is, about eighty feet; and, as I said before, she measured sixty-six feet from the keelson up to the taffrail; and she grounded as nearly upright as a vessel could; for the lighter, which was fast to leeward when she went down, caught the main yard, which helped to right her as she sank—but the lighter went down with her. Well, as I looked round, I saw the admiral's baker in the mizen shrouds, and there was the body of the woman I had dragged out of the port rolling about close to him. The baker was an Irishman, of the name of Clarridge; and I called out to him, 'Bod, reach out your hand and catch hold of that woman; I dare say she is not dead.'

"He said, 'She's dead enough; it's of no use to lay hold of her.'

"I answered, 'She is not dead.' He caught hold of the woman and hung her head over one of the rattlings of the mizen shrouds, and there she swung by her chin till a wash came and lifted her off, and then she rolled about again. Just then, one of the captains of the frigates came up in his boat. I waved my hand toward the woman—he stopped pulling, the men dragged her into the boat, and laid her in the stern sheets.

"My man," said the captain, 'I must pick up those who are in more danger than you.'

"All right, sir," said I; 'I'm safe moored here.'

"There was one of our men hanging on the main-stay, and roaring like a bull, as he tried to climb by it out of the water. Had he only remained quiet, he would have done well enough. The boat took him off first, and then others of the people who were clinging about the masts and rigging, including the baker and myself. It then pulled on board the Victory with us; and I once more found good dry planks between me and the salt water."

"Was the captain and admiral saved?"

"Captain Waghorn was: he could not swim; but one of the seamen held him up. The admiral was drowned in his cabin. Captain Waghorn tried to acquaint him that the ship was sinking; but the heeling over of the ship had so jammed the doors of the cabin, that they could not be opened."

"What became of the lieutenant of the watch and the carpenter?"

"The lieutenant of the watch was drowned—and so indeed was the carpenter: his body was taken up, I believe, by the same boat which picked up Lieutenant Dur-

ham.* When I went on board of the Victory, I saw the carpenter's body before the galley fire—some women were attempting to recover him, but he was quite dead. There was a strong westerly breeze, although the day was fine; and the wind made the water so rough, that there was great danger of the boats getting entangled in the rigging and spars, when they came to take the men off, or more would have been saved."

"How many do you think were lost altogether?" inquired Anderson.

"We had our whole complement on board, eight hundred and sixty-five men; and there were more than three hundred women on board, besides a great many Jews with slops and watches; as there always are, you know, when a ship is paid, and the men have any money to be swindled out of. I don't exactly know how many men were saved, but there was only one woman, which was the one I dragged out of the port. There was a great fat old barn-boat woman, whom the sailors used to call the 'Royal George,'—she was picked up floating, for she was too fat to sink; but she had been floating the wrong way uppermost, and she was dead. There was a poor little child saved rather strangely. He was picked up by a gentleman who was in a wherry, holding on to the wool of a sheep which had escaped and was swimming. His father and mother were drowned, and the boy did not know their names; all that he knew was, that his own name was Jack; so they christened him John Lamb, and the gentleman took care of him."

"Have you no idea how many men were saved, Turner?"

"I only know this—that the Admiralty ordered five pounds a man to be given to the seamen who were saved, as a recompense for the loss of their clothes, and I heard that only seventy-five claimed it; but how many *marines* were saved, or other people who were on board, I do not know; but perhaps, altogether, there might be two hundred or more—for you see the seamen had the worst chance of being saved, as they were almost all down in the hold, or on the lower and main deck at their guns. A few days after the ship went down the bodies would come up, eight or ten almost at the same time—rising to the top of the water so suddenly as to frighten people who were passing near. The watermen made a good thing of it; for, as the bodies rose, they took from them their shoe buckles, money, and watches, and then towed them on shore to be buried."

"That lieutenant had much to answer for," observed Ben: "his false pride was the cause of it all."

"It would seem so—but God only knows," replied Anderson. "Come, my lads, the beer is out, and it's two bells in the middle watch. I think we had better turn in. Jack, what's to become of you?"

"Oh! I'll find a plank," said I.

"So you shall, boy, and a bed upon it," replied Ben; "come and turn in with me, and don't you dream that the larboard lower deck ports are open."

CHAPTER XIV.

My father makes his appearance, having left his leg, but not his tail behind him. My father is pensioned off by my mother as well as by his country.

About six weeks after the intelligence of the battle of the Nile, as I was sweeping away from the steps the mud which had been left by the tide, a King's tender that I had been watching as she came up the river, dropped her anchor in the stream, abreast of the Hospital.

Shortly afterward, the lieutenant who commanded her pulled on shore in his boat; and landing at the steps, pro-

* Now Admiral Sir Philip Durham.

ceeded to the Governor's house. The men having orders not to leave the boat, requested me to procure them some porter, which I did; and on my return with it, they informed me that they had come round from Portsmouth with sixty-three men, who had lost their limbs, or had been otherwise so severely wounded in the late action, as to have been recommended for Greenwich.

I felt very anxious for the men to land, as it was possible that my father might be one of them. The lieutenant soon returned, jumped into the boat, and shoved off. I perceived that the disabled men were getting ready to land, hauling their chests and kits on deck. In about half an hour, a boat full of them came to the steps. I ran down to assist; and as I held on to the gunnel of the boat, while they drew out their gang-board, the first person who stumped out was my father, minus his left leg.

"Father!" cried I, half sorry and half pleased.

"Who calls me father?" replied he, looking at me.

"Why, you don't mean to say that you're my boy Tom?"

"Yes, indeed!" said I.

"Ah! yes—I recollect your smile now. Why, what a big fellow you've grown!"

"It's four years since you left, father."

"Well! I suppose it is, since you say so," replied he, taking me by the arm, and stumping a little of one side, when he said in a low tone, "I say, Jack, what became of the old woman? Did I settle her?"

"Oh! no," replied I, laughing, "she was only shamming."

"Shamming, was she? Well! it's all the better—for she has been a little on my conscience, that's truth. Shamming, heh! She won't sham next time, if I fall foul of her heh. How does she get on?"

"Oh! very well indeed."

"And how's your little sister? What's her name—Jenny lengthened at both ends? I never could recollect it, though I've often thought of her sweet little face."

"She's quite well, and as pretty and as good as ever."

"Well! Tom, my boy, you stood by your father when he was in trouble, and now he'll stand by you. How does your mother treat you?"

"We get on pretty well—not over fond of each other."

"Well, Tom, I've only one pin left; but I say," continued my father, with a wink of his eye, "I haven't left my tail behind me," cause it may be useful, you know. Now we must all go up to the Governor of the Hospital for inspection, and I suppose we shall be kept for some time—so you may run home and tell your mother that I've come back in a perfect good humour, and that it will be her fault if she puts me out—that's all."

"I will, father; and then I'll come to you at the Hospital."

I ran home to communicate the important intelligence to my mother and to Virginia, who had as usual come from school for her dinner.

"Mother," says I, out of breath, "who do you think has come back?"

"Come back?" said she. "Back? Not your father?"

"Yes," says I, "my father. I just left him."

My mother turned deadly pale, and dropped the hot iron from her hand, so as to spoil a frilled night-cap belonging to one of her lady customers. She staggered to a chair and trembled all over. I really believe that had she been aware of his being about to return, she would have quitted Greenwich before his arrival; but now it was too late. Virginia had run for the salts, as soon as she perceived that her mother was unwell, and as she smelt them she gradually recovered. At last she inquired how my father looked, and what he said.

I told her that he had lost his leg, and had been sent as a pensioner to the Hospital; that he had looked very well, and that he had told me to say that, "he was in a perfect

good humour, and it would be her fault if she put him out of it; and that if she did——"

"Well, what then?" inquired my mother.

"Oh! the tail—that's all."

At the mention of the tail, my mother very nearly went off in a swoon—her head fell back, and I heard her mutter, "So vulgar! so ungentle!" However, she recovered herself, and appeared to be for some time in deep thought. At last she rose up, ordered me to fetch something extra for supper, and recommenced her ironing.

As soon as I had executed her commission, I went to the Hospital, where I found my father, who with the other men had just been dismissed. He accompanied me to my mother, shook hands with her very good-humouredly, kissed Virginia, whom he took on his knee, praised the supper, drank only one pot of porter, and then returned to the Hospital, to sleep in the cabin which had been allotted to him in the Warriors' ward, of which Anderson was the boatswain. My mother, although not very gracious, was much subdued, and for a few days every thing went on very comfortably; but my mother's temper could not be long restrained. Displeased at something which she considered as very vulgar, she ventured to assail my father as before, concluding her tirade as usual, with "There—now you're vexed!"

My father looked at her very sternly—at last he said, "You're just right—I'm vexed; and whenever you tell me so in future, I'll prove that it's no lie." He then rose, stumped up stairs to my room, in which he had deposited his sea-chest, and soon made his appearance with the formidable and never to be forgotten tail in his hand. "Mistress," said he, as my mother retreated, "you said, 'Now you're vexed,' to me just now. I ask you again—am I vexed, or am I not?" and my father flourished the tail over his head.

My mother looked at the strange weapon, the remembrance of the past was too painful; she was conquered by her fear.

"Oh, no!" cried she, falling on her knees. "You're not vexed—indeed you are not."

"You're quite sure of that?" responded my father authoritatively as he advanced toward her.

"Oh! yes, yes," cried my mother, trembling; "indeed you're not."

"A'n't I in a very good humour?" continued my father.

"Yes, you are in the best of humours, and always are so unless—I aggravate you," replied my mother whimpering.

"Well!" replied my father lowering his tail; "I expect we've come to a right understanding at last. So now get up and wipe your eyes, but recollect that whenever you dare to tell me that I am vexed, I won't be so ungentle as to contradict you."

Thus was the mastery gained by my father, and never lost. It is true, that sometimes my mother would forget herself, and would get on as far as "There—now you're —," but she would stop there, and correct herself, saying "No! you're not," and allow her temper to evaporate, by singing one of her usual ditties, as

"Hush-a-by, baby, on the tree top;"

but my father never took notice of her singing; and being really a very good-tempered man, my mother's temper gradually became improved.

The return of my father made some alteration in our mode of life. He might, if he had pleased, had lived as an out-pensioner with my mother; but this he would not do. He used to come in almost every evening to see her, and she used to provide for him a pot of porter; which he seldom exceeded; if he had friends with him, they paid for what they drank. This pot of porter *per diem* was the only demand made upon my mother for permission to remain

separate, and she did not grumble at it. His tobacco he found himself out of the tobacco money allowed at the Hospital. He had received some pay; which, contrary to his former custom, he had laid by in the charge of one of the lieutenants of the Hospital; for at that time there were no savings banks.

As a married man, my father had the liberty to introduce his wife and children into the Hospital at meal times, to share his allowance with them: this my mother would not listen to, as regarded herself and my sister; but my father messed in what is called the married men's room, on my account; and instead of buying my own dinner, or applying to my mother for it, I now always took it with my father in the Hospital. In consequence of my father's admittance as a pensioner, both I and my sister might have been instructed at the Hospital school; but my mother would not permit Virginia to go there, and I found it much more convenient to go to Peter Anderson in the evening, when I had nothing to do. On the whole, we all went on much more comfortably than we did before my father's return.

One evening I was, as usual, with Anderson in his cabin, my father having been drafted into his ward, I could not help asking Anderson how he liked him. His reply was, "I like your father, Jack, for he is a straight-forward, honest, good-tempered man; and, moreover, has a good, natural judgment. I think it a great pity that such a man as he is, should be so early in life lost as it were to the country. He is a first-rate seaman; and, although there are many like him, still there are none to spare. However, if his country loses, he may himself gain, by being so soon called away from a service of great temptation. The sailor who has fought for his country, Jack, has much to be thankful for when he takes in moorings at Greenwich Hospital. He is well-fed, well-clothed, tended in sickness, and buried with respect; but all these are nothing compared with the greatest boon. When I reflect what lives sailors live, how reckless they are, how often they have been on the brink of eternity, and wonderfully preserved, without even a feeling of gratitude to Him who has watched over them, or taking their escapades as warnings—when I consider how they pass their whole lives in excess, intemperance, and, too often, blasphemy, it is indeed a mercy that they are allowed to repose here after such a venturous and careless career—that they have time to reflect upon what had passed—to listen to the words of the Gospel, to hate their former life, and, trusting in God's mercy, to secure their salvation. This is the greatest charity of this institution, and long may it flourish, a blessing to the country which has endowed it, and to the seamen, who are not only provided for in this world, but are prepared in it for the next."

Such were continually the style of admonitions given me by this good old man; and I need not point out to the reader how fortunate it was for me that I had secured such a preceptor.

CHAPTER XV.

In which is proved the truth of the proverb, "when your own house is made of glass, you never should be the first to throw stones."

One evening, when I went to the shop of the widow St. Felix to purchase some tobacco for my father, she said, "Why don't your father come himself, Jack? I want to make his acquaintance, and see how he looks without his pig-tail."

"Why, you never saw him when he had it on," replied I.

"No, that's the truth; but still I wish to have a sight of him,—the fact is, I want to laugh at him."

"Very well, I'll bring him here; but recollect, it's a very sore subject with him," replied I, "and that you may have a sharp answer."

"That I'll take my chance of, Jack," replied the widow, laughing.

In consequence of this intimation, one evening when my father was walking in the Hospital, I persuaded him to call at the shop.

"This is my father, Mrs. St. Felix," said I.

"Most happy to see him. What shall I have the pleasure of assisting you to, Mr. Saunders?" said the widow.

"My service to you, Marm—if you please, to two penn'orth of pigtail and a paper of shorts."

"Much obliged to you, Mr. Saunders," replied she; "sure we're much indebted to Admiral Lord Nelson for sending us such fine-looking pensioners. I shouldn't wonder if I were to choose a husband out of the Hospital yet."

"I'm afraid we're all too mauled, Marm, to suit a pretty young woman like you," replied my father, very gallantly.

"Thank you for that, Mr. Saunders; but you're mistaken entirely. I don't consider the loss of a leg for instance, as any thing; I never look at men's legs, and therefore, care little whether they are made of wood or not, provided they don't tread on my corns."

"Well, Marm, I'm glad that you don't consider a timber toe as any obstacle to matrimony; but I fear, having a wife already may be considered by you a sort of objection."

"Why, sure, I must have the whole of my husband; I couldn't afford to share him, especially when one limb is gone already. That puts me in mind of my want of manners; I hope Mrs. Saunders is quite well. I hear from Jack that you have a separate maintenance—that's very genteel."

"Why, yes, Marm," replied my father; "the King maintains me, and my wife maintains herself; so, as you say, we have a separate maintenance."

"Well, that's the best way when married people don't agree. What are you laughing at, Mr. Jack? did I hint that your father and mother ever had any little matrimonial differences? I certainly did hear that there was a trifling dispute when they last parted; but when they bring me such tales I always cut them short. Here's your pig-tail, Mr. Saunders," continued the widow, laughing, as she put the tobacco on the counter.

I looked at my father, who did not seem to relish the hint, but he answered very frankly, "If you cut them as short as my wife cut mine, why then you won't be troubled with them any more. I see, Marm, you know all about it, and you may have your laugh if it pleases you; but I can tell you that my tail has done me better service since it was off, than when it hung down my back."

"Become useful, instead of ornamental, I presume, Mr. Saunders."

"Just made this difference—when it was on it made my wife's tongue to go: now it is off, it has stopped it."

"An extraordinary powerful instrument, to stop a woman's tongue."

"Well, you've only to ask Mistress Saunders; she'll tell you all its virtues."

"Well, Mr. Saunders, I don't know whether you have any idea of taking another wife some future day. If so, say nothing about it, or you'll never get one."

"Well, Marm—I don't know whether you ever think of taking another husband; but if so, I think it would be kind on my part to lend it to him. Can you tell me why widow's tongues run so much faster than other women's?"

"Mercy! what put that idea in your head, Mr. Saunders?"

"You, and half a dozen more that I happen to know. May I make so bold as to ask you, Marm, how long you may have been a widow?" continued my father.

"Bless me! so long, that I quite forget all about it," replied Mrs. St. Felix, turning away from the counter to the jars behind.

I gave my father a wink to let him know that it was his turn now: he understood me, hitched up his waistband, and nodded.

"How did you lose your first husband, Marm? What did he die of?"

The widow coloured, and my father perceiving it, followed up his question.

"Did he die of a fever, Marm?"

"I'm not exactly sure," replied she, hurriedly.

"May I ask how long it is since he died?" continued my father.

"Oh! Mr. Saunders," replied the widow, confusedly, "I really don't recollect just now. It's very painful to answer such questions."

"Not if you have been a widow so long that you forget all about it; that's all sham and nonsense. So you a'n't sure *what* he died of, nor *when* it was that he died? Are you quite sure, Marm, that your husband is dead?"

Mrs. St. Felix started, turned very red, and then very pale.

"My service to you for the present, Marm," said my father, after a pause, taking off his hat. "I suspect that I've found a way to stop your tongue as well as my wife's. Broadside for broadside, that's fair play."

So saying, my father stumped away out of the shop-door. Mrs. St. Felix put her apron up to her eyes, with her elbows resting on the counter. I waited a little, and then I said—

"What is the matter, Mrs. St. Felix?"

She started at my voice.

"You here, Jack? I thought you had gone out with your father. Well!" continued she, wiping her eyes, "it serves me right. I forgot that in amusing myself, I annoyed him. Jack, don't you mention any thing about this. Do you think your father will?"

"I don't think he will, for he cannot do so without talking about having his pigtail cut off, and I know that he cannot bear to think of it."

"Well, then, pray don't you—that's a good boy."

"I never will, I promise you."

"Then, good night, Jack—you must leave me now, I don't feel quite well."

I wished the widow good night, and went back to my mother's house. My father was there, but he never hinted at the conversation which had taken place, neither at that time, nor afterward.

CHAPTER XVI.

Showing how old Nanny fell sick, and got well again.

Before I fell asleep that night, I thought a great deal of what had passed between the Widow St. Felix and my father. Why should she have shown such emotion, and why should she request of me not to mention what had passed? I had heard reports about her, as I have before mentioned; I had heard them from old Nanny, but I did not put any confidence in what she said. Thinking of old Nanny, reminded me that I had not called upon her for some time, and I resolved that I would visit her the next day.

It was not until late in the evening that I could spare time to call upon her, and, what was not usual, I went

empty handed. I found to my surprise that the door was shut to, and the shutters of the shop not taken down. I tried the latch; the door opened, and I went in.

"Who's there?" screamed old Nanny, from the inner room. "What do you want?"

"It's only Poor Jack, mother," replied I; "come to see how you are."

"Come in," replied she; "I'm very bad. Oh! oh! I thought it was some thief or another, come to steal all the things in my shop."

I entered the room, and found old Nanny in bed; she looked very ill and miserable, and every thing was very dirty.

"Are you not well, mother?" said I.

"Well, boy? No, very ill, very ill, indeed; hav'n't left my bed these three days. Reach me a little water, Jack, there's a good boy! I've been dying for water."

I handed her a broken jug, which had some water in it. She drank greedily, so as to spill nearly half of it on the coverlet.

"Oh! how good it is," exclaimed the old woman, as soon as she recovered her breath! "I'm better now. I could not reach it myself, I've the rheumatiz so bad. I've been in such a fright because I could not lock the door—it kept me awake all night long. Oh! my poor back!"

"But why did you not send for the doctor, mother?"

"Doctor? heh! who's to pay him? I've got no money, Jack."

"Well, but Doctor Tadpole's very kind."

"Yes, yes! kind to the widow; but not to old women like me, without any money."

"But why not have some one to sit up with you, and help you?"

"Sit up with me! who'd sit up with me? Yes, if I paid them; but I've no money, Jack; and then I don't know them—they might rob me—there's a great many pretty things in my shop."

"But you might die, mother, lying here without any one to help you."

"Die? well, and who would care, if a poor old woman like me died, Jack?"

"I should care, for one, mother; and so would my sister Virginia, and many others besides."

"You might care, Jack, for you're a good boy; and so might your little sister, for she has a kind heart; but, nobody else, Jack—no—not one!"

I could not reply to this remark, as I really did not know any body who would have cared; so I said, "You must see the doctor, mother. I will go for him."

"No, Jack, I can't afford it, it's no use; besides I'm better now."

"Well, if you can't afford it, you shall not pay him; and, if he will not come for nothing, I'll pay him myself!"

"Will you pay him, Jack? that's a good boy—you promised me bargains, you know—that shall be one of them."

"Well, mother, I'll make the bargain that I'll pay him, if you'll see him; so good bye, now—do you want any thing before I go?"

"No, Jack, no, I don't want any thing; only just lock the door, and take the key with you when you go out; and then no one can rob me, Jack, whilst you're gone."

I complied with her request, and ran for Doctor Tadpole, whom I found smoking his cigar in the widow's shop.

"Doctor," said I, "old Nanny has been ill in bed these three days, and I want you to go and see her."

"Does she send you to me, or do you ask it yourself?" said the doctor, "for I think she would die rather than pay the doctor."

"As for that, Mr. Tadpole," said the widow,—"there are many of your patients who send for the doctor without

ever intending to pay him. Perhaps old Nanny may go on the same plan."

"Certainly, that alters the case. Well, Jack, what's the matter with her?"

"Rheumatism, and I believe, fever; for her hand is hot, and her tongue very white. She was lying in bed with no one to help her, and had not strength to reach a drop of water, until I gave it to her."

"Poor old soul!" said the widow: "and yet they say that she has money."

"I don't think that she has much," replied I; "for when she lent me the twenty-eight shillings, she had not ten shillings more in the bag; but, doctor, I'll pay you, I will, indeed! How much will it be?"

"Now, doctor, just put on your hat, and set off as soon as you please; for if Poor Jack says he'll pay you, you know that your money is as safe as mine was in the bank—before it failed."

"Well, I'll just finish my cigar."

"Of course you will, as you walk along, Mr. Tadpole," replied the widow; "it's very pleasant to smoke in the air, and just as unpleasant to others your smoking in the house. So, doctor, just be off, and see the poor old wretch directly; or—I'll be affronted."

Hereupon the doctor took up his hat, and without reply walked off with me. When we arrived, I unlocked the door, and we went in.

"Well! old Nanny, what's the matter now?" said Doctor Tadpole.

"Nothing, doctor, nothing; you've come on a useless message; I didn't send for you, recollect that; it was Jack who would go; I did not send, recollect that, doctor; I can't afford it; I've no money."

"Very well; I shan't look to you for money; put' out your tongue," replied the doctor, as he felt her pulse.

"Recollect, doctor, I did not send for you. Jack, you are witness—I've no money," repeated old Nanny.

"Put out your tongue," repeated the doctor.

"No, I won't, till it's all clearly settled."

"It is, you old fool," said the doctor, impatiently; "put out your tongue."

"Jack, you're witness it's all by force," said Nanny, who at last put out her tongue; "and now, doctor, I'll tell you." Whereupon Nanny commenced with a narrative of her ill; and, by her own account, there was not a portion of her body from top to toe which had not some ailment.

"You've a very bad complaint," said the doctor: "what d'ye think it is? It's old age. I hardly know whether I can cure it."

"Can you draw the pain out of my old bones?" said Nanny, groaning.

"Why, I'll try, at all events. I must send you something to take inwardly."

"Who's to pay for it?" said old Nanny.

"I will, mother," said I.

"You're witness, doctor—Jack says he'll pay for it. You're a good boy, Jack."

"Well, that's settled—but now, we must have some one to sit up with you."

"Sit up with me? nobody will sit up with an old thing like me."

"Yes, I will, mother," said I, "and I'll look in upon you in the day-time, and see if you want to drink."

"No, no, Jack! then you'll make no money."

"Yes I will—never mind that."

"Well! at all events," replied the doctor, "Jack will sit up with you this night; and we'll see how you are to-morrow. Now, Jack, come back with me, and I'll give you something for her. Good night, Nanny," said the doctor, leaving the room.

"Good night;" grumbled old Nanny; and as we were going through the shop, I heard her continue—"It's very

easy saying 'good night,' but how can a poor wretch like me, with every bone aching as if it would split, expect to have a good night?"

As the doctor walked home, he appeared not to be in his usual talkative mood. He went to the shop, made up the medicines, and gave me the directions.

"Here, Jack, take these; and it will be a kindness to sit up with her to-night. I will see her to-morrow; and as I can't allow you to be the only good Samaritan in the place, understand Jack, that I attend the poor old woman, and find medicine for nothing."

I thanked him, and hastened back. Old Nanny took her draught, and then turned round on her side. I suppose there was opium in it, for she soon fell fast asleep; not, however, until she had said—

"Jack, have you locked the door?"

"Yes, mother, I have."

"Well, now, don't you think you could watch without burning a candle?—You a'n't afraid?"

"No, mother, I'm not afraid; but if I do, I shall fall asleep; and, besides, if you wake and want any thing, I shall not be able to find it. I should break the jug and other things, and they would cost more than a candle."

"Very true, Jack. I feel sleepy already"—and old Nanny was soon in a loud snore.

I had stopped at my mother's to say that I intended to stay with old Nanny, so that they might not sit up for me; and now, all that I had to do was to keep myself awake. I had forgotten to bring a book with me, so I looked about the room for something to read; but I could find nothing. At last I ventured to open a drawer—it creaked, and old Nanny was roused. "Who's that?" cried she, but she did not wake up, the opiate was too powerful. I went to her; she was in a perspiration, which I knew was what the doctor wished. I put the clothes close up to her head, and left her. I then took the candle and looked into the drawer, and found a book lying in a corner with one side of the cover off.

It was very dirty and stained. I took it out, and went again to my chair, and opened it. It was "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," and full of plates. I had never heard of the book, and did not know what the title meant. I first looked at all the plates, and then I turned to the opening of the book. On the blank leaf at the commencement, in very neat and lawyer-like hand writing, was "Anna James, on her marriage, from her dear friend Mary Furquhar, Tynemouth, June the 19th, 1738." By this I discovered, as I thought, the married but not the maiden name of old Nanny; and very probably, that Tynemouth was her native place. She was married, too, in 1738, that was more than sixty years back—and her age was, therefore, in all likelihood, nearly eighty years. I pondered over this for some time, and then I commenced reading; and so interested was I with the contents, that I did not raise my head, until the candle had burnt to the socket; as I was about to light another, I perceived daylight through the chinks of the window shutter. So I laid down the book, and walking softly out of the room, unlocked the shop-door, to get a little fresh air; for the room that old Nanny was sleeping in was, from dirt and neglect, very close. I could not, however, unlock the door without waking up Nanny; who screamed out "Thieves!—murder!—thieves!" until she was wide awake.

"Oh!—it is you, Jack?" said she at last. "I dreamed there were thieves breaking in."

"Nothing but day breaking in, mother," said I; "how do you feel this morning?"

"Better, Jack, better; I've not so much pain—but I'm very thirsty, give me some water?"

"No, mother; the doctor said you must not drink cold water. If you'll wait a little, I'll run and fetch you something warm. I won't be gone long, so try to go to sleep again."

Old Nanny made no reply, but turned her face away from the light, as if in obedience to my orders. I locked the outer door, and hastened home.

I found my mother and Virginia sitting in the nice clean room, the fire blazing cheerfully, and the breakfast on the table, and I could not help making the contrast in my own mind between it and the dirty abode I had just left. I ran into the back kitchen to wash my face and hands, and then returned, kissed Virginia, and wished my mother "good morning." Why, I do not know, but she was in one of her worst of humours.

"Don't come near me, or near your sister Virginia!" said she sharply; "who knows what vermin you may have brought from where you have been staying all night?" I did feel that what she said might be true.

"Well, mother!" said I, "I won't come near you if you don't like, but I want some tea for poor old Nanny."

"I can't find tea for old Nannies!" replied she.

"I'll give her mine, Jack," cried Virginia.

"Indeed, miss, you'll do no such thing," said my mother: "and sit up properly to the table, instead of hanging your head down in that way; and don't pour your tea in your saucer, that's vulgar!"

"The tea's so hot, mamma!" said Virginia.

"Then wait till it's cool, miss? Leave the teapot alone, sir?"

"I'll thank you for some tea, mother!" replied I. "I shall give my breakfast to old Nanny."

"You'll take no breakfast out of this house," was the reply.

"Why, mother? for a poor sick old woman."

"Let her go to the parish."

I now became angry myself; I took up the teapot, and walked away into the back kitchen: my mother rose, and followed me: insisting upon my putting the teapot down: but I would not, and I poured out the tea into a little milk-can. I did not answer, but I felt that I was right, and would not give in; and she was afraid to attempt force. My mother then ran back to the table—caught up the sugar basin, and carried it up stairs—singing as she went, at the highest pitch of her voice,

"What are little girls made of, made of
sugar and spice, and all that's nice;
And that's what girls are made of!"

While my mother was away, little Virginia poured her cup of tea, which was already sweetened, into the can. I seized some bread and butter, and before my mother came down I was clear of the house. Old Nanny made a good breakfast; the doctor came, and said that she was much better, and would soon be well. The doctor had not left long before Peter Anderson came, and told me to go and mind my business, and that he would sit by old Nanny. Old Ben, who had heard of it, also called in; and he sat up with her the next night.

"Did I not tell you that there were others who cared for you, Nanny?" said I, a few days afterward.

"Yes, you did, Jack; but I did not believe you; the world is better than I thought it was. But how will you pay the doctor, Jack?"

"The doctor 'tended you for nothing; he told me so the first night."

"Well, and that widow, too!—it's kind of her to send me tea and sugar, and such nice things to eat."

"Yes, mother, it is."

"And your father, to bring your little dear sister, so nice and clean, to come and see an old wretch like me, in such a dirty hole. Ah, Jack! now I'm getting well again, I like the world better than I did."

In a few days old Nanny had again opened her shop, sitting at the door as usual; and, as the spring was now well advanced, she gradually recovered her strength. When I gave up my office of nurse, she did not, however, forget

to tell me to bring her good bargains, as I had promised that I would.

CHAPTER XVII.

A morning concert—in which the opposition is as great as black to white.

Among my father's associates there was a man, of about forty years of age—Dick Harness by name. He had received a wound in the hip, from a grape-shot; and his leg having in consequence contracted, it occasioned him to limp very much; but he was as strong and hearty in all other respects as a man could be. He was a very merry fellow, full of jokes: and if any one told a story, which was at all verging on the marvellous, he was sure to tell another which would be still more incredible. He played the fiddle, and sang to his own accompaniments, which were very droll, as he extracted very strange noises from his instrument; sometimes his bow would be on the wrong side of the bridge, sometimes down at the keys; besides which, he produced sounds by thumping the fiddle as well as by touching its strings, as a guitar; indeed, he could imitate, in a certain way, almost every instrument, and most of the noises made by animals. He had one fault, for which he used to be occasionally punished; which was, he was too fond of the bottle; but he was a great favourite, and therefore screened by the men, and as much as possible overlooked by the officers. The punishment for a pensioner getting drunk, was at that time being made to wear a yellow instead of a blue coat, which made a man look very conspicuous.

I recollect one day he had the yellow coat on, when a party of ladies and gentlemen came to see the Hospital. Perceiving that he was dressed so differently from the other pensioners, one of the ladies' curiosity was excited; and at last she called him to her and said, "Pray, my good man, why do you wear a yellow coat, when the other pensioners have blue ones?"

"Bless your handsome face, ma'am!" replied Dick, "don't you really know?"

"No, indeed!" replied she.

"Well then, ma'am, perhaps you may have heard of the glorious battle of the Nile, in which Nelson gave the French such a drubbing?"

"Oh, yes!" cried all the ladies and gentlemen, who had now crowded about him.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, I had the good fortune to be in that great victory; and all we *Nilers*, as we are called, are permitted to wear a yellow coat as a mark of distinction, while the common pensioners wear nothing but blue."

"Dear me!" said the lady, "and do I really speak to one of those brave fellows who fought at the battle of the Nile?" and she put her hand into her pocket, and pulled out five shillings. "There," said she, "I hope you'll not be affronted, but accept this from me."

"Not at all, ma'am," replied Dick, pocketing the money.

Then the whole party made a subscription for him, and Dick went off with a handful of silver.

There was, however, another man who contributed much to the fun created by Dick Harness. He was an American black, who had served as cook in the *Majestic*, and had been wounded in the battle of the Nile; he had received a bullet in the knee, which had occasioned a stiff joint; and as his leg was bent, he wore a short wooden stump. He also could play his fiddle and sing his songs; but in neither case so well as Dick Harness, although he thought otherwise himself. We used to call him *Opposition Bill*; but his name was Bill White, at least that was the purser's name that he went by when on board of a man-of-war. His pleasure was to follow Dick Harness every where; and if Dick sung, he would sing—if Dick played, he

play also; not at the same time, but if Dick stopped Bill would strike up. Dick used to call him his black shadow; and sometimes he would execute a flourish on his fiddle, which would be quite a puzzler to Opposition Bill, who would attempt something of the kind, which invariably set every one laughing. At last, Dick Harness's performances were not considered to be complete, if Opposition Bill was not in his company; and, as they were both very good-tempered, funny fellows, they were a great amusement, especially in the fine weather, when they would sit on the benches upon the terraces about six or eight yards apart, for they seldom came nearer, and play and sing alternately. The songs sung by Dick Harness were chiefly old sea-songs; those of Opposition Bill were picked up from every part of the world; principally, however, those sung by the negroes who worked on the plantations in Virginia and Carolina.

Peter Anderson, my father, Ben, and many others, were sitting on the benches, basking in the morning's sun, when Dick Harness made his appearance, limping along with his fiddle under his arm.

"Come along, Dick?" said Ben the whaler, "we'll stow close, and make room for you here."

"You must make elbow-room too, my hearty, or I shan't be able to fiddle. Come, what will you have this fine morning?" said Harness, tuning his instrument. As soon as it was in tune, he flourished a prelude from the top of the scale to the bottom, ending with an "Eh-haw!" in imitation of the braying of a donkey.

"Give us the Spanish Ladies, Dick!" said my father. As this song was very popular at that time among the seamen, and is now almost forgotten, I shall, by inserting it here, for a short time rescue it from oblivion.

"Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish ladies."

Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain;

For we have received orders

For to sail to old England,

But we hope in a short time to see you again."

"Stop a moment, lads! I must screw him up a little more." Dick regulated his first string, and then continued:

"We'll rant and we'll roar, like true British sailors,

We'll rant and we'll roar across the salt seas;

Until we strike soundings

In the Channel of Old England,

(From Ushant to Scilly 'tis thirty-five leagues.)

"Then we hove our ship to, with the wind at sou'west, my boys,

Then we hove our ship to, for to strike soundings clear;

Then we filled the main topsail

And bore right away, my boys,

And straight up the Channel of Old England did steer.

"So the first land we made, it is called the Deadman,

Next Ram Head off Plymouth, Start, Portland, and the Wight;

We sailed by Beachy,

By Fairly and Dungeness,

And then bore away for the South Foreland light.

"Now the signal it was made for the grand fleet to anchor,

All in the Downs that night for to meet;

Then stand by your stoppers,

See clear your shank painters,

Haul all your clew garnets, stick out tacks and sheets."

Here, Dick was interrupted by another fiddle, which went, "tum, tum—scrape—tum, tum."

"There's Opposition Bill, Dick," said my father; "I thought you would bring him out."

"All's right," replied Dick; "hope he arn't affronted—but he looks very black this morning."

"Now let every man take off his full bumper,

Let every man take off his full bowl;

For we will be jolly

And drown melancholy,

With a health to each jovial and true-hearted soul."

"Now, then, Billy, fire away."

"You tink I 'bey you order, you Dick? No sar, suppose I fire away, I go off—I not go off, I stay here."

"Well, but if you play, you'll get in trouble, Billy."

"How I get in trouble?"

"Why you'll get in a scrape, won't you?"

"He! you just got out of one, any how."

Dick Harness then said to those who sat by him, "I'll make him sing the Negro General."

"Well! if you will howl, Mr. Billy," cried out Harness "at all events, don't give us that abominable Nigger General—it always gives me the toothache."

"Now, I tink dat very fine song—so you may have whole jaw ache, for all I care. I sing dat, Mr. Dick—you jealous of dat song, I know."

Opposition Billy flourished a little, and then commenced:

"Listen my boys, and I will tell you—
Tell you a little 'bout Gin'ral Gabriel.

Oh-e-oh! Oh-e-oh!

"Dey advertise de Nigger Gin'ral,
A dousand pounds dey advertise him,
Oh, my boys, I'm most done!

"And who betrayed de Nigger Gin'ral?
A leetle boy betrayed de Gin'ral?

Oh-e-oh! Oh-e-oh!

"A leetle boy by de name of Daniel,
Betrayed him down at Norfolk Landing,
Oh, my boys, I'm most done!

"He says how do, my uncle Gabriel?

But dis is not your uncle Gabriel.

Oh-e-oh! Oh-e-oh!

"Yes it is my uncle Gabriel;
For I do know you, uncle Gabriel.
Oh, my boys, I'm most done!

"De man belonged to Major Prosser,
Socum and hang de Nigger Gin'ral.

Oh-e-oh! Oh-e-oh!

"For he's ruined old Virginny!
Hard times in old Virginny,
Oh, my boys, I'm most done!

"De wrote a letter to de tailor

To cut out de Gin'ral's ruffles.

Oh-e-oh! Oh-e-oh!

"Dey cut de ruffles out o' iron,
So they handcuff and chained him.
Oh, my boys, I'm most done!

"Dey went and called a troop of light horse,
To come and guard de Nigger Gin'ral!

Oh-e-oh! Oh-e-oh!

"To guard him all to de city of Richmond,
To guard him up unto de justice.
Oh, my boys, I'm most done!

"De justice tak him to de Gobnor—
(Monroe he set up for Gobnor.)

Oh-e-oh! Oh-e-oh!

"Command him to de Penetenshy—
On Thursday-week come on his trial.

Oh, my boys, I'm most done!

"Dey went and called all de country

For to come and see de Nigger Gin'ral.

Oh-e-oh! Oh-e-oh!

"Some dey call him Archy Mullen—
'My right name is John Decullen.'
Oh, my boys, I'm most done!

"I'm here to-day, and gone to-morrow!

I did not come for to stay for eber."

Oh-e-oh! Oh-e-oh!

"So den they tuk him to de gallows,
Drive him down dere in a wagon.
Oh, my boys, I'm most done!

"Dey drive him down unto de gallows,
Dey drive him down with four gray horses.

Oh-e-oh! Oh-e-oh!

"(Price's Ben, he drive de wagon)

Very sad loss to Major Prosser.

Oh, my boys, I'm most done!

"Dey drove him right beneath de gallows,
And den dey hang him and dey swing him.

Oh-e-oh! Oh-e-oh!

"And dat de fate of de Nigger Gin'ral,
Who almost ruined old Virginny!
Now, my boys, I'm quite done!"

"You've quite done, have you, Billy?" said Harness; "take my advice, and never begin again."

"Eh, Mister Dick; you no ab song like dat in your budget; and I neber give you de tune."

"I hope you won't—but now I'll play you a tune which will beat you hollow." Hereupon, Dick Harness imitated the squeaking of pigs and caterwauling of cats upon his fiddle, so as to set every body laughing, except Opposition Bill, who pretended to be very sulky.

"Come, Dick, it's your turn now. Give us a regular forecastle song?" said Ben the whaler.

"Well, then—here's one that's been sung ever since the days of old Queen Anne.

"It was one November—the second day—
The admiral he bore away;
Intending for his native shore,
The wind at sou'west did roar;
There was likewise a terrible sky,
Which made the sea to run mountains high.

"The tide of ebb, it was not done,
But fiercely to the west did run;
Which put us all in terrible fear,
Because there was not room for to veer.
The wind and weather increased sore,
And drove ten sail of us on shore.

"Ashore went the Northumberland,
The Harwich, and the Cumberland,
The Lion and the Warwick, too;
But the Elizabeth had the most to rue—
She came stem on—her fore-foot broke,
And she sunk the Gloucester at one stroke.

"But now remains what is worse to tell,
The greatest ships had the greatest knell;
The brave Cronation and all her men
Was lost and drowned every one,
Except the mate and eighteen more,
What in the long boat com'd ashore.

"And thus they lost their precious lives;
But the greatest loss was to their wives;
Who, with their children left on shore,
Their husbands' watery death deplore;
And wept their loss with many tears;
(But grief endureth not for years).

"Now you who've a mind to go to sea,
Pray take a useful hint from me,
And live at home, and be content
With what kind Providence has sent;
For they were punished for their misdeeds,
In grumbling when they had no needs.

"Now God preserve our noble queen,
Likewise our ministers serene;
And may they ever steer a course,
To make things better 'stead of worse,
And England's flag triumphant fly,
The dread of bevery he-ne-my."

"You call dat singing! Stop now! I sing a song you neber hear in all your life," cried Opposition Bill, tuning his fiddle.

"And never wish to hear again, most likely," replied Dick. "Out with it, Bill! your face shines beautifully this morn'ing."

"I take de shine out of you, Massa Dick; now you listen.

"Now your fader is asleep, maid, listen unto me;
Will you follow in my trail to Ken-tuck-y?
For cross de Allegany to-morrow I must go,
To chase de bounding deer on de O-hi-o.

"And will you lub me truly, and kind to me will be,
If I quit my fader's roof for Ken-tuck-y?
And will you neber leave me if I consent to go
To your shanty, by de stream of de O-hi-o?

"Her fader's not asleep, and he will not agree,
Dat you take away his dater to Ken-tuck-y.
So alone by yourself, good hunter, you must go,
Where the Ingin's rifle cracks on de O-hi-o.

"Your moder, too, is near, although you did not see;
And wid her leave you neber go to Ken-tuck-y.
He hab a wife already, as I do surely know,
Who weeps for his return to de O-hi-o.

"Ma, I have dis purse of gold, half of it for ye,
Woman, I hab ne'er a wife in Ken-tuck-y:
Your dater is my only lub, so pridee let us go
To where my corn is ripening on de O-hi-o.

"De fader weighed de purse, he took his half wid glee,
De moder said her child might go to Ken-tuck-y.
So de hunter and de maid, arm in arm dey go
Across de Allegany to de O-hi-o."

"Bravo, Billy, that's not so bad!" said some of the pensioners.

"I tell you, Dick, I take de shine out of you. You neber believe, till I make you fall in my wake—and den you soon be where de little boat was—long way astarn."

"I'll tell you what, Billy," said Dick Harness; "you do improve, and we'll allow you to sing that song once more before you die, just by way of encouragement."

Dick then played several flourishes on his fiddle. Opposition Bill tried to imitate him, but made sad work of it. It was near dinner-time, and the pensioners rose, and proceeded to the painted hall; for at that time they dined there, and not below in the crypts, as they do now.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I get into very doubtful company. I am tempted, and, like a true son of Adam, I fall.

The reader must have observed, that, under the tuition of Anderson, I promised to follow the right path, and, provided his good offices were not interfered with, there appeared little doubt but that such would be the case; but I was little aware, nor was he, that the humble profession which I had chosen for myself was beset with danger, and that the majority of those with whom I was associating, were the most likely of all others to lead me into evil. Why I had not hitherto been tempted can only be ascribed to my tender years. In fact, I had not been considered strong enough, or of an age, to be useful to them; but now that I was more than thirteen years old, being moreover very tall and strong for my age, the hour of temptation arrived; and fortunate was it for me that, previous to this epoch, I had been taken under the protection of Peter Anderson.

I have said, in a former chapter, that I was a regular *mudlarker*; so I was, as far as the ostensible occupation of those who are so denominated went, to wit; "picking up pieces of old rope, wood, &c.;" but the *mudlark*, properly speaking, at that time composed a very extensive body on the river, and were a more humble portion of the numerous river depredators, of which I may hereafter speak. A *mudlarker* was a man who had an old boat, generally sold by some merchant vessel, furnished with an iron bar full of hooks, which was lowered down by a rope to catch pieces of cordage, oakum, canvass, or other articles, which might fall overboard from the numerous vessels in the river. These were sold to the marine stores, such as were kept by old Nanny; but, as I observed, this was the *ostensible* mode of livelihood; they had other resources to which I shall presently refer. An old man of the name of Jones, who resided at Greenwich, was one of these *mudlark*s by profession. He was a surly old fellow, his sharp nose and chin nearly meeting, and he usually went by the name of Old Grumble. I had occasionally assisted him with his boat, but without receiving money, or indeed thanks, for my pains; but for this I cared little. He was a very old man; and when he came on shore, and went up to old Nanny, with the few things he had collected during the day, I almost wondered how he could manage to subsist, and thought myself infinitely better off than he was.

One evening he said to me, "Jack, I'm going up the river; I wish you'd come in the boat and help me; and if I make any thing, I will give you something for your trou-

ble; but if I don't, you can't expect it." As he was very infirm, I went with him, more out of charity than with any hopes of profit. We pulled with the tide until we arrived a little above Deptford, where several ships were lying, and he went close to one and lowered down his grapnels. He dragged for a short time.

"Just you make a little farther off, old fellow," cried the mate of the vessel.

"Wo'n't allow a poor old man to earn a few pence, I suppose," replied Old Grumble, hauling up his grapnel, and directing me to pull under the bows, where he dropped it down again. I now perceived, as I thought, some signs passing between him and one of the men in the head; but if so, they were soon over, and Old Grumble continued his avocation till the sun set.

"How long do you intend to remain here?" inquired I.

"Oh! not much longer; but I must wait a bit." At last it was quite dark, and then Grumble pulled up his grapnel and dropped down nearer to the cutwater of the vessel. I soon distinguished a tinkling, as it were, of metal; and Old Grumble, holding up his hands, received some sheets of copper, which were lowered down by a ropeyarn. As soon as they were quietly landed in the stern of the boat, down came a bag, which he cast off and laid beside the copper. I was all astonishment; but still more so, when a large bag of something weighing very heavy was lowered down by a rope after the small bag. A low whistle was then given, and the words "Monday night" pronounced in a whisper. Grumble whistled in return; and then, hauling up the grapnel, he told me to put out the oars and pull, while he took his grapnel on board. We then pulled down the river again, for the tide had turned; and as soon as we were clear of the shipping, I began to interrogate him.

"Who gave you all these things?"

"Who! why, that man."

"But what did he give them you for?"

"Why, out of charity, to be sure; but I can't talk now, I've no breath to spare. Let's pull ashore, and then I'll talk to you."

As we pulled down, I observed that a lighter had broken adrift from her moorings, and was sweeping down the river with the ebb tide. "There's a lighter adrift," said I.

"Yes," replied Grumble; "I'm too old for that work now; time was;—there'll be pretty pickings as soon as she gets down a little lower. The Light Horsemen have cut her adrift."

"The Light Horsemen! Who are they?"

"Bah! you know nothing;—I tell ye again, I haven't no breath to spare—I can't pull and talk too."

I was convinced in my own mind that old Grumble had not obtained the articles in the boat by fair means, and annoyed that I should have been made a participator in any dishonest dealings, I was resolved to question him closely as soon as we landed. There was no one at the steps; and when we beached the boat, I asked him whether he was going to take the things up to old Nanny's.

"Old Nanny! no. She's no fence now; she used to be a good one; but she was overhauled once or twice, and nearly sent on the other side of the water, and, since that, she's satisfied with little articles, sure profit and no risk."

"What do you mean by a fence?" inquired I.

"Why don't you know that yet, boy? Well, a fence is one who receives things that are brought for sale, and never asks no questions."

"Well, but if these things were given you out of charity, as you say, why should you want to take them up to a fence, as you call it?"

"I tell you what, Jack; I can't be answering all these questions here, where they may be twenty pair of ears a listening."

"Well, and if they do listen, what is the harm, if we are doing what is right?"

"It wo'n't do to argify here, I tell you. In my opinion, a poor man who works hard to get some victuals to keep body and soul together is doing what is right."

"Yes, if he works at an honest livelihood."

"Don't talk so loudly about honesty; the very word is enough to make people suspect something not right. I'll tell you all, when you come up to my house; for you see, Jack, you must help me to carry these things up. D'ye think you can manage this bag of peace? Let's try!" Between us, we contrived to get the bag, which weighed about half a hundred weight, on my back, and I walked off with it: Grumble following me with the copper and the other small bag, which I afterwards found contained copper nails. When we arrived at his dwelling, which was as dilapidated and miserable as old Nanny's, he took out his key and fumbled a long while at the lock; at last he opened it. "You had better stay till I get a light," said he. In a minute he came with one to the door, and told me to follow him. I went in, put down the bag, and, some grains falling out, I took them up.

"Why, this is coffee, Grumble!"

"Well, peace is our name for coffee, sand for sugar, and vinegar for rum, when we get any."

"Well, but Grumble, I wish to know how you came by these things."

"I'll tell you, Jack, if you ask every body how they come by things, you will have enough to do; but the fact is, the man wants me to sell them for him."

"Why, you said he gave them to you out of charity."

"Oh, that was only because I couldn't spare breath to tell you all about it."

"But why should he lower them down in the dart, if they are his own property?"

"Jack, I don't ask whose property it is; all I know is that I came by it honestly. I don't steal it, and I can't prove that the man does. Why, Jack, if one is to be so nice as that, you can't go into a grocer's shop to buy sugar, or coffee, or pepper, or indeed into almost any shop, if you first want to know whether the people have come by the goods honestly before you buy of them."

"Still, it is so plain, that the man must have stolen them."

"Suppose it is; how are so many poor people to find their livelihood and support their families, if they refuse to get a shilling or two when it is offered? If we were only to live upon what we get honestly, why, we should starve: the rich take good care of that by grinding us down so close. Why, Jack, how many thousands get their living on this river! and do you think they could get their living honestly, as you call it? No; we all plunder one another in this world.* You asked me, who were Light Horsemen?—that's a name for one set of people who live by plunder; that lighter will have a good slice of her cargo out to-night; for those who cut her adrift know what's on board of her. Then we have the heavy horsemen—they do their work in day time, when they go on board as Lumpers to clear the ships. And then we've the Coopers and Bumboat men, and the Rat-catchers and the Scuffle Hunters, and the River Pirates; and, last of all, we have the Mudlarks; all different professions, Jack—never interfering with each other, and all living by their wits. I'm too old now: I was a flash

* These remarks of Grumble were, at the time, perfectly correct; it was before the Wet Docks or the River Police was established. Previously to the West India, London, St. Katherine's and other docks having been made, all ships unloaded in the river, and the depredations were so enormous, that Mr. Colquhoun, in his work, has estimated them at half a million sterling annually. At present, the river may be said to be comparatively honest; the police is strict, and the temptations are removed.

pirate once—but I'm now nearly eighty, and am only fit for a mudlarker."

"But," exclaimed I with astonishment, "are they not discovered and punished?"

"That's very seldom, Jack; for you see we have receivers all down the river; some of them great men, and dining with the mayor and common council; others in a small way; all sorts, Jack; and then we have what we call Jew-carts, always ready to take goods inland, where they will not be looked after. Old Nanny was a receiver and fence in a large way once."

"Then the only honest people on the river are the watermen."

"Here old Grumble chuckled. "Why, Jack, they be the worst of all: for they be both receivers and thieves. Do you think the watermen live by their fares? If you do just wait on the steps one night, and you'll find that their night work is worth more than their day work is. We all must live, Jack; and now I have shown you a way by which you can earn more money in a night, than you can in a fortnight by asking for half-pence. Here's five shillings, for you, my boy; and when I want you again I'll let you know."

Alas! the five shillings, so easily and so unexpectedly earned, did, for the time, satisfy all my scruples; so easily are we bribed into what is wrong. I wished old Grumble a good night, and left him. As I returned home, I thought of what had been said about night work; and, instead of making my way to Fisher's Alley, I returned to the landing steps, resolving to watch for a time and see what occurred.

I thought of what had passed. I was not satisfied with myself. I thought of what Anderson would say; and I felt that I had done wrong. And then I attempted to exculpate myself: I could not prove that the things were stolen? I did not go with any intent to help in such a business. Old Grumble had only paid me for my work; but then, why did he pay me so much money? My conscience told me that it was because the dealings were unfair. I could not persuade myself that I was right. I looked up at the heavens—for it was a clear night, and there was a very bright star just above me! and as I looked at it, it appeared as if it were an eye beaming down upon me, and piercing into my breast. I turned away from it and then looked at it again; still it had the same appearance: I thought it was the eye of God—I trembled; and I resolved to reveal the whole to Anderson the next day, when I heard the sound of oars. I looked in the direction, and perceived a wherry with two men pulling in: I was down on the steps, under the shadow of the wall, and they did not see me. They landed, and handed out of the wherry three large and full canvas bags.

"It's more than we can carry," said the voice of a waterman I well knew: "we must leave one in the boat; and be quick, for they are on our scent. Hollo! who's that? what are you doing here? Poor Jack, I declare."

"Well, mayn't I have a little night work as well as you?"

"Oh! you've come to that, have you?" replied he. "Well, as you're waiting for something else, I suppose you could not help us with one of these bags?"

"Yes I can," replied I, forgetting all my resolutions; "put it on my back, if it's not too heavy."

"No, no; you're stout enough to carry it. I say, Jack, can you tell us, does old Nanny fence again, or has she given it up?"

"I believe she does not," replied I.

"Well," said he, "just put the question to her to-morrow morning, for she used to be a good-un; now, follow us."

I walked after them with my load until we came to a by-street; at the shutters of a shop they rapped at the iron bar outside which fixed them up; the door was opened, and

we put down the bags in the passage, walked out again without a word, and the door was immediately closed.

"Well, Jack," said the waterman, "I suppose we must tip handsome for the first time; here's ten shillings for you, and we'll let you know when we want you to be on the look-out for us."

Ten shillings! and five before—fifteen shillings! I felt as I were a rich man; all scruples of conscience were, for the time driven away. I hurried home rattling the silver in my pocket, and opening the door softly, I crept to bed. Did I say my prayers that night? No!!

(To be continued.)

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, AUTHOR OF "JACK SHEPPARD."

BOOK THE FIRST.

JANE THE QUEEN.

CHAPTER I.

Of the manner in which Queen Jane entered the Tower of London.

On the 10th of July, 1553, about two hours after noon, a loud discharge of ordnance burst from the turrets of Durham House, then the residence of the Duke of Northumberland, Grand-Master of the Realm, and occupying the site of the modern range of buildings known as the Adelphi; and, at the signal, which was immediately answered from every point along the river where a bombard or culverin could be planted—from the adjoining hospital of the Savoy—the old palace of Bridewell, recently converted by Edward VI., at the instance of Ridley, Bishop of London, into a house of correction—Baynard's Castle, the habitation of the Earl of Pembroke—the gates of London bridge—and, lastly, from the batteries of the Tower—a gallant train issued from the southern gateway of the stately mansion above-named, and descended the stairs leading to the water's edge, where, appointed for the reception, was drawn up a squadron of superbly-gilt barges—some decorated with banners and streamers—some with cloth-of-gold and arras, embroidered with the devices of the civic companies—others with innumerable silken pennons to which were attached small silver bells, "making a goodly noise and a goodly sight as they waved in the wind"—while others, reserved for the more important personages of the ceremony, were covered at the sides with shields gorgeously emblazoned with the armorial bearings of the different noblemen and honourable persons composing the privy council, amid which the cognizance of the Duke of Northumberland—a lion rampant, or, double quevece, vert—appeared proudly conspicuous. Each barge was escorted by a light galley, termed a foist or wafter, manageable either by oar or sail as occasion demanded, and attached to its companion by a stout silken tow line. In these galleys, besides the rowers, whose oars were shipped, and in readiness to be dropped, at an instant's notice, into the tide, and the men-at-arms, whose tall pikes, steel caps, and polished corselets flashed in the sun-beams, sat bands of minstrels provided with sackbuts, shalmes, cornets, rebecs, and other forgotten musical instruments. The conduct of the whole squadron was entrusted to six officers, whose business it was to prevent confusion, and who, in the small, swift wherries appointed to their use, rowed rapidly from place to place, endeavouring by threats and commands to maintain order, and keep off the crowd of boats and craft of all sorts hurrying towards them from every quarter of the river. It was a brilliant and busy scene,

and might be supposed a joyous and inspiring one—more especially, as the object which had called together this assemblage was the conveyance of a young and lovely sovereign to her throne within the Tower. But it was not so. Young and lovely as was that sovereign—rich—richer, perhaps, than any of her sex—in endowments of mind and person—illustrious and royal in birth—professing and supporting a faith, then newly established throughout the country, and which it was feared, and with reason, might be greatly endangered, if not wholly subverted, if another and nearer claimant of the crown, the Princess Mary, had succeeded to the inheritance; still, with all these high recommendations—though her rights were insisted upon by the ablest and most eloquent divines from the pulpit, though her virtues, her acquisitions, and her beauty were the theme of every tongue—as she was not first in the succession, and, above all, as she had been invested with regal authority by one who, from his pride, was obnoxious to all men—her father-in-law, the Duke of Northumberland—the Lady Jane Dudley's accession was viewed by all ranks and all parties with mistrust and apprehension. In vain had the haughty duke brought her with a splendid cavalcade from Sion House to his own palace. No cheers greeted her arrival—no rejoicings were made by the populace, but a sullen and ominous silence prevailed among those who witnessed her entrance into the capital. It is true that her youth and surpassing beauty excited the greatest interest. Murmurs of irrepressible admiration arose at her appearance; but these were immediately checked on the approach of Northumberland, who, following closely behind her, eyed the concourse as if he would enforce their applause; and it was emphatically said, that in pity of the victim of his soaring ambition, more tears were shed on that occasion, than shouts were uttered. On the 9th of July, Lady Jane Dudley—better known by her maiden title of Lady Jane Grey—had been made acquainted with her exalted, but, as she herself (with a sad presentiment of calamity) pronounced it, her fatal destiny. Edward the Sixth had breathed his last three days previously. His death had been kept carefully concealed by Northumberland, who hoped, by despatching false messages, to have secured the persons of the princesses Mary and Elizabeth. But intelligence of her brother's death having been communicated to the latter, she avoided the snare; and the duke, finding further dissimulation useless, resolved at once to carry his plan into execution, and proclaim his daughter-in-law queen. With this view, and accompanied by several members of the privy-council, he proceeded to Sion House, where she was then living in retirement, announced to her that the late monarch had declared her by his letters-patent (an instrument which he had artfully obtained) his successor. Jane refused the proffered dignity, urging the prior claims of Edward's sisters; and adding, "I am not so young, nor so little read in the guiles of fortune, to suffer myself to be taken by them. If she enrich any, it is but to make them the subject of her spoil. If she raise others, it is but to pleasure herself with their ruins. What she adorned but yesterday, is to-day her pastime; and if I now permit her to adorn and crown me, I must to-morrow suffer her to crush and tear me to pieces. Nay, with what crown does she present me? A crown which has been violently and shamefully wrested from Catherine of Arragon, made more unfortunate by the punishment of Anne Boleyn, and others who wore it after her; and why then would you have me add my blood to theirs, and be the third victim from whom this fatal crown may be ravished, with the head that wears it?" In this forcible and feeling language she couched her refusal; and for some time she adhered to her resolution, until at length, her constancy being shaken by the solicitations of her relatives, and above all by the entreaties of her husband Lord Guilford Dudley, to whom she was

passionately attached, she yielded a reluctant assent. On the following morning, she was conveyed, as has just been stated, with great pomp to Durham House, in the Strand, where she received the homage of her subjects, partook of a magnificent banquet, and tarried sufficiently long to enable the duke to collect his retinue to conduct her in state to the Tower: it being then the custom for the monarchs of England to spend the first few days of their reign within this ancient fortress. It is with the moment of her departure for this palace and prison of crowned heads, that this chronicle commences.

The advanced guard of the procession was formed by a troop of halberdiers dressed in striped hose of black and tawny, velvet caps decked at the side with silver roses, and doublets of murrey and blue cloth, embroidered on the front and at the back with the royal blazon, woven in gold. Their halbert staves were covered with crimson velvet, fastened with gilt nails, and ornamented with golden tassels. Filing off on the right and left, they formed two long lines, extending from the gateway of the palace to the foot of the plank communicating with the barge nearest the shore. A thick rayed cloth was then unfolded, and laid down between them by several attendants in the sumptuous liveries of the Duke of Northumberland. This done, a flourish of trumpets resounded from within; a lively prelude arose from the musicians on the water; and two ushers with white wands marched at a slow and stately pace from the portal. They were followed by an officer bearing the mace; after whom came another carrying the sword of state; then several sergeants of the city guard, in their full accoutrements, and with badges on their sleeves; then the garter king-at-arms in his tabard; then several knights of the Bath, each having a white lace on his sleeve; then their esquires; then the judges, in their robes of scarlet and coifs; then the Bishop of Ely, who, in his character of lord high chancellor, wore a robe of scarlet, open before, and purged with minever; then the aldermen, likewise in cloaks of scarlet; the sheriffs; and, finally, the lord mayor, Sir George Beame, in a gown of crimson velvet, and wearing the collar of SS.

Sufficient time having been allowed for the embarkation of these important personages, who, with their attendants, filled several barges, another flourish of trumpets was heard, fresh symphonies resounded from the river, and the heads of the different civic companies in their robes of state, descended and departed. Many an eye tracked their course along the river, which flamed like a sheet of molten gold beneath its glittering borthens. Many an ear listened to the measured sweep of their oars, and the softening cadences of their minstrelsy; lingering, enchanted, on the sight and sound till both faded away in the distance. Still, though a thousand pulses beat high, and a thousand hearts throbbed, not an acclamation was raised, not a cap thrown in the air, not a scarf waved. The same silence that had prevailed during the morning, prevailed now. Queen Jane, it was evident, was not the choice of her people.

Meanwhile, two venerable persons had presented themselves on the stair-head. These were Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury, and Ridley, bishop of London. They were attired in the scarlet simar, and surplice with its snowy lawn sleeves, proper to their order, and were engaged in deep converse together. The austere course of life prescribed to, and pursued by, the fathers of the Reformed Church, had stamped itself in lines of unusual severity on their countenances. Their demeanour was grave and singularly dignified, and such as well becometh their high ecclesiastical rank. Arrived at the last step, Cranmer raised his eyes, and, after glancing around as if in expectation of some greeting from the multitude, observed to his companion, "This silence of the people likes me not, my lord: disaffection, I fear, is abroad. This is not

the way in which our good citizens are wont to receive a triumph such as his Grace of Northumberland has prepared."

"Your Grace is in the right," replied Ridley. "The assemblage before whom I pronounced a solemn exhortation this morning at St. Paul's Cross—when I proved, as I trust, satisfactorily, that Mary and Elizabeth are excluded from the succession on the score of illegitimacy—received my discourse with murmurs of disapprobation. Vainly did I tell them if they accepted Mary they would relapse into darkness and idolatry; vainly did I enlarge on our young queen's virtues, and show them that she was prepared to carry into effect the wise ordinations of her pious predecessor. They made no answer—but departed, as men resolved not to be convinced of their error."

"These are signs indeed of troublesome times," sighed Cranmer; "and, though it is not given us to foresee the future, I cannot but fear that a season of bitter persecution of our church is at hand. Heaven avert the day! Heaven preserve queen Jane, who will prove our surest safeguard! Had Mary ruled—"

"Had that false bigot ruled," interrupted Ridley, frowning at the idea, "your grace and I should, ere this, have changed places in the Tower, with Gardiner and Bonner. But should what you fear come to pass; should evil times arise, and Rome and her abominations again prevail; should our church need a martyr, she shall find one in me."

"And in me," rejoined Cranmer, fervently.

While this was passing, twelve French gentlemen in splendid habiliments, consisting of pourpoints of white damask, barred with gold, short mantles of crimson velvet, lined with violet taffeta, and carnation-coloured hauts-de-chausses, took their way down the steps. These galliards, who formed the suite of M. Antoine de Noailles, ambassador from Henry the Second of France, were succeeded by a like number of Spanish cavaliers, the attendants of M. Simon Renard, who fulfilled the like high office for the Emperor Charles the Fifth. Dressed in suits of black velvet, entirely without ornament, the Spaniards differed as much from the airy and elegant Frenchmen in gravity and reserve of manner, as in simplicity of apparel. Their leader, Simon Renard, was as plainly attired as his followers, his sole decoration being the Toison d'Or: but of all that brilliant assemblage, there was none so likely to arrest and rivet attention as this remarkable man; and as he is destined to play no inconsiderable part in this history, it may be worth while to take a narrower survey of his personal appearance. Somewhat above the middle height, and of a spare but muscular frame, he had a dark complexion, rendered yet more sombre in its colour from the contrast it presented to his grizzled beard and mustaches. His eye was black and flaming, his nose long and hooked, and he had a stern searching glance, which few could withstand. There was something mysterious both in his manner and character, which made him universally dreaded; and as he never forgave an offence, nor scrupled at any means of gratifying his vengeance, it was not without reason that he was feared. A subtle politician and skilful diplomatist, high in the favour of the most powerful sovereign in Europe, with apparently inexhaustible funds at his command; inexorable in hatred, fickle in friendship, inconstant in affairs of gallantry, suspected of being mixed up in every political intrigue or conspiracy, Simon Renard had been for some time the terror and wonder of Edward's court, and had been regarded with suspicion and jealousy by Northumberland, who looked upon him as a dangerous opponent. During Edward's lifetime frequent quarrels had occurred between these two crafty statesmen; but now at this desperate conjuncture, the duke deemed it prudent to forget his animosity, and to conciliate his antagonist. More of a courtier, and not less of a diplomatist,

but without the skill, the resolution, or the cunning of his brother ambassador, De Noailles would have been no match for Renard had they been opposed; and, indeed, his inferiority was signally manifested. But they were now united by common bonds of animosity: both were determined enemies of Northumberland—both resolved upon his overthrow, and that of the queen he had placed upon the throne.

No sooner had the ambassadors entered their barge, than withdrawing out of earshot of their attendants, they commenced a conversation in a low tone.

"How long will this farce last, think you?" inquired De Noailles with a laugh.

"Not a day—not an hour," rejoined Simon Renard, "if these suspicious and timorous English nobles will but act in concert, and confide in me."

"Confide in you?" said De Noailles, smiling. "They fear you more than Northumberland."

"They will not succeed without me," returned Renard, coldly. "Mark me, De Noailles. I, Simon Renard, simple bailli of Amont in the Franche-Comte, and an unworthy representative of his Majesty Charles the Fifth, hold in my right hand the destiny of this fair land of England."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed De Noailles. "You have learnt to rhodomontade at the court of Madrid, I perceive, Monsieur le Bailli."

"This is no rhodomontade, messire," rejoined the other sternly; "were I to join with Northumberland and Suffolk, I could establish Jane upon the throne. Acting with the privy council, who, as you well know, are, like ourselves, the duke's secret enemies, I shall strike the sceptre from her grasp, and place it in the hand of Mary. Nay more, I will tell you that if I had not wished to ensure Northumberland's destruction, I would not have suffered him to proceed thus far. But he has now taken a step which nothing can retrieve."

"My hatred of him is as great as your own, M. Renard," observed De Noailles, gravely; "and I shall rejoice as heartily as yourself, or any of his enemies, in his downfall. But I cannot blind myself to his power. Clinton, the Lord High Admiral, his fast friend, is in possession of the Tower, which is full of armed men and ammunition. The royal treasures are in his hands; the troops, the navy, are his—and, as yet, the privy council have sanctioned all his decrees—have sworn obedience to Jane—have proclaimed Mary illegitimate, and have deprived her of her inheritance."

"They shall eat their own words," replied Renard, in a sarcastic tone. "But it is time, De Noailles, to admit you to my full confidence. First, swear to me, by the holy Evangelists, that I may trust you."

"I swear it," replied De Noailles, "provided," he added, smiling, "your scheme has nothing treasonable against my liege lord, Henry the Second."

"Judge for yourself," answered Renard. "There is a plot hatching for the life of Northumberland."

"Mortdieu!" exclaimed the French ambassador; "by whom?"

"To-night you shall meet the conspirators," replied Renard.

"Their names?" demanded De Noailles.

"It matters not," answered the other; "I am their leader. Will you make one of us?"

"Willingly," rejoined the Frenchman. "But how is the duke to be put to death?"

"By the headsman," replied Simon Renard. "He shall die the death of a traitor."

"You were ever mysterious, messire," observed De Noailles, drily; "and you are now more mysterious than ever. But I will join your plot with all my heart. Pardieu! I should like to offer Northumberland's head to Queen

Mary. It would be as acceptable as that of Ciesro to Fulvia."

"My gift shall be yet more acceptable," rejoined Simon Renard, sternly. "I will offer her the fairest and the wisest head in England—that of Queen Jane."

During this conference, the procession had been increased by several members of the privy-council, consisting of the Earls of Arundel, Shrewsbury, Huntington, and Pembroke, the Lords Cobham and Rich, with divers other noble and honourable persons, among whom Sir William Cecil, principal secretary of state, (afterward, the great Lord Burghley,) must not pass unnoticed. Pembroke and Cecil walked together; and, in spite of their forced composure, it was evident both were ill at ease. As a brief halt took place among the foremost party, Cecil seized the arm of his companion, and whispered hurriedly in his ear, "We are lost, my lord. Your messengers to the Queen have been arrested; so have my trusty servants, Alford and Cayewood. Luckily, their despatches are in cipher. But Northumberland's suspicions once aroused, his vengeance will not be slow to follow. There is yet time for escape. Can we not frame some excuse for landing at your lordship's residence, Baynard's Castle? Once within the Tower, I tremble for our heads."

"My case is not so desperate as yours," returned the earl, firmly; "but were it so, I would never fly while others are left to pay the penalty of my cowardice. We have advanced too far to retreat—and, be the issue of this project what it may, I will not shrink from it. Simon Renard is leagued with us, and he alone is a match for Northumberland, or for the fiend himself, if opposed to him. Be of good cheer. The day will yet be ours."

"Were I assured of Renard's sincerity," replied Cecil, "I might, indeed, feel more confidence. But I have detected too many of his secret practices—have had too much experience of his perfidy and double-dealing, to place any faith in him."

"You wrong him," rejoined Pembroke; "by my soul you do! As we proceed, I will give you proofs that will remove all apprehensions of treachery on his part from your mind. He has proposed a plan. But of this anon—for, see!—all, save ourselves, have entered the barge. Do you mark how suddenly the weather has changed? A thunder-storm is gathering over the Tower. 'Tis a bad omen for Northumberland."

"Or for us," rejoined Cecil, gloomily.

The sudden change in the weather, here alluded to, was remarked and commented upon by many others beside the Earl of Pembroke; and by most it was regarded as an evil augury against the young queen. The sky had become overcast; the river, lately so smiling, now reflected only the sombre clouds that overshadowed it; while heavy, leaden-coloured masses, arising in the northeast, behind the Tower, seemed to threaten a speedy and severe storm in that quarter. Alarmed by these signs, several of the more prudent spectators, who preferred a dry skin to the further indulgence of their curiosity, began to urge their barks homewards. The majority of the assemblage, however, lingered: a glimpse of a queen so beautiful as Jane was reputed, appeared to them well worth a little personal inconvenience.

Meanwhile, a loud and prolonged trumpet-blast proclaimed the approach of the Duke of Northumberland. He was accompanied by the Duke of Suffolk, the father of the queen. Nothing more majestic can be conceived than the deportment of the former—nothing more magnificent than his attire. His features, though haughty and disdainful, with a fierce expression about the mouth and eyes, were remarkably handsome and well-formed. His figure was tall and commanding, and there was something which is generally associated with the epithets chivalrous and picturesque in his appearance. John Dudley, Duke of

Northumberland, who by his genius and rare abilities as a statesman had elevated himself to the lofty position which he now held, could not be less in age than fifty. But he had none of the infirmity of years about him. His forehead was bald, but that only gave expanse to his noble countenance; his step was as firm as a young man's; his eye as keen and bright as that of an eagle. He was habited in a doublet of white satin, with a placard or front-piece of purple cloth or tissue, powdered with diamonds and edged with ermine. Over this he wore a mantle of cloth of silver, pounced with his cipher, lined with blue velvet, set with pearls, and precious stones, and fastened with a jewelled clasp. From his neck was suspended the order of the Garter, while in his hand he carried the silver verder belonging to his office as grand-master of the realm. The Duke of Suffolk was scarcely less magnificently arrayed, in a doublet of black cloth of gold, and a cloth of crimson satin flowered with gold, and ribanded with nets of silver. He also wore the order of the Garter. Suffolk was somewhat younger than his companion, of whom he stood, as indeed did all the other nobles, greatly in awe. He had well-formed features, a fine figure, a courtly air, and affable and conciliating manners; but though a man of unquestionable ability and courage, he wanted that discernment and active resolution which alone could have preserved him from the dangers and difficulties in which he was afterward involved. His qualities have been admirably summed up by Holinshed, who describes him as "a man of high nobility by birth, and of nature to his friend gentle and courteous; more easy indeed to be led than was thought expedient, nevertheless stout and hardy; hasty and soon kindled, but pacified straight again, and sorry if in his heat aught had passed him otherwise than reason might seem to bear; upright and plain in his private dealings; no dissembler, nor well able to bear injuries; but yet forgiving and forgetting the same, if the party would but seem to acknowledge his fault and seek reconciliation; bountiful he was, and very liberal; somewhat learned himself, and a great favourer of those that were learned, so that to many he showed himself a very Meonias; as free from covetousness, as devoid of pride and disdainful haughtiness of mind, more regarding plain-meaning men than clawback flatterers." Such, as depicted by the honest old chronicler above-named, was Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, father of Queen Jane.

Just as the two dukes emerged from the portal, a slight commotion was heard in the outer court, and a valet, stepping forward made a profound reverence to Northumberland, and presented him with a paper. The duke broke the silken thread and seal with which it was fastened, and ran his eye rapidly over its contents. His brow darkened for an instant, but as speedily cleared, and a smile of fierce satisfaction played upon his lips. "Traitors!" he ejaculated in an under tone, turning to Suffolk; "but I have them now; and by God's precious soul! they shall not escape me."

"What new treason has come to light, brother?" demanded the Duke of Suffolk, uneasily.

"Nothing new,—nothing but what I suspected. But their plots have taken a dangerous and more decided form," replied Northumberland, sternly.

"You do not name the traitors,—but you speak of the privy-council, I conclude?" observed Suffolk.

"Ay, brother, of the privy-council. They are all my enemies,—your enemies,—the queen's enemies. This scroll warns me that a conspiracy is forming against my life."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Suffolk, "Surely, our English nobles are not turned assassins."

"The chief mover in the dark scheme is not an Englishman," returned Northumberland.

"It cannot be the light-hearted De Noailles. Ha! I have it; it is the plotting and perfidious Simon Renard."

"Your grace is in the right," replied Northumberland; it is Simon Renard."

"Who are his associates?" inquired Suffolk.

"As yet I know not," answered the other; "but I have netted them all, and, like the fowler, will spare neither bird of prey nor harmless songster. I have a trick that shall test the true metal from the false. What think you brother? a letter has arrived from Mary to this false council, claiming the crown."

"Ha!" exclaimed Suffolk.

"It is here," continued Northumberland, pointing to a paper folded round his silver staff. "I shall lay it before them anon. Before I depart, I must give orders for the proclamation. Bid the heralds come hither," he added to the attendant; who instantly departed, and returned a moment afterwards, followed by two heralds in their coats of arms. "Take this scroll," continued the duke, "and let the Queen's Highness be proclaimed by sound of trumpet at the cross at Charing, in Cheapside, and in Fleet Street. Take with you a sufficient guard, and if any murmuring ensue let the offenders be punished. Do you mark me?"

"We do, your grace," replied the heralds, bowing. And, taking the proclamation, they departed on their behest, while the duke, accompanied by Suffolk, entered his barge.

Preceded by two trumpeters, having their clarions richly dressed with fringed silk bandrols, displaying the royal arms; a captain of the guard, in a suit of scarlet bound with black velvet, and with a silver rose in his bonnet, next descended the stairs, and announced, in a loud and authoritative voice, that her highness the Queen was about to embark: an intimation, which, though received with no particular demonstration of enthusiasm or delight by the spectators, was, nevertheless, productive of considerable confusion among them. The more distant wherry-men, who had been hitherto resting tranquilly on their oars, in their anxiety to secure a better position for their fares, now pressed eagerly forward; in consequence of which many violent collisions took place; great damage was sustained by the foremost boats, some being swamped and their owners plunged in the tide; while others, bereft of their oars, were swept away by the rapid current. Amid this tumult, much struggling and scuffling occurred; shrieks and oaths were uttered; and many blows from sword, dagger, and club were dealt, and requited with the heartiest good-will. Owing, however, to the exertions of the officers, no lives were lost. The drowning persons were picked up and carried ashore; and the disputants compelled to hold their peace, and reserve the adjustment of their differences to another, and more favourable opportunity. By the time Jane appeared, all was comparatively quiet. But the incident had not tended to improve the temper of the crowd, or create a stronger feeling in her favour. Added to this the storm seemed fast advancing and ready to burst over their heads; the sky grew darker each moment; and when a second discharge of ordnance was fired from the palace walls, and rolled sullenly along the river, it was answered by a distant peal of thunder. In spite of all these adverse circumstances, no delay occurred in the procession. A magnificent barge, with two large banners, beaten with the royal arms, planted on the fore-ship, approached the strand. Its sides were hung with metal scutcheons, alternately emblazoned with the cognizances of the queen and her consort; and its decks covered with the richest silks and tissues. It was attended by two smaller galleys—one of which, designated the Bachelors' barge, was appropriated to the younger sons of the nobility: the other was devoted to the maids of honour. In the latter was placed a quaint device, intended to represent a mount with a silver tree springing from it, on which was perched a dove with a circlet of diamonds around its neck, bearing an inscription in honour of the queen, and a crown upon its head. No sooner had the royal barge taken up

its position, than a train of twenty gentlemen, in doublets of black velvet and with chains of gold, stepped towards it. They were followed by six pages in vests of cloth of gold; after whom came the Earl of Northampton, lord high chamberlain, bareheaded, and carrying a white wand; and after the chamberlain, appeared the Lady Herbert, younger sister of the queen, a beautiful blonde, with soft blue eyes and silken tresses, accompanied by the Lady Hastings, younger sister of Lord Guilford Dudley, a sprightly brunette, with large orient orbs, black as midnight, and a step proud as that of a Juno. Both these lovely creatures—neither of whom had attained her fifteenth year—had been married at the end of May—then, as now, esteemed an unlucky month,—on the same day that the nuptials of the Lady Jane Grey took place. Of these three marriages there was not one but was attended with fatal consequences.

Immediately behind her sisters, with the laps of her dress supported by the Bishops of Rochester and Winchester, and her train, which was of great length and corresponding magnificence, borne by her mother, the Duchess of Suffolk, walked Queen Jane. Whatever disinclination she might have previously shown to undertake the dangerous and difficult part she had assumed; however reluctantly she had accepted the sovereignty; nothing of misgiving or irresolution was now to be discerned. Her carriage was majestic; her look lofty, yet tempered with such sweetness, that while it commanded respect, it ensured attachment. Her attire—for the only point upon which Jane did not conform to the rigid notions of the early religious reformers was in regard to dress—was gorgeous in the extreme; and never, assuredly, was rich costume bestowed upon a more faultlessly beautiful person. Her figure was tall and slight, but exquisitely formed, and gave promise, that when she attained the full maturity of womanhood—she had only just completed her sixteenth year, and (alas!) never *did* attain maturity—her charms would be without a rival. In mental qualifications Jane was equally gifted. And, if it is to be lamented that her beauty, like an opening flower, was rudely plucked and scattered to the breezes, how much more must it be regretted, that such faculties as she possessed should have been destroyed before they were fully developed, and the fruit they might have produced lost for ever! Reared in the seclusion of Bradgate, in Leicestershire, Jane Grey passed hours which other maidens of her tender age are accustomed to devote to amusement or rest, in the severest study; and, long before she was called upon to perform the arduous duties of her brief life, she had acquired a fund of knowledge such as the profoundest scholars seldom obtain. If this store of learning did little for the world, it did much for herself:—it taught her a philosophy, that enabled her to support, with the constancy of a martyr, her after trials. At the moment of her presentation to the reader, Jane was in all the flush and excitement of her new dignity. Every thing around her was dazzling and delusive; but she was neither dazzled nor deluded. She estimated her position at its true value; saw through its hollowness and unsubstantiality; and, aware that she only grasped the shadow of a sceptre, and bore the semblance of a crown, suffered neither look nor gesture to betray her emotions. Her dress consisted of a gown of cloth of gold raised with pearls, a stomacher blazing with diamonds and other precious stones, and a surcoat of purple velvet bordered with ermine, and embroidered with various devices in gold. Her slender and swan-like throat was encircled with a caronet of gold set with rubies and pearls, from which a single and almost priceless pearl depended. Her head-dress consisted of a coif of velvet of the peculiar form then in vogue, adorned with rows of pearls and confined by a circlet of gold. At her right walked Lord Guilford Dudley—a youthful nobleman, who inherited his father's manly beauty and chival-

rous look, with much of his ambition and haughtiness, but without any of his cunning and duplicity, or of his genius. He was superbly attired in white cloth of gold, and wore a collar of diamonds. Behind the queen marched a long train of high-born dames, damsels, youthful nobles, pages, knights, esquires and ushers, until the rear-guard was brought up by a second detachment of halberdiers. Prepared as the mass of the assemblage were to evidence their dissatisfaction by silence, an involuntary burst of applause hailed her approach, and many, who thought it a sort of disloyalty to Mary to welcome a usurper, could not refuse to join in the cheers.

At the moment Jane was crossing the railed plank leading to her galley, a small wherry, rowed by a young man of slight sinewy frame, clad in a doublet of coarse brown serge, and wearing a flat felt cap, on which a white cross was stitched, shot with marvellous rapidity from out the foremost line of boats, and, in spite of all opposition, passed between the state barges, and drew up at her feet. Before the daring intruder could be removed, an old woman, seated in the stern of the boat, arose and extended her arms toward Jane. She was dressed in mean attire, with her gray locks gathered beneath an ancient three-cornered coif; but her physiognomy was striking, and her manner seemed far above her condition. Fixing an imploring glance on the queen, she cried, "A boon! a boon!"

"It is granted," replied Jane, in a kind tone, and pausing. "What would you?"

"Preserve you," rejoined the old woman. "Go not to the Tower."

"And wherefore not, good dame?" inquired the queen.

"Ask me not," returned the old woman,—her figure dilating, her eye kindling, and her gesture becoming almost that of command, as she spoke,—*"Ask me not; but take my warning. Again, I say—Go not to the Tower. Danger lurks therein,—danger to you—your husband—and to all you hold dear. Return, while it is yet time; return to the retirement of Sion House—to the solitudes of Bradgate. Put off those royal robes—restore the crown to her from whom you wrested it, and a long and happy life shall be yours. But set foot within that galley—enter the gates of the Tower—and another year shall not pass over your head."*

"Guards!" cried Lord Guilford Dudley, advancing and motioning to his attendants—"remove this beldame and her companion, and place them in arrest."

"Have patience, my dear lord," said Jane, in a voice so sweet, that it was impossible to resist it—"the poor woman is distraught."

"No, lady, I am not distraught," rejoined the old woman, "though I have suffered enough to make me so."

"Can I relieve your distresses!" inquired Jane kindly.

"In no other way than by following my caution," answered the old woman. "I want nothing but a grave."

"Who are you that dare to hold such language as this to your queen?" demanded Lord Guilford Dudley, angrily.

"I am Gunnora Braose," replied the old woman, fixing a withering glance upon him, "nurse and foster-mother to Henry Seymour, Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector of England, who perished on the scaffold by the foul practices of your father."

"Woman," rejoined Lord Guilford, in a menacing tone, "be warned by me. You speak at the peril of your life."

"I know it," replied Gunnora; "but that shall not hinder me. If I succeed in saving that fair young creature, whom your father's arts have placed in such fearful jeopardy, from certain destruction, I care not what becomes of me. My boldness, I am well assured, will be fearfully visited upon me, and upon my grandson at my side. But were it the last word I had to utter,—were this boy's life," she added, laying her hand on the youth's shoulder, who arose at the touch, "set against hers, I would repeat my warning."

"Remove your cap in presence of the queen, knave," cried one of the halberdiers, striking off the young man's cap with his staff.

"She is not my queen," rejoined the youth, boldly; "I am for Queen Mary, whom Heaven and Our Lady preserve!"

"Peace, Gilbert!" cried Gunnora, authoritatively.

"Treason! treason!" exclaimed several voices—"down with them!"

"Do them no injury," interposed Jane, waving her hand. "Let them depart freely. Set forward, my lords."

"Hear me, sovereign lady, before I am driven from you," cried the old woman, in accents of passionate supplication—"hear me, I implore you. You are going to a prison, not a palace. Look at you angry sky from which the red lightning is flashing. A moment since it was bright and smiling; at your approach it has become black and overcast. It is an omen not to be despised."

"Hence!" cried Lord Guilford.

"And you, Lord Guilford Dudley," continued Gunnora, in a stern tone—"you who have added your voice to that of your false father, to induce your bride to accept the crown—think not that you will ever rule this kingdom,—think not the supreme authority will be yours. You are a puppet in your father's hands; and when you have served his turn, he will cast you aside—or deal with you as he dealt with Lord Seymour of Sudley,—with the lord protector, *by the axe*,—or, as he dealt with his sovereign, Edward the Sixth, *by poison*."

"This passeth all endurance," exclaimed Lord Guilford;—"away with her to prison."

"Not so, my dear lord," said Queen Jane. "See you not that her supposed wrongs have turned her brain? She is faithful to the memory of the lord protector. If my reign prove as brief as she would have me believe it will be, it shall never be marked by severity. My first act shall be one of clemency. Take this ring, my poor woman," she added, detaching a brilliant from her taper finger, "and when you need a friend, apply to Queen Jane."

Gunnora received the costly gift with a look of speechless gratitude; the tears started to her eyes, and she sank upon her knees in the boat, burying her face in her hands. In this state, she was rowed swiftly away by her grandsons while the loudest shouts were raised for the munificence and mercy of Jane, who was not sorry to hide herself behind the silken curtains of her barge.

At this moment, a loud and rattling peal of thunder burst overhead.

Seated beneath a canopy of state, supported by the richest silken cushions, and with her tiny feet resting upon a velvet footstool, adorned with her cipher and that of her husband interwoven with love-knots, Jane proceeded along the river; her heart oppressed with fears and forebodings, to which she gave no utterance, but which the storm now raging around with frightful violence was not calculated to allay. The thunder was awfully loud; the lightning almost insupportably vivid; but fortunately for those exposed to the tempest, it was unattended with rain. Lord Guilford Dudley was unremitting in his assiduity to his lovely consort, and bitterly reproached himself for allowing her to set forth at such a season. As they approached that part of the river from which the noble old gothic cathedral of St. Paul's—one of the finest structures in the world, and destroyed, it is almost needless to say, by the fire of London, when it was succeeded by the present pile—was best seen, Jane drew aside the curtains of her barge, and gazed with the utmost admiration upon the magnificent fane. The storm seemed to hang over its square and massive tower, and flashes of forked lightning of dazzling brightness appeared to shoot down each instant upon the body of the edifice.

"Like me, it is threatened," Jane mentally ejaculated; "and perhaps the blow that strikes me may strike also the religion of my country. Whatever betide me, Heaven grant that that noble pile may never again be polluted by the superstitious ceremonies and idolatries of Rome!"

Viewed from the Thames, London, even in our own time, presents many picturesque and beautiful points; but at the period to which this chronicle refers, it must have presented a thousand more. Then, gardens and stately palaces adorned its banks; then, the spires and towers of the churches shot into an atmosphere unpolluted by smoke; then, the houses, with their fanciful gables, and vanes, and tall twisted chimneys, invited and enchained the eye; then, the streets, of which a passing glimpse could be caught, were narrow and intricate; then, there was the sombre, dungeon-like stronghold already alluded to, called Baynard's Castle; the ancient tavern of the Three Cranes; the Still-yard; and above all, the Bridge, even then old, with its gateways, towers, drawbridges, houses, mills, and chapel, enshrined like a hidden and cherished faith within its inmost heart. All this has passed away. But if we have no old St. Paul's, no old London Bridge, no quaint and picturesque old fabrics, no old and frowning castles, no old taverns, no old wharfs—if we have none of these, we still have the Tower; and to that grand relic of antiquity, well worth all the rest, we shall, without further delay, proceed.

Having passed beneath the narrow arches of London Bridge, the houses on which were crowded with spectators, and the windows hung with arras and rich carpets, the royal barge drew up at the distance of a bow-shot from the Tower. Jane again drew aside the curtain, and when she beheld the sullen ramparts of the fortress over which arose its lofty citadel (the White Tower), with its weather-whitened walls relieved against the dusky sky, and looking like the spectre of departed greatness,—her firmness for an instant forsook her, and the tears involuntarily started to her eyes. But the feeling was transient; and more stirring emotions were quickly aroused by the deafening roar of ordnance which broke from the batteries, and which was instantly answered from the guns of several ships lying at anchor near them. By this time, the storm had in a great measure subsided; the thunder had become more distant, and the lightning only flashed at long intervals. Still, the sky had an ominous appearance, and the blue electric atmosphere in which the pageant was enveloped gave it a ghostly and unsubstantial look. Meanwhile, the lord mayor and his suite, the bishops, the privy council, the ambassadors, and the Dukes of Northumberland and Suffolk, having disembarked, the waffer having the charge of the royal gallery drew it towards the land. Another "marvellous great shot," as it is described, was then fired, and amid flourishes of trumpets, peals of ordnance, and ringing of bells, Jane landed. Here, however, as heretofore, she was coldly received by the citizens, who hovered around in boats,—and here, as if she was destined to receive her final warning, the last sullen peal of thunder marked the moment when she set her foot on the ground. The same preparations had been made for her landing as for her embarkation. Two lines of halberdiers were drawn up alongside the platform, and between them was laid a carpet similar to that previously used. Jane walked in the same state as before—her train supported by her mother,—and attended on her right hand by her husband, behind whom came his esquire, the young and blooming Cuthbert Cholmondeley.

Where there are so many claimants for attention, it is impossible to particularize all; and we must plead this as an apology for not introducing this gallant at an earlier period. To repair the omission, it may now be stated that Cuthbert Cholmondeley was a younger branch of an old Cheshire family; that he was accounted a perfect model of

manly beauty; and that he was attired upon the present occasion in a doublet of white satin slashed with blue, which displayed his slight but symmetrical figure to the greatest advantage.

Proceeding along the platform by the side of a low wall which guarded the southern moat, Jane passed under a narrow archway formed by a small embattled tower connected with an external range of walls facing Petty Wales. She next traversed part of the space between what was then called the Bulwark Gate and the Lion's Gate, and which was filled with armed men, and passing through the postern, crossed a narrow stone bridge. This brought her to a strong portal, flanked with bastions and defended by a double portcullis, at that time designated the Middle Tower. Here Lord Clinton, Constable of the Tower, with the lieutenant, the gentleman porter, and a company of wardens, advanced to meet her. By them she was conducted with much ceremony over another stone bridge, with a drawbridge in the centre, crossing the larger moat, to a second strong barbican, similarly defended, and in all other respects resembling the first, denominated the Gate Tower. As she approached this portal, she beheld through its gothic arch a large assemblage, consisting of all the principal persons who had assisted at the previous ceremonial, drawn up to receive her. As soon as she emerged from the gateway with her retinue, the members of the council bent their knee before her. The Duke of Northumberland offered her the keys of the Tower, while the Marquess of Winchester, Lord Treasurer, tended her the crown. At this proud moment, all Jane's fears were forgotten, and she felt herself in reality a queen. At this moment, also, her enemies, Simon Renard and De Noailles, resolved upon her destruction. At this moment, Cuthbert Cholmondeley, who was placed a little to the left of the queen, discovered amid the bystanders, behind one of the warders, a face so exquisitely beautiful, and a pair of eyes of such witchery, that his heart was instantly captivated; and at this moment, also, another pair of very jealous-looking eyes, peering out of a window in the tower adjoining the gateway, detected what was passing between the youthful couple below, and inflamed their owner with a fierce and burning desire of revenge.

CHAPTER II.

Of the indignity shown to the Privy Council by the Duke of Northumberland; and of the resolution taken by Simon Renard to avenge them.

When the ceremonial at the Tower gate was ended, Queen Jane was conducted by the Duke of Northumberland to an ancient range of buildings, standing at the southeast of the fortress, between the Lanthorn Tower, now swept away, and the Salt Tower. This structure, which has long since disappeared, formed the palace of the monarchs of England, and contained the royal apartments. Toward it Jane proceeded between closely-serried ranks of archers and arquebusiers, armed with long-bows and calivers. The whole line of fortifications, as she passed along, bristled with partisans and pikes. The battlements and turrets of St. Thomas's Tower, beneath which yawned the broad black arch spanning the Traitor's Gate, was planted with culverins and sakers; while a glimpse through the grim portal of the Bloody Tower—which, with its iron teeth, seemed ever ready to swallow up the victims brought through the fatal gate opposite it—showed that the vast area and green in front of the White Tower was filled with troops. All these defensive preparations, ostentatiously displayed by Northumberland, produced much of the effect he desired upon the more timorous of his adversaries. There were others, however, who regarded the exhibition as an evidence of weakness, rather than power; and among these was Simon Renard. "Our

duke, I see," he remarked to his companion, De Noailles, "fears Mary more than he would have us believe. The crown that requires so much guarding cannot be very secure. Ah! well, he has entered the Tower by the great gate to-day; but if he ever quits it," he added, glancing significantly at the dark opening of Traitor's Gate, which they were then passing, "his next entrance shall be by yonder steps."

Jane, meanwhile, had approached the ancient palace with her train. Its arched gothic doorway was guarded by three gigantic warders, brothers, who, claiming direct descent from the late monarch, Harry the Eighth, were nicknamed by their companions, from their extraordinary stature, Og, Gog and Magog. Og, the eldest of the three, was the exact image, on a large scale, of his royal sire. By their side, as if for the sake of contrast, with an immense halbert in his hand, and a look of swelling importance, rivaling that of the frog in the fable, stood a diminutive but full-grown being, not two feet high, dressed in the garb of a page. This mannikin, who, beside his pigmy figure, had a malicious and ill-favoured countenance, with a shock head of yellow hair, was a constant attendant upon the giants, and an endless source of diversion to them. Xit—for so was the dwarf named—had been found, when an infant, and scarcely bigger than a thumb, one morning at Og's door, where he was placed in the fragment of a blanket, probably out of ridicule. Thrown thus upon his compassion, the good-humoured giant adopted the tiny foundling, and he became, as has been stated, a constant attendant and playmate—or, more properly, plaything—of himself and his brethren. Unable to repress a smile at the ludicrous dignity of the dwarf, who, advancing a few steps toward her, made her a profound salutation as she passed, and bade her welcome in a voice as shrill as a child's trouble; nor less struck with the herculean frames and huge stature of his companions—they were all nearly eight feet high, though Magog exceeded his brethren by an inch—Jane ascended a magnificent oaken staircase, traversed a long gallery, and entered a spacious but gloomy-looking hall, lighted by narrow gothic windows filled with stained glass, and hung with tarnished cloth of gold curtains and faded arras. The furniture was cumbersome, though splendid—much of it belonging to the period of Henry the Seventh, though some of it dated as far back as the reign of Edward the Third, when John of France was detained a prisoner within the Tower, and feasted by his royal captor within this very chamber. The walls being of great thickness, the windows had deep embrasures, and around the upper part of the room ran a gallery. It was in precisely the same state as when occupied by Henry the Eighth, whose portrait, painted by Holbein, was placed over the immense chimney-piece; and as Jane gazed round, and thought how many monarchs had entered this room before her full of hope and confidence—how with all their greatness they had passed away—she became so powerfully affected, that she trembled, and could with difficulty support herself. Remarking her change of colour, and conjecturing the cause, Northumberland begged her to retire for a short time to repose herself before she proceeded to the council chamber within the White Tower, where her presence was required on business of the utmost moment. Gladly availing herself of the suggestion, Jane, attended by her mother and her dames of honour, withdrew into an inner chamber. On her departure, several of the privy-councillors advanced toward the duke, but, after returning brief answers to their questions, in a tone calculated to cut short any attempt at conversation, he motioned toward him two ushers, and despatched them on different errands. He then turned to the Duke of Suffolk, who was standing by his side, and was soon engaged in deep and earnest discourse with him. Aware that they were suspected, and

alarmed for their safety, the conspiring nobles took counsel together as to the course they should pursue. Some were for openly defying Northumberland—some for a speedy retreat—some for the abandonment of their project—while others, more confident, affirmed that the duke would not dare to take any severe measures, and, therefore, there was no ground for apprehension. Amid these conflicting opinions, Simon Renard maintained his accustomed composure. "It is plain," he said to the group around him, "that the duke's suspicions are awakened, and that he meditates some reprisal. What it is will presently be seen. But trust in me, and you shall yet wear your heads upon your shoulders."

At the expiration of a quarter of an hour, the Queen, who had been summoned by Lord Guilford Dudley, reappeared. The great door was then instantly thrown open by two officials with white wands, and, attended by Northumberland, to whom she gave her hand, traversing a second long gallery, she descended a broad flight of steps, and entered upon another range of buildings, which has since shared the fate of the old palace, but which then, extending in a northerly direction, and flanked on the right by a fortification denominated the Wardrobe Tower, connected the royal apartments with the White Tower. Taking her way through various halls, chambers, and passages in this pile, Jane, at length, arrived at the foot of a wide stone stair-case, on mounting which, she found herself in a large and lofty chamber, with a massive roof crossed and supported by ponderous beams of timber. This room, which was situated within the White Tower, and which Jane was apprised adjoined the council-chamber, was filled with armed men. Smiling at this formidable assemblage, Northumberland directed the Queen toward a circular-arched opening in the wall on the right, and led her into a narrow vaulted gallery formed in the thickness of the wall. A few steps brought them to another narrow gallery, branching off on the left, along which they proceeded. Arrived at a wide opening in the wall, a thick curtain was then drawn aside by two attendants, and Jane was ushered into the council-chamber. The sight which met her gaze was magnificent beyond description. The vast hall, resembling in all respects the ante-chamber she had just quitted, except that it was infinitely more spacious, with its massive roof hung with banners, and its wooden pillars decorated with velvet and tapestry, was crowded to excess with all the principal persons and their attendants who had formed her retinue in her passage along the river, grouped according to their respective ranks. At the upper end of the chamber, beneath a golden canopy, was placed the throne; on the right of which stood the members of the privy-council, and on the left the bishops. Opposite to the throne, at the lower extremity of the room, the walls were hung with a thick curtain of black velvet, on which was displayed a large silver scutcheon charged with the royal blason. Before this curtain was drawn up a line of arquebusiers, each with a caliver upon his shoulder.

No sooner was the Queen seated, than Northumberland, who had placed himself at the foot of the throne, prostrated himself, and besought her permission to lay before the lords of the council a despatch, just received from the Lady Mary; which being accorded, he arose, and, turning toward them, unfolded a paper, and addressed them in a stern tone as follows: "My lords," he began, "it will scarcely surprise you to be informed that the Lady Mary, in the letter I here hold, given under her signet, and dated from Kenninghall, in Norfolk, lays claim to the imperial crown of this realm, and requires and charges you, of your allegiance, which you owe to her, and to none other—it is so written, my lords—to employ yourselves for the honour and surety of her person only; and furthermore, to cause her right and title to the crown and government

of the realm to be proclaimed within the city of London and other places, as to your wisdoms shall seem good. Now, my lords, what say you? What answer will you make to these insolent demands—to these idle and imaginary claims?"

"None whatever," replied the Earl of Pembroke; "we will treat them with the scorn they merit."

"That may not be, my lord," observed Queen Jane; "your silence will be misconstrued."

"Ay, marry will it," rejoined Northumberland, glancing fiercely at the Earl; "and your advice, my lord of Pembroke, savours strongly of disloyalty. I will tell you how you shall answer this misguided lady. You shall advertise her, firstly, that on the death of our sovereign lord, Edward the Sixth, Queen Jane became invested and possessed with the just and right title in the imperial crown of this realm, not only by good order of ancient laws, but also by our late sovereign lord's letters patent, signed with his own hand, and sealed with the great seal of England, in presence of the most part of the nobles, councillors, judges, and divers other grave and sage personages, assenting to and subscribing the same. You shall next tell her, that having sworn allegiance to Queen Jane, you can offer it to no other, except you would fall into grievous and unspeakable enormities. You shall also remind her, that by the divorce made between the king of famous memory, King Henry the Eighth, and the lady Catherine her mother, confirmed by sundry acts of parliament yet in force, she was justly made illegitimate and unhereditary to the crown of this realm. And lastly, you shall require her to surcease, by any pretence, to vex and molest our sovereign lady Queen Jane, or her subjects from their true faith and allegiance unto her grace. This, my lords, is the answer you shall return."

"We will consider of it," cried several voices.

"Your decision must be speedy," returned the Duke, scornfully; "a messenger waits without to convey your reply to the Lady Mary. And to spare your lordships any trouble in penning the despatch, I have already prepared it."

"Prepared it!" ejaculated Cecil.

"Ay, prepared it," repeated the Duke, "It is here," he added, producing a parchment, "fairly enough written, and only lacking your lordship's signatures. Will it please you, Sir William Cecil, or you, my lord of Pembroke, or you, Shrewsbury, to cast an eye over it, to see whether it differs in aught from what I have counselled as a fitting answer to Mary's insolent message? You are silent; then, I may conclude you are satisfied."

"Your grace concludes more than you have warrant for," rejoined the Earl of Pembroke; "I am not satisfied, nor will I subscribe that letter."

"Nor I," added Cecil.

"Nor I," repeated several others.

"We shall see," returned Northumberland: "bring pen and ink," he added, motioning to an attendant, by whom his commands were instantly obeyed. "Your Grace of Canterbury," he continued, addressing Cranmer, "will sign it first. 'Tis well. And now, my lord Marquis of Winchester, your signature; my lord Bedford, yours; now yours, Northampton; yours, my lord chancellor; next, I shall attach my own; and now yours, brother of Suffolk. You see, my lords," he said, with a bitter smile, "you will be well kept in countenance."

While this was passing, Simon Renard, who stood among the throng of privy-councillors, observed in a whisper to those nearest him,—"if this despatch is signed and sent forth, Mary's hopes are ruined. She will suspect some treachery on the part of her friends, and immediately embark for France, which is what Northumberland desires to accomplish."

"His scheme shall be defeated, then," replied Pembroke; "it shall never be signed."

"Be not too sure of that," rejoined Renard, with a scarcely-repressed sneer.

"And now, my lord of Arundel," said the Duke, taking the document from Suffolk, "we tarry for your signature."

"Then your grace must tarry still longer," replied Arundel, sullenly, "for I am in no mood to furnish it."

"Ha!" exclaimed Northumberland, fiercely,—but, instantly checking himself, he turned to the next peer, and continued, "I will pass on, then, to you, Lord Shrewsbury. I am assured of your loyalty. What! do you, too, desert your queen? God's mercy! my lord, I have been strangely mistaken in you. Pembroke, you can now prove I was in error. You fold your arms—'tis well! I understand you. Rich, Huntingdon, Darcy, I appeal to you. My lords! my lords! you forget to whom you owe allegiance. Sir Thomas Cheney,—do you not hear me speak to you, Sir Thomas? Cecil, my politic, crafty Cecil,—a few strokes of your pen is all I ask, and those you refuse me. Gates, Petre, Cheke,—will none of you move? will none sign?"

"None," answered Pembroke.

"It is false," cried Northumberland, imperiously; "you shall all sign,—all! vile perjured traitors that you are! I will have your hands to this paper, or, by God's precious soul! I will seal it with your blood. Now, will you obey me?"

There was a stern, deep silence.

"Will you obey him?" demanded Renard, in a mocking whisper.

"No!" answered Pembroke, fiercely.

"Guards!" cried Northumberland, "advance, and attach their persons."

The command was instantly obeyed by the arquebusers, who marched forward and surrounded them.

Jane fixed an inquiring look upon Northumberland, but she spoke not.

"What next?" demanded Pembroke, in a loud voice.

"The block," replied Northumberland.

"The block!" exclaimed Jane, rising, while the colour forsook her cheek. "Oh! no, my lord,—no."

"But I say yea!" returned the Duke, peremptorily.

"Fore Heaven; these rebellious lords think I am as fearful of shedding blood as they are of shedding ink. But they shall find they are mistaken. Away with them to instant execution."

"Your grace cannot mean this!" cried Jane, horror-stricken.

"They shall have five minutes for reflection," returned the Duke, sternly. "After that time, nothing shall save them."

An earnest consultation was held among the council. Three minutes had expired. The Duke beckoned a sergeant of the guard toward him.

"You had better sign," whispered Simon Renard; "I will find some means of communicating with her highness."

"We have reflected," cried the Earl of Pembroke, "and will do your grace's behests."

"It is well," answered Northumberland. "Set them free."

As soon as the guard had withdrawn, the council advanced, and each, in turn, according to his degree, subscribed the despatch. This done, Northumberland delivered it to an officer, enjoining him to give it instantly to the messenger, with orders to the latter to ride for his life, and not to draw bridle till he reached Kenninghall.

"And now," continued the Duke, addressing another officer, "let the gates of the Tower be closed, the drawbridges raised, and suffer none to go forth, on pain of death, without my written order."

"Diable!" exclaimed De Noailles, shrugging his shoulders.

"Prisoners!" cried several of the privy-councillors.

"You are the queen's guests, my lords," observed the Duke, drily.

"Do you agree to my scheme now?" asked Renard, in a deep whisper. "Do you consent to Northumberland's assassination?"

"I do," replied Pembroke. "But who will strike the blow?"

"I will find the man," answered Renard.

These words, though uttered under the breath of the speakers, reached the ears of Cuthbert Cholmondeley.

Shortly afterward the council broke up; and Jane was conducted with much state to the royal apartments.

CHAPTER III.

Of the three giants of the Tower, Og, Gog and Magog! Of Xit, the dwarf; of the fair Cicely; of Peter Trusbut, the pantler, and Portentia his wife; of Hairun the bearward, Ribald the warder. Mauger the headman, and Nightgall the jailer; and of the pleasant pastime held in the stone kitchen.

Cuthbert Cholmondeley, it may be remembered, was greatly struck by a beautiful damsel whom he discovered among the crowd during the ceremonial at the Gate Tower; and, as faithful chroniclers, we are bound to state that the impression was mutual, and that if he was charmed with the lady, she was not less pleased with him. Notwithstanding her downcast looks, the young squire was not so inexperienced in feminine arts as to be unconscious of the conquest he had made. During the halt at the gate, he never withdrew his eyes from her for a single moment, and when he was reluctantly compelled to move forward with the procession, he cast many a lingering look behind. As the distance lengthened between them the courage of the damsel seemed to revive; she raised her head, and before her admirer had reached the extremity of the lofty wall masking the lieutenant's lodgings, he perceived her gazing fixedly after him. She held by the hand a little curly-haired boy, whom Cholmondeley concluded must be her brother—and he was perplexing himself as to her rank—for though her beauty was of the highest order, and her lineaments such as might well belong to one of high birth, her attire seemed to bespeak her of no exalted condition—when an incident occurred, which changed the tenor of his thoughts, and occasioned him not a little uneasiness. While she remained with her eyes fixed upon him, a tall man in a dark dress rushed, with furious gestures and an inflamed countenance, out of the gateway leading to the inner line of fortifications on the left, and shaking his hand menacingly at the esquire, forced her away. Cholmondeley saw her no more; but the imploring look which she threw at him as she disappeared, produced so powerful an effect upon his feelings that it was with difficulty he could prevent himself from flying to her assistance. So absorbed was he by this idea, that he could think of nothing else—the pageant, at which he was assisting, lost all interest for him, and amid the throng of court beauties who surrounded him, he beheld only the tender blue eyes, the light flaxen tresses, ravishing countenance, and sylph-like person of the unknown maiden. Nor could he exclude from his recollection the figure of the tall, dark man; and he vainly questioned himself as to the tie subsisting between him and the damsel. Could he be her father? Though his age might well allow of such a supposition, there was no family resemblance to warrant it. Her husband?—that he was scarcely disposed to admit. Her lover?—he trembled with jealous rage at the idea. In this perplexity, he bethought himself of applying for information to one of the warders; and, accordingly, he addressed himself to

Magog, who, with Xit, happened to be standing near him. Describing the damsel, he inquired of the giant whether he knew any thing of her.

"Know her!" rejoined Magog, "ay, marry, do I. Who that dwells within this fortress knows not fair Mistress Cicely, the Rose of the Tower, as she is called? She is daughter to Dame Portentia Trusbut, wife of Peter the pantler!"

"A cook's daughter!" exclaimed Cholmondeley, all his dreams of high-born beauty vanishing at once.

"Nay, I ought rather to say," returned the giant, noticing the young man's look of blank disappointment, and guessing the cause, "that she *passes* for his daughter."

"I breathe again," murmured Cholmondeley.

"Her real birth is a mystery," continued Magog; "or, if the secret is known at all, it is only to the worthy pair who have adopted her. She is said to be the offspring of some illustrious and ill-fated lady, who was imprisoned within the Tower, and died in one of its dungeons, after giving birth to a female child, during the reign of our famous king, Harry the Eighth," and he reverently doffed his bonnet as he pronounced his sire's name; "but I know nothing of the truth or falsity of the story, and merely repeat it because you seem curious about her."

"Your intelligence delights me," replied Cholmondeley, placing a noble in his hand. "Can you bring me where I can obtain further sight of her?"

"Ay, and speech too, worshipful sir, if you desire it," replied the giant, a smile illuminating his ample features. "When the evening banquet is over, and my attendance at the palace is no longer required, I shall repair to the Stone Kitchen at Master Trusbut's dwelling, where a supper is provided for certain of the warders and other officers of the Tower, to which I and my brethren are invited, and if it please you to accompany us, you are almost certain to behold her."

Cholmondeley eagerly embraced the offer, and it was next arranged that the dwarf should summon him at the proper time.

"If your worship requires a faithful emissary to convey a letter or token to the fair damsel," interposed Xit, "I will undertake the office."

"Fail not to acquaint me when your master is ready," replied Cholmondeley, "and I will reward you. There is one question," he continued, addressing Magog, "which I have omitted to ask. Who is the tall dark man who seems to exercise such strange control over her? Can it be her adoptive father, the pantler?"

"Of a surety no," replied the giant grinning. "Peter Trusbut is neither a tall man nor a dark; but is short, plump, and rosy, as becometh his office. The person to whom your worship alludes must be Master Lawrence Nightgall, the chief jailer, who lately paid his suit to her. He is of a jealous and revengeful temper, and is not unlikely to take it in dudgeon that a handsome gallant should set eyes upon the object of his affections."

"Your description answers exactly to the man I mean," returned Cholmondeley, gravely.

"Shall I bear a cartel to him from your worship?" said Xit. "Or, if you require a guard, I will attend upon your person," he added, tapping the pommel of his sword.

"I do not require your services in either capacity, as yet, valiant sir," replied the esquire, smiling. "After the banquet I shall expect you."

Resuming his place near Lord Guilford Dudley, Cholmondeley shortly afterwards proceeded with the royal cortège to the council-chamber, where, being deeply interested by Northumberland's address to the conspiring lords, he for an instant forgot the object nearest his heart. But the next, it returned with greater force than ever; and he was picturing to himself the surprise, and, as he fondly hoped, the delight, he should occasion her by presenting

himself at her dwelling, when Simon Renard's dark proposal to the Earl of Pembroke reached his ear. Anxious to convey the important information he had thus obtained to his master, as soon as possible, he endeavoured to approach him, but at this moment the council broke up, and the whole train returned to the palace. During the banquet that followed, no opportunity for an instant's private conference occurred—the signal for the separation of the guests being the departure of the queen and her consort. While he was considering with himself what course he had best pursue, he felt his mantle slightly plucked behind, and turning at the touch, beheld the dwarf.

"My master, the giant Magog, awaits you without, worshipful sir," said Xit, with a profound reverence.

✓ Weighing his sense of duty against his love, he found the latter feeling too strong to be resisted. Contenting himself, therefore, with tracing a hasty line of caution upon a leaf torn from his tablets, he secured it with a silken thread, and delivering it to an attendant, commanded him instantly to take it to the Lord Guilford Dudley. The man departed, and Cholmondeley, putting himself under the guidance of the dwarf, followed him to the great stairs, down which he strutted with a most consequential air, his long rapier clanking at each step he took. Arrived at the portal, the young esquire found the three giants, who had just been relieved from further attendance by another detachment of warders, and accompanied by them, proceeded along the ward in the direction of the Gate Tower. Sentinels, he perceived were placed at ten paces' distance from each other along the ramparts; and the guards on the turrets, he understood from his companions, were doubled. On reaching the Gate Tower, they found a crowd of persons, some of whom, on presenting passes from the Duke of Northumberland, were allowed to go forth: while others, not thus provided, were peremptorily refused. While the giants paused for a moment to contemplate this novel scene, an officer advanced from the barbican and acquainted the keepers of the inner portal that a prisoner was about to be brought in. At this intelligence, a wicket was opened, and two heralds, followed by a band of halberdiers, amidst whom walked the prisoner, stepped through it. Torches were then lighted by some of the warders, to enable them to discern the features of the latter, when it appeared, from his ghastly looks, and blood-stained apparel, and his hair, which was closely matted to his head by the ruddy stream that flowed from it, that some severe punishment had been recently inflicted upon him. He was a young man of nineteen or twenty, habited in a coarse dress of brown serge, of a slight but well proportioned figure, and handsome features, though now distorted with pain and sullied with blood, and was instantly recognised by Cholmondeley as the individual who had rowed Gunnora Branse toward the Queen. On making the discovery, Cholmondeley instantly demanded in a stern tone, of the heralds, how they had dared, in direct opposition to their sovereign's injunctions, to punish an offender whom she had pardoned.

"We have the Duke of Northumberland's authority for what we have done," replied the foremost herald, sullenly; "that is sufficient for us."

"The punishment we have inflicted is wholly disproportioned to the villain's offence, which is little short of high treason," observed the other. "When we proclaimed the Queen's Highness at Cheapside, the audacious knave mounted a wall, flung his cap into the air, and shouted for Queen Mary. For this we set him in the pillory and nailed his head to the wood; and he may think himself fortunate if he loseth it not as well as his ears, which have been cut off by the hangman."

"Ungrateful wretch!" cried Cholmondeley, addressing the prisoner, his former commiseration being now changed to anger; "is it thus you requite the bounty of your queen?"

"I will never acknowledge a usurper," returned Gilbert, firmly.

"Peace!" cried the esquire; "your rashness will destroy you."

"It may so," retorted Gilbert, boldly; "but while I have tongue to wag, it shall clamour for Queen Mary."

"Where are you going to bestow the prisoner?" inquired Gog from the former herald.

"In the guard-room," replied the man, "or some other place of security till we learn his grace's pleasure."

"Bring him to the Stone Kitchen, then," returned Gog. "He will be as safe there as any where else, and you will be none the worse for a can of good liquor, and a slice of one of Dame Trusbut's notable pasties."

"Agreed," rejoined the heralds, smiling; "bring him along."

While this was passing, Cholmondeley, whose impatience could brook no delay, entreated Magog to conduct him to the habitation of the fair Cicely. Informing him that it was close at hand, the giant opened a small postern on the left of the gateway leading to the western line of fortifications, and ascending a short spiral staircase, ushered his companion into a chamber, which to this day retains its name of the Stone Kitchen. It was a low, large room, with the ceiling supported by heavy rafters, and the floor paved with stone. The walls were covered with shelves, displaying a goodly assortment of pewter and wooden platters, dishes and drinking vessels; the fire-place was wide enough to admit of a whole ox being roasted within its limits; the chimney-piece advanced several yards into the room, while beneath its comfortable shelter were placed a couple of benches on either side of the hearth, on which a heap of logs was now crackling. Amid the pungent smoke arising from the wood could be discerned, through the vast aperture of the chimney, sundry hams, gammons, dried tongues, and other savoury meats, holding forth a prospect of future good cheer. At a table running across the room, and furnished with flagons and pots of wine, several boon companions were seated. The chief of these was a jovial-looking warder, who appeared to be the life and soul of the party, and who had a laugh, a joke, or the snatch of a song, for every occasion. Opposite to him sat Peter Trusbut, the pantler, who roared at every fresh witticism uttered by his guest till the tears ran down his cheeks. Nor did the warder appear to be less of a favourite with Dame Portentia, a stout buxom personage, a little on the wrong side of fifty, but not without some remains of comeliness. She kept his glass constantly filled with the best wine, and his plate as constantly supplied with the choicest viands, so that, what with eating, drinking, singing, and a little sly love-making to Dame Trusbut, Ribald, for so was the warder named, was pretty well employed. At the lower end of the table was placed a savage-looking person, with red bloodshot eyes and a cadaverous countenance. This was Mauger the headman. He was engaged in earnest conversation with Master Hairun, the bear-ward, assistant-keeper of the lions,—an office, at that time, of some consequence and emolument. In the ingle nook was ensconced a venerable old man with a snowy beard descending to his knees, who remained with his eyes fixed vacantly upon the blazing embers. Seated on a stool near the hearth, was a little boy playing with a dog, whom Cholmondeley perceived at once was Cicely's companion; while the adjoining chair was occupied by the fair creature of whom the enamoured esquire was in search. Pausing at the doorway, he lingered for a moment to contemplate her charms. A slight shade of sadness clouded her brow—her eyes were fixed upon the ground, and she now and then uttered a half-repressed sigh. At this juncture the jolly-looking warder struck up a Bacchanalian stave, the words of which ran as follows:

With my back to the fire and my paunch to the table,
Let me eat,—let me drink as long as I am able :
Let me eat,—let me drink whate'er I set my whims on,
Until my nose is blue, and my jolly visage crimson.

The doctor preaches abstinence, and threatens me with dropsy,
But such advice, I needn't say, from drinking never stops ye :—
The man who likes good liquor is of nature brisk and brave boys !
So drink away !—drink while you may !—there's no drinking in
the grave boys !

"Well sung, my roistering Ribald," cried Magog, striding up to him, and delivering him a sounding blow on the back—"thou art ever merry, and hast the most melodious voice and the lustiest lung of any man in the Tower."

"And thou hast the heaviest hand I ever felt on my shoulder, gigantic Magog," replied Ribald; "so we are even. But come, pledge me in a brimmer, and we will toss off a lusty measure to the health of our sovereign lady, Queen Jane. What say you, Master Trusbut?—and you, good Hairun—and you, most melancholy Mauger, a cup of claret will bring the colour to your cheeks. A pot of wine, good dame, to drink the queen's health in. But whom have we yonder? Is that gallant thy companion, redoubted Magog?"

The giant nodded an affirmative.

"By my faith he is a well-looking youth," said Ribald—"but he seems to have eyes for no one excepting fair Mistress Cicely."

Aroused by this remark, the young damsel looked up and beheld the passionate gaze of Cholmondeley fixed upon her. She started, trembled, and endeavoured to hide her confusion by industriously pursuing her occupation of netting. But in spite of her efforts to restrain herself, she could not help stealing a side-long glance at him; and emboldened by this slight encouragement, Cholmondeley ventured to advance toward her. It is scarcely necessary to detail the commonplace gallantries which the youth addressed to her, or the monosyllabic answers which she returned to them. The language of love is best expressed by the look which accompanies the word, and the tone in which that word is uttered; and this language, though as yet neither party was much skilled in it, appeared perfectly intelligible to both of them. Satisfied, at length, that she was not insensible to his suit, Cholmondeley drew nearer, and bending his head toward her, poured the most passionate protestations in her ear. What answer she made, if she made answer at all, to these ardent addresses, we know not, but her heightened complexion, and heaving bosom told that she was by no means insensible to them. Meanwhile, Og and Gog, together with the heralds and one or two men-at-arms, had entered the chamber with the prisoner. Much bustle ensued, and Dame Portentia was so much occupied with the new comers and their wants, that she had little to bestow upon her adoptive daughter. It is true that she thought the handsome stranger more attentive than was needful, or than she judged discreet; and she determined to take the earliest opportunity of putting a stop to the flirtation—but, just then, it happened that her hands were too full to allow her to attend to minor matters. As to Peter Trusbut he was too much entertained with the pleasantries of his friend Ribald—and so full of the banquet he had provided for the queen, the principal dishes of which he recapitulated for the benefit of his guests, that he saw nothing whatever that was passing between the young couple. Not so a gloomy-looking personage shrouded behind the angle of the chimney, who with his hand upon his dagger, bent eagerly forward to catch their lightest whisper. Two other mysterious individuals had also entered the room, and stationed themselves near the doorway. As soon as Dame Trusbut had provided for the numerous guests, she turned her attention to the prisoner, who had excited her compassion and who sat with his arms folded upon his breast, preserving the same resolute demeanour he had maintained throughout. Proffering

her services to the sufferer, she bade her attendant, Agatha, bring a bowl of water to bathe his wounds, and a fold of linen to bind round his head. At this moment Xit the dwarf, who was by no means pleased with the unimportant part he was compelled to play, bethought him of an expedient to attract attention. Borrowing from the herald the scroll of the proclamation, he mounted upon Og's shoulders, and begged him to convey him to the centre of the room, that he might read it aloud to the assemblage, and approve their loyalty. The good-humoured giant complied. Supporting the mannikin with his left hand, and placing his large two-handed sword over his right shoulder, he walked forward, while the dwarf screamed forth the following preamble to the proclamation:—"Jane, by the grace of God Queen of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and of the Church of England, and also of Ireland, under Christ on earth the supreme head. To all our loving, faithful, and obedient, and to every of them, greeting!" Here he paused to shout and wave his cap, while the herald who had followed them to humour the joke, raised his embroidered trumpet to his lips, and blew a blast so loud and shrill, that the very rafters shook with it. To this clamour Og added his stunning laughter, while his brethren, who were leaning over a screen behind, and highly diverted with the incident, joined in a lusty chorus. Almost deafened by the noise, Dame Trusbut, by way of putting an end to it, raised her own voice to its utmost pitch, and threatened to turn Xit, whom she looked upon as the principal cause of the disturbance, out of the house. Unfortunately, in her anger, she forgot that she was engaged in dressing the prisoner's wounds, and while her left hand was shaken menacingly at the dwarf, her right convulsively grasped the poor fellow's head, occasioning him such exquisite pain, that he added his outcries to the general uproar. The more Dame Trusbut scolded, the more Og and his brethren laughed, and the louder the herald blew his trumpet—so that it seemed as if there was no likelihood of tranquillity being speedily restored—nor, in all probability would it have been so without the ejection of the dwarf, had it not been for the interference of Ribald, who at length, partly by cajolery, and partly by coercion, succeeded in pacifying the angry dame. During this tumult the two mysterious personages, who, it is stated, had planted themselves at the doorway, approached the young couple unobserved, and one of them, after narrowly observing the features of the young man, observed in an under-tone to his companion, "It is Cuthbert Cholmondeley. You doubted me, my lord Pembroke, but I was assured it was Lord Guilford's favourite esquire, who had conveyed the note to his master, warning him of our scheme."

"You are right, M. Simon Renard," replied the earl. "I bow to your superior discernment."

"The young man is in possession of our secret," rejoined Renard, "and though we have intercepted the missive, he may yet betray us. He must not return to the palace."

"He never shall return, my lords," said a tall dark man, advancing towards them, "if you will entrust his detention to me."

"Who are you?" demanded Renard, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Lawrence Nightgall, the chief jailer of the Tower."

"What is your motive for this offer?" pursued Renard.

"Look there!" returned Nightgall. "I love that damsel."

"I see," replied Renard, smiling bitterly. "He has supplanted you."

"He has," rejoined Nightgall; "but he shall not live to profit by his good fortune."

"Hum!" said Renard, glancing at Cicely; "the damsel is lovely enough to ruin a man's soul. We will trust you."

"Follow me, then, without, my lords," replied Night-

gall, "and I will convey him where he shall not cause further uneasiness to any of us. We have dungeons within the Tower, from which those who enter them seldom return."

"You are acquainted, no doubt, with the secret passages of the White Tower, friend?" asked Renard.

"With all of them," returned Nightgall. "I know every subterranean communication—every labyrinth—every hidden recess within the walls of the fortress, and there are many such—and can conduct you wherever you desire."

"You are the very man I want," cried Renard, rubbing his hands gleefully. "Lead on."

And the trio quitted the chamber, without their departure being noticed.

Half an hour afterward, as Cuthbert Cholmondeley issued from the postern with a heart elate with rapture at having elicited from the fair Cicely a confession that she loved him, he received a severe blow on the head from behind, and before he could utter a single outcry, he was gagged, and forced away by his assailants.

CHAPTER IV.

Of the mysterious occurrence that happened to Queen Jane in Saint John's Chapel in the White Tower.

On that night Lord Guilford Dudley was summoned to a secret council by his father, the Duke of Northumberland, and as he had not returned at midnight, the Lady Hastings, who was in attendance upon the Queen, proposed that, to while away the time, they should pay a visit to St. John's Chapel in the White Tower, of the extreme beauty of which they had all heard, though none of them had seen it. Jane assented to the proposal, and accompanied by her sister, the Lady Herbert, and the planner of the expedition, Lady Hastings, she set forth. Two ushers led the way through the long galleries and passages which had to be traversed before they reached the White Tower; but on arriving at the room adjoining the council-chamber which had so lately been thronged with armed men, but which was now utterly deserted, Jane inquired from her attendants the way to the chapel, and on ascertaining it, commanded her little train to await her return there, as she had determined on entering the sacred structure alone. In vain her sisters remonstrated with her—in vain the ushers suggested that there might be danger in trusting herself in such a place at such an hour without protection—she remained firm—but promised to return in a few minutes, after which they could explore the chapel together.

Taking a lamp from one of the attendants, and pursuing the course pointed out to her, she threaded a narrow passage, similar to that she had traversed with the Duke in the morning, and speedily entered upon the gallery above the chapel. As she passed through the opening in the wall leading to this gallery, she fancied she beheld the retreating figure of a man, muffled in a cloak, and she paused for a moment, half-inclined to turn back. Ashamed, however, of her irresolution, and satisfied that it was a mere freak of the imagination, she walked on. Descending a short spiral wooden staircase, she found herself within one of the aisles of the chapel, and passing between its columns, entered the body of the sanc. For some time she was lost in admiration of this beautiful structure, which, in its style of architecture—purely Norman—is without an equal. She counted its twelve massive and circular stone pillars, noted their various ornaments and mouldings, and admired their grandeur and simplicity. Returning to the northern aisle, she glanced at its vaulted roof, and was enraptured at the beautiful effect produced by the interweaving arches.

While she was thus occupied, she again fancied she be-

held the same muffled figure she had before seen, glide behind one of the pillars. Seriously alarmed, she was now about to retrace her steps, when her eye rested upon an object lying at a little distance from her on the ground. Prompted by an undefinable feeling of curiosity, she hastened toward it, and holding forward the light, a shudder ran through her frame, as she perceived at her feet, *an axe!* It was the peculiarly formed implement used by the headsman, and the edge was turned towards her.

At this moment, her lamp was extinguished.

CHAPTER V.

Of the misunderstanding that arose between Queen Jane and her husband, Lord Guilford Dudley.

Jane not appearing, and some time having elapsed since her departure, her sisters, who were anxiously awaiting her return in the room adjoining the council-chamber, became so uneasy, that, notwithstanding her injunctions to the contrary, they resolved to go in search of her. Accordingly, bidding the ushers precede them, they descended to the chapel; and their uneasiness was by no means decreased on finding it buried in darkness, and apparently empty. As they gazed around in perplexity and astonishment, a deep-drawn sigh broke from the northern aisle, and, hurrying in that direction, they discovered the object of their search, who had been hidden from view by the massive intervening pillars, extended upon a seat, and just recovering from a swoon into which she had fallen. Revived by their assiduities, Jane was soon able to speak, and the first thing she uttered was a peremptory order that no alarm should be given, or assistance sent for.

"I am now well—quite well," she said, with a look, and in a tone that belied her words, "and require no further aid. Do not question me as to what has happened. My brain is too confused to think of it; and I would fain banish it altogether from my memory. Moreover, I charge you, by your love and allegiance, that you mention to no one—not even to my dear lord and husband, should he interrogate you on the subject—how you have just found me. And if my visit here be not remarked by him—as is not unlikely, if he should remain closeted with the Duke of Northumberland—it is my will and pleasure that no allusion be made to the circumstance. You will not need to be told, dear sisters, that I have good reasons for thus imposing silence upon you. To you, sirs," she continued, addressing the ushers, who listened to her with the greatest surprise, "I also enjoin the strictest secrecy—and look well you observe it."

The solemn and mysterious manner in which the Queen delivered her commands quite confounded her sisters, who glanced at each other as if they knew not what to think—but they readily promised compliance, as did the ushers. Supporting herself on the arm of Lady Herbert, Jane then arose, and proceeded at a slow pace toward the eastern stair-case. As she was about to turn the corner of the aisle, she whispered to Lady Hastings, who walked on her left, "Look behind you, Catherine. Do you see nothing on the ground?"

"Nothing whatever, your highness," replied the other, glancing fearfully over her shoulder. "Nothing whatever, except the black and fantastic shadows of our attendants."

"Thank Heaven! it is gone," ejaculated Jane, as if relieved from a weight of anxiety.

"What is gone, dear sister?" inquired Lady Herbert, affectionately.

"Do not ask me," replied Jane, in a tone calculated to put an end to further conversation on the subject. "What I have seen and heard must for ever remain locked in my own bosom."

"I began to think a spirit must have appeared to your majesty," observed Lady Herbert, whose curiosity was violently excited, and who, in common with most persons of the period, entertained a firm belief in supernatural appearances. "Every chamber in the Tower is said to be haunted—and why not this ghostly chapel, which looks as if it were peopled with phantoms? I am quite sorry I proposed to visit it. But if I am ever caught in it again, except in broad daylight, and then only with sufficient attendance, your majesty shall have free leave to send me to keep company with the invisible world for the future. I would give something to know what you have seen. Perhaps it was the ghost of Anne Boleyn, who is known to walk—or the Guilty Catherine Howard—or the old Countess of Salisbury. Do tell me what it was—and whether the spectre carried its head under its arm?"

"No more of this," said Jane, authoritatively. "Come with me to the altar."

"Your majesty is not going to remain here?" cried Lady Hastings. "I declare positively I dare not stop."

"I will not detain you longer than will suffice to offer a single prayer to Heaven," rejoined the Queen. "Be not afraid. Nothing will injure or affright you."

"I am by no means sure of that," replied Lady Hastings. "And now, I really do think I see something."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Jane, starting. "Where?"

"Behind the farthest pillar on the right," replied Lady Hastings, pointing towards it. "It looks like a man muffled in a cloak. There!—it moves."

"Go and see whether any one be lurking in the chapel," said Jane to the nearest usher, and speaking in a voice so loud, that it almost seemed as if she desired to be overheard.

The attendant obeyed; and immediately returned with the intelligence that he could find no one.

"Your fears, you perceive, are groundless, Catherine," observed Jane, forcing a smile.

"Not altogether, I am persuaded, from your manner, my dear sister, and gracious mistress," rejoined Lady Hastings. "Oh! how I wish I was safe back again in the palace."

"So do I," added Lady Herbert.

"A moment's patience, and I am ready," rejoined Jane.

With this, she approached the altar, and prostrated herself on the velvet cushion before it.

"Almighty Providence!" she murmured, in a tone so low as to be inaudible to the others, "I humbly petition thee and supplicate thee, that if the kingdom that has been given me be rightly and lawfully mine, thou wilt grant me so much grace and spirit, that I may govern it to thy glory, service, and advantage. But if it be otherwise—if I am unlawfully possessed of it, and am a hindrance to one who might serve thee more effectually, remove, O Lord, the crown from my head, and set it on that of thy chosen servant! And if what I have this night beheld, be a foreshadowing and a warning of the dreadful doom that awaits me, grant me, I beseech thee, strength to meet it with fortitude and resignation—so that my ending, like my life, may redound to thy honour, and the welfare of thy holy church."

While Jane was thus devoutly occupied, her sisters, who stood behind her, could scarcely control their uneasiness, but glanced ever and anon, timorously round, as if in expectation of some fearful interruption. Their fears were speedily communicated to the ushers; and though nothing occurred to occasion fresh alarm, the few minutes spent by the Queen in prayer appeared an age to her companions. There was something in the hour—it was past midnight—and the place, calculated to awaken superstitious terrors. The lights borne by the attendants only illumined a portion of the chapel; rendering that which was left in

shadow yet more sombre; while the columned aisles on either side, and the deeply recessed arches of the gallery above, were shrouded in gloom. Even in broad day, St. John's chapel is a solemn and a striking spot; but at night, with its heavy, hoary pillars, reared around phantoms, its effect upon the imagination will be more conceived to be far greater.

Already described as one of the most perfect specimens of Norman ecclesiastical architecture, this venerable structure, once used as a place of private worship by the monarchs of England, and now as a receptacle for Chancery proceedings, has, from its situation in the heart of the White Tower, preserved, in an almost unequalled state, its original freshness and beauty; and except its floors are encumbered with cases, and its walls of Caen stone disfigured by a thick coat of white plaster, it is not much in the same state that it was at the period under consideration. It consists of a nave with broad aisles flanked (as has been mentioned) by twelve circular pillars of the simplest and most solid construction, which support a stone gallery of equal width with the aisles, and having an arcade corresponding with that beneath. The floor is now boarded, but was formerly covered with a hard polished cement, resembling red granite. The roof is coved, and beautifully proportioned; and the nave is completed by a semicircular termination toward the east.

Old Stowe records the following order, given in the reign of Henry the Third, for its decoration:—"And that ye cause the whole chapel of St. John the Evangelist to be whitened. And that ye cause three glass windows in the same chapel to be made; to wit, one on the north side, with a certain little Mary holding her child; the other on the south part, with the image of the Trinity; and the third, of St. John the Apostle and Evangelist, in the south part. And that ye cause the cross and the beam beyond the altar of the same chapel to be painted well and with good colours. And that ye cause to be made and painted two fair images where more conveniently and decently they may be done in the same chapel; one of St. Edward, holding a ring, and reaching it out to St. John the Evangelist." These fair images—the cross—the rood—and the splendid illuminated window, are gone—most of them, indeed, were gone in Queen Jane's time—the royal worshippers are gone with them; but enough remains in its noble arcade, its vaulted aisles, and matchless columns, to place St. John's Chapel foremost in beauty of its class of architecture.

Her devotions over, Jane arose with a lighter heart, and, accompanied by her little train, quitted the chapel. On reaching her own apartments, she dismissed her attendants, with renewed injunctions of secrecy; and, as Lord Guilford Dudley had not returned from the council, and she felt too much disturbed in mind to think of repose, she took from among the books on her table, a volume of the divine Plato, whose Phædo, in the original tongue, she was wont, in the words of her famous instructor, Roger Ascham, "to read with as much delight as some gentlemen would take in a merry tale of Boccaccio;" and was speedily lost in his profound and philosophic speculations.

In this way the greater part of the night was consumed; nor was it till near day-break that she was aroused from her studies by the entrance of her husband.

"Jane, my beloved queen!" he exclaimed, hastening toward her, with a countenance beaming with delight. "I have intelligence for you which will enchant you."

"Indeed! my dear lord," she replied, laying down her book, and rising to meet him. "What is it?"

"Guess," he answered, smiling.

"Nay, dear Dudley," she rejoined, "put me not to this trouble. Tell me at once your news, that I may participate in your satisfaction."

"In a word, then, my queen," replied Lord Guilford, "my father and the nobles propose to elevate me to the same dignity as yourself."

Jane's countenance fell.

"They have not the power to do so, my lord," she rejoined gravely; "I, alone, can thus elevate you."

"Then I am king," cried Dudley, triumphantly.

"My lord," observed Jane, with increased gravity, "you will pardon me if I say I must consider of this matter."

"Consider of it!" echoed her husband, frowning; "I must have your decision at once. You can have no hesitation since my father desires it. I am your husband, and claim your obedience."

"And I, my lord," rejoined Jane, with dignity, "am your queen; and, as such, it is for me, not you, to exact obedience. We will talk no further on the subject."

"As you please, madam," replied Lord Guilford, coldly. "To-morrow, you will learn the Duke's pleasure."

"When I do so, he shall know mine," rejoined Jane.

"How is this!" exclaimed Dudley, gazing at her in astonishment. "Can it be possible you are the same Jane whom I left—all love—all meekness—all compliance?—or have a few hours of rule so changed your nature that you no longer love me as heretofore?"

"Dudley," returned Jane, tenderly, "you are dear to me as ever; and if I accede not to your wishes, do not impute it to other than the right motive. As a queen, I have duties paramount to all other considerations—duties which, so long as I am queen, I will fulfil to the best of my ability, and at every personal sacrifice. Be not wholly guided by the counsels of your father—be not dazzled by ambition. The step you propose is fraught with danger. It may cost me my crown, and cannot ensure one to you."

"Enough," replied her husband, apparently convinced by her arguments. "We will postpone its further consideration till to-morrow."

When that morning came, Dudley's first business was to seek his father, and acquaint him with the manner in which his communication to the Queen had been received. The haughty Duke appeared surprised, but imputed the failure to his son's mismanagement, and undertook to set it right. With this view, he repaired to the Queen's apartments, and on obtaining an audience, informed her that he and the lords of the council had resolved to place her husband on the throne beside her. Her answer differed in nothing from that which she had returned to Lord Guilford, except that it was couched in a firmer tone; but it had this addition, that she was well aware of his Grace's object in the proposal, which was, in effect, to obtain possession of the supreme power. In vain arguments, entreaties, and even threats, were used by the Duke: Jane continued inflexible. Northumberland was succeeded by his no less imperious spouse, who, with all the insolence of her arrogant nature, rated her daughter-in-law soundly, and strove to terrify her into compliance. But she, too, failed; and Lord Guilford was so enraged at his consort's obstinacy, that he quitted the Tower, and departed for Sion House, without even taking leave of her.

Perplexed as he felt by Jane's conduct, Northumberland was too well versed in human nature not to be aware that a character, however soft and pliant, may, by the sudden alteration of circumstances, be totally changed—but he was by no means prepared for such a remarkable display of firmness as Jane had exhibited. The more he considered the matter, the more satisfied he became that she had some secret counsellor, under whose guidance she acted; and, with the view of finding out who it was, he resolved to have all her motions watched. No one appeared so well fitted to this office as his daughter, the Lady Hastings; and sending for her, he extracted from her, in the course

of conversation, all particulars with which she was acquainted of the mysterious occurrence in St. John's Chapel. This information filled Northumberland with new surprise, and convinced him that he had more to dread than he at first imagined, and that the schemes of his enemies must be in full operation. His suspicions fell upon Simon Renard, though he scarcely knew how to connect him with this particular occurrence. Dismissing his daughter, with full instructions for the part he desired her to play, he continued for some time brooding over the mystery, and vainly trying to unravel it. At one time, he resolved to interrogate Jane; but the reception he had recently experienced induced him to adopt a different and more cautious course. His thoughts, however, were soon diverted from the subject by the onerous duties that pressed upon him. Among other distractions, not the least was the arrival of a messenger with the intelligence that Mary had retired from Kenninghall in Norfolk, whither he had despatched a body of men to surprise her, and retreated to a more secure post, Framlingham Castle—that she had been proclaimed in Norwich—and that her party was hourly gaining strength in all quarters. Ill news seldom comes alone; and the proud Duke experienced the truth of the adage. Other messengers brought word that the Earls of Bath, Sussex, and Oxford, Lord Wentworth, Sir Thomas Cornwallis, Sir Henry Jerningham, and other important personages had declared themselves in her favour.

While he was debating upon the best means of crushing this danger in the bud, a page from Lady Hastings suddenly presented himself, and informed him that the Queen was at that moment engaged in deep conference with M. Simon Renard, in St. Peter's Chapel. On inquiry, the Duke learned that Jane, who had been greatly disturbed in mind since her husband's departure, had proceeded to St. Peter's Chapel—a place of worship situated at the north end of the Tower Green, and appropriated to the public devotions of the court and household,—accompanied by her mother, the Duchess of Suffolk, and her sisters, the Ladies Herbert and Hastings; and that the train had been joined by the Earls of Pembroke and Arundel, De Noailles, and Simon Renard—the latter of whom, when the Queen's devotions were ended, had joined her. Tarrying for no further information, the Duke summoned his attendants, and hastened to the Tower Green. Entering the chapel, he found the information he had received was correct. The wily ambassador was standing with the Queen before the altar.

CHAPTER VI.

Of the solemn exhortation pronounced to the giants by Master Edward Underhill, the "hot-gospeller," at their lodging in the by-ward tower; and of the effect produced thereby.

In spite of the interruption occasioned by the dwarf, the evening at the Stone Kitchen passed off pleasantly enough. Dame Portentia was restored to good humour by the attentions of the jovial warder, and the giants in consequence were regaled with an excellent and plentiful supper, of which Xit was permitted to partake. Whether it was that their long fasting, or their attendance at the state-banquet, had sharpened the appetites of the three gigantic brethren, or that the viands set before them were of a more tempting nature than ordinary, we pretend not to say; but certain it is that their prodigious performances at the table excited astonishment from all who witnessed them, and elicited the particular approbation of Ribald, who, being curious to ascertain how much they could eat, insisted on helping them to every thing on the board, and, strange to say, met with no refusal.

With the profuse hospitality of the period, all the superfluities of the royal feast were placed at the disposal of the

household; and it may therefore be conceived that Peter Trusbut's table was by no means scantily furnished. Nor was he disposed to stint his guests. Several small dishes which had been set before them having disappeared with marvellous celerity, he called for the remains of a lordly baron of beef, which had recently graced the royal side-board. At the sight of this noble joint, Og, who had just appropriated a dish of roast quails, two of which he despatched at a mouthful, uttered a grunt of intense satisfaction, and abandoning the trifling dainties to Xit, prepared for the more substantial fare.

Assuming the part of carver, Peter Trusbut sliced off huge wedges of the meat, and heaped the platters of the giants with more than would have satisfied men of ordinary appetites. But this did not satisfy them. They came again and again. The meat was of such admirable quality—so well roasted—so full of gravy, and the fat was so exquisite, that they could not sufficiently praise it, nor do it sufficient justice. The knife was never out of Peter Trusbut's hands; nor was he allowed to remain idle a moment. Scarcely had he helped Og, when Gog's plate was empty; and before Gog had got his allowance, Magog was bellowing for more. And so it continued as long as a fragment remained upon the bones.

Puffing with the exertion he had undergone, the pantler then sat down, while Ribald, resolved not to be balked of his pastime, entreated Dame Potentia to let her guests wash down their food with a measure of metheglin. After some little solicitation, she complied, and returned with a capacious jug containing about three gallons of the balmy drink. The jug was first presented to Magog. Raising it to his lips, he took a long and stout pull, and then passed it to Gog, who detained it some seconds, drew a long breath, and returned it to Dame Trusbut, perfectly empty. By dint of fresh entreaties from the warder, Dame Potentia was once more induced to seek the cellar; and, on receiving the jug, Og took care to leave little in it for his brethren, but poured out what was left into a beaker for Xit.

They were now literally "giants refreshed;" and Peter Trusbut, perceiving that they still cast wistful glances toward the larder, complied with a significant wink from Ribald, and went in search of further provisions. This time he brought the better half of a calvered salmon, a knuckle of Westphalia ham, a venison pasty with a castellated crust of goodly dimensions, a larded capon, and the legs and carcass of a peacock, decorated with a few feathers from the tail of that gorgeous bird. Magog, before whom the latter dainty was placed, turned up his nose at it, and giving it to Xit, vigorously assaulted the venison pasty. It soon became evident that the board would again be speedily cleared; and though he had no intention of playing the niggardly host on the present occasion, Peter Trusbut declared that this was the last time such valiant trenchermen should ever feed at his cost. But his displeasure was quickly dispelled by the mirth of the warder, who laughed him out of his resolution, and encouraged the giants to proceed by every means in his power. Og was the first to give in. Throwing back his huge frame on the bench, he seized a flask of wine that stood near him, emptied it into a flagon, tossed it off at a draught, and declared he had had enough. Gog soon followed his example. But Magog seemed insatiable, and continued actively engaged, to the infinite diversion of Ribald, and the rest of the guests.

There was one person to whom this festive scene afforded no amusement. This was the fair Cicely. After Cholmondeley's departure—though wholly unacquainted with what had befallen him—she lost all her sprightliness, and could not summon up a smile, though she blushed deeply when rallied by the warder. In surrendering her heart at the first summons of the enamoured esquire, Cicely had obeyed an uncontrollable impulse; but she was by no

means satisfied with herself for her precipitancy. She felt that she ought to have resisted rather than have yielded to a passion which, she feared, could have no happy result; and though her admirer had vowed eternal constancy, and pleaded his cause with all the eloquence and fervour of deep and sincere devotion—an eloquence which seldom falls ineffectually on female ears—she was not so unacquainted with the ways of the world as to place entire faith in his professions. But it was now too late to recede. Her heart was no longer her own; and if her lover had deceived her, and feigned a passion which he did not feel, she had no help for it, but to love on unrequited.

While her bosom alternately fluttered with hope, or palpitated with fear, and her hands mechanically pursued their employment, she chanced to raise her eyes, and beheld the sinister gaze of Lawrence Nightgall fixed upon her. There was something in his malignant look that convinced her he read what was passing in her breast—and there was a bitter and exulting smile on his lip which, while it alarmed her on her own account, terrified her (she knew not why) for her lover.

"You are thinking of the young esquire who left you an hour ago," he observed sarcastically.

"I will not attempt to deny it," replied Cicely, colouring; "I am."

"I knew it," rejoined the jailer; "and he dared to tell you he loved you?"

Cicely made no reply.

"And you!—what answer did you give him, mistress?"—continued Nightgall, furiously grasping her arm. "What answer did you give him, I say?"

"Let me go," cried Cicely. "You hurt me dreadfully. I will not be questioned thus."

"I overheard what you said to him," rejoined the jailer. "—You told him that you loved him—that you had loved no other—and would wed no other."

"I told him the truth," exclaimed Cicely. "I do love him, and will wed him."

"It is false," cried Nightgall, laughing maliciously.

"You will never see him again."

"How know you that?" she cried, in alarm.

"He has left the Tower—for ever," returned the jailer, moodily.

"Impossible!" cried Cicely. "The Duke of Northumberland has given orders that no one shall go forth without a pass. Beside, he told me he was returning to the palace."

"I tell you he is gone," thundered Nightgall. "Hear me, Cicely," he continued, passionately. "I have loved you long—desperately. I would give my life—my soul for you. Do not cast me aside for this vain court-gallant, who pursues you only to undo you. He would never wed you."

"He has sworn to do so," replied Cicely.

"Indeed!" cried Nightgall, grinding his teeth. "The oath will never be kept. Cicely, you must—you *shall* be mine."

"Never!" replied the maiden. "Do you suppose I would unite myself to one whom I hate, as I do you?"

"Hate me!" cried the jailer, grasping her arm with such force, that she screamed with pain. "Do you dare to tell me so to my face?"

"I do," she rejoined. "Release me, monster!"

"Body of my father! what's the matter?" roared Magog, who was sitting near them. "Leave go your hold of the damsel, Master Nightgall," he added, laying down his knife and fork.

"Not at your bidding, you overgrown ox!" replied the jailer.

"We'll see that," replied the giant. And stretching out his hand, he seized him by the nape of the neck, and drew him forcibly backward.

"You shall bleed for this, catiff!" exclaimed Nightgall, disengaging himself, and menacing him with his poniard. "Tush!" rejoined Magog, contemptuously, and instantly disarming him. "Your puny weapon will serve me for a tooth-pick," he added, suiting the action to the word. And, amid the loud laughter of the assemblage, the jailer slunk away, muttering interjections of rage and vengeance.

Nightgall's dark hints respecting Cholmondeley were not without effect upon Cicely, who, well aware of his fierce and revengeful character, could not help fearing some evil; and when he quitted the Stone Kitchen, an undefinable impulse prompted her to follow him. Hastily descending the stairs, on gaining the postern she descried him hurrying along the road between the ballium wall and the external line of fortifications, and instantly decided on following him.

On reaching the projecting walls of the Beauchamp Tower, behind which she sheltered herself, she saw that he stopped midway between that fortification and the next turret, then known as the Devilin, or Robin the Devil's Tower, but more recently, from having been the prison of the unfortunate Earl of Essex, as the Devereaux Tower. Here he disappeared. Hastening to the spot, Cicely looked for the door, through which he must have passed; and after some little search, discovered it. Pushing against it, it yielded to the pressure, and admitted her to a low passage, evidently communicating with some of the subterranean dungeons which she knew existed under this part of the fortress.

She had scarcely set foot within this passage, when she perceived the jailer returning; and had barely time to conceal herself behind an angle of the wall, when he approached the spot where she stood. In his haste he had forgotten to lock the door, and he now, with muttered execrations, hastened to repair his error; cutting off by this means the possibility of Cicely's retreat. And here, for the present, it will be necessary to leave her, and return to the Stone Kitchen.

The attention which must otherwise have been infallibly called to Cicely's disappearance, was diverted by the sudden entrance of a very singular personage, whose presence served somewhat to damp the hilarity of the party. This was Master Edward Underhill—a man of some ability, but of violent religious opinions, who, having recently been converted to the new doctrines, became so zealous in their support and propagation, that he obtained among his companions the nick-name of the "Hot-gospeller." He was a tall thin man, with sandy hair, and a scanty beard of the same colour. His eyes were blear and glussy, with pink lids utterly devoid of lashes, and he had a long lantern-shaped visage. His attire was that of a gentleman-pensioner.

Rebuking the assemblage for their unseemly mirth, and mounting upon a stool, Master Underhill would fain have compelled them to listen to a discourse on the necessity of extirpating papacy and idolatry from the land—but he was compelled, by the clamour which his exordium occasioned, to desist. He was, moreover, brought down, with undue precipitation, from his exalted position by Xit, who creeping under the stool, contrived to overset it, and prostrated the Gospeller on the floor, to the infinite entertainment of the guests, and the no small damage of his nose.

This incident, though received in good part even by the principal sufferer, served to break up the party. Apprehensive of some other disturbance, and not without fears that the giants might indulge as freely with the fluids as they had done with the solids, Dame Trusbut took advantage of the occurrence to dismiss her guests, which she did without much ceremony.

It was then for the first time that she noticed the absence of Cicely. Not being able to find her, the recollec-

tion of the handsome esquire, and of the attention he had paid her, rushed to her mind; and with a dreadful forboding of impending misery, she despatched her husband to the palace to make inquiries after him; while she herself went to the gate—to the ramparts—every where, in short, that she thought it likely she could gain any information—but every where without success.

The giants, meanwhile, with Xit, betook themselves to their lodging in the By-ward Tower. The herald and the men-at-arms, who, it may be remembered, had charge of the prisoner Gilbert, not having received any further instructions respecting him, accompanied them thither. They were also attended by Master Edward Underhill, who was bent upon admonishing them, having been given to understand they were relapsing into papacy.

Arrived at the entrance of the By-ward Tower, the giants volunteered to take charge of the prisoner till the morning—an offer which was gladly accepted by the herald, who, intrusting him to their care, departed. But the Gospeller was not to be got rid of so easily. He begged to be admitted, and, partly by entreaties, partly by a bribe to the dwarf, succeeded in his object. The first care of the giants, on entering their abode—an octagonal chamber of stone, about sixteen feet wide, and twenty high, with a vaulted ceiling, supported by sharp groined arches of great beauty, springing from small slender columns—was to light a candle placed in front of an ancient projecting stone fireplace. Their next was to thrust the prisoner into the arched embrasure of a loop-hole at one side of it.

The walls of the chamber were decorated with arms and accoutrements of the gigantic brethren—the size of which would have been sufficient to strike any chance beholder with wonder. Over the embrasure in which they had placed the prisoner, hung an enormous pair of gauntlets, and a morion of equal size. Here was a quiver full of arrows, each shaft far exceeding a cloth yard in length—there a formidable club, armed with sharp steel spikes; while the fire-place was garnished with a couple of immense halberts. Having drawn a large pot of wine, which they first offered to their guest, who refused it, they each took a deep draught; and informing Underhill, if he was still determined to hold forth, he had better commence without further delay, they disposed themselves to listen to him.

Placing a small table in the centre of the chamber, Og seated himself opposite it, and took Xit upon his knee; while Gog sat down beside him, and Magog supported his huge bulk against the wall. Divesting himself of his cap and sword, and placing an hour-glass on the table, the Hot-gospeller then opened a small volume which he took from beneath his cloak; from which he began to read certain passages and to comment upon them in a vehement tone. His exhortations opened with a burst of rejoicing on the accession of Queen Jane—in which he pronounced terrible anathemas against all those who sought to restore the fallen religion. Perceiving the fierce gaze of the prisoner fixed upon him, he directed his chief thunders against him, and excited by his subject, soon worked himself into a state approaching to frenzy.

In this strain he continued for some time, when a sound arose which drowned even his vehemence. Overcome with drowsiness, the three giants, who for a short time vainly endeavoured to attend to the discourse of the Gospeller, had now sunk into a comfortable slumber—and the noise which they made was tremendous. In vain Underhill endeavoured to rouse them by thumping the table. Gog gazed at him for an instant with half-shut eyes, and then leaning on Og's shoulder, who, with head dropped back and mouth wide open, was giving audible proof of his insensible condition, he speedily dropped to sleep again. Such was the astounding din, that the Gospeller could not even make himself heard by the dwarf, who,

perched on Og's knee at a few paces' distance, stared in amazement at his gesticulations.

More than an hour having passed in this manner, the Hot-gospeller, whose energies were wholly exhausted, came to a pause; and after menacing his insensible audience with proportionate punishment in the next world—especially the idolatrous prisoner, whom he threatened with gesture as well as with word—he closed his volume, and prepared to depart. With some difficulty the three giants were awakened; and it was only by the assistance of Kit, who tweaked their noses, and plucked their beards, that this could be accomplished.

Just as Master Underhill was taking his leave, Dame Trusbut arrived in the greatest tribulation. The fair Cicely was no where to be found. Her husband had been to the palace. Nothing could be heard of the young esquire; nor could Lawrence Nightgall be met with. In this emergency she had come to entreat the giants to aid her in her search. They agreed to go at once—and Kit was delighted with the prospect of such employment. Accordingly, the door was locked upon the prisoner, and they set forth with the distracted dame.

As soon as he was left alone, Gilbert surveyed the chamber to see if there was any means by which he might effect his escape. An idea speedily occurred to him; by the help of one of the halberts he contrived to free himself from his bonds, and then clambered up the chimney.

CHAPTER VII.

How Cuthbert Cholmondeley was thrown into a Dungeon near the Devilin Tower; and how a mysterious female figure appeared to him there.

On recovering from the stunning effects of the blow he had received, Cuthbert Cholmondeley found himself stretched on the floor of a gloomy vault or dungeon, for such he judged it. At first he thought he must be dreaming, and tried to shake off the horrible nightmare by which he supposed himself oppressed. But a moment's reflection undeceived him; and starting to his feet he endeavoured to explore the cell in which he was confined. A heavy chain, which bound his leg to the floor, prevented him from moving more than a few paces; and convinced that escape was impossible, he sank upon the ground in despair.

Unable to assign any cause for his imprisonment, and wholly at a loss to imagine what offence he had committed, he taxed his brain as to every thing that had recently happened to him. This naturally directed his thoughts to the fair Cicely—and with her gentle image came the recollection of the malicious countenance and threatening gestures of Lawrence Nightgall. Remembering what Magog had told him of the jealousy and vindictive nature of this person, and remembering also that he had heard him described as the chief jailer, he felt that he need seek no further for the motive and the author of his imprisonment.

The assurance, however, which he had thus gained, afforded him no consolation, but rather tended to increase his disquietude. If he had been a prisoner of state, he might have hoped for eventual release; but placed in the hands of so remorseless and unscrupulous an enemy as Nightgall had shown himself, he felt he had little to hope. This consideration filled him with anguish, which was heightened as he thought of the triumph of his savage rival, who by some means—for he seemed desperate enough to have recourse to any expedient—might possess himself of the object of his passion. Fired by this thought Cholmondeley again sprang to his feet, and strove with all his force to burst his bondage. But the effort was fruitless; and by lacerating his hands, and straining his limbs,

he only added bodily torture to his mental suffering. Exhausted at length, he sank once more upon the ground.

By this time, having become habituated to the gloom of the place, he fancied he could make out that it was an arched call of a few feet in width, and corresponding height. The only light admitted was from the entrance, which appeared to open upon a passage branching off on the left, and upon a further range of dungeons extending in the same direction.

Not altogether unacquainted with the prisons of the Tower, Cholmondeley felt against the walls to try whether he could find any of those melancholy memorials which their unfortunate inmates delighted to bequeath to their successors, and which might serve as a clue to the particular place of his confinement. But nothing but the smooth surface of the stone met his touch. This circumstance, however, and the peculiar form of the cell, induced him to think that it must be situated beneath, or at no great distance from the Devilin Tower, as he had heard of a range of subterranean dungeons in that quarter; and, it may be added, he was right in his conjecture.

The cell in which he was thrown was part of a series of such dreadful receptacles, contrived in the thickness of the ballium wall, and extending from the Beauchamp Tower to the Devilin Tower. They were appropriated to those prisoners who were doomed to confinement for life.

Horrible recollections then flashed upon his mind of the dreadful sufferings he had heard that the miserable wretches immured in these dungeons underwent—how some were tortured—some destroyed by secret and expeditious means—others by the more lingering process of starvation. As the latter idea crossed him, he involuntarily stretched out his hand to ascertain whether any provisions had been left him; but he could find none.

The blood froze in his veins as he thought of dying thus; his hair stiffened upon his head; and he was only prevented from crying out to made his lamentable case known to the occupants of any of the adjoining cells, by the conviction of its utter futility. But this feeling passed away, and was succeeded by calmer and more consolatory reflections. While in this frame of mind, nature asserted her sway, and he dropped asleep.

How long he remained thus he knew not; but he was awakened by a loud and piercing scream. Raising himself, he listened intently. The scream was presently repeated in a tone so shrill and unearthly, that it filled him with apprehensions of a new kind. The outcry having been a third time raised, he was debating within himself whether he should in any way reply to it, when he thought he beheld a shadowy figure glide along the passage. It paused at a short distance from him. A glimmer of light fell upon the arch on the left, but the place where the figure stood was buried in darkness. After gazing for some time at the mysterious visitant, and passing his hand across his brow, to assure himself that his eyesight did not deceive him, Cholmondeley summoned courage enough to address it. No answer was returned; but the figure, which had the semblance of a female, with the hands raised and clasped together as if in supplication or prayer, and with a hood drawn over the face, remained perfectly motionless. Suddenly it glided forward, but with a step so noiseless and swift, that almost before the esquire was aware of the movement, it was at his side. He then felt a hand cold as marble placed upon his own, and upon grasping the fingers they appeared so thin and bony, that he thought he must have encountered a skeleton. Paralysed with fright, Cholmondeley shrank back as far as he was able; but the figure pursued him, and shrieked in his ear—"My child, my child!—you have taken my child!"

Convinced from the voice that he had a being of this world to deal with, the esquire seized her vestment, and resolved to detain her till he had ascertained who she was

and what was the cause of her cries; but just as he had begun to question her, a distant footstep was heard, and, uttering a loud shriek, and crying, "He comes!—he comes!" the female broke from him and disappeared.

Fresh shrieks were presently heard in a more piteous tone than before, mixed with angry exclamations in a man's voice which Cholmondeley fancied sounded like that of Nightgall. A door was next shut with great violence; and all became silent.

While he was musing on this strange occurrence, Cholmondeley heard footsteps advancing along the passage on the left, and in another moment Lawrence Nightgall stood before him.

The jailer, who carried a lamp, eyed the captive for a few moments in silence, and with savage satisfaction.

"It is to you, then, I owe my imprisonment, villain," cried Cholmondeley, regarding him sternly.

"It is," replied the jailer; "and you can readily conjecture, I doubt not, why I have thus dealt with you."

"I can," resumed the esquire; "your jealousy prompted you to the deed. But you shall bitterly rue it."

"Bah!" exclaimed Nightgall. "You are wholly in my power. I am not, however, come to threaten, but to offer you freedom."

"On what terms?" demanded Cholmondeley.

"On these," replied the jailer, scowling—"that you swear to abandon Cicely."

"Never!" replied the esquire.

"Then your fate is sealed," rejoined Nightgall. "You shall never quit this spot."

"Think not to move me by any such idle threat," returned Cholmondeley. "You dare not detain me."

"Who shall prevent me?" laughed the jailer, scornfully.

"I alone possess the key of these dungeons. You are their sole occupant."

"That is false," retorted the esquire. "There is another captive—a miserable female—whom I, myself, have seen."

"Has she been here?" cried Nightgall, with a look of disquietude.

"Not many minutes since," replied the other, fixing a scrutinizing glance upon him. "She came in search of her child. What have you done with it, villain?"

Cholmondeley had no particular object in making the inquiry. But he was astonished at the effect produced by it on the jailer, who started and endeavoured to hide his confusion by pulling his cap over his brows.

"She is a maniac," he said, at length, in a hoarse voice.

"If it be so," rejoined the esquire severely, "she has been driven out of her senses by your barbarous usage. I more than suspect you have murdered her child."

"Entertain what suspicions you please," replied Nightgall, evidently relieved by the surmise. "I am not accountable for the ravings of a distracted woman."

"Who is she?" demanded the esquire.

"The names of those confined within these cells are never divulged," returned the jailer. "She has been a prisoner of state for nineteen years."

"And darling that term her child was born—ha?" pursued Cholmondeley.

"I will answer no further questions," replied Nightgall, doggedly. "One word before I depart. I am not your only enemy. You have others more powerful and equally implacable. You have incurred the displeasure of the Privy Council, and I have a warrant, under the hands of its chief members, for your execution. I am now about to summon the headman for the task."

"Then your offer to liberate me was mere mockery," observed the esquire.

"Not so," replied the other; "and I again repeat it. Swear to abandon Cicely, and to maintain profound silence as to what you have just seen, and I will convey you by a

secret passage underneath the Tower moat to a place of security, where you will be beyond the reach of your enemies, and will take the risk of your escape upon myself. Do you agree to this?"

"No," replied Cholmondeley, firmly. "I distrust your statement, and defy your malice."

"Obstinate fool!" growled the jailer. "Prepare to meet your fate in an hour."

"Whenever it comes it will find me prepared," rejoined the esquire.

Nightgall glared at him fiercely for a moment from beneath his shaggy brows. He then strode sullenly away. But his departure was prevented by Cicely, who suddenly appeared at the mouth of the dungeon.

"You here!" he exclaimed, recoiling, and trembling as if an apparition had crossed his path. "How have you obtained admittance?"

"It matters not," she answered. "I am come to purchase your prisoner's freedom."

"You know the terms?" rejoined the jailer, angrily.

"I do," she replied; "and will comply with them when you have fulfilled your share of the compact."

"Cicely!" cried Cholmondeley, who had been, to the full as much astonished at her unexpected appearance as the jailer. "Cicely!" he cried, starting to his feet, and extending his hands toward her. "Do not consent to his proposal. Do not sacrifice yourself for me. I would die a thousand deaths rather than you should be his."

"Heed him not," interposed Nightgall, grasping her arm, and preventing her from approaching her lover; "but attend to me. You see this warrant," he added, producing a parchment. "It is from the Council, and directs that the prisoner's execution shall take place in such manner as may best consist with despatch and secrecy. If I deliver it to Mauger, the headman, it will be promptly obeyed. And I shall deliver it, unless you promise compliance."

"The villain deceives you, dear Cicely," cried Cholmondeley, in a voice of anguish. "The Council have not the power of life and death. They cannot—dare not order my execution without form or trial."

"The Council will answer for their actions themselves," rejoined Nightgall, carelessly. "Their warrant will bear me and my comrades harmless. Mauger will not hesitate to act upon it. What is your determination, Cicely?"

"Free him," she replied.

"Recall your words, sweet Cicely," cried Cholmondeley, throwing himself at her feet, "if you have any love for me. You doom me to worse than death by this submission."

"Cholmondeley," she replied in a mournful voice, "my resolution is taken, and even you cannot induce me to change it. The opening of our love has been blighted. My heart has been crushed, almost before it knew for whom it beat. It matters not now what becomes of me. If my life could preserve yours, or restore you to freedom, I would freely yield it. But as nothing will suffice except my hand, I give that. Think of me no more—or think of me only as another's."

"That thought were madness!" groaned Cholmondeley.

"Master Lawrence Nightgall," continued Cicely, "you say you can conduct the prisoner beyond the walls of the Tower. Bring me back some token that you have done so, and I am yours."

"Willingly," replied the jailer.

"Retire, then, for a moment, while I arrange with him what the token shall be."

Nightgall hesitated.

"Refuse, and I retract my promise," she added.

And the jailer, with a suspicious look, reluctantly left the cell.

"Cicely, my beloved," cried Cholmondeley, clasping her in his arms, "why—why have you done this?"

"To preserve you," she replied, hurriedly. "Once out of this dungeon, I can bring assistance to liberate you."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Nightgall, who, having placed his ear to the wall, lost not a syllable of their discourse.

"It will be unavailing," replied Cholmondeley. "No one will venture to oppose an order of the Council. You must make known my case to Lord Guilford Dudley. Take this ring. Explain all to him, and I may yet be saved. Do you hear me, Cicely?"

"I do," she replied.

"And I," added Nightgall.

"In case you fail," continued the esquire, "the token of my escape shall be"—and placing his lips close to her ear, he spoke a few words in so low a tone, that they escaped the jailer. "Till you receive that token treat Nightgall as before."

"Doubt it not," she answered.

"I am content," said the esquire.

"I see through the design," muttered the jailer, "and will defeat it. Have you done?" he added, aloud.

"A moment," replied Cholmondeley, again pressing the damsel to his bosom, "I would sooner part with my life's blood than resign you."

"I must go," she cried, disengaging herself from his embrace. "Now, Master Nightgall, I am ready to attend you."

"In an hour I shall return and release you," said the jailer, addressing the prisoner. "Your hand, Cicely."

"I will go alone," she replied, shrinking from him with a look of abhorrence.

"As you please," he rejoined, with affected carelessness. "You are mine."

"Not till I have received the token. Farewell!" she murmured, turning her tearful gaze upon Cholmondeley.

"For ever!" exclaimed the youth.

And as they quitted the cell, he threw himself despairingly on the ground.

Issuing from the outer door of the dungeon, Cicely and her companion took their way toward the Stone Kitchen. They had not proceeded far, when they perceived several persons approaching them, who, as they drew nearer, proved to be Dame Potentia, Xit, and the giants.

"What have you been doing, Cicely?" inquired her adoptive mother, angrily. "I have been searching for you every where!"

"You shall know anon," replied the maiden. "But come with me to the palace. I must see Lord Guilford Dudley, or the Duke of Northumberland, without a moment's delay."

"Warders," interposed Nightgall authoritatively: "go to Master Mauger's lodging in the Bloody Tower. Bid him hasten, with two assistants, and the sworn tormentor, to the dungeon beneath the Develin Tower. He will know which I mean. Justice is about to be done upon a prisoner."

"Oh no—no—do not go," cried Cicely, arresting the giants. "He does not mean it. He is jesting."

"Go home, then, and do not stir forth till I bring you the token," rejoined Nightgall, in a deep whisper.

"In Heaven's name, what is the meaning of all this?" cried Dame Potentia, in amazement.

"I will inform you," replied the jailer, drawing her aside. "Your daughter was about to elope with the young esquire. I detected them trying to escape by the secret passage beneath the moat, of which you know I have the key. Lock her within her chamber. Pay no attention to her tears, entreaties, or assertions. And, above all, take care no one has any communication with her."

"Trust me to guard her," rejoined Dame Potentia. "I know what these court-gallants are. They will venture

any thing, and contrive any thing, when a pretty girl is concerned. But what has happened to the esquire?"

"He is safe for the present," answered Nightgall, significantly.

Cicely, meantime, had availed herself of their conversation, to whisper a few words to Xit.

"Take this ring," she said, placing the ornament given her by her lover, in the hands of the dwarf, "and fly to the palace. Show it to Lord Guilford Dudley, and say that the wearer is imprisoned in the dungeons beneath the Develin Tower. Assistance must be speedily rendered, as he is ordered for immediate and secret execution. Do you understand?"

"Most precisely, lovely damsel," replied Xit, kissing her hand, as he took the ring; "and I guess the name and condition of the prisoner, as well as the nature of the interest you take in him."

"Fly!" interrupted Cicely. "Not a moment is to be lost. You shall be well rewarded for your trouble."

"I desire no higher reward than your thanks, adorable maiden," replied Xit. "Your behests shall be punctually obeyed." So saying, he disappeared.

"Come, young mistress," cried Dame Potentia, seizing her adoptive daughter's arm, "you must to your chamber. You have led me and your father, and these worthy warders, a pretty dance. But you shall lead us all where you list, if I let you out of my sight in future."

And thanking the giants, who looked on in speechless astonishment, she dragged Cicely along with her.

"Remember!" whispered Nightgall, as he walked a few paces by the side of the latter.

"I shall expect the token in an hour," she answered in the same tone.

"You shall have it," he rejoined.

With this, he halted, and retraced his steps. The others then separated. Cicely was conveyed to the Stone Kitchen; and the giants, after looking in vain for Xit, and calling to him repeatedly but without effect, returned to the By-ward Tower. Just as they reached it, a shot was fired from the battlements, and was immediately answered from those of the Middle Tower. Other reports followed. And, alarmed by the sounds, the huge brethren hastily unlocked the door of their lodging, and, entering it, to their infinite dismay found the prisoner gone.

CHAPTER VIII.

How Gilbert escaped from the By-ward Tower, and swam across the moat; how Og hung Xit upon a hook; and how Lawrence Nightgall brought the token to Cicely.

Gilbert having freed himself from his bonds, and elampered into the chimney in the By-ward Tower in the manner previously related, ascended without any inconvenience, except what was occasioned by the pungent smoke arising from the blazing fagots beneath, until he reached the level of the upper story, where another fireplace, connected with the passage up which he was mounting, so narrowed its limits, that it seemed scarcely possible to proceed further. The sound of voices in the chamber on this floor also alarmed him, and for some minutes he suspended his labour to listen. But as nothing occurred to disturb him, and it was evident, from the conversation of the speakers, that he had not been noticed, he presently resumed his task, and redoubling his efforts, soon vanquished all obstacles, and gained the opening of the chimney.

Here a fresh difficulty awaited him; and one for which he was wholly unprepared. The smoke found a vent through a small circular opening or louvre, as it was termed—for there was no chimney-top to disperse it to the air—in the battlements. Through this opening he must

necessarily creep; and, provided he could accomplish the feat, he had to elude the vigilance of the sentinels stationed on the roof of the turret. Luckily, the night was profoundly dark; and the gloom, increased by a thick mist from the river, was so intense, that an object could scarcely be discerned at a foot's distance. Thus favoured, Gilbert resolved to hazard the attempt.

Watching his opportunity, he drew himself cautiously through the louver, and without being noticed by the sentinel, who was standing beside it, crouched beneath the carriage of a culverin. In this state, he remained for a short time, meditating what course he should pursue, and nerving himself for some desperate attempt, when a door at the side of the southern turret suddenly opened, and three men-at-arms, the foremost of whom carried a torch, came to relieve guard.

Aware that he should now infallibly be discovered, Gilbert started to his feet, and drawing a dagger which he had picked up in the giants' chamber, stood upon his defence. The movement betrayed him. Though confounded by his appearance, the sentinel nearest him presented his partisan at his breast and commanded him to surrender. Gilbert answered by striking up the man's arm, and instantly sprang over the battlements.

A loud splash told that he had fallen into the moat. The men held the torch over the side of the turret. But it was too dark to distinguish any object below. Presently, however, a noise was heard in the water that convinced them the fugitive was swimming for the opposite bank. One of the soldiers instantly discharged his culverin in the direction of the sound, but without effect.

This served as an alarm to the guards posted on the western ramparts, as well as to those on the Middle Tower, both of which commanded this part of the moat, and other shots were immediately fired. A signal was then rapidly passed from tower to tower, and from portal to portal, until it reached the bulwark-gate, which formed the only entrance to the fortress on the west, and a body of armed men carrying lights instantly sallied forth and hurried toward the side of the moat.

Gilbert, meanwhile, swam for his life. Guided by the torches, which served to discover his enemies rather than to betray him, he effected a secure landing. But before he had climbed the steep bank, he was observed by a soldier, who, making toward him, shouted to his comrades for assistance. In the struggle that ensued, the torch borne by the soldier was extinguished, and bursting from him, Gilbert darted at a swift pace up Tower Hill. His pursuers were close upon him; but, well acquainted with the spot, he contrived to baffle them by flinging himself beneath the permanent scaffold, then standing upon the brow of the eminence, and thus eluded observation. As soon as his foes had passed, he struck off swiftly to the left, and leaping a low wall, skirted Allhallows Church, and speedily gained Tower Street.

While Gilbert was flying in this direction, his pursuers, finding themselves at fault, hastened back, and endeavoured to discover some trace of him. Some mounted the steps of the scaffold to see whether he had taken refuge on its blood-stained planks—some crept under it—others examined the posts of the neighbouring gallows—while a fourth party flew to a postern gate, which defended the southern extremity of the city wall, in the hope that he might have been stopped by the watch. All, however, it is needless to say, were disappointed. After some time had been fruitlessly expended, the whole party returned to the Tower to report the unsuccessful issue of their expedition.

Meanwhile the report of the musketry had reached the ears of Lord Clinton, the constable, who, attended by the lieutenant, the gentleman-porter, and a numerous patrol, chanced to be making the round of the fortifications at the

time, and he descended to the gates to ascertain the cause of the alarm. On learning it, he immediately summoned the herald and gigantic warders to his presence, and after sharply rebuking the former for neglect, ordered him into custody till the morning, when he proposed to take the duke's pleasure as to his punishment. He then turned to the giants, who tried to soften his displeasure by taking the blame upon themselves, and telling them he would listen to their statement when the herald was examined, and, in the interim, they would be answerable with their lives for any further dereliction of duty, he dismissed the assemblage, and returned with his train to the ramparts.

Among those who had been gathered together in the guard-room near the By-ward Tower, where the foregoing examination took place, were Nightgall and Xit—the latter having just returned from the palace, after a vain attempt to deliver his message to Lord Guilford Dudley, who, it has been already stated, was engaged at the time in secret conference with the Duke of Northumberland, and could not therefore be spoken with.

Ever on the alert, and suspicious of those around him, Nightgall overheard Og question the dwarf as to the cause of his absence; and perceiving, from Xit's manner, that he had some secret to communicate, he contrived to approach them unobserved. He then learned the message with which the dwarf had been entrusted by Cicely, and, enraged at her endeavour to overreach him, snatched the ring from him as he was displaying it to the giant, and threatened him with severe punishment, if he dared to meddle further in the matter.

As soon as he had recovered from his surprise, the affronted mannikin drew his rapier, and making several passes at Nightgall, would have certainly wounded him, if he had not dextrously avoided the blows by interposing the huge bulk of the giant between him and his assailant. The fury of the dwarf was so excessive, and the contortions into which he threw himself so inconceivably diverting, that Og could render him no assistance for laughing. Thrusting his sword between the giant's legs—now cutting on the right, now on the left—Xit tried in every way to hit the jailer, and must have succeeded, if Og, who was by no means desirous to have blood shed in so ridiculous a fray, and who enjoyed the pastime too much to speedily terminate it, had not prevented him.

Gog, moreover, having on the onset disarmed Nightgall, he could not protect himself except by keeping under the shelter of the giant. Foiled in his attempts, Xit's indignation knew no bounds, and exasperated by the derisive shouts and laughter of the spectators, he threatened to turn his sword against Og if he did not deliver up the jailer to his vengeance. This only produced louder roars of merriment from the bystanders; and the dwarf, whose passion had almost deprived him of reason, uttering a shrill scream like a child robbed of its plaything, threw himself on Og's leg, and scrambled up his body, with the intention of descending on the other side, and exterminating his foe.

This feat raised the merriment of the spectators to the utmost. Og suffered the imp to ascend without opposition, and clinging to the points of the giant's slashed red hose, Xit drew himself up to his broad girdle, and then setting one foot on the circlet of raised gold thread which surrounded the badge on his breast, soon gained his shoulder, and would have leaped from thence upon his foe, if Og, who began to think it time to put an end to the sport, had not seized him by the leg as he was in the act of springing off, and held him at arm's-length, with his heels upward.

After many useless struggles to liberate himself, and menaces of what he would do when he got free, which, as may be supposed, only provoked still further the laughter of the bystanders, Xit became so unmanageable, that Og fastened him by his nether garments to a hook in the wall,

about fourteen feet from the ground, and left him to recover himself.

Thus perched, the dwarf hurled his rapier at Nightgall's head, and replied to the jeers of the assemblage by such mops and mows as an enraged ape is wont to make at its persecutors. After the lapse of a few minutes, however, he began to find his position so uncomfortable, that he was fain to supplicate for release, to which, on receiving his assurance of quieter conduct for the future, Og consented, and accordingly unhooked him, and set him on the ground.

Nightgall, meanwhile, had taken advantage of this diversion, to leave the guard-room, and hasten to the Stone Kitchen.

Dame Potentia was just retiring to rest as the jailer reached her dwelling, and it was only by the most urgent importunity that he succeeded in obtaining admission.

"Your pardon, good dame," he said, as the door was opened. "I have that to tell Cicely, which will effectually cure her love for the young esquire."

"In that case, you are right welcome, Master Nightgall," she replied; "for the poor child has almost cried her pretty eyes out since I brought her home. And I have been so moved by her tears, that I greatly misdoubt if her lover had presented himself instead of you, whether I should have had the heart to refuse to let him see her."

"Fool!" muttered Nightgall, half aside. "Where is she?" he added, aloud. "I have no time to lose. I have a secret execution to attend before day-break."

"Yours is a butcherly office, Master Nightgall," observed Peter Trusbut, who was dozing in an arm-chair by the fire. "Those secret executions, to my mind, are little better than state murders. I would not, for all the power of the Duke of Northumberland, hold your office, or that of Gilliam Mauger, the headsman."

"Nor I yours, on the same fee, Master Pantler," rejoined Nightgall. "Tastes differ. Where is your daughter, good dame?"

"In her chamber," replied Potentia. "Ho! Cicely, sweetheart!" she added, knocking at a door at the end of a short passage leading out of the kitchen on the right. "Here is Master Nightgall desires to speak with you."

"Does he bring me the token?" demanded the maiden, from within.

"Ay, marry, does he, child," replied the dame, winking at the jailer. "Heaven forgive me the falsehood," she added, "for I know not what she means."

"Leave us a moment, dear mother," said Cicely, hastily unfastening the door. "Now, Master Nightgall," she continued, as Dame Potentia retired, and the jailer entered the room, "have you fulfilled your compact?"

"Cicely," rejoined the jailer, regarding her sternly, "you have not kept faith with me. You have despatched a messenger to the palace."

"Ah! he is free," exclaimed the maiden, joyfully—"your plans have been defeated."

Nightgall smiled bitterly.

"My messenger cannot have failed," she continued, with a sudden change of countenance. "I am sure Lord Guilford would not abandon his favourite esquire. Tell me what has happened?"

"I am come to claim fulfilment of your pledge," rejoined the jailer.

"Then you have set him free," cried Cicely. "Where is the token?"

"Behold it," replied Nightgall, raising his hand, on which her lover's ring sparkled.

"Lost!—lost!" shrieked Cicely, falling senseless upon the floor.

The jailer gazed at her a moment in silence, but did not attempt to offer any assistance. He then turned upon his heel, and strode out of the room.

"Look to your daughter, dame," he observed, as he passed through the Stone Kitchen.

CHAPTER IX.

Of the mysterious manner in which Gunnora Braose was brought to the Tower.

Hurrying along Tower Street, and traversing Eastcheap and Watling Street—then narrow but picturesque thoroughfares—Gilbert, to whom it is now necessary to return—did not draw breath till he reached the eastern extremity of St. Paul's. As he passed this reverend and matchless structure—the destruction of which was the heaviest loss sustained by the metropolis in the Great Fire—he strained his eyes towards its lofty tower, but the gloom was too profound to enable him to discern any thing of it beyond a dark and heavy mass.

"Thou art at present benighted, glorious fane!" he cried aloud. "But a bright dawn shall arise for thee, and all thy ancient splendour, with thy ancient faith, be restored. If I could see Mary queen, and hear mass solemnized within thy walls, I could die content!"

"And you shall hear it," said a voice in his ear.

"Who speaks?" asked Gilbert, trembling.

"Be at St. Paul's Cross to-morrow at midnight, and you shall know," replied the voice. "You are a loyal subject of Queen Mary, and a true Catholic, or your words belie you?"

"I am both," answered Gilbert.

"Fail not to meet me, then," rejoined the other, "and you shall receive assurance that your wishes shall be fulfilled. There are those at work who will speedily accomplish the object you desire."

"I will aid them heart and hand!" cried Gilbert.

"Your name?" demanded the other.

"I am called Gilbert Pot," answered the youth, "and am drawer to Ninian Saunders, at the Baptist's Head, in Ludgate."

"A vintner's boy!" exclaimed the other, disdainfully.

"Ay, a vintner's boy!" returned Gilbert. "But, when the usurper, Jane Dudley, was proclaimed at Cheapside this morning, mine was the only voice raised for Queen Mary."

"For which bold deed you were nailed to the pillory," rejoined the other.

"I was," replied Gilbert; "and was, moreover, carried to the Tower, whence I have just escaped."

"Your courage shall not pass unrequited," replied the speaker. "Where are you going?"

"To my master's at the Baptist's Head, at the corner of Creed Lane—not a bow-shot hence."

"It will not be safe to go thither," observed the other.

"Your master will deliver you to the watch."

"I will risk it, nevertheless," answered Gilbert. "I have an old grandamo whom I desire to see."

"Something strikes me!" exclaimed the other. "Is your grandamo the old woman who warned the usurper Jane not to proceed to the Tower?"

"She is," returned Gilbert.

"This is a strange encounter, in good sooth," cried the other. "She is the person I am in search of. You must procure me instant speech with her."

"I will conduct you to her right willingly, sir," replied Gilbert. "But she says little to any one, and may refuse to answer your questions."

"We shall see," rejoined the other. "Lead on, good Gilbert."

Followed by his unknown companion, about whom he felt a strange curiosity, not unalloyed with fear, Gilbert proceeded at a rapid pace towards his destination. The whole of the buildings then surrounding St. Paul's, it is almost unnecessary to say, were destroyed by the same

fire that consumed the Cathedral; and, though the streets still retain their original names, their situation is in some respects changed.

Passing beneath the shade of a large tree, which then grew at the western boundary of the majestic edifice, Gilbert darted through a narrow entry into Ave Maria Lane, and turning to the left, speedily reached Ludgate, which he crossed at some fifty paces from the Gate—then used, like several of the other city portals, as a prison—and, entering Creed Lane, halted before a low-built house on the right. The shutters were closed, but it was evident, from the uproarious sounds issuing from the dwelling, that revelry was going on within. Gilbert did not deem it prudent to open the street door, but calling to his companion, he went to the back of the tavern, and gained admittance through a window on the ground floor.

"They are having a merry rouse," he observed to the other, "in honour of the usurper; and my master, Ninion, will be too far gone to notice aught except his guests and his sack brewage, so that I may safely conduct your worship to my grandame. But first let me strike a light."

With this, he searched about for flint and steel, and having found them, presently set fire to a small lamp hanging against the wall, which he removed and turned, not without some apprehension, towards the stranger.

His glance fell upon a tall man, with an ample feuilletorte-coloured cloak thrown over his left shoulder, so as completely to muffle the lower part of his features. Gilbert could see nothing of the stranger's face, except an aquiline nose, and a pair of piercing black eyes; but the expression of the latter was so stern and searching, that his own regards involuntarily sank before them. A bonnet of black velvet, decorated with a single drooping feather, drawn over the brow, added to the stranger's disguise. But what was revealed of the physiognomy was so striking, that Gilbert was satisfied he should never forget it.

Something, indeed, there was of majesty in the stranger's demeanour, that, coupled with his sinister looks and the extraordinary brilliancy of his eyes, impressed the superstitious youth with the notion that he was in the presence of an unearthly being. Struck by this idea, he glanced at the stranger's feet, in expectation of finding one of the distinctive marks of the Prince of Darkness. But he beheld nothing except a finely-formed limb, clothed in black silk hose and a velvet shoe, above which hung the point of a lengthy rapier.

"I am neither the enemy of mankind nor your enemy, good youth," observed the stranger, who guessed the cause of Gilbert's apprehensions. "Bring your grandame hither, and take heed how you approach her, or your looks will alarm her more than mine do you."

It was not without reason that this caution was given. Gilbert's appearance was ghastly in the extreme. His countenance was haggard with the loss of blood; his garments torn and saturated with moisture; and his black, dripping locks, escaping from the blood-stained bandage around his head, contrasted fearfully with the deathly paleness of his visage. Acknowledging the justness of the suggestion, Gilbert decided upon proceeding in the dark, that his appearance might not be observed.

Accordingly, he crept cautiously up stairs, and returned in a few minutes with his aged relative. Gilbert found the stranger in the same attitude he had left him, and his appearance startled Gunnora as much as it had done him.

Crossing herself, she glanced uneasily at the mysterious stranger. From him her eye wandered to Gilbert; and terrified by his haggard looks, she cried in a tone of anxiety, "You have suffered much, my child. The ill news reached me of the shameful punishment with which you have been visited for your loyalty to your true queen. I heard also that you had been conveyed a prisoner to the Tower; and was about to make suit to the gracious lady,

Jane Dudley, in your behalf. Was I wrongfully informed?"

"No, mother, you were not," replied Gilbert. "But heed me not. There stands the worshipful gentleman who desires to speak with you."

"I am ready to answer his questions," said Gunnora. "Let him propose them."

"First, let me tell you, dame," said the stranger, "that your grandson's devotion to Queen Mary shall not pass unrequited. Ere many days—perchance many hours—shall have passed, he shall exchange his serge doublet for a suit of velvet."

"You hear that, mother," exclaimed Gilbert, joyfully.

"Who are you that make him the offer?" asked Gunnora, steadfastly regarding the stranger.

"You shall know anon," he replied. "Suffice it, I can make good my words. Your presence is required in the Tower."

"By the Lady Jane—I should say by the queen?" rejoined Gunnora.

"By the Privy Council," returned the stranger.

"What do they seek from me?" demanded the old woman.

"To testify to the death of his late majesty, King Edward the Sixth," replied the other.

"Ha!" exclaimed Gunnora.

"Fear nothing," rejoined the stranger. "The council will befriend you. Their object is to prove that Edward was poisoned by Northumberland's order. Can you do this?"

"I can," replied Gunnora. "My hand administered the fatal draught."

"Yours, mother!" ejaculated Gilbert, horror-stricken.

"Prove this, and Northumberland will lose his head," said the stranger.

"Were my own to fall with it, I would do so," replied Gunnora. "My sole wish is to avenge my foster-son, the great Duke of Somerset, who fell by Northumberland's foul practices. It was therefore when all the physicians of the royal household were dismissed, and the duke sent messengers for empirical aid, that I presented myself and offered my services. When I beheld the royal sufferer, I saw he had but short space to live. But short as it was, it was too long for the duke. A potion was prepared by Northumberland, which I administered. From that moment his highness grew worse, and in six hours he was a corpse."

"It was a cursed deed," cried Gilbert.

"True," replied Gunnora, "it was so, and Heaven will surely avenge it. But I did it to get Northumberland into my power. The king's case was past all remedy. But he might have lingered for days and weeks, and the duke was impatient for the crown. I was impatient too—but it was for his head. And therefore I did his bidding."

"Your vengeance shall be fully gratified," replied the stranger. "Come with me."

"Hold!" exclaimed Gunnora. "How will this testimony affect the Lady Jane?"

"It will deprive her of her crown—perchance her head," rejoined the stranger.

"Then it shall never be uttered," replied Gunnora, firmly.

"Torture shall wring it from you," cried the stranger, furiously.

The old woman drew herself up to her full height, and regarding the stranger fixedly, answered in a stern tone—"Let it be tried upon me."

"Mother," said Gilbert, striding between them, and, drawing his dagger, "go back to your own room. You shall not peril your safety thus."

"Tush!" exclaimed the stranger, impatiently. "No harm

shall befall her. I thought you were both loyal subjects of Queen Mary. How can she assume the sovereign power while Jane grasps the sceptre?"

"But you aim at her life?" cried Gunnora.

"No," replied the stranger, "I would preserve her. My object is to destroy Northumberland, and restore the crown to her to whom it rightfully belongs."

"In that case I will go with you," returned the old woman.

"You will fall into a snare," interposed her grandson.

"Let him declare who he is."

"I will reveal my name to your grandame, boy," replied the stranger. And advancing toward Gunnora, he whispered in her ear.

The old woman started and trembled.

"Hinder me not, Gilbert," she said. "I must go with him."

"Shall I accompany you?" asked her grandson.

"On no account," replied the stranger, "unless you desire to be lodged in the deepest dungeon in the Tower. Be at the place of rendezvous to-morrow night, and you shall know more. Are you ready, good dame?"

Gunnora signified her assent; and, after a few parting words with her grandson, the latter unfastened a small door, opening upon the yard, and let them out.

They were scarcely clear of the house, when the stranger, placing a silver whistle to his lips, blew a call upon it, which was instantly answered by a couple of attendants. At a signal from their leader, they placed themselves on either side of Gunnora, and in spite of her resistance and remonstrances, dragged her forcibly along. The stranger, who marched a few yards in advance, proceeded at so rapid a pace, that the old woman found it utterly impossible to keep up with him. She therefore stood still, and refused to take another step. But this did not avail her, for the two attendants seized her in their arms, and hurried forward as swiftly as before.

Though bewildered and alarmed, Gunnora did not dare to cry out for assistance. Indeed, they did not encounter a single passenger in the streets, until, as they were descending Budge Row, they heard the clank of arms, and beheld the gleam of torches borne by a party of the watch who were approaching from Canwick Street, or as it is now called, Cannon Street.

Turning off on the right, the stranger descended Dowgate Hill, and gained Thames Street before he had been remarked. A short time sufficed to bring him to St. Mary Hill, up which he mounted, and entering Thames Street, and passing St. Dunstan's in the East on the right, and the ancient church of All Hallows Barking on the left, he reached Great Tower Hill.

By this time the vapours from the river had cleared off. The stars had begun to peep forth, and the first glimpse of day to peer in the east. By this light, and from this spot, the stern and sombre outline of the Tower, with its ramparts—its citadel, and its numerous lesser turrets, was seen to great advantage. On the summit of the Hill appeared the scaffold and the gallows already noticed.

Pausing for a moment, and pointing to a range of buildings, the summits of which could just be distinguished, to the south of the White Tower, the stranger said—"Within that palace Northumberland now reposes, surrounded by a triple line of fortifications, and defended by a thousand armed men. But if you will only reveal all you know, ere another week has passed, his head shall be laid on that scaffold."

"The last time I beheld that fatal spot," returned Gunnora, "my foster-son, the Duke of Somerset was decapitated there. If I can avenge him upon his foe, I shall die content."

"Obey my directions implicitly, and you shall do so," rejoined the other.

"How are we to enter the Tower?" asked Gunnora.

"Not by the ordinary road," replied the other, significantly. "But we shall be observed if we linger here. Forward!"

Crossing the Hill in the direction of the City Postern, the stranger suddenly wheeled round, and, under cover of a low wall, approached the moat. Exactly opposite the Devilin Tower, and the bastion occupying the northwestern angle of the exterior line of fortifications, stood at this time, at a little distance from the moat, a small, low building. Toward this structure the stranger hastened. As he drew near it, he glanced uneasily at the ramparts, to ascertain whether he was observed. But though the measured tread of the sentinels and the clank of arms were distinctly audible, he remained unperceived.

Unlocking the door, the whole party entered the building, which was apparently deserted. After a moment's search, the stranger discovered a spring in the floor, which he pulled, and a trap-door opened, disclosing a long and steep flight of steps, at the foot of which sat a man with a mask, bearing a torch.

No sooner did this person hear the noise occasioned by the opening of the trap-door, than he hastily ascended, and placed himself in readiness to guide the party. On gaining the level ground, it was evident from the dampness of the arched roof of the passage, and the slippery surface of the floor along which they trod, that they were far below the bottom of the moat. Traversing this damp, dark passage for more than a hundred yards, the humid atmosphere gave place to a more wholesome air, and the ground became drier.

Hitherto, the passage had been about three feet wide and seven high, and was arched and flagged with stone. But they had now arrived at a point where it became more lofty, and their further progress was checked by a strong door plated with iron, and studded with nails. Taking a huge key from his girdle, the man in the mask unlocked this ponderous door, and, admitting the party, fastened it behind him. He then led them up another stone staircase, similar in all respects to the first, except that it did not ascend to more than half the height. This brought them to a vaulted gallery, from which three passages branched.

Pursuing that on the right, and preceded by his masked attendant, the stranger strode silently along. As she followed him, Gunnora noticed several strong doors in the wall, which she took to be entrances to dungeons. After threading this passage, the party ascended a third short flight of steps, at the top of which was a trap-door. It was opened by the guide, and admitted them into a small stone chamber, the walls of which appeared, from the embrasures of the windows, to be of immense thickness. The roof was groined and arched. In the centre of the room stood a small table, on which some provisions were placed. A small copper lamp, suspended from the roof, threw a sickly light around, and discovered a little pallet stretched in a recess on the right.

"You are now in the Bowyer's Tower, in the chamber where it is said the Duke of Clarence was drowned in the butt of malmsey," observed the stranger. "Here you will remain till your presence is required by the Council."

Gunnora would have remonstrated, but the stranger waved his hand to her to keep silence, and, followed by his attendants, descended through the trap-door, which was closed and bolted beneath.

CHAPTER X.

How the Duke of Northumberland menaced Simon Renard in Saint Peter's Chapel on the Tower-green; and how Queen Jane interposed between them.

It will now be proper to ascertain how far the Duke of Northumberland was justified in his suspicions of Queen

Jane's conduct being influenced by some secret and adverse counsel. After the abrupt departure of Lord Guilford Dudley for Sion House, as before related, she was greatly distressed, and refused at first to credit the intelligence. But when it was confirmed beyond all doubt by a message from her husband himself, declaring that he would not return till she had acceded to his request, she burst into tears, and withdrew to her own chamber, where she remained for some time alone.

When she re-appeared, it was evident from her altered looks that she had suffered deeply. But it was evident, also, from her composure of countenance and firmness of manner, that whatever resolution she had formed, she would adhere to it.

Summoning the Earls of Arundel and Pembroke to her presence, she briefly explained to them that she had heard, with infinite concern and uneasiness, that the council had proposed to raise her husband to the throne, because she foresaw that it would breed trouble and dissatisfaction, and greatly endanger her own government.

"Your highness judges rightly," replied the Earl of Pembroke. "It will be said that in thus elevating his son, Northumberland seeks only his own aggrandisement."

"And it will be truly said, my lord," rejoined Jane. "But if this is your opinion, why was your voice given in favour of the measure?"

"No man is bound to accuse himself," replied Pembroke.

"But every man is bound to speak truth, my lord," rejoined Jane. "Again I ask you, why your assent was given to this measure, which, by your own admission, is fraught with danger?"

"The Duke of Northumberland is my enemy," replied the Earl, sternly. "Had this step been taken, it would have ensured his destruction."

"You speak frankly, my lord," rejoined the Queen. "But you forget that it must have ensured my destruction also."

"I am a loyal subject of your majesty," replied the Earl of Pembroke, "and will shed my last drop of blood in the defence of your crown. But I will not submit to the Duke's imperious conduct."

"And yet, my lord, you owe your own dignity to him," rejoined Jane, sarcastically. "Sir William Herbert would not have been Earl of Pembroke but for the Duke's intercession with our cousin Edward. For shame, my lord! you owe him too much to act against him."

"I owe him nothing," interposed the Earl of Arundel, "and may therefore speak without risk of any such imputation as your majesty has thrown out against Lord Pembroke. If the overweening power of the Duke of Northumberland be not checked, it will end in his downfall, and the downfall of all those with whom he is connected."

"I thank you for your counsel, my lord," replied the Queen; "and, setting down much to your private animosity, will place the rest to loyalty to myself."

"Your highness will be speedily satisfied of the truth of my assertion, if you refuse compliance with Northumberland's demands," replied Pembroke. "But you will find it, unless you have recourse to strong measures, a difficult and a dangerous game to play."

"To one who, though so young in years, is yet so old in wisdom as your majesty," added the Earl of Arundel, "it will be needless to say, that on the first decisive movement of your reign—as on that of a battle—depends the victory. If you yield, all is lost. From this one step the Duke will estimate your character, and become either your servant or your master. From his conduct, also, you will know what to expect from him hereafter."

"My resolution is taken, my lords," returned the Queen.

"The course I have resolved upon in reference to the duke, you will learn when I meet you in the council chamber, where he will be present to speak for himself—and, if need be, defend himself. My desire is that my reign should begin and proceed in peace. And, if you hope for my favour, you will forget your differences with his grace, and act in concert with me. In asserting my own power, I trust I shall convince him of the futility of any further struggle with me, and so bring him to a sense of duty."

"Your majesty may depend upon the full support of your council," rejoined Arundel.

"I doubt it not, my lord," replied Jane. "And now to the business on which I summoned you. It may have reached you that my dear lord has departed this morning for Sion House, in great displeasure that I have refused to comply with his wishes."

"We have heard as much," replied both noblemen.

"My desire is that you hasten after him and entreat him to return with all speed," pursued Jane.

"Your majesty then consents!" exclaimed Pembroke, hastily.

"Not so, my lord," replied the Queen. "I will raise him to his father's rank. He shall have a dukedom, but not a kingdom."

"I would counsel your majesty to reflect ere you concede thus much," observed Arundel.

"I have already said that my resolution is taken," replied the Queen. "Repeat what I have told you to him and entreat him to return."

"Entreat him!" echoed Pembroke, scornfully. "It is not for your highness to entreat, but to command. Obedience sworn at the altar by the lips of the Queen of England, is cancelled as soon as uttered. Your husband is your subject. Empower us to bring him to you, and he shall be at your feet within an hour."

"My pleasure is that you literally fulfil my injunctions, my lords," replied the Queen. "Lord Guilford Dudley was the husband of my choice. When I gave my hand to him at the altar, I had no thought that it would ever grasp a sceptre. Nor, till I obtained this unlooked-for, and, believe me, most unwished-for dignity, did the slightest misunderstanding ever arise between us. But now that I am compelled to sacrifice my affections at the shrine of duty—now that I am Queen as well as consort—and he is subject as well as husband—this disagreement has occurred, which a little calm reflection will put to rights."

"What if his lordship refuses to return with us?" asked Pembroke.

"You will use your best endeavours to induce him to do so," replied Jane, a tear starting to her eye, and her voice faltering in spite of her efforts to maintain her composure. "But if you fail, I shall at least be satisfied that I have done my duty."

"Your majesty's commands shall be obeyed," replied Pembroke. "But we must have your license to go forth—for we are detained as prisoners within the Tower."

"You shall have it," replied Jane. And she immediately wrote out the order.

"The passport must be countersigned by the duke," said Pembroke. "The gate-keepers will not hold this sufficient authority."

"How!" exclaimed Jane, reddening, "Am I not Queen? Is not my authority absolute here?"

"Not while the duke holds his high office, gracious madam," returned Pembroke. "His followers give you the name of Queen. But they look up to him as sovereign."

"My lord, I need no assurance that you are Northumberland's mortal enemy," replied Jane.

"I am your majesty's loyal subject," replied the Earl. "And if your passport be respected, I will confess that I have wronged him."

"And if it be not, I will confess I have wronged you, my lord," rejoined Jane. "The royal barge is at your service, An usher shall conduct you to it."

So saying, she motioned one of her train to attend them, and the two nobles bowed and departed.

As soon as they had quitted the royal presence, Pembroke observed to his companion—

"We have now effected a quarrel which will end in Northumberland's destruction and Jane's dethronement. Simon Renard will so fan the flame, that it shall never be extinguished."

As the Earl anticipated, the Queen's pass was refused—the warders declaring that their instructions were to suffer no one to go forth without the Duke's written order. They then returned to the palace. It was some time before they were admitted to the Queen, as she was engaged in the angry conference previously related with her mother-in-law. When the Duchess had departed, they sought an audience.

"How, my lords," cried Jane, turning very pale, "do I see you again so soon?"

"It is as I informed your highness," replied the Earl of Pembroke, laying the order on the table. "The Duke is master here."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Queen, starting to her feet, "am I deserted by my husband—braved by the Duke—and treated like an infant by his imperious dame. I cry your pardon, my lords, you have not deceived me. You are my loyal subjects. Oh! I could weep to think how I have been deluded. But they shall find they have not made me Queen for nothing. While I have power, I will use it. My lords, I bid you to the council at noon to-morrow. I shall summon Lord Guilford Dudley to attend it, and he will refuse at his peril."

"Have a care, gracious madam, how you proceed with that Duke," replied Pembroke. "Your royal predecessor, Edward, it is said, came not fairly by his end. If Northumberland finds you an obstacle to his designs, instead of a means of forwarding them, he will have little scruple in removing you."

"I shall be wary, doubt it not, my lord," rejoined Jane. "To-morrow you shall learn my pleasure. I count on your fidelity."

"Your majesty may safely do so," they replied. And with many renewed assurances of zeal they departed.

"Her spirit is now fairly roused," observed Pembroke, as they quitted the palace. "If she hold in the same mind till to-morrow, it is all over with Northumberland."

"*Souvent femme varie, bien fol est qui s'y fie*," observed Simon Renard, advancing to meet them. "Let me know how you have sped."

The Earl of Pembroke then related the particulars of their interview with the Queen.

"All goes on as well as I could desire," observed Renard. "But she must come to an open rupture with him, else the crafty Duke will find some means of soothing her wounded pride. Be that my task."

Taking their way slowly along the outer ward, the trio passed under the gloomy gateway of the Bloody Tower, and ascended a flight of steps on the left leading to the Tower Green. Here (as now) grew an avenue of trees, and beneath their shade they found De Noailles, who instantly joined them. Renard then entered into a full detail of his schemes, and acquainted them with the information he had received through his messengers, in spite of all the Duke's precautions, of the accession in strength which Mary's party had received, and of the numbers who had declared themselves in her favour. He further intimated that his agents were at work among the people to produce a revolt in the metropolis.

As they proceeded across the Tower Green, the Earl of Pembroke paused at a little distance from the chapel, and

pointing to a square patch of ground, edged by a border of white stones, and completely destitute of herbage, said:

"Two Queens have perished here. On this spot stood the scaffolds of Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard."

"And ere long a third shall be added to their number," observed Renard, gloomily.

Shaping their course toward the northeast angle of the fortress, they stopped before a small turret, at the time called the Martin Tower, and used as a place of confinement for state offenders, but now denominated the Jewel Tower, from the circumstance of its being the depository of the regalia.

"Within that tower are imprisoned the Catholic Bishops Gardiner and Bonner," remarked Arundel.

"Let Mary win the crown, and it shall be tenanted by the protestants, Cranmer and Ridley," muttered Renard.

While the others returned to the Green, Renard lingered for an instant to contemplate the White Tower, which is seen perhaps to greater advantage from this point of view than from any other in the fortress. And as it is in most respects unchanged—excepting such repairs as time has rendered necessary, and some alterations in the doorways and windows, to be noted hereafter—the modern visitor to this spot may, if he please, behold it in much the same state that it appeared to the plotting Spanish ambassador.

Rising to a height of nearly a hundred feet; built in a quadrangular form; terminated at each angle by a lofty turret, three of which are square, while the fourth, situated at the northeast, is circular, and of larger dimensions than the others; embattled; having walls of immense thickness, exceeding fourteen feet, and further strengthened by broad flat buttresses, dividing the face of the building into compartments; lighted by deep semi-circular-arched windows; this massive stronghold, constructed entirely of stone—and now in some parts defaced by a coating of mortar and flints—occupies an area of a hundred and sixteen feet on the north and south, and ninety-six on the east and west. At the southeast corner is a broad, semi-circular projection, marking the situation of St. John's Chapel, already described. The round turret, at the northeast angle, was used as an observatory by the celebrated astronomer, Flamsteed, in the reign of Charles the Second. The principal entrance was on the north, and was much more spacious than the modern doorway, which occupies its site.

At the period of this chronicle the White Tower was connected, as has already been mentioned, on the southeast with the ancient palace. On the south stood a fabric called the Jewel House; while at the southwestern angle was another embattled structure of equal elevation and dimensions with the By-ward Tower and the other gates, denominated the Coal-harbour Tower. These, with the Lanthorn Tower and the line of buildings extending in an easterly direction toward the Broad Arrow Tower, have totally disappeared, and the White Tower is now disconnected with every other edifice. For centuries it has stood, and for centuries may it continue to stand! Within its walls the old monarchs of England have held their councils—within its vaults prisoners have sighed—from its gates queens have come forth to execution! Long may it flourish as a fearful memento of the past!

On the present occasion, it presented a stirring picture. From a tall staff, planted on the roof, floated the royal standard. Cannon bristled from its battlements, and armed men were seen marching from post to post on its platforms. Before the principal entrance four warders were stationed; and in front troops of arquebusiers and archers were passing under the review of their leaders. The sound of martial music filled the air; pennons and banners fluttered in the breeze; and pikes, steel caps, and corselets glittered in the sunbeams. Amid these warlike groups, the figures of the gigantic warders and their dimi-

native attendant, Xit, caught the eye of Renard, and filled him with astonishment: the former being taller by the head and shoulders than the mass of their companions, beside far exceeding them in bulk and size of limb; while the latter with more than ordinary pretensions to the dignity of manhood, had scarcely the stature of a child. It must not be omitted in the description of the White Tower that the summits of its four turrets were surmounted by large vanes, each decorated with a crown, in the hollows of which, as in our own time, the jackdaws were accustomed to build.

After gazing at this magnificent structure for a few minutes, and indulging in the emotions which its contemplation inspired, Simon Renard followed his companions, and resumed his discourse. They had again adverted to Jane, when the door of the principal entrance of the White Tower was thrown open, and, attended by the Duchess of Suffolk and the Ladies Hastings and Herbert, the subject of their conference issued from it and proceeded on foot toward St. Peter's Chapel. The road was immediately cleared by her attendants, and the three gigantic warders and their tiny companion marched before her, and planted themselves on either side of the chapel door. Glancing significantly at his companions, Renard motioned them to follow him, and hurried toward the sacred pile.

"What! you, a rigid Catholic, M. Renard," observed Pembroke, "about to attend Protestant worship? Hopes may be entertained of your conversion."

"Stronger hopes may be entertained that I shall restore the ancient worship," muttered Renard, as he entered the chapel, and took his place unobserved by the queen behind one of the columns of the aisle, while she advanced to the altar.

Erected in the reign of Edward the First, the little chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula (the parochial church—for the Tower, it is almost needless to say, is a parish in itself), is the second structure occupying the same site and dedicated to the same saint. The earlier fabric was much more spacious, and contained two chancels, with stalls for the king and queen, as appears from the following order for its repair issued in the reign of Henry the Third, and recorded by Stow: "The king to the keepers of the Tower work, sendeth greeting: We command you to brush or plaster with lime well and decently the chancel of St. Mary, in the church of St. Peter, within the bailliwick of our Tower of London, and the chancel of St. Peter in the same church; and from the entrance of the chancel of St. Peter to the space of four feet beyond the stalls made for our own and our queen's use in the same church; and the same stalls to be painted. And the little Mary with her shrine and the images of St. Peter, St. Nicholas, and Katherine, and the beam beyond the altar of St. Peter, and the little cross with its images to be colored anew, and to be refreshed with good colours. And that you cause to be made a certain image of St. Christopher holding and carrying Jesus, where it may best and most conveniently be done, and painted in the aforesaid church. And that ye cause two fair tables to be made and painted of the best colours concerning the stories of the blessed Nicholas and Katherine, before the altars of the said saints in the same church. And that ye cause to be made two fair cherubims with a cheerful and joyful countenance standing on the right and left of the great cross in the said church. And moreover, one marble font with marble pillars well and handsomely wrought."

Thus much respecting the ancient edifice. The more recent chapel is a small, unpretending stone structure, and consists of a nave and an aisle at the north, separated by pointed arches, supported by clustered stone pillars of great beauty. Its chief interest is derived from the many illustrious and ill-fated dead crowded within its narrow walls.

Here rested for a brief season, the body of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, beheaded in 1535, for denying the king's supremacy—"a prelate," says Holinshed, "of great learning and of very good life. The pope had elected him a cardinal and sent his hat as far as Calais. But his head was off before his hat was on, so that they met not." Next to Fisher was interred his friend, the wise, the witty, the eloquent Sir Thomas More, whom Hall, the Chronicler, hesitates whether he shall describe as a "foolish wise man, or a wise foolish man,"—and who jested even on the scaffold. His body was afterward removed, at the intercession of his daughter, Margaret Roper, to Chelsea. Here also was interred the last of the right line of the Plantagenets, Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, the mother of Cardinal Pole. The venerable Countess refused to lay her head upon the block, saying (as Lord Herbert of Cherbury reports),—"So should traitors do, and I am none." Neither did it serve that the executioner told her it was the fashion: so turning her gray head every way, she bid him, if he would have it, to get it as he could: *so he was constrained to fetch it off slowly.*"

Here also was deposited the headless trunk of another of Henry the Eighth's victims, Thomas Lord Cromwell, the son of a blacksmith, who, having served as a common soldier under Bourbon, at the sack of Rome, entered Wolsey's service, and rose to be Grand Chamberlain of the realm. Here, in Elizabeth's reign, were brought the remains of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, who aspired to the hand of the Queen of Scots. And here also were laid those of Robert Devereux, the rash and ill-fated Earl of Essex. Under the communion-table was interred, at a later date, the daring and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, who fell a sacrifice to his ambition. And to come down to yet more recent times, beneath the little gallery at the west end of the chapel, were buried the three leaders of the rebellion of 1745—Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat.

There were four other graves, which, as being more nearly connected with the personages introduced in this chronicle, it will be proper to notice separately. Before the altar, on the west, a plain flag bore the inscription "EDWARD SEYMOUR, DUKE OF SOMERSET, 1552." On the next grave to that of the great Lord Protector was written "KATHERINE HOWARD," and on the adjoining stone "ANNE BOLEYN." These two queens—equally unfortunate, but not, perhaps, equally culpable—perished within five years of each other—the latter suffering in 1536, the former in 1541. Close to the wall on the right, a fourth grave bore the name of "THOMAS SEYMOUR, BARON SUDLEY." Seymour was brother to the Duke of Somerset, and Lord High Admiral of England; and the only stain on the Protector's otherwise reproachless character is, that he signed his death-warrant, and declined to use the power he undoubtedly possessed, of procuring his pardon. The fiery and ambitious Admiral was beheaded in 1549.

Between this grave and that of Anne Boleyn intervened a plain stone, unmarked by any inscription, and indicating a vacant tomb. Beneath this flag, eighteen months after the execution of his victim, the Duke of Somerset—and barely six weeks from the day on which this chronicle opens—was deposited the headless trunk of the once all-powerful and arrogant Northumberland.

The service over, as the Queen was about to depart, Simon Renard advanced to meet her. Returning his ceremonious salutation by a dignified greeting, Jane, with a look of some surprise, inquired the cause of his presence.

"I might have chosen a more fitting season and place for an audience with your majesty," replied Renard, in the low and silvery tone which he could adopt at pleasure. "But I have that to communicate which emboldens me to break through all forms."

"Declare it then, sir," replied the Queen.

Renard glanced significantly at her. She understood him, and motioning her attendants to withdraw to a little distance, they obeyed; and Lady Hastings seized the opportunity of despatching a messenger to her father to acquaint him with the circumstance, as already related.

What was the nature of the disclosure made by the wily ambassador to the Queen, it is not our present purpose to reveal. That it was important was evident from the deep attention she paid to it; and it was apparent, also, from her changing looks and agitated demeanour, that her fears were greatly aroused. As Renard proceeded, her uneasiness increased so much that she could scarcely support herself, and her attendants were about to hasten to her assistance, when a gesture from the ambassador checked them.

Different inferences were drawn by the various witnesses of this singular interview. But all were satisfied of the ascendancy which Renard had, in some manner, acquired over the youthful sovereign. While glances of triumph were exchanged between the conspiring lords, who watched them from their station in the aisle, the greatest misgivings were experienced by the Ladies Hastings and Herbert. Unable to comprehend the mystery, they were so much struck with the peculiar expression of Jane's countenance, which precisely resembled the look she wore after the mysterious occurrence in St. John's Chapel, that they could not help thinking the present conference had some relation to that event.

Renard's manner, indeed, was so extraordinary that it furnished some clue to the nature of his discourse. Casting off the insinuating tone and deferential deportment with which he had commenced, he gradually assumed a look and accent of command, and almost of menace. His figure dilated, and, fixing his black, flaming eye upon the trembling Queen, he stamped his foot upon the vacant grave on which he was standing, and said, in a voice so loud that it reached the ears of the listeners,

"Your majesty will never wear your crown in safety till Northumberland lies here!"

Before any answer could be returned, the door of the chapel was suddenly thrown open, and the Duke presented himself. A momentary change passed over Renard's countenance at this interruption; but he instantly recovered his composure, and, folding his arms upon his breast, awaited the result.

Unable to control his indignation, the Duke strode toward them, and, flinging his jewelled cap on the ground, drew his sword.

"M. Renard," he exclaimed, "you are a traitor!"

"To whom, my lord?" answered Renard, calmly.

"To me—to the Queen," rejoined the Duke.

"If to be your grace's enemy is to be a traitor, I confess I am one," retorted Renard, sternly. "But I am no traitor to her majesty."

"It is false!" exclaimed the Duke, furiously. "You are her worst and most dangerous enemy. And nothing but the sacred spot in which you have sought shelter prevents me from taking instant vengeance upon you."

Renard smiled disdainfully.

"Your grace threatens safely," he said, in a taunting tone.

"Insolent!" exclaimed the Duke, roused to a pitch of ungovernable fury. "Draw and defend yourself, or I will strike you dead at my feet."

"Put up your sword, my lord," cried Jane, throwing herself between them. "You forget in whose presence you stand."

"No!" exclaimed Northumberland, "I do not forget. I am in the presence of one who owes her authority to me, and who holds it through me. The same power which made you Queen can as readily unmake you."

"Your majesty will now judge who is the traitor," observed Renard, sarcastically.

"I do," she replied. "I command your grace," she continued, authoritatively addressing Northumberland, "to quit the chapel instantly."

"What if I refuse to obey?" rejoined the Duke.

"Your grace will do well not to urge me too far," replied Jane. "Obey me, or take the consequences."

"What are they?" cried the Duke, contemptuously.

"Your arrest," said the Earl of Pembroke, laying his hand upon his sword, and advancing. "If his grace will not submit himself to your highness's authority, we will compel him to do so."

"Jane!" cried the Duke, suddenly controlling himself, "be warned before it is too late. You are in the hands of those who will destroy you."

"On the contrary," rejoined Renard, "her majesty is in the hands of those who will uphold her, and destroy you."

"No more of this," interposed the Queen. "If you are, what you profess yourselves, my faithful subjects, you will reconcile your differences."

"Never!" exclaimed the Duke. "Let M. Renard look to himself!"

"Another such menace, my lord," said Jane, "and I place you in arrest."

"Threatened men live long," observed Renard. "I beseech your majesty not to place any restraint upon his grace."

"Will your highness grant me a moment's speech with you?" said Northumberland, sheathing his sword.

"Not now, my lord," replied Jane. "To-morrow, at the council, you shall be fully heard. And I charge you, by your allegiance, to cease all hostilities till then. Have I your knightly word for this?"

"You have," replied the Duke, after a moment's reflection.

"And yours, M. Renard?" continued the Queen, turning to him.

"Since his grace has passed his word, I cannot withhold mine," replied the ambassador; "but I give it with reluctance."

"Your grace will not fail to attend the council, to-morrow," said Jane.

"If your highness desire it I will not, undoubtedly," replied the Duke. "But since you decline to act upon my advice, there can be little need of my presence."

"My wishes—my commands are, that you attend," rejoined the Queen.

"Your wishes are commands," rejoined the Duke. "I will be there."

"Enough," replied Jane. "M. Renard, you will accompany me to the palace."

As the ambassador was preparing to depart, he perceived Northumberland's cap lying at his feet.

"Your grace's hat," he observed, pointing to it. And glancing significantly at Jane, he added, in an audible whisper, "would the head were in it!"

"Ha!" exclaimed the Duke, laying his hand upon his sword. "But you are safe till to-morrow."

Renard made no reply, but with a smile of exultation followed the Queen out of the chapel.

CHAPTER XI.

How the Duke of Northumberland was prevailed upon to undertake the enterprise against the Lady Mary.

At noon on the following day, the council was held as appointed by the Queen. In the mean time, alarming intelligence having been received of the accession which Mary's party had obtained, it became absolutely necessary that immediate and decisive measures should be taken against her.

As soon as the Lords of the Council, including the two ambassadors, Renard and Noailles, were assembled, and

the Queen had taken her seat upon the throne, the Earl of Pembroke stepped forward and thus addressed her :

"It is with infinite concern that I have to apprise your majesty that news has just been brought that Sir Edward Hastings, with an army of four thousand men, has gone over to the Lady Mary. Five counties have also revolted. Your highness is already aware that the Earls of Sussex, Bath and Oxford, Lord Wentworth, Sir Thomas Cornwallis and Sir Henry Jerningham, have raised the commoners of Suffolk and Norfolk. Lord Windsor, Sir Edmund Peckham, Sir Robert Drury, and Sir Edward Hastings, have now raised those of Buckinghamshire. Sir John Williams and Sir Leonard Chamberlain, have stirred up a party in Oxfordshire, and Sir Thomas Tresham another in Northamptonshire. These rebels with their companies are now marching toward Framlingham Castle."

"The revolt must be instantly checked," rejoined Jane. "An army must be sent against her."

"To whom will your majesty entrust its command?" inquired the Earl of Pembroke.

"To one well fitted for the office—my father, Duke of Suffolk," answered the Queen.

"My advice is, that it be given to the Duke of Northumberland," said the Earl of Arundel. "Wherever he has carried his arms—in Scotland and in France—he has been victorious. The recollection of the defeat sustained by the rebels at Dussindale will operate in his favour. His grace has every recommendation for the office. Having achieved the victory of Norfolk once already, he will be so feared that none will dare to lift up a weapon against him. Beside which, I need scarcely remind your highness, who must be familiar with his high reputation, that he is the best man of war in the realm, as well for the ordering of his camps and soldiers, both in battle and in the tent, as for his experience and wisdom, with which he can both animate his army and either vanquish his enemies by his courage and skill, or else dissuade them (if need be,) from their enterprise."

"My voice is for Northumberland," cried Cecil.

"And mine," added Huntingdon.

"We are all unanimous," cried the rest of the council.

"Your grace hears the opinion just given," said Jane.

"Will you undertake the command?"

"No," answered the Duke, bluntly. "I will shed my blood in your majesty's defence. But I see through the designs of your artful council, and will not be made their dupe. Their object is to withdraw me from you. Let the Duke of Suffolk take the command. I will maintain the custody of the Tower."

"Do not suffer him to decline it," whispered Simon Renard to the Queen. "By this means you will accomplish a double purpose—ensure a victory over Mary, and free yourself from the yoke he will otherwise impose upon you. If the Duke of Suffolk departs, and he is left absolute master of the Tower, you will never attain your rightful position."

"You are right," replied Jane. "My lord," she continued, addressing the Duke, "I am satisfied that the council mean you well. I pray you, therefore, to acquiesce in their wishes and my own."

"Why will not your highness send the Duke of Suffolk, as you have this moment proposed?" rejoined Northumberland.

"I have bethought me," replied the Queen. "And as my husband has thought fit to absent himself from me at this perilous juncture, I am resolved not to be left without a protector. Your grace will, therefore, deliver up the keys of the Tower to the Duke of Suffolk."

"Nay, your majesty"—cried Northumberland.

"I will have no nay, my lord," interrupted the Queen peremptorily. "I will in no wise consent that my father

shall leave me. To whom else would your grace entrust the command?"

The Duke appeared to reflect for a moment.

"I know no one," he answered.

"Then your grace must perforce consent," said the Queen.

"If your majesty commands it, I must. But I feel it is a desperate hazard," replied Northumberland.

"It is so desperate," whispered Pembroke to Renard, "that he has not one chance in his favour."

"The Council desire to know your grace's determination," said Arundel.

"My determination is this," rejoined the Duke. "Since you think it good, I will go—not doubting your fidelity to the Queen's majesty, whom I shall leave in your custody."

"He is lost!" whispered Renard.

"Your grace's commission for the lieutenantship of the army shall be signed at once," said Jane; "and I beseech you to use all diligence."

"I will do what in me lies," replied the Duke. "My retinue shall meet me at Durham House to-night. And I will see the munition and artillery set forward before day-break."

A pause now ensued, during which the Duke's commission was signed by the whole Council.

"It is his death warrant," observed Renard to the Earl of Arundel.

"Here is your warrant, under the broad seal of England," said the Earl of Pembroke, delivering it to him.

"I must have my marches prescribed," replied the Duke. "I will do nothing without authority."

"What say you, my lords?" said Pembroke, turning to them.

"Agree at once," whispered Renard—"he is planning his own ruin."

"Your grace shall have full powers and directions," rejoined Pembroke.

"It is well," replied Northumberland. "My lords," he continued with great dignity, addressing the Council, "I and the other noble personages, with the whole army that are now about to go forth, as well for the behalf of you and yours, as for the establishing of the Queen's highness, shall not only adventure our bodies and lives among the bloody strokes and cruel assaults of our adversaries in the open fields; but also we leave the conservations of ourselves, children and families, at home here with you, as altogether committed to your truth and fidelity. If," he proceeded sternly, "we thought you would through malice, conspiracy, or dissension, leave us, your friends, in the briars and betray us, we could as well, in sundry ways, foresee and provide for our own safety, as any of you, by betraying us, can do for yours. But now, upon the only trust and faithfulness of your honours, whereof we think ourselves most assured, we do hazard our lives. And if ye shall violate your trust and promise, hoping thereby of life and promotion, yet shall not God account you innocent of our bloods, neither acquit you of the sacred and holy oath of allegiance, made freely by you to the Queen's highness, who by your own and our enticement, is rather of force placed therein, than by her own seeking and request. Consider, also, that God's cause, which is the preferment of his word, and fear of Papists' entrance, hath been (as you have heretofore always declared) the original ground whereupon you even at the first motion granted your good wills and consents thereunto, as by your handwritings appeareth. And think not the contrary. But if you mean deceit, though not forthwith, yet hereafter, Heaven will revenge the same."

"Your grace wrongs us by these suspicions," observed the Earl of Arundel.

"I will say no more," rejoined the Duke, "but in this

perilous time wish you to use constant hearts, abandoning all malice, envy and private affections."

"Doubt it not," said Cecil.

"I have not spoken to you in this sort upon any mistrust I have of your truths," pursued the Duke, "of which I have always hitherto conceived a trusty confidence. But I have put you in remembrance thereof, in case any variance should arise among you in my absence. And this I pray you, wish me not worse good speed in this matter than you wish yourselves."

"We shall all agree on one point," observed Pembroke aside to Renard—"and that is a hope that he may never return."

"If your grace mistrusts any of us in this matter, you are deceived," rejoined Arundel, "for which of us can wash his hands of it? And if we should shrink from you as treasonable, which of us can excuse himself as guiltless? Therefore, your doubt is too far cast."

"I pray Heaven it be so," replied the Duke, gravely.

"Brother of Suffolk, I resign the custody of the Tower to you, entreating you, if you would uphold your daughter's crown, to look well to your charge. I now take my leave of your highness."

"Heaven speed your grace," replied Jane, returning his haughty salutation.

"Farewell, my lord," said the Earl of Arundel, "I am right sorry it is not my chance to bear you company, as I would cheerfully spend my heart's blood in your defence."

"Judas!" muttered the Duke.

Upon this the council broke up, and Jane returned to the palace, accompanied by the Duke of Suffolk, the two ambassadors, and others of the conspiring nobles.

"We may give each other joy," said Pembroke to Renard, as they walked along—"we are at last rid of Northumberland. Suffolk will be easily disposed of."

"Queen Mary shall be proclaimed in London, before to-morrow night," rejoined Renard.

Meanwhile, the Duke, attended by the Marquis of Northampton, the Lord Grey, and divers other noblemen, entered his barge, and proceeded to Durham House. On the same night he mustered his troops, and made every preparation for his departure. As he rode forth on the following morning through Shoreditch, great crowds collected to see him pass. But they maintained a sullen and ominous silence.

"The people press to see us," observed the Duke, in a melancholy tone, to Lord Grey, who rode by his side; "but not one saith God speed us!"

CHAPTER XII.

How Magog became enamoured of a buxom widow, ycleped Dame Placidia Paston; how he went a wooing; and how he prospered in his suit.

On the night of the Duke of Northumberland's departure, as the three gigantic warders and their dwarfish attendant were assembled in their lodging in the By-ward Tower, preparatory to their evening meal, the conduct of Magog, which had been strange enough throughout the day, became so very extraordinary and unaccountable, that his brethren began to think he must have taken leave of his senses. Flinging his huge frame on a bench, he sighed and groaned, or rather bellowed, like an over-driven ox, and rolling his great saucer eyes upward, till the whites only were visible, thumped his chest with a rapid succession of blows, that sounded like the strokes of a sledge-hammer. But the worst symptom, in the opinion of the others, was his inability to eat. Magog's case must, indeed, be desperate, if he had no appetite for supper—and such a supper! Seldom had their board been so abundantly and invitingly spread as on the present occa-

sion—and Magog refused to partake of it. He must either be bewitched, or alarmingly ill.

Supplied by the provident attention of the pantler and his spouse, the repast consisted of a cold chine of beef, little the worse for its appearance at the royal board; a mighty lumber pie, with a wall of pastry several inches thick, moulded to resemble the White Tower, and filled with a savoury mess of ham and veal, enriched by a goodly provision of force-meat balls, each as large as a cannon-shot; a soused gurnet floating in claret; a couple of pullets stuffed with oysters, and served with a piquant sauce of oiled butter and barberries; a skirret patty; an apple tansy; and a prodigious marrow pudding. Nor, in this bill of fare, must be omitted an enormous loaf, baked expressly for the giants, and compounded of nearly a bushel of mingled wheaten flour and barley, which stood at one end of the table, while at the opposite extremity was placed a nine-hooped pot of mead—the distance between each hoop denoting a quart of the humming fluid.

But all these good things were thrown away upon Magog. With some persuasion he was induced to take his seat at the table, but after swallowing a single mouthful of the beef, he laid down his knife and fork, and left the rest untasted. In vain Og urged him to try the pullets, assuring him he would find them delicious, as they were cooked by Dame Potentia herself;—in vain Gog scooped out the most succulent morsels from the depths of the lumber pie, loading his plate with goblets of fat and force-meat balls. He declined both offers with a melancholy shake of the head, and began to sigh and groan more dismally than ever.

Exchanging significant looks with each other, the two giants thought it best to leave him to himself, and assiduously addressed themselves to their own meal. By way of setting him a good example, they speedily cleared the chine to the bone. The gurnet was next despatched: and a considerable inroad made into the lumber pie,—three of its turrets having already disappeared,—when as if roused from a trance, Magog suddenly seized the marrow pudding, and devoured it in a trice. He then applied himself to the nine-hooped pot, and taking a long deep draught, appeared exceedingly relieved.

But his calmness was of short duration. The fit almost instantly returned with fresh violence. Without giving the slightest intimation of his intention, he plucked his cap from his brow, and flung it at Xit, who chanced at the moment to be perched on a stool stirring a great pan of sack posset, set upon a chafing dish to warm, with such force as to precipitate him over head and ears into the liquid, which, fortunately, was neither hot enough to scald him, nor deep enough to drown him. When he reappeared, the mannikin uttered a shrill scream of rage and terror; and Og, who could not help laughing at his comical appearance, hastened to his assistance, and extricated him from his unpleasant situation.

By the aid of a napkin, Xit was speedily restored to a state of tolerable cleanliness, and though his habiliments were not a little damaged by the viscous fluid in which they had been immersed, he appeared to have suffered more in temper than in any other way from the accident. While Og was rubbing him dry,—perhaps with no very gentle hand,—he screamed and cried like a peevish infant undergoing the process of ablation; and he was no sooner set free, than darting to the spot where Magog's cap had fallen, he picked it up, and dipping it in the sack-posset, hurled it in its owner's face. Delighted with this retaliation, he crowed and swaggered about the room, and stamping fiercely upon the ground, tried to draw his sword; but this he found impossible, it being fast glued to the scabbard. Magog, however, paid no sort of attention to his antics, but having wiped his face with the end of the tablecloth, and wrung his bonnet, marched deliberately out of the

room. His brothers glanced at each other in surprise, and were hesitating whether to follow, when they were relieved from further anxiety on this score by Xit who hurried after him. They then very quietly returned to the repast, and trusting all would come right, contented themselves with such interjectional remarks as did not interfere with the process of mastication. In this way they continued, until the return of Xit, who, as he entered the room, exclaimed, with a half-merry, half-mischievous expression of countenance,

"I have found it out! I have found it out!"

"Found out what?" cried out both giants.

"He is in love," replied the dwarf.

"Magog in love!" ejaculated Og, starting. "Impossible!"

"You shall be convinced to the contrary if you will come with me," rejoined Xit. "I have seen him enter the house. And, what is more, I have seen the lady."

"Who is she," demanded Gog.

"Can you not guess?" rejoined Xit.

"The fair Cicely," returned the giant.

"You are wide of the mark," replied the dwarf—"though, I confess, she is lovely enough to turn his head outright. But he is not so moonstruck as to aspire to her. Had I sought her hand, there might have been some chance of success. But Magog—pshaw!"

"Tush!" cried Og, "I will be sworn it is Mistress Bridget Crumbewell, the Bowyer's daughter, who hath bewitched him. I have noted that she hath cast many an amorous glance at him of late. It is she, I'll be sworn."

"Then you are forsworn, for it is not Bridget Crumbewell," rejoined Xit—"the object of his affections is a widow."

"A widow!" exclaimed both giants—"then he is lost."

"I see not that," replied the dwarf. "Magog might do worse than espouse Dame Placida Paston. Her husband, old Miles Paston, left a good round sum behind him, and a good round widow too. She has a bright black eye, a tolerable waist for so plump a person, and as neat an ankle as can be found within the Tower, search where you will. I am half disposed to enter the lists with him."

"Say you so," replied Og, laughing at the dwarf's presumption, "then e'en make the attempt. And such assistance as we can render shall not be wanting; for neither Gog nor I—if I do not misapprehend his sentiments—have any desire that our brother should enter into the holy state of matrimony."

"Right, brother," rejoined Gog; "we must prevent it if possible, and I see not a better way than that you propose. If it does nothing else, it will afford us excellent pastime."

"Excuse me a moment," observed Xit. "If I am to play the suitor to advantage, I must change my dress. I will return on the instant, and conduct you to Dame Placida's dwelling."

So saying he withdrew for a short space, during which he arrayed himself in his holiday garments. "Magog will have no chance," he observed, as he strutted into the room, and glanced at his pigmy limbs with an air of intense self-satisfaction; "the widow is already won."

"If she be as fond of apes as some of her sex, she is so," replied Og; "but widows are not so easily imposed upon."

The two giants, who, during Xit's absence had entirely cleared the board, and wound up the repast by emptying the nine-hooped pot, now expressed themselves ready to start. Accordingly, they set out, and, preceded by Xit, shaped their course along the southern ward, and passing beneath the gateway of the Bloody Tower, ascended the hill leading to the Green, on the right of which, as at the present time, stood a range of buildings inhabited by the warders and other retainers of the royal household.

Before one of these Xit stopped, and pointing to an open window about six feet from the ground, desired Gog to raise him up to it. The giant complied, when they beheld a sight that filled them with merriment. Upon a stout oak table—for there was no chair in the domicile sufficiently large to sustain him—sat Magog, his hand upon his breast, and his eyes tenderly fixed upon a comely dame, who was presenting him with a large foaming pot of ale. The languishing expression of the giant's large lumpish features was so irresistibly diverting, that it was impossible to help laughing; and the lookers-on only restrained themselves, in the hope of witnessing something still more diverting.

Dame Placida Paston had a short plump (perhaps a little too plump, and yet it is difficult to conceive how that can well be) figure; a round rosy face, the very picture of amiability and good humour; a smooth chin, dimpling cheeks, and the brightest and merriest black eyes imaginable. Her dress was neatness itself, and her dwelling as neat as her dress. With attractions like these, no wonder she captivated many a heart, and among others that of Magog, who had long nourished a secret passion for her, but could not muster courage to declare it—for, with a bluff and burly demeanour towards his own sex, the giant was as bashful as a shamed stripling in the presence of any of womankind.

With the tact peculiarly belonging to widows, Dame Placida had discovered the state of affairs, and perhaps being not altogether unwilling to discourage him, having accidentally met him on the Tower Green on the day in question, had invited him to visit her in the evening. It was this invitation which had so completely upset the love-sick giant. The same bashfulness that prevented him from making known his attachment to the object of it, kept him silent towards his brethren, as he feared to excite their ridicule.

On his arrival at her abode, Dame Placida received him with the utmost cordiality, and tried to engage him in conversation. But all without effect.

"I see how it is," she thought; "there is nothing like strong liquor to unloose a man's tongue." And she forthwith proceeded to a cupboard to draw a pot of ale. It was at this juncture that she was discovered by the observers outside.

Magog received the proffered jug, and fixing a tender look on the fair donor, pressed his huge hand to his heart, and drained it to the last drop. The widow took back the empty vessel, and smilingly inquired if he would have it replenished. The giant replied faintly in the negative,—so faintly that she was about to return to the cupboard for a fresh supply, when Magog caught her hand, and flung himself on his knees before her. In this posture he was still considerably the taller of the two; but bending himself as near to the ground as possible, he was about to make his proposals in due form, when he was arrested by a tremendous peal of laughter from without, and, looking up, beheld Xit seated on the window sill, while behind him appeared the grinning countenances of his brethren.

Ashamed and enraged at being thus detected, Magog sprang to his feet, and seizing Xit by the nape of the neck, would have inflicted some severe chastisement upon him, if Dame Placida had not interfered to prevent it. At her solicitation the mannikin was released; and he no sooner found himself at liberty, than, throwing himself at her feet, he protested that he was dying for her. Perhaps it might be from a certain love of teasing, inherent even in the best tempered of her sex, or, perhaps, she thought such a course might induce Magog more fully to declare himself; but whatever motive influenced her, certain it is that Dame Placida appeared by no means displeased with her

diminutive suitor, but suffered him after a decent show of reluctance, to take her hand.

Thus encouraged, the dwarf was so elated, that springing upon a chair, he endeavoured to snatch a kiss. But the widow, having no idea of allowing such a liberty, gave him a smart box on the ear, which immediately brought him to the ground.

Notwithstanding this rebuff, Xit would have persevered, had not Magog, whose feelings were really interested, begun to appear seriously angry. Seeing this, he judged it prudent to desist, and contented himself with entreating the widow to declare which of the two she preferred. Dame Placida replied that she must take a few hours to consider upon it, but invited them both to supper on the following evening, when she would deliver her answer. Having given a similar invitation to the two giants outside, she dismissed the whole party.

CHAPTER XIII.

Of the stratagem practised by Cuthbert Cholmondeley on the jailer.

Several days had now elapsed since Cholmondeley was thrown into the dungeon, and during that time he had been visited only at long intervals by Nightgall. To all his menaces, reproaches, and entreaties, the jailer turned a deaf ear. He smiled grimly as he sat down the scanty provisions—a loaf and a pitcher of water—with which he supplied his captive; but he could not be induced to speak. When questioned about Cicely and upbraided with his perfidy, his countenance assumed an exulting expression which Cholmondeley found so intolerable that he never again repeated his inquiries. Left to himself, his whole time was passed in devising some means of escape. He tried but ineffectually, to break his bonds, and at last, satisfied of its futility, gave up the attempt.

One night he was disturbed by the horrible and heart-rending shrieks of the female prisoner, who had contrived to gain access to his cell. There was something about this mysterious person that inspired him with unaccountable dread, and though he was satisfied she was a being of this world, the conviction did not serve to lessen his fears.

After making the dungeon ring with her cries for some time, she became silent, and as he heard no sound and could distinguish nothing, he concluded she must have departed. Just then the unlocking of a distant door and a gleam of sickly light on the walls of the stone passage, announced the approach of Nightgall, and the next moment he entered the cell. The light fell upon a crouching female figure in the corner. The jailer started; and his angry ejaculations caused the poor creature to raise her head.

Cholmondeley had never beheld any thing so ghastly as her countenance, and he half doubted whether he did not look upon a tenant of the grave. Her eyes were sunken and lustreless; her cheeks thin and rigid, and covered with skin of that deadly paleness which is seen in plants deprived of light; her flesh shrunken to the bone, and her hands like those of a skeleton. But in spite of all this emaciation, there was something in her features that seemed to denote that she had once been beautiful, and her countenance in life exalted. The terror she exhibited at the approach of the jailer proved the dreadful usage she had experienced. In answer to his savage ejaculations to her to follow him, she flung herself on her knees, and raised her hands in the most piteous supplication. Nothing more, for then Nightgall was about to seize her and drag her away, when with a piercing scream she darted from the cell, and fled behind Cholmondeley.

"Save me!—save me from him!" she cried; "he will kill me."

"Pshaw!" cried the jailer. "Come with me quietly, Alexia, and you shall have a warmer cell, and better food."

"I will not go," she replied. "I will not answer to that name. Give me my rightful title and I will follow you."

"What is your title?" asked Cholmondeley eagerly.

"Beware!" interposed Nightgall, raising his hand menacingly. "Beware."

"Heed him not!" cried Cholmondeley; "he shall not harm you. Tell me how you are called?"

"I have forgotten," replied the terrified woman, evasively. "I had another name once. But I am called Alexia now."

"What has become of your child?" asked Cholmondeley.

"My child!" she echoed with a frightful scream. "I have lost her in these dungeons. I sometimes see her before me running and clapping her little hands. Ah! there she is—coming towards us. She has long fair hair—light blue eyes—blue as the skies I shall never behold again. Do you not see her?"

"No," replied Cholmondeley, trembling. "How is she named?"

"She died unbaptized," replied the female. "But I meant to call her Angela. Ah! see! she answers to the name—she approaches. Angela! my child!—my child!" And the miserable creature extended her arms, and seemed to clasp a phantom to her bosom.

"Alexia!" roared the jailer, fiercely, "follow me, or I will have you scourged by the tormentor."

"He dare not—he will not!" cried Cholmondeley, to whom the wretched woman clung convulsively. "Do not go with him."

"Alexia," reiterated the jailer, in a tone of increased fury.

"I must go," she cried, breaking from the esquire, "or he will kill me." And with a noiseless step she glided after Nightgall.

Cholmondeley listened intently, and, as upon a former occasion, heard stifled groans succeeded by the clangour of a closing door, and then all was hushed. The jailer returned no more that night. When he appeared again, it was with a moodier aspect than ever. He sat down the provisions, and instantly departed.

While meditating upon various means of escape, an idea at length occurred to the young esquire upon which he resolved to act. He determined to feign death. Accordingly, though half famished, he left his provisions untouched; and when Nightgall next visited the cell, he found him stretched on the ground, apparently lifeless. Uttering a savage laugh the jailer held the light over the supposed corpse, and exclaimed, "At last I am fairly rid of him. Cicely will now be mine. I will fling him into the burial vault near the moat. But first to unfasten this chain."

So saying, he took a small key from the bunch at his girdle, and unlocked the massive fetters that bound Cholmondeley to the wall. During this operation the esquire held his breath, and endeavoured to give his limbs the semblance of death. But the jailer's suspicions were aroused.

"He cannot have been long dead," he muttered, "perhaps he is only in a trance. This shall make all secure." And drawing his dagger he was about to plunge it in the bosom of the esquire, when the latter, being now freed from his bondage, suddenly started to his feet, and flung himself upon him.

The suddenness of the action favoured its success. Before Nightgall recovered from his surprise, the poniard was wrested from his grasp and held at his throat. In the struggle that ensued, he received a wound which brought him senseless to the ground; and Cholmondeley,

thinking it needless to despatch him, contented himself with chaining him to the wall.

Possessing himself of the jailer's keys, he was about to depart, when Nightgall, who at that moment regained his consciousness, and with it all his ferocity, strove to intercept him. On discovering his situation, he uttered a torrent of impotent threats and execrations. The only reply deigned by the esquire to his menaces, was an assurance that he was about to set free the miserable Alexia.

Quitting the cell, Cholmondeley turned off on the left, in the direction whence he imagined the shrieks had proceeded. Here he beheld a range of low strong doors, the first of which he unlocked with one of the jailer's keys. The prison was unoccupied. He opened the next, but with no better success. It contained nothing except a few rusty links of chain attached to an iron staple driven into the floor. In the third he found a few mouldering bones; and the fourth was totally empty. He then knocked at the doors of others, and called the miserable captive by her name in a loud voice. But no answer was returned.

At the extremity of the passage he found an open door, leading to a small circular chamber, in the centre of which stood a heavy stone pillar. From this pillar projected a long iron bar, sustaining a coil of rope, terminated by a hook. On the ground lay an immense pair of pincers, a curiously shaped saw, and a brasier. In one corner stood a large caken frame, about three feet high, moved by rollers. At the other was a ponderous wooden machine, like a pair of stocks. Against the wall hung a broad hoop of iron, opening in the middle with a hinge—a horrible instrument of torture, termed "The Scavenger's Daughter." Near it were a pair of iron gauntlets, which could be contracted by screws till they crushed the fingers of the wearer. On the wall also hung a small brush to sprinkle the wretched victim who fainted from excess of agony, with vinegar; while on a table beneath it were placed writing materials and an open volume, in which were taken down the confessions of the sufferers.

Cholmondeley saw at once that he had entered the torture-chamber, and hastily surveying these horrible contrivances, was about to withdraw, when he noticed a trapdoor in one corner. Advancing toward it, he perceived a flight of steps, and thinking they might lead him to the cell he was in search of, he descended, and came to a passage still narrower and gloomier than that he had quitted. As he proceeded along it, he thought he heard a low groan, and hurrying in the direction of the sound, arrived at a small door, and knocking against it, called "Alexia," but was answered in the feeble voice of a man.

"I am not Alexia, but whoever you are, liberate me from this horrible torture, or put me to death, and so free me from misery."

After some search, Cholmondeley discovered the key of the dungeon, and unlocking it, beheld an old man in a strange stooping posture, with his head upon his breast, and his back bent almost double. The walls of the cell, which was called the Little Ease, were so low, and so contrived, that the wretched inmate could neither stand, walk, sit, nor lie at full length within them.

With difficulty—for the poor wretch's limbs were too much cramped by his long and terrible confinement to allow him to move—Cholmondeley succeeded in dragging him forth.

"How long have you been immured here?" he inquired.

"I know not," replied the old man. "Not many weeks perhaps—but to me it seems an eternity. Support me—oh! support me! I am sinking fast!"

"A draught of water will revive you," cried Cholmondeley. "I will bring you some in a moment."

And he was about to hurry to his cell for the pitcher, when the old man checked him.

"It is useless," he cried, "I am dying—nothing can save me. Young man," he continued, fixing his glazing eyes on Cholmondeley, "when I was first brought to the Tower, I was as young as you. I have grown old in captivity. My life has been passed in these dismal places. I was imprisoned by the tyrant Henry VIII. for my adherence to the religion of my fathers—and I have witnessed such dreadful things, that were I to relate them, it would blanch your hair like mine. Heaven have mercy on my soul!" And, sinking backward, he expired with a hollow groan.

Satisfied that life was wholly extinct, Cholmondeley continued his search for the scarcely less unfortunate Alexia. Traversing the narrow gallery, he could discover no other door, and he therefore returned to the torture-room, and from thence retraced his steps to the cell. As he approached it, Nightgall, who heard his footsteps, called out to him, and entreated to be set at liberty.

"I will do so, provided you will conduct me to the dungeon of Alexia," replied the esquire.

"You have not found her?" rejoined the jailer.

"I have not," replied Cholmondeley. "Will you guide me to it?"

Nightgall eagerly answered in the affirmative.

The esquire was about to unlock the chain, but as he drew near him, the jailer's countenance assumed so malignant an expression, that he determined not to trust him. Despite his entreaties, he again turned to depart.

"You will never get out without me," said Nightgall.

"I will make the attempt," rejoined Cholmondeley.

And wrapping himself in the jailer's ample cloak, and putting on his cap, he quitted the dungeon.

This time, he shaped his course differently. Endeavouring to recall the road by which Nightgall had invariably approached, he proceeded for a short time along the outward passage, and presently reaching a spot where two avenues branched off—one to the right and the other to the left—he struck into the latter, and found a second range of dungeons. He opened the doors of several, but they were untenanted; and giving up the idea of rescuing the ill-fated Alexia, he began to think it time to attend to his own safety.

The passage he had chosen, which, like all those he had previously traversed, was arched and flagged with stone, brought him to a low square chamber, from which a flight of steps ascended. Mounting these he came to two other passages, and without pausing to consider, hurried along the first. In a short time he was stopped by a strong iron door, and examining the lock tried every key, but could find none to fit it. Failing to procure egress in this quarter, he was obliged to return, and choosing his course at random, struck into an avenue on the right.

Greatly surprised at the extent of the passages he had tracked, he could not help admiring the extraordinary solidity of the masonry, and the freshness of the stone, which looked as if it had just come from the chisel. Arriving at a gate which impeded his further progress, he applied to his keys, and was fortunately able to open it. This did not set him free as he had anticipated, but admitted him into a spacious vault, surrounded by deep cavernous recesses, filled with stone coffins. Broken statues and tattered escutcheons littered the ground.

Wondering where he could have penetrated, he paused for a moment to consider whether he should return; but fearful of losing his way in the labyrinth he had just quitted, he determined to go on. A broad flight of stone steps led him to a large folding-door, which he pushed aside, and traversing a sort of corridor with which it communicated, he found himself at the foot of a spiral staircase. Mounting it, he came to an extremely narrow passage, evidently contrived in the thickness of the wall;

and threading 'it, he reached a small stone door, in which neither bolt nor lock could be detected.

Convinced, however, that there must be some secret spring, he examined it more narrowly, and at length discovered a small plate of iron. Pressing this, the heavy stone turned as upon a pivot, and disclosed a narrow passage, through which he crept, and found himself to his great surprise in the interior of St. John's Chapel in the White Tower. At first he thought he must be deceived; but a glance around convinced him he was not mistaken; and when he called to mind the multitude of passages he had traversed, his surprise was greatly diminished.

While he was thus musing, he heard footsteps approaching, and instantly extinguished the light. The masked door from which he had emerged, lay at the extremity of the northern aisle, and the parties (for there was evidently more than one) came from the other end of the chapel. Finding he had been noticed, Cholmondeley advanced towards them.

CHAPTER XIV.

How Simon Renard and the Lords of the Council were arrested by Lord Guilford Dudley.

The brief and troubled reign of the ill-fated Queen Jane was fast drawing to a close. Every fresh messenger brought tidings of large accessions to the cause of the Lady Mary, who was now at the head of thirty thousand men,—an army trebling the forces of Northumberland. Added to this, the metropolis itself was in a state of revolt. Immense mobs collected in Smithfield, and advanced toward the Tower Gates, commanding the warders to open in the name of Queen Mary. These rioters were speedily driven off, with some bloodshed. But their leader, who was recognised as the prisoner Gilbert, escaped, and the next day larger crowds assembled, and it was feared that an attack would be made on the fortress.

Meanwhile, Northumberland, whose order of march had been prescribed by the council, proceeded slowly on the expedition; and the fate that attended him fully verified the old proverb, that delay breeds danger. An accident, moreover, occurred, which, while it greatly disheartened his party, gave additional hope to that of the Lady Mary. Six vessels, well manned with troops and ammunition, stationed off Yarmouth to intercept Mary in case she attempted to escape by sea, were driven into that port, where their commanders were immediately visited by Sir Henry Jerningham, who was levying recruits for the princess, and were prevailed upon by him to join her standard.

When the news of this defection reached the Tower, even the warmest partisans of Jane perceived that her cause was hopeless, and prepared to desert her. The Duke of Suffolk could not conceal his uneasiness, and despatched a secret messenger to Lord Guilford Dudley, who during the whole of this trying period had absented himself, commanding his instant return.

On receiving the summons, Dudley immediately answered it in person. Jane received him with the utmost affection, and their meeting, which took place in the presence of her father, the Duchess of Northumberland, and the Ladies Herbert and Hastings, was deeply affecting. Lord Guilford was much moved, and prostrating himself before the queen, besought her forgiveness for his ill-advised and ungenerous conduct—bitterly reproaching himself for having deserted her at a season of so much peril.

"I will not upbraid you, dear Dudley," rejoined Jane, "neither will I attempt to disguise from you that your absence has given me more anguish than ought else in this season of trouble. My crown you well know was your crown. But now, alas! I fear I have lost that

which, though a bauble in my eyes, was a precious jewel in yours."

"Oh, say not so, my queen," replied Lord Guilford, passionately. "Things are not so desperate as you imagine. I have letters full of hope and confidence from my father, who has reached Bury Saint Edmund's. He means to give battle to the rebels to-morrow. And the next messenger will no doubt bring news of their defeat."

"Heaven grant it may prove so, my dear lord!" rejoined Jane. "But I am not so sanguine. I have despatched missives to the sheriffs of the different counties, enjoining them to raise troops in my defence, and have summoned the Lord Mayor and the city authorities to the council to-morrow, to decide upon what is best to be done in this emergency."

"Daughter," said the Duke of Suffolk, "it is my duty to inform you that I have just received letters from his Grace of Northumberland, very different in purport from that which has reached Lord Guilford. In them he expresses himself doubtful of the result of the conflict, and writes most urgently for further succour. His men, he says, are hourly deserting to the hostile camp. And unless he speedily receives additional force and munition, it will be impossible to engage the enemy."

"This is bad news, indeed, my lord," replied Jane, mournfully.

"Have we not troops to send him?" cried Lord Guilford Dudley. "If a leader is wanted, I will set forth at once."

"We cannot spare another soldier from the Tower," replied Suffolk. "London is in a state of revolt. The fortress may be stormed by the rabble, who are all in favour of Mary. The Duke has already taken all the picked men. And, if the few loyal soldiers left, are removed, we shall not have sufficient to overawe the rebels."

"My lord," observed the Duchess of Northumberland, "you have allowed the council too much sway. They will overpower you. And your highness," she added, turning to Jane, "has suffered yourself to be deluded by the artful counsels of Simon Renard."

"Simon Renard has given me good counsel," replied Jane.

"You are deceived, my Queen," replied her husband. "He is conspiring against your crown and life."

"It is too true," added Suffolk, "I have detected some of his dark practices."

"Were I assured of this," answered Jane, "the last act of my reign—the last exertion of my power should be to avenge myself upon him."

"Are the guards within the Tower true to us?" inquired Dudley.

"As yet," replied Suffolk. "But they are wavering. If something be not done to confirm them, I fear they will declare for Mary."

"And the Council?"

"Are plotting against us, and providing for their own safety."

"Jane," said Lord Guilford Dudley, "I will not attempt to excuse my conduct. But if it is possible to repair the injury I have done you, I will do so. Every thing now depends on resolution. The Council are more to be feared than Mary and her forces. So long as you are mistress of the Tower, you are mistress of London, and Queen of England—even though the day should go against the Duke, my father. Give me a warrant under your hand for the arrest of the Council, and the ambassadors Renard and De Noailles, and I will see it instantly executed."

"My lord!" she exclaimed.

"Trust me, my Queen, it is the only means to save us," replied Dudley. "This bold step will confound them and compel them to declare their purposes. If they are your

enemies, as I nothing doubt, you will have them in your power."

"I understand," replied Jane. "You shall have the warrant. It will bring matters to an issue."

At this moment, the door of the chamber was thrown open, and an usher announced "Monsieur Simon Renard."

"You are right welcome, M. Renard," said Lord Guilford, bowing haughtily. "I was about to go in search of you."

"Indeed," rejoined the ambassador, coldly returning the salutation. "I am glad to spare your lordship so much trouble; and I am still more rejoiced to find you have recovered your temper, and returned to your royal consort."

"Insolent!" exclaimed Lord Guilford. "Guards!" he cried, motioning to the attendants—"Assure yourselves of his person."

"Ha!" exclaimed Renard, laying his hand upon his sword. "You have no authority for this."

"I have the Queen's warrant," rejoined Dudley, sternly.

"The person of an ambassador is sacred," observed Renard. "The Emperor, Charles the Fifth, will resent this outrage as an insult to himself."

"I will take the consequences upon myself," replied Lord Guilford, carelessly.

"Your highness will not suffer this wrong to be done?" said Renard, addressing Jane.

"Monsieur Renard," replied the Queen, "I have reason to believe you have played me false. If I find you have deceived me, though you were brother to the Emperor, you shall lose your head."

"You will have cause to repent this step," rejoined Renard, furiously. "The council will command my instant release."

"The order must be speedy then," replied Dudley, "for I shall place them all in arrest. And here, as luck will have it, are your friends the Earls of Arundel and Pembroke. They will attend you to the White Tower."

So saying, he motioned to the guards to take them into custody.

"What means this?" said Pembroke in astonishment.

"It means that Lord Guilford Dudley, who has been slumbering for some time in Sion House, has awakened at last, and fancies his royal consort's crown is in danger," rejoined Renard with a bitter sneer.

"This is some jest, surely, my lord," observed Pembroke. "The Council arrested at a moment of peril like this! Will you provoke us to manifest our power?"

"I will provoke you to manifest your treacherous designs towards her majesty," replied Dudley. "Away with them to the White Tower! Shrewsbury, Cecil, Huntingdon, Darcey and the others shall soon join you there."

"One word before we go, gracious madam?" said Pembroke, addressing the Queen.

"Not one, my lord," replied Jane. "Lord Guilford Dudley has my full authority for what he does. I shall hold early council to-morrow—which you shall be at liberty to attend, and you will then have ample opportunity to explain and defend yourself."

Upon this, the confederated nobles were removed.

"It is time to put an end to this farce," remarked Renard as they were conducted along the gallery toward the White Tower.

"It is," answered Pembroke, "and my first address in the council to-morrow shall be to proclaim Queen Mary."

"The hair-brained Dudley imagines he can confine us in the White Tower," observed Renard, laughing. "There is not a chamber in it without a secret passage. And thanks to the jailer, Nightgall, I am familiar with them all. We will not be idle to-night."

CHAPTER XV.

How Gunnora Broose sought an audience of Queen Jane.

Having seen the rest of the council conveyed to the White Tower, Lord Guilford Dudley returned to the palace. While discoursing on other matters with the queen, he casually remarked that he was surprised he did not perceive his esquire, Cuthbert Cholmondeley, in her highness's train, and was answered that he had not been seen since his departure for Sion House. Greatly surprised by the intelligence, Lord Guilford directed an attendant to make inquiries after him. After some time, the man returned, stating that he could obtain no information respecting him.

"This is very extraordinary," said Lord Guilford. "Poor Cholmondeley! What can have happened to him? As soon as this danger is passed, I will make personal search for him."

"I thought he had left the Tower with you, my dear lord," observed Jane.

"Would he had!" answered her husband. "I cannot help suspecting he has incurred the enmity of the council, and has been secretly removed. I will interrogate them on the subject to-morrow."

While they were thus conversing, an usher appeared, and informed the queen that a young damsel supplicated an audience, having somewhat to disclose of importance.

"You had better admit her, my queen," said Dudley. "She may have accidentally learned some plot which it is important for us to know."

Jane having signified her assent, the usher withdrew, and presently afterwards introduced Cicely. The young damsel, who appeared to have suffered much, greatly interested the queen by her extreme beauty and modesty. She narrated her story with infinite simplicity, and though she blushed deeply when she came to speak of the love professed for her by Cholmondeley, she attempted no concealment.

Both Jane and Lord Guilford Dudley were astonished beyond measure, when they learned that the young esquire had been incarcerated by Nightgall; and the latter was about to reproach Cicely for not having revealed the circumstances before, when she accounted for her silence by stating that she had been locked within her chamber, ever since the night in question, by her mother. Her story ended, Dudley declared his intention of seeking out the jailer without delay. "I will first compel him to liberate his prisoner," he said, "and will then inflict upon him a punishment proportionate to his offence."

"Alas!" exclaimed Cicely, bursting into tears, "I fear your lordship's assistance will come too late. Nightgall has visited me daily, and he asserts that Master Cholmondeley has quitted the Tower by some secret passage under the moat. I fear he has destroyed him."

"If it be so, he shall die the death he merits," replied Dudley. "You say that the gigantic warders, whose lodging is in the By-ward Tower, are acquainted with the dungeon. I will proceed thither at once. Be of good cheer, fair damsel. If your lover is alive he shall wed you on the morrow, and I will put it out of Nightgall's power to molest you further. Remain with the queen till I return."

"Ay, do so, child," said Jane, "I shall be glad to have you with me. And, if you desire it, you shall remain constantly near my person."

"It is more happiness than I deserve, gracious madam," replied Cicely, dropping upon her knee. "And though your majesty has many attendants more highly born, you will find none more faithful."

"I fully believe it," replied Jane, with a sigh. "Rise, damsel. Henceforth you are one of my attendants."

Cicely replied by a look of speechless gratitude, while,

summoning a guard, Dudley proceeded to the By-ward Tower. The giants informed him they had just returned from Nightgall's lodging, and that he was absent. He then commanded them to accompany him to the entrance of the subterranean dungeons beneath the Devilin Tower.

"It will be useless to attempt to gain admission without the keys, my lord," replied Og; "and they are in Master Nightgall's keeping."

"Has no one else a key?" demanded Dudley, impatiently.

"No one, unless it be Gillian Mauger, the headsman," replied Xit; "I will bring him to your lordship instantly."

So saying, he hurried off in search of the executioner, while Dudley, attended by the two giants, proceeded slowly in the direction of the Beauchamp Tower. In a short time, the dwarf returned with Mauger, who limped after him as quickly as a lame leg would permit. He had no key of the dungeon, and on being questioned, declared there was no other entrance to it.

"Break open the door instantly, then," cried Dudley.

Mauger declared this was impossible, as it was cased with iron, and fastened with a lock of great strength.

Magog, who was standing at a little distance with his arms folded upon his breast, now stepped forward, and, without saying a word, lifted up a large block of stone placed there to repair the walls, and hurling it against the door, instantly burst it open.

"Bravely done," cried Lord Guilford. "How can I reward the service?"

"I scarcely know how to ask it of your lordship," rejoined Magog; "but if you could prevail upon her majesty to issue her commands to Dame Placida Paston to bestow her hand upon me, you would make me the happiest of mankind."

"If the dame be willing, surely she does not require enforcement," replied Dudley, laughing; "and if not?"

"She has half promised her hand to me, my lord," said Xit; "and your lordship can scarcely doubt to whom she would give the preference."

"She has indeed a fair choice betwixt giant and dwarf, I must own," replied Dudley. "But bring torches and follow me. More serious business now claims my attention."

"I will guide your lordship through these dungeons," said Xit. "I have often accompanied Master Nightgall in his visits, and can conduct you to every cell."

"Lead on then," said Dudley.

After traversing a vast number of passages, and examining many cells, all of which were vacant, they at length came to the dungeon where Cholmondeley had been confined. Here they found Nightgall, who at first attempted to exculpate himself, and made a variety of wild accusations against the esquire, but when he found he was utterly disbelieved, he confessed the whole truth. Dismissing some of his companions in search of the esquire, who it was evident, if the jailer's statement was to be credited, must have lost himself in some of the passages, Dudley was about to follow them, when Nightgall flung himself at his feet, and offered, if his life were spared, to reveal all the secret practices of the Council which had come to his knowledge. Dudley then ordered the rest of the attendants to withdraw, and was so much astonished at Nightgall's communication, that he determined upon instantly conveying him to the palace. After a long, but ineffectual search for Cholmondeley, whose escape has already been related, Dudley contented himself with leaving Xit and Og to look for him; and placing Nightgall in the custody of the two other giants, returned with him to the palace.

While this was passing, the queen had received an unexpected visit. She had retired to her closet with Cicely, and was listening to a recapitulation of the young damsel's love affair, when the hangings were suddenly drawn aside and Simon Renard stepped from a masked door in the

wall. Surprise for a moment held her silent, and Cicely was so much astonished by the appearance of the intruder, and so much alarmed by his stern looks, that she stood like one petrified. Renard's deportment, indeed, was most formidable, and could not fail to impress them both with terror. He said nothing for a moment, but fixed his black flaming eyes menacingly on the queen. As she remained speechless, he motioned Cicely to withdraw, and she would have obeyed had not Jane grasped her arm and detained her.

"Do not leave me!" she cried, "or summon the guard."

The words were no sooner spoken, than Renard drew his sword, and placed himself between her and the door.

"I have little to say," he observed;—"but I would have said it to you alone. Since you will have a witness, I am content."

By this time, Jane had recovered her confidence, and rising, she confronted Renard with a look as stern and haughty as his own.

"What brings you here, sir," she demanded; "and by what means have you escaped from the White Tower?—Are my guards false to their trust?"

"It matters not how I have escaped," replied Renard. "I am come hither to warn you."

"Of what?" asked Jane.

"Of the peril in which you stand," replied Renard. "You are no longer queen. The Duke of Northumberland has disbanded his army, and has himself proclaimed Mary."

"It is false," rejoined Jane.

"You will do well not to neglect my caution," replied Renard. "As yet the news is only known to me. Tomorrow it will be known to all within the Tower. Fly while it is yet time."

"No," replied Jane, proudly. "Were your news true, which I doubt, I would not fly. If I must resign my crown, it shall not be at your bidding. But I am still a queen; and you shall feel that I am so. Guards!" she cried in a loud voice, "Arrest this traitor."

But before the door could be opened, Renard had darted behind the arras and disappeared. Nor, upon searching the wall, could the attendants discover by what means he had contrived his escape. Soon after this, Lord Guilford Dudley returned, and his rage and consternation when he learned what had occurred was unbounded. He flew to the White Tower, where he found that Simon Renard, De Noailles, and the Earls of Pembroke and Arundel, who had been confined in a small room adjoining the council-chamber, had disappeared. The guards affirmed positively that they were not privy to their flight, and unable to obtain any clue to the mystery, Dudley returned in a state of perplexity to the palace, where a fresh surprise awaited him.

Jane had scarcely recovered from the surprise occasioned by Renard's mysterious visit, when an usher presented himself, and delivering a ring to her, said that it had been given him by an old woman, who implored an audience. Glancing at the ornament, the queen instantly recognised it as that she had given to Gunnora Braose, and desired the attendant to admit her. Accordingly, the old woman was introduced, and approaching Jane, threw herself on her knees before her.

"What seek you, my good dame?" asked Jane. "I promised to grant any boon you might ask. Are you come to claim fulfilment of my promise?"

"Listen to me, gracious lady," said the old woman, "and do not slight my counsel,—for what I am about to say to you is of the deepest import. Your crown—your liberty—your life is in danger! The council mean to depose you on the morrow, and proclaim Mary queen. Cull to mind the warning I gave you before you entered this fatal fortress. My words have come to pass. You are betrayed—lost!"

"Rise, my good woman," said Jane, "and compose yourself. You may speak the truth. My enemies may prevail against me, but they shall not subdue me. It is now too late to retreat. Having accepted the crown, I cannot—will not lay it aside, till it is wrested from me."

"It will be wrested from you on the block, dear lady," cried Gunnora. "Listen to me, I beseech you. To-night you can make your retreat. To-morrow it will be too late."

"It is too late already," cried a stern voice behind them, and Renard again presented himself. He was accompanied by the Earl of Pembroke, and Cholmondeley who was muffled in the jailer's cloak. "Lady Jane Dudley," continued the ambassador, in an authoritative voice, "there is one means of saving your life, and only one. Sign this document;" and he extended a parchment towards her. "It is your abdication. Sign it, and I will procure you a free pardon for yourself and your husband from Queen Mary."

"Mary is not Queen—nor will I sign it," replied Jane.

"Then hear me," replied Renard. "In Queen Mary's name, I denounce you as an usurper. And if you further attempt to exercise the functions of royalty, you will not escape the block."

"He does not overrate your danger," interposed Gunnora.

"What makes you here, old woman?" said Renard addressing her.

"I have come on the same errand as yourself," she replied, "to warn this noble, but ill-advised lady of her peril."

"Have you likewise informed her why you were brought to the Tower?" demanded Renard, sternly.

"No," replied Gunnora.

"Then she shall learn it from me," continued the ambassador, "though it is not the season I would have chosen for the disclosure. This woman administered poison to your predecessor, Edward VI., by order of the Duke of Northumberland."

"It is false," cried Jane, "I will not believe it."

"It is true," said Gunnora.

"Wretch! you condemn yourself," said Jane.

"I know it," rejoined Gunnora; "but place me on the rack, and I will repeat the charge."

"What motive could the Duke have for so foul a crime?"

"This," replied Gunnora: "he wished to remove the King so suddenly, that the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth might have no intelligence of his decease. But this is not all, madam."

"What more remains to be told?" asked Jane.

"You were to be the next victim," returned the old woman. "Northumberland aimed at the supreme power. With this view he wedded you to his son; with this view, he procured the letters patent from King Edward declaring you his successor; with this view, he proclaimed you Queen, raised you to the throne, and would have proclaimed your husband King. His next step was to have poisoned you."

"Poisoned me!" exclaimed Jane, horror-stricken.

"Ay, poisoned you," repeated Gunnora. "I was to administer the fatal draught to you as I did to Edward. It was therefore I warned you not to enter the Tower. It was therefore I counselled you to resign a sceptre which I knew you could not sustain. I saw you decked out like a victim for the sacrifice, and I strove to avert the fatal blow—but in vain."

"Alas! I begin to find your words are true," replied Jane. "But if aught remains to me of power, if I am not a Queen merely in name, I will now exert it. My Lord of Pembroke, I command you to summon the guard, and arrest this traitor," pointing to Simon Renard. "I will not sleep till I have had his head. How, my lord, do you

refuse to obey me? Hesitate, and you shall share his doom."

At this moment, Cholmondeley threw off his cloak, and advancing towards the ambassador, said, "M. Simon Renard, you are the Queen's prisoner."

"Cholmondeley!" exclaimed Renard, starting; "can it be?"

"It is, traitor," replied the Esquire; "but I will now unmask you and your projects."

"Back, sir!" cried Renard, in a tone so authoritative that all were overawed by it. "Lay hands on me and I give a signal which will cause a general massacre, in which none of Queen Mary's enemies will be spared. Lady Jane Dudley," he continued, addressing her, "I give you till to-morrow to reflect upon what course you will pursue. Resign the crown you have wrongfully assumed, and I pledge my word to obtain your pardon. But Northumberland's life is forfeited, and that of all his race."

"Think you I will sacrifice my husband, traitor?" cried Jane. "Seize him," she added, to Cholmondeley.

But before the young man could advance, Renard had unsheathed his sword, and placed himself in a posture of defence. "Lady Jane Dudley," he ejaculated, "I give you till to-morrow. Your own conduct will decide your fate."

"Call the guard," cried Jane.

The young Esquire vainly endeavoured to obey this command, but he was attacked and beaten off by the ambassador and the Duke of Pembroke, who quickly retreating towards the masked door, passed through it, and closed it after them. At this juncture, Lord Guilford Dudley returned at the head of the guard. The occurrences of the last few minutes were hastily explained to him, and he was about to break open the secret door, when Nightgall said, "If I have a free pardon, I will conduct your lordship to the secret retreat of the Council, and unravel a plot which shall place them in your power."

"Do this," replied Lord Guilford, "and you shall not only have a free pardon, but a great reward."

"Take a sufficient guard with you, and follow me," rejoined Nightgall.

Dudley complied, and the party proceeded on their errand, while Cholmondeley remained with the Queen and Cicely; and although his transports at beholding her again were somewhat alloyed by the perilous position in which Jane stood, he nevertheless tasted sufficient happiness to recompense him in some degree for his recent misery. Withdrawing to another apartment, Jane awaited in the utmost anxiety her husband's return. This did not occur for some hours, and when he appeared she saw at once, from his looks, that his search had been unsuccessful.

The remainder of the night was passed between the Queen and her consort in anxious deliberation. Cholmondeley was entrusted with the command of the guard, and after a few hours' rest and other refreshment, of which he stood greatly in need, he proceeded with Lord Clinton, who still apparently remained firm in his adherence, to make the rounds of the Tower. Nothing unusual was noticed: the sentinels were at their posts. But as Cholmondeley looked toward Tower Hill, he fancied he observed a great crowd assembled, and pointed out the appearance to Lord Clinton, who seemed a little confused, but declared he could perceive nothing. Cholmondeley, however, was satisfied that he was not deceived; but apprehending no danger from the assemblage, he did not press the point. Toward daybreak he again looked out in the same quarter, but the mob had disappeared. Meanwhile Gunnora Brasse had been conducted to the Bowyer Tower, and locked within the chamber she had occupied, while Nightgall was placed in strict confinement.

CHAPTER XVI.

How the Council deposed Queen Jane; and how she fled from the Tower.

At length, the last morning which was to behold Jane queen dawned, and after an agitated and sleepless night, she addressed herself to her devotions, and endeavoured to prepare for the dangerous and difficult part she had to play. The Duke of Suffolk tried to persuade her to abdicate. But her husband, who, it has been already observed, inherited his father's ambitious nature, besought her not to part with the crown.

"It has been dearly purchased," he urged, "and must be boldly maintained. Let us meet the Council courageously, and we shall triumph."

To this Jane assented. But it was evident from her manner she had but slight hopes.

At an early hour the lord mayor, the aldermen, and all the civic authorities who had been summoned, arrived. Cranmer and Ridley came soon after. The Council were then summoned, and by ten o'clock all were assembled, excepting the Earls of Pembroke and Arundel, Simon Renard and De Noailles. As soon as Jane was seated beneath the state canopy, she ordered a pursuivant to summon them. Proclamation being made, a stir was heard at the lower end of the council-chamber, and the absentees presented themselves. All four advanced boldly toward the throne, and took their place among the Council. Jane then arose, and with great dignity and self-possession thus addressed the assemblage:

"My lords," she said, "I have summoned you it may be for the last time, to deliberate on the course to be pursued to check the formidable tumults and rebellions that have been moved against me and my crown. Of that crown I cannot doubt I have lawful possession, since it was tendered me by your lordships, who have all sworn allegiance to me. Fully confiding, therefore, in your steadiness to my service, which neither with honour, safety, nor duty, you can now forsake, I look to you for support in this emergency."

Here a murmur arose among the Council.

"What!" exclaimed Jane; "do you desert me at the hour of need? Do you refuse me your counsel and assistance?"

"We do," replied several voices.

"Traitors!" exclaimed Lord Guilford Dudley: "you have passed your own sentence."

"Not so, my lord," replied Simon Renard. "It is you who have condemned yourself. Lady Jane Dudley," he continued in a loud voice, "you who have wrongfully usurped the title and station of queen—in your presence I proclaim Mary, sister to the late king Edward the Sixth, and daughter of Henry the Eighth of famous memory, Queen of England and Ireland, and very owner of the crown, government, and title of England and Ireland, and all things thereunto belonging."

"God save Queen Mary!" cried the Council.

A few dissentient voices were raised. But the Earl of Pembroke drew his sword, and cried in a loud voice, "As Heaven shall help me, I will strike that man dead who refuses to shout for Queen Mary." And he threw his cap in the air.

"Hear me," continued Renard, "and learn that resistance is vain. I hereby proclaim a free pardon in Queen Mary's name, to all who shall freely acknowledge her—excepting always the family of the Duke of Northumberland, who is a traitor, and upon whose head a price is set. I require your Grace," he added to Suffolk, "to deliver up the keys of the Tower."

"They are here," replied the Duke, pointing to Magog who bore them.

"Do you yield, my lord?" cried Lord Guilford, passionately.

"It is useless to contend further," replied Suffolk. "All is lost."

"True," replied Jane. "My lords, I resign the crown into your hands; and Heaven grant you may prove more faithful to Mary than you have been to me. In obedience to you, my lord," she continued, addressing her husband, "I acted a violence on myself, and have been guilty of a grievous offence. But the present is my own act. And I willingly abdicate the throne to correct another's fault, if so great a fault can be corrected by my resignation and sincere acknowledgment."

"You shall not abdicate it, Jane," cried Dudley, fiercely. "I will not yield. Stand by me, Cholmondeley, and these audacious traitors shall find I am still master here. Let those who are for Queen Jane surround the throne."

As he spoke, he glanced round authoritatively, but no one stirred.

"Speak!" he cried, in accents of rage and disappointment. "Are ye all traitors? Is no one true to his allegiance?"

But no answer was returned.

"They are no traitors, my lord," said Simon Renard.

"They are loyal subjects of Queen Mary."

"He speaks truly, my lord," replied Jane. "It is useless to contend further. I am no longer queen."

So saying, she descended from the throne.

"My lords," she continued, addressing the Council, "you are now masters here. Have I your permission to retire?"

"You have, noble lady," replied Pembroke. "But it grieves me to add, that you must perforce remain within the Tower till the pleasure of her Highness respecting you has been ascertained."

"A prisoner!" exclaimed Jane, trembling. "And my husband, you will suffer him to accompany me?"

"It cannot be," interposed Simon Renard, harshly; "Lord Guilford Dudley must be separately confined."

"You cannot mean this cruelty, sir?" cried Jane, indignantly.

"Do not sue for me, Jane," rejoined Dudley. "I will not accept the smallest grace at his hands."

"Guards!" cried Renard, "I command you, in Queen Mary's name, to arrest Lord Guilford Dudley, and convey him to the Beauchamp Tower."

The order was instantly obeyed. Jane then took a tender farewell of her husband, and accompanied by Cicely and Cholmondeley, and others of her attendants, was escorted to the palace.

She had no sooner taken her departure, than letters were despatched by the Council to the Duke of Northumberland, commanding him instantly to disband his army. And the Earl of Arundel was commissioned to proceed with a force to arrest him.

"I have a brave fellow who shall accompany your lordship," said Renard, motioning to Gilbert, who stood among his followers.

"Hark'ee, sirrah!" he added, "you have already approved your fidelity to Queen Mary. Approve it still further by the capture of the Duke, and, in the Queen's name, I promise you a hundred pounds in lands to you and your heirs, and the degree of an esquire. And now, my lords, to publicly proclaim Queen Mary."

With this the whole train departed from the Tower, and proceeded to Cheapside, where, by sound of trumpet, the new sovereign was proclaimed by the title of "Mary, Queen of England, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith."

Shouts rent the air, and every manifestation of delight was exhibited. "Great was the triumph," writes an eyewitness of the ceremony; "for my part, I never saw the

like, and, by the report of others, the like was never seen. The number of caps that were thrown up at the proclamation was not to be told. The Earl of Pembroke threw away his cap full of angels. I saw myself, money thrown out of the windows for joy. The bonfires were without number; and what with the shouting and crying of the people, and ringing of bells, there could no man hear almost what another said—besides banqueting and skipping the streets for joy."

The proclamation over, the company proceeded to St. Paul's where Te Deum was solemnly sung. It is a curious illustration of the sudden change of feeling, that the Duke of Suffolk himself proclaimed Mary on Tower Hill.

The utmost confusion reigned throughout the Tower. Some few there were who regretted the change of sovereigns, but the majority were in favour of Mary. Northumberland in fact was so universally hated by all classes, and it was so notorious that the recent usurpation was contrived only for his own aggrandisement, that though Jane was pitted, no commiseration was felt for her husband or her ambitious father-in-law. Great rejoicings were held in the Tower Green, where an immense bonfire was lighted, and a whole ox roasted. Several casks of ale were also broached, and mead and other liquors were distributed to the wardens and the troops. Of these good things the three gigantic warders and Kit partook; and Magog was so elated, that he plucked up courage to propose to Dame Placida, and, to the dwarf's infinite dismay and mortification, was accepted. Lord Guilford Dudley witnessed these rejoicings from the windows of Beauchamp Tower, in which he was confined; and as he glanced upon the citadel opposite his prison, now lighted up by the gleams of the fire, he could not help reflecting with bitterness what a change a few days had effected. The voices which only nine days ago had shouted for Jane, were now clamouring for Mary; and of the thousands which then would have obeyed his slightest nod, not one would acknowledge him now. From a prince he had become a captive, and his palace was converted into a dungeon. Such were the agonizing thoughts of Northumberland's ambitious son—and such, or nearly such, were those of his unhappy consort, who, in her chamber in the palace, was a prey to the bitterest reflection.

Attended only by Cholmondeley and Cicely, Jane consumed the evening in sad, but unavailing lamentations. About midnight, as she had composed her thoughts by applying herself to her wonted solace in affliction, study, she was aroused by a noise in the wall, and presently afterward, a masked door opened, and Gunnora Braose presented herself. Jane instantly rose and demanded the cause of the intrusion. Gunnora laid her finger on her lips, and replied in a low tone, "I am come to liberate you."

"I do not desire freedom," replied Jane, "neither will I trust myself to you. I will abide here till my cousin Mary makes her entrance into the Tower, and I will then throw myself upon her mercy."

"She will show you no mercy," rejoined Gunnora. "Do not, I implore of you, expose yourself to the first outbreak of her jealous and vindictive nature. Queen Mary inherits her father's inexorable disposition, and I am well assured, if you tarry here, you will fall a victim to her displeasure. Do not neglect this opportunity, sweet lady. In a few hours it may be too late."

"Accept her offer, gracious madam," urged Cicely; "it may be your last chance of safety. You are here surrounded by enemies."

"But how am I to escape from the fortress, if I accede to your wishes?" replied Jane.

"Follow me, and I will conduct you," answered Gunnora. "I have possessed myself of the key of a subterra-

nean passage which will convey you to the other side of the moat."

"But my husband?" hesitated Jane.

"Do not think of him," interrupted Gunnora, frowning. "He deserted you in the hour of danger. Let him perish on the scaffold with his false father."

"Leave me, old woman," said Jane authoritatively; "I will not go with you."

"Do not heed her, my gracious mistress," urged Cholmondeley; "your tarrying here cannot assist Lord Guilford, and will only aggravate his affliction. Besides, some means may be devised for his escape."

"Pardon what I have said, dear lady," said Gunnora. "Deadly as is the hatred I bear to the house of Northumberland, for your sweet sake I will forgive his son. Nay more, I will effect his deliverance. This I swear to you. Come with me, and once out of the Tower, make what haste you can to Sion House, where your husband shall join you before the morning."

"You promise more than you can accomplish," said Jane.

"That remains to be seen, madam," replied Gunnora; "but were it not that he is your husband, Lord Guilford Dudley should receive no help from me. Once more, will you trust me?"

"I will," replied Jane.

Cholmondeley then seized a torch, and fastening the door of the chamber, on the outside of which a guard was stationed, assisted Jane through the masked door. Preceded by the old woman, who carried a lamp, they threaded a long narrow passage built in the thickness of the wall, and presently arrived at the head of a flight of stairs, which brought them to a long corridor arched and paved with stone. Traversing this, they struck into an avenue on the right, exactly resembling one of those which Cholmondeley had recently explored. Jane expressed her surprise at the vast extent of the passage she was threading, when Gunnora answered—"The whole of the Tower is undermined with secret passages and dungeons, but their existence is known only to few."

A few minutes' rapid walking brought them to a stone staircase, which they mounted, traversed another gallery, and finally halted before a low gothic-arched door, which admitted them to the interior of the Bowyer Tower. Requesting Cholmondeley to assist her, Gunnora, with his help, speedily raised a trap-door of stone, and disclosed a flight of steps. While they were thus employed, a strange and unaccountable terror took possession of Jane. As she glanced timidly toward the doorway she had just quitted, she imagined she saw a figure watching her, and in the gloom almost fancied it was the same muffled object she had beheld in St. John's Chapel. A superstitious terror kept her silent. As she looked more narrowly at the figure, she thought it bore an axe upon its shoulder, and she was about to point it out to her companions, when making a gesture of silence it disappeared. By this time the trap-door being raised, Cholmondeley descended the steps with the torch, while Gunnora, holding back the flag, begged her to descend. But Jane did not move.

"Do not lose time," cried the old woman, "we may be followed and retaken."

Still Jane hesitated. She cast another look toward the doorway, and the idea crossed her, that from that very outlet she should be led to execution. A deadly chill pervaded her frame, and her feet seemed nailed to the ground. Seeing her irresolution, Cicely threw herself on her knees before her, and implored her to make an effort. Jane advanced a step, and then paused. After remaining a moment in deep abstraction, she turned to Cicely and said,

"Child, I thank you for your zeal, but I feel it is useless. Though I may escape from the Tower, I cannot escape my fate."

Cicely, however, renewed her entreaties, and seconded by Cholmondeley she at length prevailed. Pursuing the same course which Gunnora had taken on the night she was brought to the Tower by Simon Renard, they at length arrived at the shed at the further side of the moat.

"You are now safe," said Gunnora. "Hasten to Sion House, and if my plan does not fail, your husband shall join you there before many hours have passed."

So saying, she departed. Jane and her attendants crossed Tower Hill, from which she turned to gaze at the scene of her greatness, indistinctly visible in the gloom—and so agonizing were the thoughts occasioned by the sight that she burst into tears. As soon as she had recovered from her paroxysm of grief, they proceeded to the river side, where they fortunately procured a boat, and were rowed towards Sion House.

CHAPTER XVII.

In what manner Jane was brought back to the Tower of London.

Gunnora Braose kept her word. Before daybreak, Lord Guilford Dudley joined his afflicted consort. Their meeting was passionate and sad. As Jane ardently returned her husband's fond embrace, she cried, "Oh, my dear lord, that we had never been deluded by the false glitter of greatness to quit this calm retreat! Oh that we may be permitted to pass the remainder of our days here!"

"I have not yet abandoned all hopes of the throne," replied Dudley. "Our fortunes may be retrieved."

"Never," returned Jane, gravely—"never, so far as I am concerned. Were the crown to be again offered to me—were I assured I could retain it, I would not accept it. No, Dudley, the dream of ambition is over; and I am fully sensible of the error I have committed."

"As you please, my queen, for I will still term you so," rejoined Dudley; "but if my father is in arms, I will join him, and we will make one last effort for the prize, and regain it, or perish in the attempt."

"Your wild ambition will lead you to the scaffold—and will conduct me there also," replied Jane. "If we could not hold the power when it was in our own hands—how can you hope to regain it?"

"It is not lost—I will not believe it, till I am certified under my father's own hand that he has abandoned the enterprise," rejoined Dudley. "You know him not, Jane. With five thousand men at his command—nay, with a fifth of that number, he is more than a match for all his enemies. We shall yet live to see him master of the Tower—of this rebellious city. We shall yet see our foes led to the scaffold. And if I see the traitors Renard, Pembroke, and Arundel conducted thither I will excuse Fortune all her malice."

"Heaven forgive them their treason as I forgive them!" exclaimed Jane. "But I fear their enmity will not be satisfied till they have brought us to the block to which you would doom them."

"This is not a season for reproaches, Jane," said Dudley, coldly; "but if you had not trusted that false traitor, Renard—listened to his pernicious counsels—if you had not refused my suit for the crown, and urged my father to undertake the expedition against Mary—all had been well. You had been queen—and I king."

"Your reproaches are deserved, Dudley," replied Jane, "and you cannot blame me more severely than I blame myself. Nevertheless, had I acceded to your desires—had I raised you to the sovereignty—had I turned a deaf ear to Renard's counsel, and not suffered myself to be duped by his allies Arundel and Pembroke—had I retained your father in the Tower—my reign would not have been of much longer duration."

"I do not understand you, madam," said Lord Guilford, sternly.

"To be plain, then," replied Jane, "for disguise is useless now—I am satisfied that your father aimed at the crown himself—that I was merely placed on the throne to prepare it for him—and that when the time arrived he would have removed me."

"Jane!" exclaimed her husband, furiously.

"Have patience, dear Dudley!" she rejoined. "I say not this to rouse your anger, or to breed further misunderstanding between us. Heaven knows we have misery enough to endure without adding to it. I say it to reconcile you to your lot. I say it to check the spirit of ambition, which I find is yet smouldering within your bosom. I say it to prevent your joining in any fresh attempt with your father, which will assuredly end in the destruction of both."

"But you have brought a charge so foul against him, madam," cried her husband, "that as his son, I am bound to tell you you are grievously in error."

"Dudley," replied Jane firmly, "I have proofs that the duke poisoned my cousin, King Edward. I have proofs also, that he would have poisoned me."

"It is false," cried her husband, furiously—"it is a vile calumny fabricated by his enemies. You have been imposed upon."

"Not so, my lord," cried Gunnora Braose, who had been an unseen listener to the conversation. "It is no calumny. The royal Edward was poisoned by me at your father's instigation. And you and your consort would have shared the same fate."

"False hag! thou liest," cried Lord Guilford.

"Read that," replied Gunnora, placing a document in his hands. "It is my order in the duke's own writing. Do you credit me now?"

Dudley hastily cast his eyes over the scroll. His countenance fell, and the paper dropped from his grasp.

"And now hear my news," continued the old woman, with a smile of exultation. "Your father has proclaimed Queen Mary at Cambridge."

"Impossible!" cried Dudley.

"I tell you it is true," replied Gunnora—"a messenger arrived at midnight with the tidings, and it was during the confusion created by the intelligence that I contrived to effect your escape. The Earl of Arundel is despatched to arrest him, and ere to-morrow night, he will be lodged within the Tower. Yes," she continued with a ferocious laugh—"I shall see him placed in the same dungeon in which he lodged my foster-son, the great Duke of Somerset. I shall see his head stricken off by the same axe, and upon the same scaffold, and I shall die content."

"Horrible!" cried Jane. "Leave us, wretched woman. Your presence adds to my affliction."

"I will leave you, dear lady," replied Gunnora—"but though absent from you, I will not fail to watch over you. I have powerful friends within the Tower, and if any ill be designed you, I will give you timely warning. Farewell!"

A miserable and anxious day was passed by Jane and her husband. Lord Guilford would fain have departed with Cholmondeley to join his father at Cambridge, but suffered himself to be dissuaded from the rash undertaking by the tears and entreaties of his consort. As to Cicely and her lover, their sympathies were so strongly excited for the distresses of Jane, that the happiness they would otherwise have experienced in each other's society was wholly destroyed. At night, as the little party were assembled, Gunnora Braose again made her appearance, and her countenance bespoke that some new danger was at hand.

"What ill tidings do you bring!" cried Dudley, starting to his feet.

"Fly!" exclaimed Gunnora. "You have not a moment to lose. Simon Renard has discovered your retreat, and Lord Clinton, with a body of men, is hastening hither to convey you to the Tower. Fly!"

"Whither?" exclaimed Lord Guilford. "Whither shall we fly?"

"It is useless, my dear lord," replied Jane calmly, "to contend further. I resign myself to the hands of Providence, and I counsel you to do the same."

"Come then with me, Cholmondeley," cried Dudley, snatching up his cloak, and girding on his sword, "we will to horse at once, and join my father at Cambridge. If he has a handful of men left we can yet make a gallant defence."

"The duke is arrested, and on his way to the Tower," said Gunnora.

"Ha!" exclaimed Dudley, "when did this occur?"

"Yesterday," replied the old woman. "He was taken within his chamber by my grandson, Gilbert Pot, who has received a hundred pounds in lands, and the degree of an esquire, for the deed. He submitted himself to the Earl of Arundel, and his deportment was as abject as it formerly was arrogant. When he saw the earl he fell on his knees, and desired him to have pity on him for the love of God. 'Consider,' he said, 'I have done nothing but by the order of you and the whole Council.' Then the Earl of Arundel replied, 'I am sent hither by the queen's majesty, and in her name I arrest you.' 'And I obey it, my lord,' answered the duke. 'I beseech you use mercy towards me, knowing the case as it is.' 'My lord,' rejoined the earl, 'you should have sought mercy sooner. I must do according to my commandment. You are my prisoner!' And he committed him in charge to my grandson and others of the guard."

"How learnt you this?" inquired Lord Guilford.

"From a messenger who had just arrived at the Tower," replied the old woman—"and this is the last act of the great Duke of Northumberland. We shall soon see how he comforts himself on the scaffold."

"Begone," cried Jane, "and do not stay here to deride our misery."

"I am not come hither to deride it," replied the old woman, "but to warn you."

"I thank you for your solicitude," replied Jane—"but it is needless. Retire all of you, I entreat, and leave me with my husband."

Her injunctions were immediately complied with, and her attendants withdrew. The unfortunate pair were not, however, allowed much time for conversation. Before they had been many minutes alone, the door was burst open, and a troop of armed men, headed by Lord Clinton, the lieutenant of the Tower, rushed in.

"I am aware of your errand, my lord," said Jane; "you are come to convey me to the Tower. I am ready to attend you."

"It is well," replied Lord Clinton. "If you have any preparations to make, you shall have time for them."

"I have none, my lord," she replied.

"Nor I," replied Lord Guilford.

"My sole request is, that I may take one female attendant with me," said Jane, pointing to Cicely.

"I am sorry I cannot comply with the request," answered Lord Clinton, "but my orders are peremptory."

"Will my esquire be permitted to accompany me?" inquired Dudley.

"If he chooses to incur the risk of so doing, assuredly," replied Clinton. "But he will go into captivity."

"I will follow my Lord Guilford to death," cried Cholmondeley.

"You are a faithful esquire, indeed!" observed Lord Clinton, with a slight sneer.

While this was passing, Cicely hastily threw a surcoat

of velvet over her mistress's shoulders, to protect her from the night air, and then prostrating herself before her, clasped her hand, and bedewed it with tears.

"Rise, child," said Jane raising her and embracing her—"Farewell! may you be speedily united to your lover, and may your life be happier than that of your unfortunate mistress!"

"My barge awaits you at the stairs," observed Lord Clinton.

"We will follow you, my lord," said Dudley.

Leaning upon Cicely, Jane, who was scarcely able to support herself, was placed in the stern of the boat. Her husband took his seat near her, and two men-at-arms, with drawn swords were stationed as a guard on either side of them. Bidding a hasty adieu to the weeping Cicely, Cholmondeley sprang into the boat, and was followed by Clinton, who immediately gave the signal to the rowers. Cicely lingered till the bark disappeared, and as two halberdiers bearing torches were placed in the fore part of the vessel, she was enabled to track its course far down the river. When the last glimmer of light vanished, her heart died within her, and she returned to indulge her grief in solitude.

Meanwhile the boat with its unhappy occupants pursued a rapid course. The tide being in their favour they shortly reached London, and as they swept past Durham House—whence only twelve days ago, she had proceeded in so much pomp to the Tower—Jane's feelings became too poignant almost for endurance. The whole pageant rose before her in all its splendour. Again she heard the roar of the cannon announcing her departure. Again she beheld the brilliant crowd of proud nobles, gaily-dressed cavaliers, lovely and high-born dames, grave prelates, judges, and ambassadors. Again she beheld the river glistening with golden craft. Again she heard the ominous words of Gunnora, "*Go not to the Tower!*" Again she beheld the fierce lightning flash, again heard the loud thunder roll—and she felt she had received a deep and awful warning. These thoughts affected her so powerfully, that she sank half fainting on her husband's shoulder.

In this state she continued till they had shot London Bridge, and the first object upon which her gaze rested, when she opened her eyes, was the Tower.

Here again other harrowing recollections arose. How different was the present, from her former entrance into the fortress! Then a deafening roar of ordnance welcomed her. Then all she passed saluted her as queen. Then drawbridges were lowered, gates opened, and each vied with the other to show her homage. Then a thousand guards attended her. Then allegiance was sworn—fidelity vowed—but how kept! Now all was changed. She was brought a prisoner to the scene of her former grandeur, unattended, unnoted.

Striving to banish these reflections, which, in spite of her efforts, obtruded themselves upon her, she strained her gaze to discover through the gloom the White Tower, but could discover nothing but a sombre mass like a thunder cloud. St. Thomas's or Traitor's Tower was, however, plainly distinguishable, as several armed men carrying flambeaux were stationed on its summit.

The boat was now challenged by the sentinels—merely as a matter of form, for its arrival was expected—and almost before the answer could be returned by those on board, a wicket, composed of immense beams of wood, was opened, and the boat shot beneath the gloomy arch. Never had Jane experienced a feeling of such horror as now assailed her—and if she had been crossing the fabled Styx she could not have felt greater dread. Her blood seemed congealed within her veins as she gazed around. The lurid light of the torches fell upon the black dismal arch—upon the slimy walls, and upon the yet blacker tide. Nothing was heard but the sullen ripple of the water, for

the men had ceased rowing, and the boat impelled by their former efforts soon struck against the steps. The shock recalled Jane to consciousness. Several armed figures bearing torches were now seen to descend the steps. The customary form of delivering the warrant, and receiving an acknowledgment for the bodies of the prisoners being gone through, Lord Clinton, who stood upon the lowest step, requested Jane to disembark. Summoning all her resolution, she arose, and giving her hand to the officer, who stood with a drawn sword beside her, was assisted by him and a warder to land. Lord Clinton received her as she set foot on the step. By his aid she slowly ascended the damp and slippery steps; at the summit of which two personages were standing, whom she instantly recognised as Renard and De Noailles. The former regarded her with a smile of triumph, and said in a tone of bitter mockery as she passed him—"So—Epiphany is over. The Twelfth Day Queen has played her part."

"My lord," said Jane, turning disdainfully from him to Lord Clinton—"will it please you to conduct me to my lodging?"

"What ho! warders," cried Lord Clinton, addressing the gigantic brethren who were standing near—"Conduct Lady Jane Dudley to Master Partridge's dwelling till her chamber within the Brick Tower is prepared. Lord Guilford Dudley must be taken to the Beauchamp Tower."

"Are we to be separated?" cried Jane.

"Such are the queen's commands," replied Lord Clinton, in a tone of deep commiseration.

"The queen's!" exclaimed Jane.

"Ay! the queen's!" repeated Renard. "Queen Mary of England, whom Heaven long preserve!"

THUS FAR THE FIRST BOOK OF THE CHRONICLES OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

CARLO SEBASTIANI,

THE AID-DE-CAMP.

CARLO SEBASTIANI was the son of an Italian colonel of engineers in the Imperial service. The colonel had fallen in one of the Turkish campaigns, and left his son to the protection of the Imperial family. Intended for soldier-ship, he had been placed at the celebrated military school of Ratisbon, and was distinguished among his comrades by all the promise of a future Alexander. However, the glories of the academy in time grew tiresome to a dashing youth of eighteen, tall as a grenadier, able to tame a Hungarian horse, ready to hang himself for every pair of epaulets which he saw on the shoulders of the garrison-officers, and wearied to death with sketching eternal plans of imaginary fortifications, out-manceuvring old Frederick and Daun in every battle of the Seven Years' War, and gazing in summer at castles in the clouds, and in winter making them in the fumes of his iron stove.

One lovely evening, at length, in June of the memorable year 1796, brought him other things. The commandant of the garrison was seen furiously riding, at the head of a group of aids-de-camp, from the gates of the city. His road lay by the foot of a hill, on which Carlo was lying with Schiller's *Robbers* in his hand, and, like Charles de Moor, was pouring out his sorrows and his soul to the most brilliant of all possible sunsets. The clatter of the horses' hoofs startled him from a reverie, in which he performed the part of the poetical robber with great success, and was deliberately considering, whether a life in the woods, pistol in hand, and the honour of commanding a troop of invincible heroes of the highway, was not the

true definition of glory after all. The commandant had by this time reached the foot of the height, and, as its steepness brought the whole group to a walk, Carlo, who knew and was known by every body, was enabled to ask the news. "Plenty of both, my boy—good and bad," was the answer. "The French want a little more blood-letting, I suppose, and are said to be in motion. But we shall be ready for them, sharp as the scoundrels are."

"Are they in force, general?"

"Oh! several hundred thousands, they tell our people, at the other side of the water. They are capital fellows for recruiting, as every body knows; and I think that they ought not to have let us off so cheap. Several millions would have sounded better; and I dare say that they will have them by the next report."

The group of the staff burst out into loud laughter; for no aid-de-camp is fit for his duty who does not laugh at his general's jokes.

"Pray, Carlo," asked the general in turn, "have you had any letters from Vienna? The news there is, that the Archduke Charles is likely to take the command of the Rhenish army; if so, we shall have warm work. He is not a man to wear gouty shoes."

The aids-de-camp burst out again into a laugh.

"No, gentlemen, nor to let any one else wear them."

The general said this in a tone of importance, more than enough to rebuke their previous familiarity; and the aids-de-camp to a man instantly stroked their yellow moustaches, and looked grave. The general now galloped down the descent, on his way to inspect some works building on the adjoining hills, and Carlo was left to himself.

But he could even read Schiller no more: a robber was made to be hanged, and Carlo felt himself made to be a generalissimo; the difference was considerable, and he decided against being the *magnifico* of a Bohemian cavern.

With a heart panting with a thousand undefined emotions, he hurried to his chamber and there saw a couple of letters lying on his table. One was from the Countess Sebastiani, his mother, and the other from the office of the War Minister. It must be acknowledged that he tore open the minister's letter first. It was brief—a simple order for him to return from the school without loss of time. The letter from the countess was like a mother's letter—long, tender, and crowded with advice, precautions, and prospects, finishing with hopes that the war was at an end; the *post-script* saying, that having no further use for his military education, she had returned his commission to the Emperor, with a proposal that he should enter the career of diplomacy, in which she had some interest. The letter was explanatory to the full intent; but it was like an ice-bolt to him. It lowered him from the fever-heat of fame a hundred degrees below zero. If the Rhine had been then within any accessible distance, he would probably have finished his perplexity by going to sup with the mermaids of the North Sea. He passed the night without closing his eyes. "What, *he* a diplomatist!—*he* to linger out the next dozen, or the next fifty years in learning to fold a despatch!—*he* to be the escort of all the old countesses of the minor courts of Germany, and vegetate into a thin figure of frivolity, on a pension of five hundred thalers a-year! No: better be blown from the mouth of a howitzer, or spiked on a French bayonet! If not a soldier, he would be nothing, but"—the Charles de Moor scheme hovered over his mind again,—"*at all events*," said he, "*to Vienna I will not return. The world is wide. I shall not suffer myself to be laughed at by the whole circle of the palace. I can live in America by hunting buffaloes;—I can live in Siberia by shooting black foxes;—I can live in Africa by hunting for gold dust;—I can live in India by blackening my face and strangling some of the native Rajah's;—but never will I return to Vienna.*"

Having embodied those profound thoughts in the most

eloquent language he could command, and satisfied himself that the countess must feel his letter to be demonstration itself, he sallied forth at twilight, with his purse and his walking-stick as his sole companions; and, not very conscious in which direction he was rushing, nor even very clear whether the hour was midnight or morning, he left Ratisbon behind him with a giant stride.

To a hero of eighteen, hunger and weariness are inconceivable ideas. But they will have their own way after all; and by daybreak, the sun, rising over one of the rich valleys which indent the far-famed Black Forest, seemed to Carlo to melt him into the strangest imaginable propensity to slumber. He still struggled on; but the struggle became more difficult, and it was not till the same sun had reached the opposite quarter, and was covering the forest and its hills with all the hues of a fine summer's evening, that he discovered his new position among mankind. He was lying on the ground, close to a circle of Austrian Hulans, who were eating, drinking, and making merry, like true sons of the sabre. Carlo sprang on his feet, and felt for his purse and his Leipzig gold-mounted cane; but both had taken their leave. He approached the group to make his angry inquiries. They laughed at him, and invited him to take some of their bread and brandy as a means of bringing back his understanding. He was indignant, and would have fought the whole group, or the whole regiment; but he suddenly felt a sensation of intolerable hunger, and the feeling which tames elephants and lions, may be forgiven for taming a handsome hero not yet arrived at years of discretion. The scene ended by his being ordered by the corporal of the troop to mount behind one of his men, and proceed with them. This was rather a fall for the son of an Imperial colonel of engineers, and a German countess. But, on second thoughts, what was the difference between him and the hardy and light-hearted savages around him? "If I am destined to be shot in the field," thought he, "I may as well save myself the trouble of walking round the world for it. If I am to earn my bread, I may as well do it fighting for Austria, as fighting for the bronzed-faced chief of the Choctaws, or the black-muzzled Rajah of Nepaul."

His mind was made up, his profession was chosen for him—a prodigious saving of that toil of the brains which troubles so much those who have to choose for themselves; and before night Carlo Sebastiani was a Hulan, and in the way to be a hero.

The corporal honoured him with his particular regard—approved of his style of sitting his horse,—he, upon his inauguration, having been relieved from guarding the rear of his fellow-trooper, and now having a charger to himself,—and predicted, that by conducting himself with due deference to his authority, and especially by adopting his example, the showy recruit might in time become even a corporal.

The regiment formed part of a corps of observation posted along the Rhine, in the neighbourhood of Kehl, to watch the enemy's movements. On their march through the superb country which borders the German side of the Upper Rhine, Carlo was in continual admiration of every thing round him—the country, the camp, and the regiment. The buoyancy of youth, and the natural spirit of one born to be a soldier, if ever man was born to be any thing so preposterous, kept him in a state of perpetual excitement, new and perfectly astonishing to the phlegmatic Austrians. But the corporal could understand him. This little bearer of authority had a story of his own; of which, however, he took good care not to develop more than the outlines, and even those outlines tolerably broken. But the rumour among the troop was, that he had formerly flourished as a village lawyer, where, having done something beyond even the latitudinarian limits of the professional conscience, he had provided for his safety by leaving his profession behind

among the Voeges, leaving his character to take care of itself, and making a midnight voyage across the Rhine. What he had done subsequently, to bring him into the hands of the Rhenish police, who had transferred him into the hands of the Austrian recruiting-officers, remained among the undiscovered facts of history. But he was evidently a personage who, if the world had not seen him, had seen the world. He had at least seen Paris, which in those days was to have seen every thing that was worth seeing under the sun, whether for its oddity or its horror, desirable or detestable—to one half of mankind a paradise, to the other half a pandemonium.

One evening, as Carlo was *en vedette*, gazing with a poetic eye at the rich expanse of islands which stud the noble river opposite Strasburg, and wishing for the pen and pencil of his quieter days, to transfer their splendid varieties of form and colour to his portfolio, the little corporal rode up to him, and, pointing to the steeples of the stately city, then glittering in the full radiance of eve, said, in a tone sufficiently expressive, "There is France!"

"Well," said Carlo, "and here is Germany; and, I think, a better country, a better people, and a better cause."

"Ay, ay, friend," said the corporal, casting his quick glance with something of a sneer at the enthusiast; "no, doubt of it—all is as you say. But its good things are rather slow in reaching corporals and privates of the Hulans. It may all be very well for captains and colonels, dukes and princes; but the sky may fall before Germany drops a gold epaulet on the shoulders of either of us."

"We must earn them, then, with our swords," replied Carlo.

"No doubt!" observed the corporal, with a laugh. "But, however we may earn them, others get them; and some prince or prince's valet, some baron or baron's dog, is always sure to step in between men of honour and their reward." The corporal took out a purse tolerably filled, and amused himself with flinging it up and catching it in the air. Carlo was astonished.

"You are rich, corporal," said he; "what is your secret? One rixdollar comprehends the whole amount of my pay from the regimental chest, since I was robbed by your gallant comrades in the forest."

"Those who suffer themselves to want money, deserve to want it. I learned that maxim in Paris," said the corporal. "This purse, you may fairly believe, never came from the Emperor. The regimental chests have had more cobwebs than thalers in them these six months." The eyes of Carlo were fixed on him sternly; and the corporal adroitly changed the subject. "Have you heard," said he, "what was the cause of the firing at the other side this evening?—it must be reported to the general immediately."

"Yes; a fisherman whom I stopped on his landing, just before you came up, told me that it was for the visit of the new commander-in-chief to the French outposts."

"And his name?" asked the corporal, eagerly.

"The man was not perfectly sure, but he believed that it was Moreau."

"Bravo, bravissimo!" exclaimed the corporal, with involuntary emphasis.

"Why, what difference can it make to us?" asked his hearer, in surprise.

"Why, none; except that, instead of Pichegru, whom the Directory have always feared as a royalist, and therefore thwarted, we have now opposite to us Moreau, whom they perfectly trust, and whom, therefore, they will support with all their means. He has with him upwards of 80,000 of the best infantry and cavalry of France; and we shall have him on this side of the river within the next twenty-four hours."

"Indeed! Why, you are an extraordinary corporal;

"where did you get all this information?" asked Carlo, already suspecting this overflow of knowledge.

The corporal was astonished at his own candour; but he drew in dexterously. "They are the mere rumours of a French newspaper, which I saw yesterday in the coffee-house at Kehl. But, though I am a German, that same Moreau was my schoolfellow. See the advantage of being in a service where a man's talents are thought more of than his family parchments. I'll wager my last schelling, that it would puzzle Moreau to tell who was his grandfather. My father, the descendant of a long line of honourable fools, had settled in Morlaix as a lawyer. Young Moreau was bred to the bar of Brittany. The Revolution came. He volunteered into the National Guard—showed his talents in drilling them—was taken in the movable column of the department—rose from the ranks, and became a general of division within three years; while I went on, like a respectable citizen, earning half a dozen of francs a day by a profession not an atom more peaceable, though clearly less profitable."

"And the end is, that now you are on different sides of the river, and on different sides of the question; and that you are a corporal of Hulans, while he is the general-in-chief of the grand army of France," said Carlo, laughing.

"Exactly so," said the corporal; "but though the cards are unlucky, the game is not over yet. I may gain a point or two before the tables are empty." He turned to Carlo. "Now listen to a friend. You will never do any thing in our service but get yourself shot; nor gain any thing but a ticket for an hospital. On the other hand, a rixdollar will hire a boat: mention my name at the opposite side, and may I be sent into the air from the mouth of a twelve-pounder, but I think you may yet be a general."

"Traitor! surrender your sabre, and march before me to the grand guard," exclaimed the indignant hearer.

"Traitor! Ha, ha, ha!" burst out the corporal. "So you think me in earnest. The *ruse* was capital. I always take this way of trying my videttes. No harm can happen while we are a hundred or two miles off in the interior; let them be what they will. The nice point is, to know what they are when they come in sight of French smoke, and I may say, too, French louis d'ors. Farewell; I see you are a first-rate fellow, and I shall be sure to mention you to the colonel." He put spurs to his horse, and galloped forward.

The night was stormy, and Carlo, when he returned to his picket, and threw his wearied limbs on his straw, in the stables of one of the huge old palaces which then lined the banks of the Rhine, found himself unable to rest. France, the corporal, Moreau, fields of battle, and sabres of honour, whirled round his mind with a feeling like that of giddiness. But in the intervals of one of the gusts, he heard something which left him undecided whether the noise was that of one of the small rivulets incessantly falling from the hills into the river, or the trampling of human feet. It passed; and he slept again, till in the dead of the night he was roused from his uneasy couch by the corporal, who came to tell him that the regiment were ordered instantly to mount, for the purpose of a reconnaissance.

He rose, took his place in his troop; and the regiment, one of the finest in the service, moved forward on its patrol. The storm increased to tropical violence, and nothing could be heard but the roar of the thunder and the crashing of the wind through the forest. Suddenly the corps came to a full stop, and the colonel galloped to the front to ascertain the cause. A large *abat* of trees, apparently left in some former attempt to fortify the bank, wholly blocked up the road. In the general pause, the corporal volunteered his knowledge of the ground to lead them by a forest path. Carlo heard the offer, and the evening's conversation recurred to him. He instantly addressed the

colonel, and told him his suspicion that the enemy had landed troops in that direction, and that he had heard their movements an hour or two before. The corporal scoffed at the idea as poltronerie, and repeated his offer of guidance.

"Lead on, then," said the colonel; "and you, Hulan, leave your troop, and ride by me."

They moved forward, the corporal taking the lead. The night grew wilder, the defile more entangled, and Carlo more dissatisfied with the route. "The regiment will be lost," he whispered into the ear of the colonel. "The corporal is a villain."

"If he is, you are a fool to suppose that he can cheat me. Go, sir, to the rear," angrily said the colonel.

"Not till I have seen what that thicket is made of," he murmured to himself; and in the act of wheeling round, made a plunge into a dense clump of forest copse, and fired his pistol. It was answered by a discharge of musketry which shook the whole regiment. They had evidently been betrayed into the midst of a strong column of the enemy. The colonel, a gallant old man, was thrown under his wounded horse; the fire continued heavy, and all was confusion. Of all confusions, that of cavalry is the most tremendous; horses galloping and plunging, men flung under their feet, pistols and carbines discharging at random in the *mêlée*, and in the present instance, all this passing under a night as dark as Erebus, or illuminated only by the flashes of a rolling fire of musketry.

If they had gone but a hundred yards deeper into the defile, not a man could have returned. As it was, the leading squadrons were able only to keep up a feeble fire, while the guns of the French brigade were beginning to throw their grape from front to rear of the whole. Carlo had been driven back in the general crowd, and for a while, like the rest, was nearly crushed in the rout; but at length extricating his horse and himself, he had a moment to look back upon the horrible scene. But that moment was every thing. He observed by the blaze of the battalion that they had quitted the ambushade and were pushing forward into the open road. This decided him. Thirty or forty of the Hulans were now all that were left in any kind of order. He rode up to them: "Comrades!" exclaimed he, "let every man who feels for the honour of the regiment follow me!"

In times of real danger, the man who never hesitates is the man who will be followed. Carlo, the private, was in that command Carlo the general. The Hulans put spurs to their horses, and rushed after him. An open road through the depth of the thicket brought them in rear of the very spot which had been just abandoned by the French. The column was crowded to the front, firing heavily as it advanced. Carlo gave but one word—"Charge!" and the Hulans came like thunder on the backs of the enemy. The French are brave, but no soldiers on earth are more suddenly shaken by a surprise; the column instantly burst asunder—every man sought his own safety; they evidently thought that the whole of the Austrian cavalry was upon them—muskets were flung away, and cannon abandoned; the dispersion was complete. The Hulans had now only to revenge themselves for the treachery which had so nearly been their ruin; the corporal was called for in every direction, but he had sensibly managed his own retreat in the beginning of the affair. The pistol and sabre then played their part on the fugitives. War is a game, but one by no means to be played with foils. The Hulans were like wolf-hunters, with their prey in the trap. They lighted torches of the dry branches, and pricked the copse with their sabres. No operation could be more effectual; and prisoners made their appearance at every push. At length morning began to dawn, and the old colonel, recovered from his bruises, set the regiment in motion to-

wards the camp. The column was now of formidable length, for between its leading troop and its rear, marched the remnant of three French demi-brigades—with all their losses, still amounting to upwards of two thousand men. They were received in the camp with acclamations by the troops drawn out in line. The old colonel, one of the Lichtensteins, was pronounced a hero worthy of the days of Maria Theresa, received an order, and was made a major-general. Carlo had here an illustration of the corporal's scale of merit. His comrades, it is true, drank his health, and laughed at the colonel's victory; and all the *vivandières*, especial judges of merit in every service, pronounced that he was "as brave as he was handsome." What could men ask more? It was well, at least, that he asked no more—for he got nothing.

The French and Austrians are made to be at war with each other from the cradle; for they are opposites in every thing except in their mutual and sincere love of tobacco. The Austrian would sit for ever; the Frenchman would never sit at all, if he could help it. The Austrian thinks that a victory is of no use unless it saves further fighting; the Frenchman makes a victory only the preliminary to a battle, in which it is a hundred to one that he gets beaten for his pains. The capture of the demi-brigades sounded a prodigious achievement in Vienna; court balls were given in commemoration of this grand piece of chivalry; and the Aulic Council narrowly escaped the *mal-à-propos* of putting the army on the peace establishment.

But Moreau was of a different opinion. He determined to make the Austrians feel that a night skirmish was not a pitched battle, and that three demi-brigades were not the whole French army. He moved accordingly; and the first echo of his cannonade sounded in the ears of the honest Austrians as if the world were come to an end. But the German, if tardy, is brave; and if he has no actual taste for carnage, yet, when fairly warmed to it, exhibits quite a sufficient share of the general wild-beast propensity of mankind to tear each other. The camp was raised, soberly and slowly, but it was raised at last; and the columns leisurely took their way towards Mannheim, on whose walls the French guns were already pouring out their shot and shells in unwelcome prodigality.

The Hulus were in the rearguard, and Carlo, with a few of his scattered companions, lingered to give a last look at the river, which every man of Germany regards as a sort of family favourite. Nothing could be less like war and the things of war. The summer was lying in all its colours on the hills on both sides. Strasburg was ringing its singularly beautiful chimes, as if there were nothing but weddings and holidays in the world. Kehl, with all its bastions behind them, looked like an enchanted hill, worked and carved by giants, and covered with a thousand tissues from the loom of that most magnificent and least costly of all artificers, Phœbus himself. All was softness, serenity, and luxuriance. Even the fortified head of the Rhine bridge exhibited nothing more warlike than a few lounging soldiers smoking on its walls, and like themselves gazing at the sunset. Carlo stood contemplating it, while the shades of evening were sweeping round. "We shall be late," said one of his comrades. "We shall be forced to bivouac; for not an innkeeper will open his doors after nightfall, while the columns are in march."

"If I were a general," said Carlo, "I should save you the trouble of the march altogether. I should leave Mannheim to fight for itself, and watch the French here."

"Why, there are none to watch!"

"If not now, rely upon it there soon will be. Moreau has the character of being the first tactician of France. He will not deserve it, if, with this city to débouche from, and this fortress alone to protect our side of the river,

he does not make the attempt. If he does, he must succeed."

"Pho! the thing is impossible. Do you see troops, boats, pontoons—any thing?"

"Nothing in the world," said Carlo; "and for that reason I dread the manoeuvre the more. If he shows no troops, we have none to show. He wants to pass the Rhine; and, take my word for it, that he will pass it on the very spot where we stand."

The dispute continued, and the disputants were scarcely aware, in the dark, that an officer, wrapped in a large cloak, and attended by an orderly, had been listening to them for some moments. On discovering him, the group dispersed, and prepared to gallop after the regiment. "Stay, Hulan," said the officer to Carlo, in a tone of authority; "I have been an accidental bearer of your opinion, and I am inclined to think that you are in the right. What makes you suppose that the French will attempt to cross the river here?"

"The sagacity of the French general," was the answer; "and the maxim which I learned at the military school, always to prepare for a Frenchman when he is most desirous to put you off your guard." The officer seemed to be struck with the reason; put spurs to his horse, and taking his station on a rising ground, which commanded a wide reach of the river, continued sweeping the horizon with his telescope. Carlo had now time to contemplate his interrogator, and was struck with the strong sense that characterized his physiognomy. The eye bold and powerful—the features, though heavy, yet noble—and the frame, though broad, yet either thinned by exertion, or rendered lighter to the glance by the springiness and muscular activity of his movements.

Twilight had now deepened into night, and the officer, with a sudden exclamation, started from his position, and rushed back to the spot where he had left his orderly. He wrote a few lines. "Take this to the commandant of Kehl instantly," said he, to the orderly. "And you, Hulan, follow me." Carlo professed his willingness, if he should first obtain his colonel's permission. "*Tonnere!*" exclaimed the officer; "will he hinder you from following the Archduke?" The hero of Germany—the Archduke Charles was before him! In the next instant they were both at full speed through the forest. As they approached the camp of the Swabian brigade, which had been left almost the only troops in observation, they halted to hear the sounds from the left bank. The movement was no longer equivocal. The strokes of innumerable oars, the hum of voices, and the cries of the boatmen, kept down as they were, showed that a powerful force was already on the water.

"They are coming!" exclaimed the Archduke, at nervous intervals; "Alvinzi has made an irreparable blunder. We have not five thousand men within five leagues. Hulan, you ought to have been the general; but come on, we must still do our best." At this moment a sudden thunder of artillery rolled along the whole French front, and two vast embarkations of troops were seen by the blaze rapidly pressing to the shore. In the centre a smaller column headed both, and was already landing on an island, connected with the German side by a bridge of boats. The Archduke looked on this scene with feverish anxiety. "Not a shot is fired," he exclaimed; "not a vidette challenges. They will be all taken in their beds—poltrons!" That they were not in their beds, however, soon became apparent; for, after a sharp skirmish, the garrison of the island were seen running in a mass to the bridge, and followed so closely by the French that they evidently would not have time to cut off the communication. "All is lost," said the Archduke, with a degree of calmness singularly contrasted with his former tone. He now saw the full danger, and was now prepared to look upon it with the

composure of a soldier's mind. "The Eshlar Rhin," murmured he to himself, "is in their hands. They have the bridge, and by daylight they will have ferried over their whole force. Well, so be it!"

The trampling of the fugitives, and the shouts of the pursuing French now came near. Carlo, less absorbed in the consequences of "grand manœuvres," now ventured to hint that the pursuit lay in their direction; and in proof pointed to a huge branch of an elm which had been just cut off by a cannon-shot.

"Right," said the Archduke; "we must not wait to be taken prisoners. Ride off and order Staringer to bring down his Swabians instantly to this spot. You can show them the way."

"But, your highness, will the general receive a verbal order from a private in the Hulan?"

"True," observed his hearer; "but it is impossible to write now. Who are you? You say you have been at the military school. When? How long have you served?"

Carlo gave his information as briefly as the questions.

"Ha! the son of Colonel Sebastiani?" said the Archduke; "excellent officer—and you a private! I see—some *escapade*, some *coup de jeunesse*!"

Carlo explained matters; and the short conference ended by the Archduke's bidding him consider himself as his aid-de-camp for the night, and bring down the troops to meet the leading column of the French; while he himself rode to the main body of the army, to retrieve if possible the oversight of their march to Mannheim.

The new aid-de-camp flew on the wings of the wind. He was now an officer: glory, power, wealth, and diamond epaulets filled his brain; it was an intoxication, and before he had sobered it he was in the bivouac of the Swabians. Staringer was, like his countrymen, as brave as his own sabre; but he had all their deliberation. While Carlo was frantic with impatience, the honest Swabian moved with the etiquette of parade. The French guns sounded nearer and nearer; but nothing could be more regular than the manner in which the Swabian columns formed, and nothing more unlucky. Carlo flung himself on and off his horse a dozen times, before he could prevail on the gallant German to march. The shouts of the French, who, to do them justice, are the most noisy of all troops on earth, seemed by this time to come from every part of the horizon, and Carlo was in despair. At length, in an agony of vexation, he rushed forward, at the head of a squadron of chasseurs, to *probe* the thicket for the advance of the rest.

It was the height of summer, and the dawn was already beginning to gleam along the hills of the Vosges; below all was still, wrapped in purple vapour; and, except the occasional glitter of a bayonet, nothing was visible along the lower landscape. But a new blaze of sunshine, bursting through the ridges of the Black Forest, suddenly lighted up the whole scene, and nothing could be more extraordinary, or splendid. Thirty thousand men in three columns were on the surface of the Rhine; the centre column already landed in part, and keeping up a continued and heavy fire; the others more slowly advancing, in immense masses, with glittering arms and waving banners, across the broad expanse of the noble river. The sounding of trumpets, the beating of drums, and the repeated cheerings of the troops, filled up the wild harmony of war. Carlo stood gazing in fixed astonishment at the pomp of the view; he saw for the first time the magnificence of soldiery, and the impression was full, overpowering, and indescribable.

But his military *coup d'œil* saw as clearly that the Swabians were too late, and that they could advance only to be taken prisoners. He rushed back to the column, and informed the general of what he had seen, and his opinion. But Staringer, if he had been difficult to move in advance, was still more difficult to move in retreat. The young

aid-de-camp's remonstrances, by no means promoted by his Hulan cap and cloak, were listened to, with calmness indeed, but with the very reverse of conviction; and the three thousand Swabians marched without stop down to the shore, and began a steady fire on the boats.

This unexpected resistance evidently startled the advance of the enemy; and the head of the huge column, already within a short distance of the shore, hesitated, and after a few moments, steered away to find another point of landing. The Swabians followed; and Staringer, now sufficiently alive to the magnitude of the peril in front, pushed rapidly along the bank. But the quick ear of Sebastiani caught a movement through the forest, which told him that the still greater peril lay behind. The Swabian general turned from the intelligence contemptuously, and hurried on. Within five minutes from his taking up his position, a burst of fire on both his flanks taught him his error. He was now evidently undone. Between the column on the river, and the troops in the forest, his retreat was utterly impossible. The German bravery still persisted in keeping its ground, and the French paid dear for their success; but the result was now a matter of calculation. A shout and a charge brought the enemy into the centre of his battalions; and before the half hour was over, the brigade was utterly dispersed, and Staringer, with his staff, guns, and colours, in the hands of the invaders. Carlo and a few others escaped in the general confusion.

This was rather a disastrous beginning of his services in the Imperial staff; but what was to be done? Nothing, but ride off in the morning, find the Archduke, state the acts, and trust to fortune.

Yet even this was not to be so easily managed. In this world a strong determination and a capital horse will go a great way toward their object; but not where an army of seventy thousand men lies between them. This was the case at the present crisis; for Moreau had landed with his whole force, and the French hussars were spurring round every corner of the country; there was no glory to be got, and his only expedient was to hide in the thickets. The day never seemed to have been so long since the Flood; the sun seemed to linger in the sky on purpose to betray him, and his sense of hearing assumed a painful acuteness, which persuaded him that every spot of the forest was filled with pursuers. Night, however, came at last, and with the last gleam of evening he saw the door of a little inn. Nothing could be more opportune. At other times he might have doubted the safety of its hospitality, for nothing could be more robber-like than its physiognomy; and nothing could be nearer the fact. But he was dying with fatigue, hunger and vexation. In this state, he would have faced half the banditti of the Black Forest naked. His sabre was so much in his favour, and, after a short and sulky interrogatory of the owner, he pushed his way in. His entrance was greeted with a general scream, and a rush of females into an inner room.

They had taken him for one of the French marauders, and expected to have all their heads dismissed from their shoulders, for the sake of their ear-rings and necklaces. But in their retreat they left their supper behind them, and the young Hulan contented himself with sending an invitation to them to return, and sat down. This might not be chivalric, but he had seen nothing but their backs—the supper was plainly before him in all its charms—and, after a twelve hours' fast, there could be no comparison between the back of the Medicean Venus and a German sausage. His invitation having been declined, he had accomplished all the requisites of ceremonial; and he commenced the meal with an appetite which might have been envied by many a crowned head. But it was occasionally varied by the half-opening of the chamber door, and the glance of a peeping visage, apparently for the purpose of discovering whether he were a human being or a cannibal. At length

the door fully opened, and a lady, attended by two female domestics, advanced, thanked him for his civility, and begged to know whether the French were approaching in that direction. Carlo started by instinct on his feet, and gazed at her in silence. The lady repeated her question; but he was spell-bound, and it was with difficulty that he got out a few words. It is not to be presumed that a hero of eighteen, the son of a colonel, and an Italian, had not meditated something on the subject of female graces before; or that any man, passing his vacations in the Austrian metropolis, had not seen some striking specimens of the sex. But in all his studies of that order, Carlo felt that he had never seen any thing like the face and form that there stood, evidently amused by his perplexity. The lady seemed just beyond girlhood, and just between the vivacity of the French and the seriousness of the German countenance. Her features were fine, her eyes brilliant, and the physiognomy noble; but there was an expression in that physiognomy so singularly touching and sweet, that it took his soul by surprise. He felt it like a flash of electricity, and felt that *there* stood the arbiter of his fate. When he recovered his self-possession, he explained the circumstances of his being there in a few words, to which the beautiful girl listened with increased attention; a short dialogue explained every thing on both sides, and they sat down at table together; the domestics, to their great joy, coming from their retreat and attending. The lady divulged her name, Carolina Cobentzel. She was returning from a visit to some relations on the French bank of the Rhine, when the march of the enemy took place. She had reached the German side of the river but that morning, a few hours before the passage of the French. She had fled in infinite terror from the scene, and was in hopes of escaping it altogether; when the sight of some hussars in pursuit made the postilions turn into the forest, where night, if it stopped the pursuit, had stopped her equipage also.

The conversation grew animated. It was some months since Carlo had seen the face of woman, beyond those rather unfinished specimens which follow regiments. His natural spirits returned as if by enchantment; yet what enchantment is equal to that of grace, spirit, and beauty, in one? A new soul seemed to have entered into the Hulan; who, however, had now summoned courage to tell his fair guest that he was the Hulan no longer, but a chosen member of the staff of the favourite general of Germany. He forgot the time in the spell-like delight of the hour; he poured out all the glowing thoughts, wild fantasies, and eloquent picturings of the past and the future, that swept before his Italian imagination like a dream of Elysium. The lady listened and looked with growing astonishment; listened with fascinated ear, and looked with full, deep, unconscious gaze. Carlo had inherited the features of his father's country; and their expression, lighted up by the ardour of his feelings, was brilliant. He seemed as if he could have poured out his fervours of poetry and passion for ever. The lady's lovely countenance, filled with emotion as rich and rapid as his own, looked on him as if she had found, for the first time, a being by whom her heart could be understood, or whom it could understand.

But a sudden whisper of one of the domestics to her fellow, in which the name of Cavinski transpired, dissolved the charm at once. It was evident that nothing could be more startling to the lady's recollections. The countenance was instantly as pale as death, the lips quivered, and, with an effort, she rose from the table, and half-fainting, withdrew to her chamber.

Carlo's curiosity was too strongly excited to suffer the domestic to withdraw with her until he had ascertained the cause of the change. A couple of florins untied her tongue. "Her mistress, the daughter of a general officer in the Austrian service, was returning, for the express purpose of being married to the Count Cavinski, a Hun-

garian of immense estates, and one of the imperial chamberlains."

"Does she love him?—can she love him?—is it possible that she can love him?" were the breathless questions of the ardent Carlo.

The *femme de chambre* answered, with a smile worthy of the boudoir of a prima donna—"The count gives charming presents, and they say has three palaces; and all the ladies of the court are dying in love of him—or them."

The reason was unanswerable, and a couple of florins more, the last relics of his month's pay, showed that the Hulan could give still more munificently than the count—for he gave all.

But there was no time now for deliberation. The door of the hut opened; and the half-savage owner rushed in, crying that the hussars were already hunting the next cove, and would be among them next minute. The news was sufficiently alarming; the lady was brought from her chamber; the horses were hastily put to; the postilions, tired, sleepy, and much "bemused in beer," dragged their jackboots over the saddles of their weary animals; and at length the Hulan had the honour of handing the fair fugitive into her britchska.

Here was an end of every thing—adventure, love, speculations wild, wandering, and wonderful. Carlo felt that his world was finished; and he wished himself shot on the earliest opportunity. Life or death being now equally indifferent to him, he mounted his horse, and slowly pursued his way in the direction which the army was supposed to have taken.

But this night was still to be a memorable one in his history. The sound of the carriage-wheels was just dying on his ears, when the galloping of cavalry and the firing of their pistols, showed him that they had been overtaken. His indifference abandoned him at once; he pushed his charger through brambles enough to have stopped an elephant; but what can stop a young hero, and that hero desperately in love with the most beautiful creature within a thousand leagues square, and that most beautiful creature in the hands of gentlemen of the road, who understand the art of fleeing like the French light troops? By dint of furious exertion he contrived to work his way through this German jungle, and at length had a fair view, though through a wall of brushwood impassable to any thing but a wolf or a hound. The proceedings of the plunderers were systematic. They were three, evidently stragglers, who had slipped away on a private expedition. One was standing, torch in hand, at the horses' heads; another was regularly handing the travelling valises out of the carriage; while the third, also dismounted, was keeping guard over the lady and her servants. Finding that he could not force his way to the spot, Carlo fired his pistol at the fellow in charge of the postilions. The shot told on the torch-arm, which instantly fell by its owner's side; that owner himself following his torch headforemost to the turf. His companions instantly sprang on their horses, drew their sabres, and prepared for battle. It was now that Carlo felt the good fortune that often comes from our not being able to do all that we wish at once. If he had burst through the thicket, he must have been exposed to three enemies at once. But, whether a solitary Hulan, or the whole cavalry of Austria, were behind the hedge, was now a matter unknown to the robbers. Carlo now fired again, and with the good luck of perforating the boot of the rider nearest to him, and lodging the ball in his calf. A thousand *sacres* followed the shot, and made the wood resound. Only one antagonist now remained, and him Carlo resolved to sacrifice in the presence of the lady, who stood in evident horror leaning against a tree. By trying a circuitous path, he at length found his way within sabre's length of the remaining plunderer. The affair was brief.

The first scratch of the sabre sent the Frenchman to the right about; and the field, with all its prizes—the britchska, the trunks, the waiting-maids, and the lovely Carolina Cobentzel herself, were his by right of victory; to say nothing of the two ruffians who lay alternately groaning and swearing on the ground.

The gratitude of the fair captive was indescribable, and her request, nay, her entreaties, that Carlo would accept some acknowledgment—purse, jewels, even a ring, were all but resistless, yet he resisted them. His dejection returned heavier still; nay, when the first anxiety of the crisis was over, he evidently would have thanked her for hanging him on the spot.

But those were not times for travellers to stand talking sentiment in a forest at twelve at night. The britchska was reloaded, the fugitives were handed in, and the postillions remounted. Carlo saw the proceeding, as if his eyes looked their last of this world; but the lovely Carolina did not choose to part with him quite so silently.

"If you will accept nothing else," said she, in a silvery tone, "accept my address. General Count Cobentzel will be happy to see you, and serve you at Vienna."

Carlo's pale lips then burst their silence. "Is it true then that you are affianced?"

Carolina grew pale in her turn, and said nothing.

"But one word—if you would not see me the most miserable of human beings," exclaimed the impassioned soldier.

"How can it interest you?" timidly said the lady. "We have seen each other for the first time, let it not be the last. You have rendered me a great service"—she paused—"my family will be happy to receive you," sighed, rather than said, the half-fainting beauty.

"But are you about to be married?" wildly exclaimed the enthusiast, with every fibre convulsed with despair.

Carolina clasped her hands, and sank back on the seat of the carriage. In another moment it was gone.

In two hours after, a wandering woodcutter found Sebastiani lying on the ground, on the same spot, in a paroxysm of fever, raving against kings, queens, and beautiful women; outrageous against nature, for not bringing him into the world a field-marshal; and giving orders to an army of a hundred thousand Huns, to ride over Europe, storm Constantinople, take the Grand Signior by the beard; and make a present of the East to the most brilliant pair of black eyes, and most exquisite pair of coral lips, among all the Carolinas or Cleopatras that ever existed.

On his recovery from this delirium, he found himself lying in the woodcutter's hovel, feeble, emaciated, and sick of every thing human—war, woman, and the world. He made the further discoveries, that three weeks had elapsed in this condition, and that he had lost his time, his horse, and his honour.

But the war still raged: the wretched wounded and fugitives who passed daily through the forest, making the best of their way home, spread rumours enough to have filled the *Allgemeine Zeitung* with wonders, and all of them probably as faithful as the usual contents of that inventive journal. The army of the Archduke was to-day annihilated, and to-morrow in the act of annihilating the French. The Archduke's dead body was to-day found on the field of battle, carried to Vienna, and buried with imperial honours; and the day after, the Archduke was wreaking vengeance on Moreau or Jourdan, driving every thing before him, and marching over the bodies of the French demi-brigades straight to the Rhine. Carlo felt the spirit of his profession revive within him, and was no sooner able to set his foot on the ground, than he resolved to join the army. Guided by the honest woodcutter, he wound his way through the obliquities of the forest, and at length reached the open country, where his conductor,

fearful of falling into the hands of some of the straggling troops, left him, and he must make his march alone, like a knight of the days of chivalry. Let what will be said of heroism, it is a mixed sensation; and the epaulet, embroidery, and plume, make a part of it. There is a prodigious difference between the feeling of caracoling on a bounding charger, all *cliquant* with housings, shell bridles, and Hungarian nets; and trudging over the ground alone and on foot. There is no less difference between the showy uniform, the clanking sabre, and the dashing shako, and the peasant cloak, the stick, and the hat of a woodcutter; for to his entertainer the unlucky Carlo was indebted for his present wardrobe. The French hussars, whom he had placed *hors de combat*, not having been placed beyond the faculty, or still less the inclination, for pillage, had evidently availed themselves of their opportunity; and when they found him, like Don Quixote in the desert, performing his evolutions of despair, they had speedily reduced the romancer to the condition of romance.

He at length reached the eastern side of the Black Forest, once the dread of Roman and the fortress of Teutonic valour—in those days a mighty mass of primeval wood, covering the map of Germany, either by itself or its offshoots, and memorable for being a nine days' journey. In later times, the axe has made terrible havoc, and republi- cized the monarchs of the forest, exercising the leveling principle on the largest scale; and in some huge places converting that into corn land, hatted by thousands of strong-limbed and broad-faced hewers of wood and drawers of water, which once supplied its feast of acorns to those free rangers of the wild, by which man was made to be eaten—the bear, the wolf, and the wild bound. The forest is now still more cruelly curtailed to the range of low, yet difficult and rocky hills, which spread between the Rhine and the Neckar, and form the first line of natural fortifications between the fiery restlessness of the Frenchman and the sturdy resistance of the solid serf of old Teutschland. On emerging from those fresh and dewy though sullen shades, the aspect of the country, before and beneath him, struck his eye as one of the most cheerless that man or nature could have joined to form;—all was lifeless as far as the glance could sweep, the only mark of man being in the ruins of some hamlet, the cutting down of some grove, or the fragments of some village mill, on its little elevation, hanging in the wind, and in various instances still smoking. Large heaps of ashes were in general the only traces of where human habitations had stood; and gleams of bones in heaps, just touched by the light of morning, showed where its masters had mingled their remains with those of the soldiery on both sides. It was evident that this plain had been the site of a series of long and hardly contested struggles between the French and German armies. And where were they now? What had been the use of those struggles? What was left of tens of thousands of gallant lives, but the scene of early and promiscuous mortality—the desert plain, the ruined village, and the voice and labours of man equally extinguished; and all for the mere purpose of giving a general, loaded with stars and strings, more stars and strings; and filling a gazette with bombast to amuse the mob of Parisian idlers, as they sipped their coffee in the Palais Royal.

A few days more brought him within reach of the armice, and he was making the attempt to pass round the flank of the French, and thus reach the Archduke, when, to his infinite joy, he saw some troopers of his own regiment taking up a position. It was in a little grove, within a few hundred yards of the spot where he stood. He ran to them, was received with great acclamations, and felt the hero flaming in him again. Intelligence of all kinds now flowed in upon him. There had been a great deal of desperate fighting; which the gallant Huns asserted, however, to be all in favour of the Archduke. After

having retired a little before Moreau, which, they declared, was merely to lay a trap for the Frenchman's vanity, and crush him in the heart of the mountains, he had turned upon Jourdan, and was now beating the boaster league by league back to the Rhine. When he had finished him and his, as a *bonne bouche* he was to turn back and swallow Moreau and his braggadoos for dinner. On what the Archduke was to sup, after those abundant meals, the Hulans could only conjecture, but the future was large.

Towards evening a distant and broken cannonade showed that an affair was taking place, and that movements were making by the armies. The night was moonless but clear, and the height on which the Hulans were posted, gave them an uninterrupted view across a plain of several leagues' breadth to a chain of gentle acclivities in front. By degrees those hills began to be dotted with fires, and it was evident that a strong body of troops were preparing to bivouac. With every hour there were new arrivals of columns; and in the stillness of the night, the sounds of the wagons, the rattling of the guns over the rocky ground, and even the clamours of the troops, were distinctly audible. Still, the question, to which army they belonged, was unanswered; and Carlo, eager as usual for distinction, claimed, on the ground of his being an aid-de-camp, the right to take out a few cavalry to reconnoitre. The captain, an honest soldier, but who loved his pipe at least as well as his spur, was not unwilling to settle his doubts upon the easiest terms; and Sebastiani galloped off with half a dozen of his comrades, loaded with "most particular orders" not to commit themselves, not to make any false step by getting too near, and, above all, to come back with their intelligence as speedily as possible.

All this was prudent in the captain. But prudent maxims ought to be put into prudent hands, and not into the keeping of warriors of eighteen, full of fire and full of contempt for all precaution, eager to see whatever was going on, and disposed to forget captains and commands, and all the earth beside, the moment they heard the first cannon-shot. Within the half hour, Carlo had completed all the original objects of his mission—had reached the verge of the bivouac—had rode between a couple of its advanced posts—had heard with his own ears the troops conversing in French; and, that his captain might have similar evidence, had despatched a stray sutler, a drunken grenadier, and a sleeping sentinel, musket and all, and severally bound hand and foot, on the eroups of three Hulan horses, to his officer. But with three capably mounted comrades, all eager for adventure; with the battalions and squadrons of a brilliant French army coming up successively into the sunshine, and glittering like phalanxes of fire; and, above all, with the strongest possible chance of seeing a pitched battle for the first time in his life—to ride back as he came seemed the most provoking course imaginable. Sitting on his charger, he held a council of war like a field-marshal; and the unanimous opinion being that to return was absurd, without having something to tell, they resolved to see whatever was to be seen.

They were not kept long in suspense. The army on whose skirts they now hung, was in the act of effecting its retreat from the Archduke; who, by a series of brilliant manœuvres, had repelled its invasion, forced it to throw itself into the difficult mountains which border the river Maine, and was now pressing forward to destroy or drive it into Franco.

All the world knows, that the two things in the world least like each other, are a battle and a review; and Carlo, who had hitherto witnessed nothing more substantial than the parades of the garrison of Ratisbon, with the exception of his single night's experience at the passage of the Rhine, was all astonishment at the raggedness, the rushing, and the desperate disorder of the fifty thousand gallant republicans who were pouring back through the defiles of

this singularly broken and now wasted country. Yet, when the French began to take up their position, nothing could be more magnificent to the eye of the young soldier. The individual destitution of the troops ceased to be visible, when they were once more massed in their columns; and he longed for the first sound of the cannon which was to put them in action, with a feeling which he could compare to nothing but the eagerness to see the curtain rise on some great theatric spectacle. The features of the moment aided the conception. From the summit of the mountain range to the plain, all was open to the blaze of a summer sun, and every spot which was not covered with forest was covered with human beings.

The French had no sooner taken up their ground than they had begun to prepare their meal, in which the genius of the nation of cooks makes them more expert than any other campaigners on the globe. Clouds of smoke rose in all quarters; the noise and laughter of busy multitudes filled the air; and, but when a change of position threw their helmets and muskets into the flash of the sunshine, or the galloping of a park of artillery thundered among the precipitous roads, all looked like an immense fair.

It was now noon, and still no symptom of battle appeared. Carlo alighted, to lead his horse deeper into the forest, and, with some displeasure at the tardiness of war, prepared to return to his captain. But a sound of hoofs suddenly struck his ear. He threw his men into the copse, and awaited the event. A small party of French dragoons, with an officer, forcing their way through the thicket, soon showed themselves. Carlo fired his carbine at them; his example was followed by his men; the officer's horse was wounded, and brought him to the ground; the dragoons, probably thinking that they had fallen into the hands of some strong patrol, wheeled about, and the officer remained, unable to rise, and a prisoner. Carlo's refusing to take his watch and purse, a remarkably unusual instance in campaigning, put the Frenchman into good spirits again; and in five minutes after his capture, he talked away as if the Hulans and he had been friends for the last half century.

"Who commands?" was the first question of the captors.

"Oh! Jourdan of course. He has been looking for the Archduke as far as the Danube, and, not finding him there, has brought back the army, in order to see whether he will fight on any terms. Pray, gentlemen," added the prisoner, with the true smile of a Frenchman, "can any of you tell me where the Archduke is? If you wish to earn fifty louis, you will have only to ride to the field-marshal with the intelligence, and say that Colonel Vancourt sent you."

"No, colonel, we should rather take care of you, and have to bring back the news of your field-marshal's being soundly beaten; as he will be, if he waits where he is till nightfall."

"Soundly beaten! Ha, ha, ha! Why, he has twelve demi-brigades that would walk over Germany."

"Ay, if they were let alone. But why are they retreating now?"

"Merely to draw on your general. If he fights, he must be annihilated; if he does not, he must be disgraced. In either case, France triumphs; we shall have a general peace, and the Republic will be the mistress of Europe!—*'ça ira!'*"

The Frenchman, in the exhilaration of the prospect, gave them a stanza of the air, as if he were sitting in a café, or a club of the sons of liberty in the metropolis of the graces.

Carlo felt the honour of his country getting the better of his politeness, and was about to make an angry answer, when a roar of cannon pealed round the mountain. The battle had evidently begun, and the party hastened to a

height from which the whole scene of commotion lay beneath the eye. The French stood in order of battle on the ridge of the hills, with cavalry posted in the intervals of the columns, and their artillery thrown in front of the line, to pour down a plunging fire on the Austrians as they ascended the gorges. The fog, which had hitherto covered all the lower declivities and the plain stretching to the river, was now gradually clearing off, and at every movement the Archduke's force was developing itself on a larger scale through the cloud. It actually looked as if the battalions and squadrons were starting up from the soil. The colonel's spirits palpably sank with every new development.

"What! more battalions, more masses!" he continually exclaimed. "Jourdan ought to have known the force against him, before he halted to fight. More troops still! He will have the whole German army upon his hands. Look there—that *sacré* movement will bring the enemy on his flank, and he does not see it, or if he did, he has not a single soldier to spare." The colonel now attempted the gentler arts, and tried the offer of a large sum, to purchase the power of carrying his knowledge of this important manoeuvre to his general. But the attempt only increased Carlo's vigilance, and produced a search of the unlucky colonel's person in return, which elicited a small case of despatches. The battle now raged; the Archduke, apparently to mask the flank attack, moved several strong columns directly to the front, and the firing grew tremendous. The colonel's emotions had all the characteristic vivacity of his nation. He writhed, exclaimed *sacré d'*, and danced, with every change of the fight. "There," he cried, "go the thirty-fifth, the finest demi-brigade in France. The Austrians might as well shake a rock. There go Lemoine's six-pounders: capital!—they have broken up the column. But who are those forming to charge? Aye: Milhaud's dragoons! Nothing can withstand them. Bravo! They are in the midst of the Austrians: all is a *mêlée*. Grenier follows them with the light infantry—the enemy are turning already—Jourdan will march to the Danube." A Frenchman's ideas always break out in words, and the colonel's interest in this great and formidable scene let loose all his volubility. But a roar now rose on the flank, and the heads of the Austrian columns were seen rapidly forcing their way down the defiles on the left of the French. The flow of his ideas now ran just as rapidly in the opposite direction. He was *au désespoir*. "All is lost!" exclaimed the colonel; "Jourdan is a madman. This is only a new specimen of the folly which precipitated him into Germany, and drove him back, with the loss of half his army, through the worst roads and worst country that ever broke up an army. *Sacré!* where is Ney now?—he saved us already, and it cost him a week's desperate work to do it. But there—he is advancing at the head of the cuirassiers; *Grand Sabreur!* the enemy wavers—he pursues them off the field. *Diable!* where did that mass of cavalry come from? Ney is enveloped again—his squadrons are broken to fragments. Nothing can save him—nothing can save the army. Unless Jourdan is killed in the field, he will fall by the guillotine. France is undone!"

The aspect of the field by this time fully accounted for the colonel's despair. The Archduke had completely turned the French army; and while a succession of vigorous attacks in front, by Starray and Wertensleben, mowed down the battalions at the foot of the hills, Kray, at the head of the Hungarian grenadiers, continued to press on, pouring showers of musketry and grape on the shattered line. Evening was not far off; and the only hope of escape lay in their being able to resist until nightfall. They might then continue their march, and, by fortifying the passes of the last hills bordering on the Rhine, accomplish the object of stopping the pursuit for a while. The French

brigades now concentrated themselves round their general; the plain and the river being wholly abandoned, with vast quantities of ammunition, and nearly all their guns and baggage. On the summit of the range they still kept up a determined resistance; but all the purposes of the gallant Archduke being completed for the time, the firing at length died away on all sides.

Carlo now thought of his captain. But where was he to find him? Every thing had been changed by the event of the day. Besides, he now had the charge of an important prisoner. The conclusion was, that the Archduke's head-quarters must now be his only point of direction. He set out at full speed; by making a detour of some distance, passed beyond the reach of the patrols of both armies, and at midnight reached the village where the Archduke and his staff had taken their rest for the night. On making his report, his prisoner was ordered to attend the general. A *croix* or a commission was in Carlo's thoughts, while he awaited the end of the examination. At length an Imperial aid-de-camp made his appearance. Carlo's heart beat quick: the aid-de-camp simply delivered a paper to the officer of the guard, and returned. It was an order for Carlo's arrest; and within an hour he was on his way to one of the forest fortresses, the condemned cells of the Imperial dominions.

The order for his arrest did not throw Carlo into despair, but into utter astonishment. The world seemed to be changed; light was darkness, and men were *ombres chinoises*. He felt like one in a nightmare. He had brought in a French colonel with him, and intercepted a despatch worth his commission; and what was his reward? A dungeon, from which he might not emerge for the next fifty years, if he was not shot by a drum-head court-martial within the fiftieth part of the time. On unlucky emergencies, Frenchmen tear their hair, and Italians weep, but Carlo did neither: he was petrified, and when the close carriage, with a couple of dragoons at its side, made its appearance, he was put into it with no more remonstrance than if he had been his own knapsack.

The twenty-four hours of his journey over the heavy and broken roads of the country through which the campaign had been already fought, seemed to him interminable; but all things have an end, and the dawn of the second morning showed him the place of his destination, the fortress of Erlach-Claringen, covering its mountain-top like a distant cloud. Germany has nothing finer than its *locale*, and the huge ramparts cresting the precipices, coloured by the rains and winds of ages; the ranges of heavy guns, looking down from their embrasures on the defiles in all directions; and the whole standing in an amphitheatre of hills skirted with forest, and shooting up a thousand marble pinnacles, make it at once the most formidable and the most picturesque of all the defences of the Rhine border.

But what are the displays of nature or art to those in whose minds they are connected with the dungeon? As the carriage wound its slow way up the road, that twined like a huge snake in spirals on the face of the mountain, the fortress reminded him only of some of those spots where the demons of the "Inferno" kept their pincers and tongs hot for recreant Cardinals, and Mussulmans refusing to be converted with the sword at their throats. The only glance which he gave at the height of the ramparts, was to assure himself that a plunge from the summit of any of them would be enough to relieve him of all his troubles; and the only wish which he felt, on entering the huge gate was, that the French would attack the place without delay, and give him an opportunity of dying in the breach, and thus escaping the stigma of shortening an existence now utterly worthless to him.

One part of his wish appeared likely enough to be realized; for, as he ascended the hill, it was evident that the

enemy were expected. Workmen were busy in constructing batteries at the salient points. Engineers were riding about, marking out ground. A battalion of light infantry were practising at a target on the slope, and the way was obstructed by a long train of wagons, loaded with provisions and stores for the fortress.

Twenty-four hours' transition make a vast difference in sensations. Carlo would once have bounded like a young leopard at the sight. His share of it now consisted in his being met by an adjutant, who politely assisted him to alight from his vehicle, preceded him, without a word, through a sort of labyrinth of bastions, ravelins, and covered ways, and, after ascending a long flight of stone steps, led him to a tower overlooking a horizon of forest, with a precipice of a hundred and fifty feet within an inch of his window. "Why am I brought here?" Carlo repeated almost by intuition. But the adjutant's business was not to answer, but to look him up. The officer bowed, pointed to a chair, table, and bed, with the look of a man who had provided all that was necessary for human satisfaction, turned on his heel, and withdrew. Carlo heard the key turn in the lock, as if it turned in his heart. He made a rush at the window; but though nothing could be more effectual than the precipice below it for breaking the necks of a whole imperial staff, a huge iron bar across the casement as effectually precluded the attempt. He had nothing for it but to rail at destiny.

"Why am I here?" had been his solitary question to the dragons, whenever he could catch the ear of those functionaries. But dragons have other things to do than answer the questions of prisoners; and besides, Austrian dragons having but two earthly occupations, eating and smoking, their time was too busily employed to indulge his curiosity, even if they had thought it worth their while. "Why am I here?" was his cry in his new apartment;—a cry so often repeated, that, if it could have made an impression on the walls, it would have been read there by all posterity. Yet one little incident perplexed him scarcely less than his own incarceration. It now recurred to him, that, just as the carriage was leaving the camp, a group of mounted officers had ridden rapidly by, among whom was the Archduke, and close at his side a physiognomy which singularly reminded him of his little Corporal. "Could the Hulus have been acquainted with the cause of his arrest?" The idea grew, and grew into other shapes. "Could he have been the cause?—could he have been at once a French deserter and a French spy?—could he have contrived to get himself put on the Archduke's staff, for the purpose of being a spy?—and yet, after all, might not the Corporal have found some means of distinguishing himself in the incessant fighting of the campaign, and thus obtaining the rank which the services of a single night had obtained in his own instance?" Thus was broken up the web, fine as it was. Yet he remembered a glance from this personage as he passed along, which had so much of triumph, sneer, and burlesque in it, that he was convinced of his identity.

The unlocking of his door announced the arrival of his dinner; nothing could be less calculated to foster a habit of luxury. The attendant was what remained of an old grenadier; a human body, which having bequeathed a leg to one battle, and an arm to another, had reserved its last services for the attendance on the state prisoners of the fortress. "Why am I here?" was the question mechanically put on his entrance. But the old grenadier's duty was to set his dinner on the table, and beyond that he had neither eye, hand, nor tongue. If Carlo had no conception before of the nature of discipline, he now learned the lesson to his full content. Those living for years between walls become all brick. The adjutant attended his walk of fifty yards, back and forward, on the rampart daily; the old grenadier brought up his daily meal, but no mute in

the Seraglio was ever more dumb than either. This began at length to be absolutely intolerable; and Carlo, on the third day, was on the point of making up his mind, either to seize the adjutant's sword, and assault the whole *corps de garde*, or to take that jump from the ramparts which would make all the talkers of this world indifferent to him, when the whole scene changed.

As he was sitting with his feverish forehead between his hands, meditating on the chances of this final escape, his ear was caught by an unusual tramp of feet. During the day he had heard carriages rolling over the pavement, drums beating to arms, and the hurry of newly-arrived troops. It was now evening, and he saw from his grating a crowd of officers moving along the ramparts. At their head walked a broad, strong-made veteran, covered with orders, and though stooped a little by some seventy winters, yet exhibiting the haleness and vigour of the old soldier.

The group stopped at the foot of the tower, and the old officer briskly mounted the stair, preceded only by the inflexible adjutant. The key turned in the lock, the door was thrown open, and Carlo started up to meet his visitor.

"I am Major-General Von Sharlheim, the governor of the fortress," was the brief announcement. "In inspecting the garrison on my arrival, I have come to see how matters go on with the prisoners. Have you, sir, anything to complain of?"

"Complain of?—Every thing!" was the indignant answer. "Why am I here?"

The old general was evidently not prepared for this style. He looked round in amazement at the adjutant, who, however, answered only by throwing himself into a more inflexible perpendicularity. There was a silence of a moment, during which the features of the old man's face seemed to move with some sense of the burlesque of the situation. At length he broke out into a fit of laughter.

"Ha, ha! Why this is capital, adjutant. Why did you not tell me what prince of the empire you had in custody?" Then, turning to Carlo, "Sir, I must really beg a thousand pardons for having intruded myself into your presence; but I was not aware of your rank or your wrongs."

The general laughed again, and the adjutant echoed it, but without disturbing a muscle of his iron physiognomy.

Carlo's indignation had now given way to a sense of his circumstances, and he now repeated his question in a more moderated tone.

The general looked at him with a stern eye. "Well played, sir, I confess. You are a clever person, and act simplicity with a remarkably natural air. I confess I was taught to expect something of this; but I acknowledge that you surpass even your description. Pray, sir, what and who are you?"

Carlo's astonishment at this contempt was unbounded. He made a stride or two towards the general. The adjutant made one step in advance, as if to be in readiness for the support of his principal in the coming collision. But the collision came not. The flame was exhausted, and the unfortunate aid-de-camp, after a moment's struggle with himself, sank on his seat in utter exhaustion. The general's suspicions were only the more awakened.

"So, sir," said he, "you reverse the usual system. You give us the farce first and the tragedy after. But come, lay aside these follies, which can never impose on men of sense, and let me hear what you have to say for yourself. What! still speechless. Adjutant, hand me the report from the *etat-major* of the Archduke."

The adjutant produced the paper, and read with a voice as precise as if every syllable came by beat of drum.

"Carlo Sebastiani, Imperial Hulan, ordered into the custody of the major-general commanding the imperial fortress of Erlach-Claringen, on charge of being a French spy."

Carlo gave a cry of wrath, like a roused tiger.

The inflexible adjutant went on:—"He is charged with the several offences of having acted as guide to the enemy in their passage of the Rhine, of having betrayed the regiment of Imperial Hulans into an ambush, from which nothing but the valour of the men and the consummate skill of their colonel saved them from ruin; and thirdly, with having forged an order from the commander-in-chief, by which the safety of the Swabian contingent was compromised, and several brave battalions, with their general, lost to the army."

The unfortunate hearer's first feeling was utter surprise; his ears rang with strange sounds, the light left his eyes, his limbs tottered, and, but for grasping at the table, he must have fallen on the ground. But he had a fund of vigour in his mind, which had not been called forth in the life of routine which he had hitherto led. Circumstances in this world do every thing, and he now began to find the use of difficulty.

"By whom has that paper been signed?" he asked, in a resolute tone.

"By Ludwig Banstetten, major on the staff of his Highness," pronounced the adjutant.

A light flashed across Carlo's mind. He remembered to have heard the little corporal, in his vanity, tell some camp stories of his exploits under assumed names, and among these one in which Ludwig Banstetten figured with great effect. Why he had resumed a name which made discovery possible, was not easily to be accounted for; but the distinct recollection of the physiognomy which glanced on him from among the group following the Archduke, convinced him that he had fixed on the true author of his ill fortune. Yet why should his ruin have been necessary? A second thought settled this difficulty, like the former. Carlo had in his possession the secret which would have hanged the corporal. The evidence of his having been in French pay, was too plainly furnished by the skirmish on the banks of the Rhine; and of course it was the Frenchman's object to defer his own hanging, by putting Carlo in his place if possible.

Nothing could be clearer to the prisoner's conceptions, and nothing more eloquently argued on the spot; yet he failed of convincing the governor. The despatch from head-quarters was, to that gallant though not very brilliant personage, like the law of the Medes and Persians, perfectly incontrovertible. The idea that Major Banstetten, the favourite officer of the favourite general of Austria, could be a Frenchman and a spy besides, seemed altogether ludicrous; and the old man bid him good-night with a look that implied no slight doubt of the state of his brain.

Still the conference had produced its effect. The prisoner's ardour and vividness of feeling were novelties among the inmates of a German bastion. The eloquent force with which he pressed his points exceedingly puzzled the major-general, who was more positive than profound; and the manly and classic nobleness of his countenance strongly assisted the influence which the interview was beginning to establish for him in the weatherbeaten sensibilities of the old commandant of himself and his dungeon.

All this was visible in the next interview. The interval was brief—it took place next afternoon. The general came with an open letter in his hand. His step was now slow, and his look wholly the reverse of the bluff buoyancy of the day before.

"I am come, young man," said he, "upon a duty which I wish I could have avoided. I might have done it, it is true, by other hands; but it struck me, that, bad as the news is, you might feel even still more uncomfortably in hearing from one of my officers. You have fortitude enough to hear it like a man."

Carlo declared himself ready to receive any intelligence that would elucidate his extraordinary detention.

"The despatch, young man, is simply an order that you should be brought before a garrison court-martial to-morrow."

"General, I am ready this moment; but I must not die disgraced. I demand that General Von Staringer be summoned to my trial. He knows my conduct in the attack on the French columns. He will clear me of the infamous charge of having led him into misfortune."

"You shall have all the advantages which the court can give; but Count Staringer's testimony is not available. He has been carried prisoner into France with his officers."

"Then, at least, can I not lay my statement before the Archduke? He is honourable; he will not suffer the son of his old friend to die the death of a felon!" exclaimed the prisoner.

"Ay, there, young man, I must tell you fairly, that nothing is to be hoped for. The letters which I have received this morning on your case, state that the Archduke is more indignant at that part of the game which you have played than all the rest; but I waste time. Undone as you are, and by your own fault, I feel a kind of compassion for one forfeiting his life so early; with your appearance and intelligence, you might have risen to something."

The old man's voice dropped, and he turned away for a moment.

Carlo clasped his hand in strong emotion.

"General," said he, "I thank you for this sympathy. I have no friends, and as little hope. The world and I have no more to do with each other; yet," he recollected himself, "can it be denied that I brought a French prisoner of rank to head-quarters, that on him I took an important despatch, and that his service ought to free me from the odious charge of a traitor?"

The general's pale visage flushed. He rose from his seat, and paced the narrow apartment with angry strides.

"Young man," said he, "I felt some interest in you, from your plausibility at our first interview; but you have now extinguished every thing of the kind. You knew well what you were doing when you introduced that scoundrel to head-quarters. You knew that he was the chief of the enemy's staff, and expressly sent to be taken. He was not twenty-four hours in the camp when he began to play his tricks with the Archduke's secretaries—contrived to get possession of some secrets of the highest importance to the future success of the campaign—and, with the fool whom he had corrupted, managed to make his escape just five minutes before he was to have been hanged."

Carlo stood, the picture of blank despair, cold and silent, with his eyes fixed above.

"Ay, I knew that you could not say a word to this. Well, you are right," remarked Von Shaulheim. "Keep what you have to say for to-morrow. You will want all your plausibility before it is over." He hurried from the cell at the words, and rushed down the stairs. The adjutant, imperturbable as ever, locked the door with the air of a machine, and followed him. Carlo sat down to write a farewell letter to his mother.

How long he remained engaged in this last work of his feelings on this side of the great chasm which separates us from the strange, the obscure, and the terrible beyond, he knew not; but the twilight at length put a stop to his task, and he sat in that half waking, half sleep, which so often succeeds violent emotion. He was aroused by a voice singing a little Styrian air under his casement. There was something in the sound which so touchingly contrasted with his forlorn condition, that for the first time he burst into tears. But he was to be touched still

more keenly. The song ceased, and he heard another voice speaking to the minstrel. He knew it at the instant—he would have known it at the extremity of the earth. It was the voice of Carolina Cobentzel.

There are some conceptions which are absolutely indescribable by language. They crowd the mind with sensations of which it is itself unable to distinguish either the effect or the cause. The mind seems for the moment transported from the frame into a new state of being: all is rapturous, tender, wild; yet all is confused. Carlo, for the time, forgot his cell, his misfortunes, the strange fatality which turned every thing for him into evil. He was again free, again in the pursuit of glory, again listening to the exquisite accents of Carolina's story. He saw, in all the darkness of his rude and melancholy den, the matchless features of a countenance which was to him like a spell. She was his world; all the rest was nothing.

This delirium, the delightful illusion of the heart awaking the fancy, at length subsided, and he began to think that all was a dream; but the voices commenced again. The moon had risen over the forest in her glory, and he heard one of Schiller's noble hymns to *The Night*, sung to the accompaniment of a tasteful and practised hand. The harp had scarcely ceased its chords, when a note from his casement was sent floating on the air. Whether it was sent over to reach its address was doubtful; but it contained his "dying request" to know by what chance the only being for whom the earth was still dear to him had come within the fortress; and his hope that "she, at least, would judge him incapable of dishonour."

The serenity of the evening was a faithless representative of the night that followed. Before Carlo closed his casement, where he lingered, lost in sweet and bitter thoughts, till the moon went down, heavy gusts announced a storm; streaks of distant lightning tinged the clouds in the west, and the faint yet incessant roar of the thunder, told him that the tempest was busy among the crests of the Vosges. But it was probably to be his last night, and, to prepare his mind to act decorously on his last day, he threw himself upon the mattress and tried to sleep.

But he had that on his spirit which banishes sleep; and his memory traced nothing but the brilliant loveliness of Carolina, and heard nothing but the silver tones of her voice.

The storm had by this time crossed the Rhine, and was rolling over the forest country. The bellows of the blast were tremendous; and the lightnings showed every corner of his dungeon with fearful distinctness. Yet in one of the pauses he conceived that other sounds reached his ear: he listened; there evidently were feet moving on the roof of the tower. As his eye turned to the casement, he now saw a heavy rope swinging across it, and in another moment a figure of a man, visible by a flash. He was totally without resource. To force open the grating was as impossible as to burst the door. But nothing could be plainer than that the enemy were in league with some traitors in the garrison; and it occurred to him, that some of the workmen employed in repairing the fortifications might have come to their labours before daylight. But, on touching his repeater, its little bell struck three. This was too early for honest employment, and he listened again. The rope descended, and he observed that a large open barrel was attached to it. His ear, sharpened by suspicion, too, heard low voices at the foot of the tower. He now glanced at the forest, and a glimpse of the lightning showed him a compact body of troops fixed closely under a cluster of the superb elms, which lined the road to the gate of the fortress. The rope began to move upwards again, and from the slowness of its motion it evidently bore a heavy burden. All these circumstances conspired to prove that some treachery was on foot, and

that the troops whom he had seen were intended to take the garrison by surprise. There was evidently no time to be lost. The door of the tower was bolted and barred, and all hope of arousing the fortress in that quarter vain: it was beyond calculation that, if they were suffered to make their way good to the tower, they must be masters of the bastion below, which gave them direct entrance into the body of the place. The fortress was evidently unprepared for this midnight assault; not a sound was heard, not a sentinel challenged. A French battalion, once let in, would evidently take the whole garrison in their beds.

All feelings but those of soldiership were forgotten in this crisis, and he felt his frame breathless, from the anxiety to discover some means of arousing the devoted governor and his people. He recollected that a sentinel had been stationed during the day at the foot of his stair, and to him he cried out, with all the exertion of a remarkably sonorous voice. But the storm was too loud for him, or the sentinel was stupified with his pipe, which morning, noon, and night, alike finds in the yellow-haired lips of this most smoke-dried of all nations.

No man who has not experienced some such dilemma, can have an adequate conception of the fever to which anxiety may be wrought. Carlo utterly forgot how indifferent all this, and the world along with it, might be to him within the next twenty-four: he even forgot how much better his chance of existence might be, by falling into the hands of a French battalion than of a German judge-advocate. Every thing was forgotten but that the fortress was on the point of being surprised, and that Carolina Cobentzel was among its inmates, and exposed to the horrors of such scenes. Still, what was to be done? He felt along the walls of his apartment, as if he could have opened some fissure in them, and struggled into the open air. He again struck violently on the door. It was as massive as iron, and as inexorable. He rushed, for the tenth time, to the grating. Every instant was now big with fate. He saw the troops below emerging from their shelter, and evidently preparing to take advantage of the work of their comrades above. He flung himself in utter exhaustion, and with a pang like an icebolt through his heart, upon the floor, and covered his head with his hands, that he might shut out the horrid sounds of the assault, if possible. As he bowed his burning forehead to the ground, it struck upon something that glittered in the lightning: it was the knife which had carved his melancholy meal, and which, from having fallen under the table, had been forgotten by the old grenadier, whose orders were to leave nothing that had an edge within reach of his prisoner. Carlo caught it up with an involuntary exclamation of joy. He sprang to the casement, the rope was again slowly moving upwards, and, by the tardiness of its motion, it evidently carried a heavier burden than before. On glancing down he saw two shakos ascending. He thrust his arm out to its full length, between the bars, and made a cut at the rope. He heard a cry, but the blow had been ineffectual; the windlass still creaked above. He made a second blow, and one half of the rope instantly flew up, the other went down with its cargo, and a crash and a yell told him the fate of the unlucky experimentalists. He next heard the sentinel on the adjoining bastion challenge and fire. The relief which he experienced in that moment, was like waking from the pressure of some overwhelming disease. He breathed freely once more: he knew that the garrison, at least, was awake. The patrol of the night soon came hurrying along the ramparts: his door was unlocked, and the officer ordered his apartment to be examined. Their first alarm was thus directed to himself, and his supposed dexterity in making his escape from justice. This difficulty settled, the patrol were about to move forward when Carlo told the officer what he had seen.

But the gallant captain, a sullen coxcomb, and angry at being called from the comforts of his guard-house only to be drenched to the skin, turned a contemptuous glance upon him: all would have been lost but for the coming up of the old adjutant, who halted the patrol until he heard the story. His presence at the interviews of the governor with Carlo had given him an opinion of the prisoner's sagacity, which was not to be shaken by the scowl of a half-sleepy captain, only eager to get back to his bottle. The adjutant was a soldier, and had heard of French contrivances before. He returned into the chamber—saw for himself the movement of shakos and the glitter of bayonets under the trees—was satisfied that it was no affair to be dreamed over, and despatched the intelligence to the governor's quarters. But Carlo had by this time come out upon the rampart, and he heard sounds which convinced him that some portion of the enemy had already made their way within the place.

"I must make the rounds within fifteen minutes, and report to the governor," said the adjutant with military precision.

"Give me but five of those minutes, and as many of the guard, and I shall ascertain the point," said Carlo, almost with a look of supplication.

"Well, then, I shall go with you," and the model of discipline strode onward.

The German finances are never in the most brilliant order, and if the honest Margraves and Serene Highnesses have enough for the routine of their little courts, the most monotonous little specimens of live machinery on the globe—an allowance sufficient to keep up an orchestra—for every German in existence is either a blower of the trombone, or longs to be a blower of it; and if the revenue can be stretched out so far as to include the sustenance of a pack of wild-boar hounds and hunters, and a cellar of hock to wash down the dust of the summer's day sun, all the longings of sovereignty are satisfied. It is not to be a matter of astonishment, therefore, that the German frontier has never offered more resistance to a French invasion, than the twigs of a hamper of apples would do to the assaults of a legion of hungry schoolboys. To patch fortifications was the last employment to which the kreutzers and rixdollars were ever regarded as applicable; and there were more breaches than gates in every fortress from the Netherlands to Hungary. Erlach-Glaringen had shared only the common fate, and nothing but the Gallic Jove of stratagem had tempted them to the circuitous trouble of bribing some knave of the garrison, when their chance would have been better by a dash in noonday.

But we have no time for detail. This night was not destined to add to the laurels of the *grande nation*. The patrol, in winding its way among the ruins and repairs of the works, found the unlucky hero who had made his solitary way by the windlass to the roof of the tower, and had been scared from his position by the tremendous *tintamarre* which Carlo had raised. A German bayonet was already at his breast, and his history would have been shortened but for his throwing himself, as if by instinct, at the knees of the only one of the party who would have thought of turning his life to any purpose. It struck the quick thought of the young son of Italy that he might lay a trap for the cunning of the enemy in turn; and he ordered the prisoner to follow him. He was promptly obeyed, and the whole party proceeded to the sallyport. Carlo had now obtained over his German comrades that sort of ascendancy which, in awkward times, is so readily conceded to whoever will take the perilous part of the affair upon himself. The view beyond the moat was certainly the reverse of satisfactory; for the occasional flashes, which still burst from the clouds as they swept along, almost touching the ground, showed a deep mass of caps and bayonets already in the glacia, and evidently waiting

only for the first opportunity to push across. The adjutant prepared to draw up his little patrol, and give them a grand discharge. He was dragged back by his companion.

"Fly to the governor's quarters," whispered Carlo, "and leave me to manage in your absence. Awake the old general, and tell him that, if we are not the most unlucky dogs on earth, we shall have a handsome exhibition for the morning's parade. I pledge myself for a battalion at the least."

The adjutant flew; it was the first time that glory had cast a single ray on his dreary course of a quarter of a century: the prospect of promotion made him a new man, and if it had been but daylight, the whole garrison would have been in amazement at the rapidity with which he threaded the streets, rushed over the bodies of the sleeping aids-de-camp and orderlies in the governor's house, and stood at the bedside of the great functionary himself, to tell him, as Hector's ghost told the Trojan hero, that he had better abandon dreaming for a while, and think of beating the enemy.

The heavy tramp of the garrison was no sooner heard, than Sebastiani determined to try Italian dexterity against French craft. With a pistol at the ear of his prisoner, he marched him to the edge of the moat, and ordered him to give the signal concerted with his countrymen, and let down the drawbridge. The French instantly plunged forward, rushed over the bridge, and, entering the open sallyport, were in the fortress. But then the condition of things was suddenly changed. As they poured, in the confusion of a crowd, from the gate, they saw the garrison drawn up before them. A heavy volley from a crescent of a thousand muskets was their first salutation. Their attempt to answer this by the scattered fire of men stumbling in the dark over all kinds of obstacles, only brought on them the flanking fire of a couple of six-pounders. The whole affair was palpably a *coup manqué*, and happy was he who could first get within the arch that led back again. But this was instantly choked up by the fugitives—the rest had no chance for their lives but by throwing down their muskets, which they did with all possible unanimity.

The business was over just as the first pale streaks of dawn gave light enough to show the gray coats and sallow visages of the Frenchmen; they were marched to the custody of the casemates, where they and their disasters were hid from the light of day, and where, in less than five minutes, they were, to a man, making their soup, smoking their cigars, scoffing at "la Fortune," and promising their yellow-whiskered guard that Jourdan, or Moreau, or somebody or other, would capture the fortress, carry off the garrison, and let the imprisoned *braves* forth again to a course of glory!

But where was Carlo? Nowhere to be found. Bastion, tower, and even moat, were searched for him, in vain. "*Les absens ont toujours tort*," is a maxim true in most parts of the world, but universally true on the continent. After a hunt of a day or two for him in the forest, it was quietly settled that he was unquestionably playing some of those tricks which had fallen under the cognizance of the archduke; that his story of the tower was nothing but a new instance of that invention for which he was so distinguished; and that he had added to all his other malpractices the heinousness of daring to mystify Major General von Shariheim, even to the point of putting an Austrian fortress, governor and all, into the hands of the republicans.

The conclusion was ruinous to the unfortunate refuge, but consolatory to the honour of the mustachioed heroes of the governor's staff. There of course could be no hesitation in adopting it; and it must be owned that the idea received some plausibility from the circumstance, that the French leader of the night's misadventure happened to be the identical colonel whom Carlo had taken prisoner on

the skirts of Jourdan's army. The colonel had found it easy to make his escape in the bustle of the campaign, had returned to his general, was now chef-de-brigade, and was conveying, with all possible speed, a detachment to take possession of the defiles of the forest towards the Rhine. His quick eye had informed him of the dilapidated state of the fortress as he passed; every German fortress had a little band of French deserters among its garrison, frequently sent for the express purpose; and the colonel, with the rapid calculation of his country, thought that a *coup-de-main*, by their help, would at once be the easiest thing in the world, make the prettiest despatch in the Parisian journals, and make him a general of division. A quarter of an hour was to put him in possession of the place, half an hour to write his despatch, an hour to make his toilet and receive the ladies of the garrison to a *dejeuner*; and then he was to march and complete his commission.

But this was not to be; and the colonel taken prisoner with his best battalion, the rest making their way full speed through the mountains, and his expedition shattered to fragments, was still the man of Paris. "*Cependant*," was his remark to his circle of officers, "*puisque nous sommes ici, je tacherai de m'amuser cause des autres*." No advice could be more instinctively taken; every man twirled his finger, turned a pirouette, and determined to be happy on the spot.

The history of Carlo's disappearance is brief. In the confusion of the morning he had been trampled down by the flying enemy, and flung into the moat; it had fortunately been filled by the tempest, and he thus escaped finishing his career in the undisturbed slough of half a century. Swimming across, he found himself completely beyond the reach of the governor and his drum-head court-martial. And it must be acknowledged that his first feeling was one of no slight comfort from the reflection. His share in the triumph of the fortress was still far from being a valid plea; for from the point where he had climbed, the action within the walls seemed to be going on with unabated fury. All that he could see was smoke, and all that he could hear was discharges of cannon and small arms. But a few minutes settled the question, and a crowd of the French jumping into the water, covered the surface of the ditch, and began scrambling up the counter-scarp. There was now no place for the sole of his foot, and he fled along with the mass of fugitives. The forest was their common shelter for the day and night following; and Carlo more than once debated the propriety of forgetting Europe and its follies, old and young, and travelling to the antipodes.

But the fortress contained a magnet towards which his feelings vibrated; and in that fever of anxiety to which suspense may be wrought where the imagination and the heart are at once concerned, he lingered within the forest, at one time ready to brave death and throw himself at the feet of his enslaver, and at another upbraiding himself for the indecision which held him still in those unprofitable chains. Every night that fell on his uneasy pillow found him making the magnanimous resolve that it should be the last of his sojourning in Germany; every morning found him climbing some height from which he might have a distant view of the brown ramparts and gilded steeples of that spot which enshrined the goddess of his idolatry.

One evening, as he was taking his tasteless meal in a little inn of the Westerthal, he was startled by the sound of a horse tramp, and a loud voice at the door. Life was irksome to him, but to give it up to the tender mercies of a discipline-loving commandant was not among his purposes; and his first intention was to rush into the woods. But his landlord, who had already taken some interest in his gentleness and his melancholy, told him that the new arrival was merely an officer with despatches; and placed

him in a chamber from which he might see without being seen.

His alarms were soon quieted. The stranger was the adjutant, with vexation in every feature of his wiry visage, and weariness in every limb of his inflexible frame. He had arrived in a post-carriage, of whose freight he formed the smallest portion; the rest being a heap of bandboxes and portmanteaus, worthy of the establishment of an electress or an opera dancer. The adjutant's exclamations and interjections as he looked on those pasteboard associates of his travels, and the sulkiness with which he answered every question put to him by the landlord, for the usual roadside purpose of hearing all the news, showed palpably enough, that, whether diplomacy or discipline were the object, the traveller was more than usually out of humour.

Carlo, though conscious of the peril of discovery, was on the point of breaking in upon the vexed official, to hear the slightest tidings of the fortress; but the arrival of a second stranger taught him prudence, and he continued unobserved to inspect the state of affairs in the grand saloon of the little inn.

Nothing could be more opportune than this arrival. It was an officer who had left Erlach but a few hours before.

He had evidently come in great haste, from the tired state of his horses, and the eagerness with which he flung off cloak and sabre. The tardy style in which supper generally makes its appearance in a native inn, gave occasion to a good deal of that military eloquence which is the reverse of courtly; and nothing could be more undeniable, even when the supper arrived at last, than that they both sat down to it in exceedingly ill temper with the times.

"Pleasant work this, Walstein," said the adjutant, "to be sent, *en courier*, to Vienna for a frolic of the old governor. His capture of those scampers has made him half a Frenchman already, and I was to enjoy the fruits of it. Can you conceive the object of my mission?"

"Not I," answered Walstein, "unless it were to bring him a wife, or a riband of Maria Theresa. Yet, seventy years are no great recommendation to think of the one, and, as to the riband, no one gets things of that kind, unless he acts as valet to some of the maids of honour, and is rewarded for keeping the secrets of their toilet."

"Well, then, I was commissioned," said the adjutant, "to purchase for his excellency, from the *magasin* of Madame Vaurien, *marchande des modes* of the Imperial household, a fancy dress in which the general is to figure."

"Capital!" laughed Walstein; "I hope you chose something peculiarly brilliant. The gay *septuagenaire* merits a better fate than to be thrust into the wig and gown of your Venetian senators, or the scarlet breeches and Kevenhuller hat of an original prince of the holy Roman empire. Nothing is worthy of him but an amorous Grand Turk or an Arcadian shepherd. But what did you bring, after all?"

"The choice might have puzzled a wiser man-milliner than I ever expect to be," was the adjutant's reply. "But all trouble was saved me by the Lady Cobentzel, who, after turning over all the costumes of the Vienna balls for the last winter, settled the point in her own way."

"In the name of all the Graces, what was it?" asked the captain. "Was it Crusader or Cossack, Turk or Troubadour? So—it was the lady's doing. Well, so is every thing among us. Have you the heart to owe her an immortal grudge for your journey? She is certainly a remarkably handsome creature, does what she pleases with the general, and is fairly the commandant of the garrison."

"Yes," said the adjutant, filling a bumper of Rhenish with a contemplative air, and tossing it off with a sigh profound enough to startle the echoes of the old room. "She is a handsome creature! But if ever general was broke by a court-martial for being fooled by a pair of eyes,

Von Sharlheim's chance would be but little before the Aulic Council."

"Jealous, by Jove!" exclaimed Walstein, "What! has she melted you? I should have thought as soon of her melting the metal horses on the Linsingen arch at Ratibon. Come, here's a bumper to her victory!" He followed the proposal with quick action.

The adjutant had neither denial to offer, nor defence to make, in which case the best thing to do is to say nothing. He was accordingly as dumb as one of the metal horses. But his countenance showed signs of rising choler. The laughter changed his tone.

"Well, well, let that pass," said the captain: "the lady has as fine a pair of eyes as any that ever set a man's bosom on fire; and no blame can attach to your thinking so; but have no hostility to the general on her account. All the little surmises which made the gossip of the garrison, have turned out like other garrison gossip; the whole was moonshine. It happens that she is the general's niece; some count, or margrave, or emperor, for any thing that I can tell, had been offered to her as a husband. She thought proper to decline the honour. Her lordly relatives thought that she was a rebel to the glories of her pedigree, and insisted on the match. She refused still more steadily. They threatened to get an imperial order to send her to a convent, until she should have the sense to be happy in their own way. I know none of the details further than that she instantly took wing from the family cage. Not one of their High Mightinesses could find out where, for their souls. In the mean time, Von Sharlheim was appointed to the command of Erlach. His niece had fled to his seat on the borders of the Tyrol, where, as she could now remain no longer, she followed him to the fortress, and there her beauty, gaiety, and wit, have done as much mischief as Helen did within the walls of Troy."

Not a word of the dialogue escaped the keen ears of Sebastiani. He would have listened, if it had continued for the twenty-four hours. He could not help indulging himself with the fond conception, that her sudden abhorrence of marriage was in some degree connected with his memory. But then came the cloud that is so seldom far off from the sunshine of the heart. He was then too humble for her rank; but what was he now?—a fugitive, and from a prison; extinguished as a soldier, lost to society, and now flying from the face of man. It was with a double pang that he felt how fully his story must now be known by Carolina; and with what disdain she must revert to his recollection. But the dialogue again caught his ear. The table had been reinforced with a couple of bottles, and even the frigid tongue of the adjutant was warmed into unusual fluency. Woman, war, and wine, the three grand topics of soldiership, began to run their course through his brain.

"As to Vienna," said he, tossing off a bumper, "there are not three heads in the Aulic Council, that are worth the powder in their curls; they plan campaigns over their toilets in the morning, and fight battles over their coffeecups at night. An army of Savoyards and their monkeys might make somewhat more noise perhaps: but they would certainly not do less execution."

"But the Archduke!" interposed the captain; "he is good for something. Kray has the good Hungarian blood in him; and Matsenloben is a first rate officer of grenadiers."

"Yes, all tolerable in their way. But this let me tell you as my particular friend, that if preferment were not so slow in our service, and I had worn the aiguillette at the head of a handsome column of 30,000 men six months ago, we should not now have a Frenchman on this side of the Rhine." The adjutant then began to describe his manoeuvres, according to the prescribed fashion of spilling a

glass of wine on the table, and demolishing battalions with a wet finger. But this species of campaigning was evidently too familiar to the captain to keep him a patient spectator of the triumph; and rescuing another glass, which was on the point of representing the course of the Rhine with a pitched battle on its banks, he rose and resumed his cloak and sabre.

"I must be gone," said he, "if I am to be in Mannheim to-morrow. I cannot say that I like my mission there; I should willingly have exchanged it for your mission to Madame Vaurien, and her *magasin* for turning old generals into young shepherds."

"I suppose to make a purchase of ringlets and rouge for the Frenchmen? Those fellows never know where they are. Take them prisoners to-day, and they will prepare to fit up their jail for a ball-room to-morrow."

"No, that I presume to be the next order for you, adjutant; my present business is to hunt down that clever rogue Sebastiani, if that be his name, or only one of his fifty names. This *chef-de-brigade*, Vaficour, or Vantour, or some such bird of passage or prey!"

"Why!" exclaimed the adjutant, "he cannot be more than five-and-twenty, and is he a *chef* already? They rise famously fast among these republicans, it must be confessed; and here am I garrison adjutant at twice the age." Indignation had made the adjutant let a secret loose, which was among his most cautious reserves.

Walstein cast on the startled discoverer a glance of his keen eye.

"The truth is, adjutant," said he, "that no one living would suspect you of being a month older than this coxcomb, *chef* as he is. But you are sure to have your revenge. The fair Carolina Cobentzel is as certain to jilt him as nature has made him an Adonis in his own eyes, and an ape in ours. I strongly suspect that her even suffering his attentions, has a deeper object than the vanity of a pretty woman, and that she has been making some arrangement with him for the escape of that showy and very mysterious gentleman, Sebastiani, into France. The fact is, that if the surmises of the governor, to which I may add those of the garrison, be right, that very plausible personage has completely mystified every man of us. The story of the night attack remains still to be cleared up. Whether his giving the alarm was honesty, remains to be proved; the strong probability being, that he gave it only when he saw discovery at hand, and that it was much more intended to warn those without than those within. His escape in the *mélée*, his being totally unheard of ever since, and the extraordinary favour which the Frenchman enjoys with the governor's niece, all help us to the conclusion that we have all been very dexterously duped, and all deserve very much to be laughed at."

Carlo was on the point of bursting from his retreat, and flinging defiance in the face of his accuser. But another word stopped him.

"Do you think," said the love-stricken adjutant, in a tone of melancholy, which made the captain bury his laughter in his handkerchief,—"do you think, from what you have observed in my absence, that the affair between this puppy and the Lady Cobentzel will come to any thing?"

"To a quarrel, undoubtedly, the moment you return," said Walstein. "He could have no chance till you were gone. The lady may have had taste enough to promenade, waltz, and so forth, with him while you were out of sight; but the moment you present yourself before her again, all is over with Monsieur le *Chef-de-brigade*."

"Then she has permitted his attentions?" said the adjutant with a jealous brow, while a pang shot through the concealed listener. But both were to be further tortured; for Walstein's amusement at the idea of the iron adjutant's

being the slave of the tender passion, was too keen to be easily given up.

"Why, of course," said he, "every woman permits every attention that she can get, whether in barrack or ball-room; and all Frenchmen are popular with the sex, from being as much like themselves as possible,—as light as a feather, and as fond as a pigeon, for the time, and as hard as flint, and so easily fitted to all hands as a silk glove, when the time is over. I have been in Paris in my day, and know them a little. When young, the Frenchman has the sentiments of a girl of seventeen; when old, he has the wisdom of a dowager of seventy. He is thus female all his life, notwithstanding pantaloons and mustachios. And as like produces like in every quarter of the globe, the Frenchman, from the cradle to the grave, is always of dandlers the most successful."

"Confound the whole generation," exclaimed the angry admirer. "He will run off with her before she knows what she is about. I must have a shot at his brains."

"Impossible, my dear sir!" was the reply; "nature has forbid that catastrophe just five-and-twenty years. But if you wish to disarm him of his spells, you have only to lame him, and the waltz is lost to him and love for ever; or knock out one of his front teeth, and it will be a perfect security that he smiles no more."

The clock of a neighbouring village sullenly pealed midnight. The adjutant started up, was astonished at his having lingered so late, and ordered his carriage and band-boxes to the door. Walstein assisted to pack the heart-broken hero among his piles of finery, and contrived, during the operation, to make a pencil sketch of him for the amusement of the garrison on his return. All was now ready.

"Farewell, adjutant," said he; "if you are shot for being too late, remember not to lay your death at my door. It is the first confidence that I have had these ten years, and such a confession was essential to my undergoing the detestable supper of these places; and now fly. I give you fair warning that unless you go over the ground at a gallop you will be too late for the governor. The ball takes place immediately, and another moment's delay will deprive the world of the delight of seeing the oldest performer of Amadis de Gaul in Germany."

The adjutant ordered the gallop, and the carriage flew off among the pines. Walstein mounted his horse, and gave him the spur on the road to Manheim. Carlo emerged from his retreat; torn by conflicting emotions, sometimes indignant with himself for having condescended to hear so much, sometimes stung with anxiety to have heard more. The night was magnificent, the moon in her pomp; all was calm, forest and sky. The contrast between the glorious tranquillity of nature, and the feverish disturbance of the single and obscure individual who walked among those scenes of beauty and majesty, now and then struck him with something like shame, for suffering any thing human to agitate him. But philosophy is a poor consoler after all. His honour stained, his hopes blasted, his life an actual object of pursuit, and above all, his disgrace in the eyes of the Lady Cobentzel, came like gusts to shake the quietness of his mind. He felt in that night thoughts keen, rapid, and scorching, that shot across his mind like streams of lightning.

The ball at Erlach was the most showy display that its old battlements and bastions had witnessed since their foundation by Charles V. The day itself was a gathering of good fortune. Besides its being the anniversary of the birth of the Empress of Austria, the adjutant had brought from Vienna one of the Imperial orders for the governor, with a highly complimentary letter from the war minister, applauding the "extraordinary vigilance which had coun-

teracted the daring enterprise of the enemy against his fortress," and the "consummate gallantry with which he met the attack, and captured and destroyed the whole division under the French general."

If governors of threescore and ten had any faculty of blushing, Major-General Von Shariheim must have blushed at his panegyric. But, as that was out of the question, he ordered the letter to be entered on the regimental books, and read at the head of every corps on the parade; had facsimiles made of it, which he despatched to every corner of Europe without loss of time; and published it at full length, and with all explanatory comments, in the *Hamburgische Correspondenten*, and the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and a crowd of others, which sent it flying round the globe. In short, the governor was in the highest spirits imaginable.

Carolina Cobentzel, fairer than ever, dressed like a sultana, and looking like the Queen of the Graces, was the centre of attraction for the night. The French officers themselves acknowledged that she had the *vraie tournure Française*, by which they meant perfection, of course; and the assiduities of the gallant chef-de-brigade were so pointed as to throw all the men into palpable despair, and all the ladies into as palpable displeasure. But the assembly was large, gay, and brilliant; the neighbouring nobles, delighted at the prospect of a fête, and at the transformation of the rugged old fortress into the palace of an Armida, had flocked to the festival, and all was waltzing if not wit, and wine if not gaiety. As in all fancy balls, some of the groups were full, and some costumed in contempt of all history; but some were striking, and, among the rest, was one of a band of Italian pilgrims, who came singing the airs which so perfectly suit their country, and so touchingly recall its captivities to all who have trod the southern side of the Alps. The group were chiefly young; but one of them, who seemed bowed with extreme old age, and sang with a feeble though still sweet voice, suddenly fixed Carolina's eye. The features were those of evident antiquity, yet there was an expression in them which reminded her of something which she could not drive from her mind. The attentions of the gallant chef-de-brigade lost their interest, if they had ever possessed any; and a shade of melancholy began to spread over one of the loveliest countenances of living woman.

The ball was kept up with additional gaiety by the arrival of fresh groups. Wine flowed more briskly, and the spirits of the company constantly grew more animated. But the groups seemed suddenly and unaccountably to thicken, and to be composed, in some instances, of individuals who could scarcely have been included in the governor's invitations. Sounds of riot, too, were heard outside the apartments, which scarcely comported with the discipline of a garrison. A strange feeling of alarm now began to exhibit itself in the assembly; and though the dance went on, and the hock and champagne were more liberally indulged in than ever, it was evident that something threatened to sour the festivity. At length the appearance of one of the aids-de-camp, with marks of extreme anxiety in his countenance, produced a universal pause in the dance, and every eye was turned on the governor. He continued calmly receiving the whispered report of the officer; and, though pale as death, yet by his gestures, evidently desirous that no disturbance of the festivities should take place. The dancing was resumed, and the major-general again took his seat at the head of the room. But he had scarcely sat down, when a voice from one of the pilgrims whispered in his ear, "Arrest the chef-de-brigade on the spot, or all is lost." The gallant chief was at this moment waltzing with the Lady Carolina in the midst of a buzz of admiration. This was a difficult point for the governor; but the voice made so strong an impression on his mind, that, after a moment or two of

deliberation; he called the Frenchman out of the set, and told him in a low but firm voice that he must retire to his quarters. The chief was all astonishment, demanded the reason of this insult, and haughtily refused to move. The groups suddenly crowded round him, a signal was made from the casement, and it was answered by a clash of arms from without, and a cry of *Vive la République!* The Frenchman now drew his sword, and, turning to the overwhelmed Von Sharlheim, said with that look which no other nation can put on—"Voilà, mon général, la pièce est finie. Rendez-vous; vous êtes mon prisonnier à présent!"

"How is this, Monsieur?" exclaimed the startled governor; "what infamous treachery has done this?"

"Comrades," shouted the chief, "forward, and convince the major-general that I am in the right and he in the wrong. *Vive la République!*" As he uttered the words, three-fourths of the groups threw off their masquerade cloaks, and showed the French uniform under them.

"Villain, take this!" was the brave old soldier's exclamation, when he had recovered his breath. The sabre blow which followed the word brought the chief to the ground; and the room was immediately a scene of the clashing of swords and crossing of bayonets. The German officers made all the resistance that could be expected from men taken completely by surprise; but they were gradually pushed from the saloon into the open air. There the scene was one of general struggle. The garrison continued to fight; but the greater part of them had been just roused from their beds, and the remainder had been drinking too deep, of potations furnished more by the French commissaries than by the governor's liberality, to be able to offer any effectual obstacle. Even the guns which the artillerymen wheeled down from the bastions to fire on the square, were found to have been rammed with clay. The very cartridges in the soldiers' pouches had been stolen, and their places filled up with cartridges of sand. Treachery had been active, and been every where. The enemy continued pouring in battalion after battalion, until the garrison, seeing the hopelessness of all defence, called for quarter. Shots of *Vive la République* rose at the entrance of every fresh battalion, and the fortress was inevitably lost.

"Let the poltrons be taken prisoners, if they will," exclaimed the governor, as with a few soldiers and his staff, he fixed himself in a bastion—"I shall die here." But the enemy, determining to finish the affair at once, poured a volley into the work, which formidably thinned its defenders. The next volley threatened to extinguish the little desperate troop, when the governor heard the same mysterious voice at his side which had warned him in the ball-room. "Resistance is ruin," were the words; "follow me." He turned and saw the same decrepit and pilgrim-dressed figure which had before caught his attention. But desperate as the circumstances were, he disdained to save himself by flight. "Make your escape, sir, while you have time," said he; and raising his voice, exclaimed to his officers, "Gentlemen, save yourselves; there is no chance of saving the fortress. You may live to be revenged, but the governor must die here." Some took the advice and disappeared; a few remained. The French fired again, and the whole brave remnant lay on the ground. Day broke, and the tricolour waved on Erlach-Glaringen.

The capture of the fortress was easily accounted for. The French prisoners had kept up a communication with their countrymen, who still covered the banks of the Rhine in great force. Jourdan, after his defeat by the Archduke, had retreated upon the Lahn, but leaving behind him nearly all his guns and baggage; the peasantry, infuriated at his excesses on the advance, had followed him with indefatigable hostility, and every straggler perished by their hands. The losses of the marauders amounted to thousands, and the fears of the Republican Government

were so much alarmed, that powerful reinforcements were rapidly forwarded from the garrisons on both banks, and the march of a new army of 25,000 troops was ordered under the favourite officer of the service, Marceau. With this accession of strength the hopes of conquest revived in the bosom of the French commander-in-chief. He threw himself forward, formed a new plan of campaign with the eccentric rapidity which distinguished the wars of the Republic, and daringly manoeuvred to outflank the Archduke. The news had immediately spread to the prisoners; they prepared for a general attempt on the garrison; and a division of the enemy was ordered into the forest to assist the enterprise. The enemy's march had been so dexterously concealed, that Von Sharlheim, accustomed to more regular tactics, remained totally unsuspecting of this formidable neighbourhood. The preparations for the fête on the Imperial birthday fully occupied the attention of his staff, and the result was the march of a powerful force at midnight to the gates of the place, their introduction by the bribery of the sentinels, and the capture. The scene in the ball-room was merely an adjunct of that which had already occurred without. A large party of French officers had joined the ball, in various characters, ready to take advantage of the hour, and seize the governor and the staff. The chef-de-brigade had meditated a seizure of another kind, which he must have effected but for the unlucky exultation which betrayed him, and which was rewarded by the sabre blow of the governor—a blow which swept off one of the most polished and picturesque mustaches in existence, and carried with it a portion of the lip sufficient to prohibit its growth for life. Whatever he might be as a hero in time to come, there was an end of his claims as an Adonis. The lady was lost; but the fortress was carried. A prodigious history of the "irresistible prowess" of all concerned was sent to Paris; the achievement was blazoned in the *Moniteur*; thence it was turned into a melodrama at the Porte St. Martin; furnished a horse-pantomime at Franconi's; flourished as a "romantic opera" at the Odeon; and finally scored as a "tragedie classique" at the Theatre Français. What could chivalry ask more?

About a fortnight after this period a group of three persons, a wounded old man, a young one with an emaciated frame and countenance, and a young female, were seen sitting at the door of a hut on one of the heights looking down upon the Rhine. Their attention was apparently fixed on a small column of troops which advanced with an open artillery wagon, covered with flags, in their centre; a few cavalry preceded and followed, and a solitary trumpet from time to time sent its melancholy echoes among the mountains. It was evidently the last march of some distinguished soldier. But, as the column ascended the heights, the uniform was observed to be Austrian, and the banner was the black eagle. They were friends; and the anxiety now was to know what gallant chief had been lost to the national cause. The peasant dress of the three precluded personal notice, and they reached the column just as it had arrived at its place of destination. The funeral procession was one of those instances in which war is softened by the spirit of civilization, and the honour due to genius and valour, is paid, even in an enemy. An officer from the Archduke's head-quarters commanded the escort, and as the coffin was lowered from the carriage, and laid in the grave, he pronounced a short and simple panegyric on the dead soldier.

"Austrians," said he, "you see before you the last resting-place of a gallant enemy. That grave contains a Frenchman, and one of the memorable of his country; General Marceau fought in the unjust cause, and therefore Germany may rejoice that the aggressor has been cut off; but he fought by the command of others, and therefore be the crime. It is but a month since that brave general

brought his force into the field; it is but a week since he saved the French army, which was on the point of perishing before Austrian bravery; it is but twelve hours since, at the head of his troops, attempting to stop the irresistible arms of our country, he fell at the battle of Altenkirchen, in command of the rearguard. It is the glory of the Austrian, that while he fights the enemy in arms, he knows how to feel for the prisoner. We found him wounded on the field. The Archduke, the hero of Germany, ordered his wounds to be taken care of, but they were mortal; and the brave enemy breathed his last, thanking the humanity of his conqueror. Honour to Germany—honour to the Archduke—honour to the brave Marceau!"

The troops repeated the last words with three melancholy acclamations. A howitzer then fired; and three volleys over the grave, and the planting of a bower of pine branches over the spot, concluded the touching ceremony.

The troops returned down the hill; but the three peasants remained. There was silence among them, and their eyes continued fixed on the spot where the sun threw his farewell lustre on the bed of one who was to awake to earthly glory no more. At length the old man spoke.

"He sleeps happy. The Frenchman served his country to the last. No stain darkens the reputation of years. Why could I not have found such a grave?"

The female by his side clasped his feeble hand. "My dearest uncle, my more than father," said she, in accents of singular sweetness, "you must not think of those things. You did your duty; you suffered only by treachery. No one on earth can charge you with dishonour. And who can be answerable for fortune!" Her young companion's looks were fixed on the fair consoler with an expression of intense delight, which made her cheek glow

"Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue."

"Carolina," replied the old man, "your affection is my single reason for enduring existence. I acknowledge the noble spirit in which our generous friend here persevered, notwithstanding all the malice of his fortunes, to save us both. I thank him with all the feelings that now remain to me, for having saved you, my child, from the hands of the villains who have destroyed your uncle; but, if my last wish were to be granted, it would have been that I had died on the bastion where I fell, and where his unhappy courage dragged me from among my dead friends and soldiers. I can never appear among soldiers again."

The old man's voice sank away, and he stood with his eyes turned in honourable envy to the grave of the gallant Marceau. All was silence for a while. At last their companion, with an evident effort to master some strong feeling, said, in a tone of sudden cheerfulness,—

"We must talk no more in this manner, general; at least not to-night. The sun forbids our lingering here or at least mine; for the woodman, who allows me the honour of an apartment under his thatch, keeps early hours, and shuts up his doors at twilight. I have a couple of leagues to go through the forest before that time, or I must bivouac like one of its wild bears. Farewell, till to-morrow."

He took a few paces forwards, then returned, and said in a low voice to the lady,—*"If I should not return to-morrow, rely upon me for returning at the first moment in my power."* There was a change in his tone and look which alarmed the quick suspicions of the heart. Carolina took him aside.

"Carlo," was the fair creature's answer, "what can you mean by this? You are thinking of some dark attempt that may be your ruin. Remember, that we wholly depend upon you now. Be candid with me; we have claims, if misfortune can give them. My high-spirited and unhappy relative must die if you leave us. What may become of me is of less consideration. But you have saved my life, and

it is only gratitude to say that it is at your service for ever! Now, tell me of what it is you are thinking?"

"Thinking! Of nothing on earth," exclaimed the enraptured hearer, "but of that lovely being whose heart is as noble as her beauty, and whose hand would be worth the world. Carolina, listen to me, and now listen in faith, for I speak in sincerity. The thought was sudden; it came from the grave of Marceau. Looking on that spot, I felt, with a stronger conviction than ever, that to a soldier honour is essential. The tribute paid to that brave man even by enemies made me determine more solemnly than ever, that my Carolina's relative shall be saved from the stings of calumny. As brave as any man living or dead, and suffering only under the ill fortune which has often happened to the brave, he can require nothing but an opportunity to face accusation, and be cleared. My intention was, to go to the head-quarters of the army, and explain the capture of the fortress."

Carolina almost uttered a scream. Tears burst from her eyes. "You go to the army—you throw yourself on the mercy of the Archduke? Expect justice from the very circle of calumniators who have poisoned his mind against you! Carlo, you will have the fate of those on whom the malice of the world turns; you will be overwhelmed by the crowd; you will disdain to defend yourself; you will perish, and I—what then will become of me?" Carlo took her passive hand; and, as if to escape her fascination, turned away his eyes.

"Rely upon my caution," said he; "I will be prudent. But then, is it possible for me to see that brave and generous old man breaking down, day by day, under bitterness of heart? I have not the slightest doubt that my story will be heard, and will be effectual. The general has still powerful friends at Vienna. The Archduke is fully acquainted with his services in the Prussian and Turkish campaigns. He is looked upon as dead, and no sentence has been passed upon him; the knowledge of his gallantry in the defence of Erlach, unfortunate as its result was, will vindicate him at once; and I shall have the happiness—the unspeakable triumph—of restoring his honour to the uncle of her, without whom life would now be a burden to me. Farewell, then, and remember me!"

The lovely girl looked at him with increasing tenderness, and with thanks which were not to be told in words. But a sudden recollection started to her mind, and clouded her sunny brow.

"And who will defend you?" she exclaimed, with the energy of ardent passion. "You have been constantly pursued by a fortune which amounts to a fate. I shall hear of your arrival at the Archduke's camp, only to hear of your suffering the untimely death of those whom the united cruelty and injustice of the world determine to destroy. Be obstinate no longer—there are more lives than your own in the balance. The hour of your death will be mine—I feel it. This old man too will perish with us; for, excepting ourselves, who will think of his old age? Promise me, then, that you will abandon this desperate attempt; and thank Heaven that we are left to live—and to love each other." She stood gazing on him, as if she could read his soul.

"But, Carolina, how can I endure degradation, and, worse than all, to live degraded in *your eyes*?" was the struggling answer. "You make honour too dear, by your generous affection, to suffer me to bring to your alliance a being unworthy of your hand. I must think of the world, even for you. Shall I see the woman whom I love above all things on earth—the one who has confided her noble heart to my charge, and without whom it would even be impossible for me to live—shall I see the daughter of an illustrious line thrown into obscurity—into worse than obscurity, into shame—by joining her fate with one stigmatized by the common voice of his country? Let me,

then, make this single effort. I must first vindicate your relation—that task I shall find an easy one—I must then vindicate myself; and whether that task be easy or difficult, I shall succeed at least in one object—I shall satisfy myself that I have done all that it was in my power to do—I shall convince my enemies, if I have them, that I have been ready to face all inquiry; and with the conviction that I have acted as became a soldier and a man, the son of a brave man, and, by a still dearer name, the friend of Carolina Cobentzel, I shall be content to live or die."

The calm energy with which he spoke, and the expression of his fine countenance, which had recovered all its ardour, made the listener feel that his determination was fixed; and even that it was the wisest which, under the circumstances, could be adopted. After a pause, in which she wiped away many a tear, she turned her magnificent eyes upon him, and pointing to the sun, lying in golden rest on the ridge of the Freudenberg mountains—

"Carlo," said she, "I must no longer dispute the will of him whom I have so long learned to honour and obey. I am not wholly convinced, but I comply. You shall go to Vienna; but that sun is the last that shall set upon me here. General Von Scharlheim and I will go with you. I still have friends in Austria. We shall be able to give you some assistance: and I shall be saved from the infinite miseries which every hour would bring while you were away."

The darkening hue of Sebastiani's brow showed his alarm at her attempting this new peril. The country was covered with troops, and travelling had become a matter of extreme difficulty. She caught the meaning instantly, and combated it.

"Why, then," asked she, "should the journey be undertaken at all? Can you not remain where you are? Carlo, Carlo," she added, with increasing tenderness, "I have abandoned the world. From the night when chance, or perhaps destiny, brought us together in this forest, I felt that with no other human being could I be happy—from that moment I felt a distaste for the world. The fates of Vienna had no longer charms for me. I thirsted for solitude. My mind had undergone a total change in that night; and I saw, as if a new spirit had given me new powers of understanding, the emptiness, monotony, and weariness of all that courts and cities call pleasure and distinction. If I could have put on the wings of a dove, I would have sought peace in some quiet valley of these mountains, and, with you for my protector and my guide, have forgotten that there were such frivolities as pomp and rank in existence."

"But dishonour, dishonour!" sighed Sebastiani. "I must vindicate your injured relative; I must next try if there is justice for myself. My heart is worn down with shame. I owe my life to you; for, but for your presence here, I should have been in my grave. Generous and high-hearted being, you *shall* come with me. I can refuse you nothing. I feel your very presence a security for success. Yes, we shall vindicate ourselves—we shall clear the stain from names till now unknown to reproach; and then, leaving the tumults and troubles of the world behind, we shall return, and be vine-dressers on the banks of father Rhine." Carolina fell on his neck in silence; but her silence was eloquence—it spoke delight, confidence, and love.

The war had raged from the Danube to the German frontier. Jourdan's army had been partially repulsed; but the more powerful and more ably conducted force under Moreau, had rushed, with scarcely an obstruction, to the heart of the empire. At one period all seemed lost; and if Moreau, instead of pursuing the feeble corps of Latour, which constantly fled before him, had merely turned on his steps, and fallen on the rear of the army of

the Archduke, it must have been placed between two fires, and have had only to choose to which of the French generals it would lay down its arms.

But the temptation of menacing the hereditary states, and perhaps of mastering Vienna itself, glittered too strongly before the Frenchman's eye, to suffer him to see that every step of the pursuit led him further from victory. Though the ablest tactician of France, and one of the most successful officers of a nation whose triumphs seemed almost supernatural, Moreau thus found himself in exactly the same peril in which he might have placed his adversary. The superior manœuvres of the Archduke had placed the French army between two fires. That great and heroic commander saw where the true battle was to be fought, and answered the remonstrances of the terrified court of Austria and her doubting generals, in language worthy of one of the old Roman deciders of the fates of nations. "I care not," said he, "where Moreau may go. Let him advance to the gates of Vienna, if he will. It is no matter, provided I beat Jourdan in the meantime."

He beat Jourdan in the meantime; wheeled round from the Rhine to the Danube, and astonished Moreau, when two hundred miles within the depths of Germany, with the discovery that his was now the only remaining army of France, that the Archduke was thundering upon his rear, and that nothing but the most rapid retreat, and the most desperate fighting, could bring a remnant of his troops back to their own country again.

Moreau was at last awake to his perils, and then the genius of the great tactician broke out. He instantly commenced that memorable movement, which is celebrated to this day as the retreat of the Black Forest. On the first movement to the rear, the whole of the detached corps of Austria, animated by the victories of the Archduke and the sight of a retiring enemy, pursued headlong, and increasing in numbers and daring hour by hour, inflicted dreadful havoc. Still the French marched on, sending their baggage and heavy artillery before them. But, in a war of this kind, when an enemy, retreating in a compact body, is pursued by detached corps, nothing is more hazardous than the slightest failure in combination. The corps of Nauendorf, moving to the flank, and Latour following full on the rear of the French, at length became separated. Latour found himself instantly attacked by the whole French army. The Austrian general, isolated with a force of less than 30,000 men, in front of one of nearly three times their number, had no resource but to take up a position, fight till he was reinforced by some of the detached corps, and retreat, if this hope failed. But, after a desperate struggle, numbers carried the day; the heights of Biberach were stormed on both flanks; and the Austrians were driven down, with the loss of cannon, some thousand prisoners, and the dispersion of their army.

During this stubbornly contested action, Carlo and his two companions had come inadvertently into the very scene of peril. The road to Vienna lay between the two Austrian corps, and they soon found the impossibility of pursuing their journey in that direction. They had procured one of the rude *stuhl-wagens* of the province, but the second day of their progress found them without horses. The French first, and the Austrians after, had stripped the country; and the travellers, at the end of a day of anxiety, were glad to find a roof in one of the half-depopulated villages, where they could rest their heads for the night. They had heard the cannonade heavily rolling round the horizon since noon, and knew that some great battle was fought, from the continual roar of artillery. But they soon had ocular demonstration of its consequences. Night had scarcely fallen, when the village was crowded with troops of all arms, seeking shelter and relief for their wounded. The dispersion of Latour's corps had filled the woods with Austrian fugitives, and the first man who was brought to

the door of the cottage was Carlo's old captain in the Hulana. He had received a lance-wound through the sabre-arm, which disqualified him from playing the part of Roland, and sending heads flying from their shoulders at a blow, a feat of which he once boasted, like a Mussulman. Sebastiani bound up the wound, and the care of Carolina—that care which a woman alone knows how to offer—marvellously restored his spirits, and he almost forgot his wound in his sense of relief. His gratitude lent him a new faculty of speech, and he overflowed with recollections.

"Carlo," said he, as he lay cooling his feverish lips with a draught of Hockeimer, turned into nectar by the skill of the lady, "I little thought that when I fought your battles in the regiment, I should have to thank you and your friends for this night's service. I must confess that I felt you had taken rather a liberty with my troop, in carrying off yourself, your horse, and three of my best men. But I hate calumny; I suffer no talkers under me; and to the last, though I fully believed that you had taken leave of your senses in leaving the regiment, I was sure that you would turn up yet—a genius, if not a field-marshal. Do guess at last who was your enemy?"

The little circle gathered round the bed, and were all ear. Carlo declared that he was not conscious of ever having made one.

"Ay, that shows your folly, my brave boy," said the captain. "You did two or three dashing things, which were enough to have made every sluggard in the army your enemy for life. But, do you remember the little corporal—the fellow who brought the regiment into that desperate scrape on the Rhine? Think of my astonishment, when, on going to look for you at head-quarters, the very man who gave me my answer was the corporal! but no longer the little, meagre, friking knave that he was with us, but a pompous gentleman on the Archduke's staff, covered with embroidery, and his visage as much disguised as his coat. But I knew him through his double allowance of whisker; and told him so. There I showed my folly too, for his rage was tremendous: he denied every thing; and nothing but a French attack that very night, which gave them something else to do than shooting captains with too long memories. I verily believe saved your humble servant, Captain Gustoff Nadermann, from the bullets of a platoon in the regular style."

"But by what contrivance could he possibly have got into such a situation?" asked Carlo, doubtfully.

"Was he not a Frenchman?" replied the captain; "and is not that enough any where round the world? Of course, he brought some plausible information, or some forged letter, or some huge bribe along with him. At all events I have no more doubt than of my lying on this spot, that he was, is, and will be, a spy of Moreau. But he is now a great man—a Major Holzappel, or Holstetten, or I know not what; and as his natural chance of being hanged must have been turned into a certainty in case of your remaining at head-quarters, I am not much surprised that he preferred risking your neck to tying the string round his own."

"And can this traitor be still in the Archduke's camp?" asked Carolina, with an expressive look at her lover.

"In the camp!" exclaimed the captain; "ay, and in its highest confidence. I am told that the Archduke employs him to carry on the correspondence with the Aulic Council, and that he is as powerful at Vienna as at head-quarters. I think that we owe him already some ill luck. This last unfortunate affair, could not have happened, if the French had not received information of the order for detaching twenty thousand of the troops to the Tyrol; to fight, I suppose, against the chamois. This encouraged Moreau to turn back upon Latour, and break up his brave army into fragments as you see; but I shall have the honour of performing an act of justice on him yet, clever as he is."

A clamour outside interrupted the captain's newly acquired fluency. All was tumult. Carlo hurried out to ascertain what new calamity had occurred. A new rush of fugitives had come pouring into the street, with the intelligence that the enemy were in pursuit, and in great force. All was now tenfold confusion; for the army had been so thoroughly dispersed, that the soldiers were left almost wholly destitute of officers. The sound of firing in the outskirts of the village, and the flight of the peasantry from the farm-houses, gave sufficient proof of the French advance; and the usual ravage of the enemy, flushed with success and eager for plunder, filled Carlo with apprehension for his invaluable charge. He returned speedily to the cottage; and, directing that all preparations should be made for flight, remained *en vedette* at the door, to give the first intelligence of the enemy's skirmishers. It was now midnight, and the darkness was broken only by the fire of a small bivouac a few paces off. He suddenly heard his name called, and saw a party of his own regiment driven in before a sharp discharge of tirailleurs. The sight awoke all his slumbering recollections. He sprang into the midst of the disheartened squadron—was received with a hurrah—and was a soldier again.

"Where is the colonel—the major? What has become of your officers?" were his rapid questions.

"We know nothing of them; they have either fallen or been taken," was the universal answer.

"Then, comrades, follow me," he exclaimed; and, vaulting on a charger, he put himself at their head. In another moment he had brought their ranks into some kind of order; and, after a few words, directing the troops in the street to stand to their arms, and barricade the village, he galloped to the front to observe the enemy. He had scarcely emerged at the head of his little band of gallant hearts and bold hands, when he fell in with a strong column of French infantry pushing for the village, with the haste of certain capture. He instantly charged them; and the unexpected shock as instantly broke them in all directions. A stand of colours, a couple of field pieces, and, most welcome of all, an ammunition wagon, handsomely stored with bread and brandy, were the prizes of this brief exploit. He now returned to the village, divided the capture, among the famishing soldiery, and only claimed as his share of the trophies, the use of the wagon, to carry off his companions. But, on his entering the house, he found the old general with a sword by his side, and a musket in his hand.

"Sebastiani, my young friend," said he, "you ought to escape if you can. I give you Carolina—you are worthy of each other. I give you with her this writing, which secures to you both whatever I am worth in the world; but from this spot I am determined not to stir a step further. Say no more. Remonstrance is in vain. Here I finish my career as a soldier ought to do—here I shall show that Von Sharlheim, if he knew not how to be a match for treachery, yet knew how to die for his country."

Carolina wept on his neck; but the general continued to load his musket.

"Then we will die together!" exclaimed Carlo, in despair.

"By no means, until we can do nothing better," said the general, with a sudden return to his former style. "You shall see what a soldier who served under Daun can do even against these wonder-working heroes of the new school. There are plainly troops enough in the village for three things: to be beaten, to be starved, and to be taken prisoners. I shall try a fourth, and see whether we cannot teach them to beat the Frenchmen."

He sallied forth, followed by Sebastiani. A few words announced that "Major-General von Sharlheim was come to take the command of the division." The name was

well known, and the soldiers quickly gathered from the cottages and fields. In half an hour they amounted to a considerable force; the entrance to the village was soon covered with a trench; and the trench was covered by a palisade of trees; and the two field-pieces were masked, to sweep the flank. Their preparations were scarcely made before the French drums were heard advancing. They had clearly given up the idea of a surprise, and were determined on carrying the place by main strength. The major-general was now once more in his element, and even Carlo was surprised at the combined activity and sagacity which he displayed. He ordered universal silence, and that not a shot should be fired until he gave the word. The enemy made the attack in their usual rushing manner. They were suffered to advance to the trench, and even to jump down into it in considerable numbers, before the signal was given. But, when the command to fire produced its effect, nothing could be more deadly. Every bullet told among the crowded ranks of the enemy's column; and the fire of the field-pieces, loaded to the muzzle with grape, split it asunder as if it had been divided by a thunderbolt. In a few minutes five hundred men lay killed or wounded on the ground. The attack was now abandoned with still more haste than it had been made, and in this manner night passed. But the troops, animated by their victory, and directed by the general, had spent the time till morning to the fullest advantage.

"My lads," said he, "this business has turned out well, and may yet turn out better. I see that, by some means or other, we have got into the midst of the French army. Rely on it, they have not employed so much fire on us for nothing; and I shall undertake to say that our keeping this position will be felt in more quarters than one. They will attack us again. Therefore now fall to; fortify every spot where a man can stand; and remember that Germany is looking on you this day!"

His words were amply verified; for, about noon, the adjoining woods were observed to be filled with the enemy's light troops, and an entrance was attempted by powerful columns at both extremities of the village. But the stubbornness of the defence was even superior to the obstinacy of the attack. The houses happened to be chiefly strong-built dwellings; and the thatch, usually adopted in that part of Germany, had been so often stripped by the successive belligerents, that it had been lately replaced with tiles. On such trifles may depend great things in war; and on this depended the defence of this accidental position, and with it the fate of the campaign. For on that day Moreau had been marching to strike a blow at the detached corps of Zeckendorf, as he had struck it at the corps of Latour, and the result of his success must have been either the retreat or the overthrow of the Archduke. The check in the village first warned the Austrian advancing corps of the approach of its wily and powerful antagonist; and next enabled Zeckendorf to move his whole force unmolested—join the Archduke in the valley of the Rhine—and thus turn the Frenchman's victorious march into a retreat once more.

The tidings of this junction reached Moreau's headquarters; and there was now no hope, even of escape, but in manœuvring on the Black Forest. The Archduke boldly poured his battalions towards Waldkirch, and found the French, strongly posted on the heights, debouching on the western border. An immediate assault was ordered, and one of the most desperate and memorable battles of the war began.

Von Sharlheim's predictions were now about to receive their accomplishment. He had no sooner observed the suddenness and completeness of the enemy's retreat, than he ordered the abandonment of the village. "They are gone to try their fortunes somewhere else," said he, "and

we must follow them." Marching all night, and gathering all the scattered troops on his way, the brave old man reached the summit of the hills above Waldkirch by day-break. Carlo rode at his side, and the view from the heights was one of the loveliest mixture of natural beauties, with the stern preparations of war. The French, still scarcely less than seventy thousand men, (for their losses had been filled up by frequent reinforcements,) were formed in order of battle, with their centre at Emmendingen, and their rear resting on the pine groves of Newburg. For some hours all was tranquil. The different positions of the guns, and salient points of the rising grounds, were undergoing that slight formation of field works which marked an expected attack: but all else was calm; and the rich sounds of the French military bands, as they rose up in the mountain, more resembled those of a holiday than of an army anticipating battle.

But, about noon, the Austrian columns were seen advancing; and the engagement commenced by an attempt to turn the left flank of the French, and get possession of a height commanding Waldkirch, and forming the key of the enemy's position. The whole front of the French line was instantly covered with the fire of their powerful and well-served artillery. From the point where Carlo stood, the entire scene was visible far below, and nothing could be a more stimulating or splendid spectacle to the eye of one formed to be a soldier.

Republicanism, which had changed every thing else, had changed the art of war. The multitudes which it forced to the field had made life valueless in the computations of the French generals; and where the guillotine was the certain reward of defeat, the only thing to be considered was victory. Thus every manœuvre was made in immense masses, and the losses were tremendous. The German tactics, of course, underwent a similar change, and battles now consisted of a succession of furious attempts to throw a sudden weight of men and fire, at all risks, on the opposing battalions. The Austrians fought with the gallantry of men fighting under the eyes of their most distinguished general, and pursuing an enemy which sought only to escape. But the hours passed, and the French still continued firm.

At length, Von Sharlheim, who had long continued gazing on the field with an anxious eye, pointed out to Carlo a strong column of the enemy which, detaching itself from the main body, was descending a defile in the rear, followed by a long train of guns.

"Look there," said he; "Moreau evidently knows what he is about. That column will be in the rear of the Archduke's left within an hour, and the fate of Germany will be decided."

"What is to be done?" asked his impatient hearer; "I see that their movement must be prevented. Can we not throw ourselves on them, as they debouche from the defile, and at least give time to prepare? Give the word at once."

"Spoken like a general, but a young one," was the reply. "If we were to advance now, we certainly might make an impression, but we should as certainly put the French on their guard. No; we must wait until the column is within sight of the Archduke, and then try what can be done. We must not lose our blow."

"Ha! we shall be too late!" exclaimed Carlo. "Look there; they are already sending their tirailleurs into the thicket." A cloud of dust suddenly rolled along the wide valley at their feet. "See, too, what a force of cavalry are galloping round the foot of the mountain: if they fall on the Austrian left, exposed to the sudden shock of the infantry, all is lost."

"Right, Carlo!" said the general; "I see that you were born for your profession." He ranged the field again with his telescope, and wrote a few lines. "Mount your horse, and take this note to the general command."

ing the division on the left; it may save the army. Farewell."

The veteran clasped his hand. "Yet stay a moment, my brave young friend," said he, in a voice of unusual emotion; "if we should meet again, all will be well; if we should not, let me thank you, for the last time, for the services which you have done me and mine. Your bravely venturing to look for me among the dead and dying in the fortress, was, as I then thought, the mere prolonging of an existence that I longed to lay down. But it has given me an opportunity, worth a thousand lives, to redeem my name, and show, that if Von Sharlheim failed once, it was not for want of the spirit of a soldier or the feelings of a man. And now begone! If I fall this day, write that epitaph upon the spot wherever I may be laid—and give Carolina the last blessing that I have to offer in the world." He once more clasped Sebastiani's hand.

"General," was the solemn answer, "I have pledged myself to her for life or death, and that pledge I shall redeem. I too have an anxious part to play. In returning to the sight of the Austrian army, I return under disgrace. But I shall wipe that away, or die. In you I have a noble example, and I shall follow it, let what will come. Remember me to Carolina. If I fall, her name will be found written on my heart. Again, farewell."

He put spurs to his horse, and after a difficult gallop through the defiles and thickets of that remarkably broken country, reached the division which formed the Austrian wing. It was hotly engaged in front with the enemy's light troops, and evidently had its full attention engrossed by the attack. Carlo observed a small group of officers standing on an eminence a few hundred yards to the flank, rode up to them, and announced his message. An officer, who had been ranging the field with his telescope, suddenly turned at the voice. It was the archduke himself. Carlo felt the blood rush to his temples. The prince looked on him in silence, with an inquiring air, for a moment, and then read the note.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "this is important indeed. Here," handing it to an aid-de-camp, "take this instantly to General Zeckendorf, and tell him to send up every battalion that he can spare to this spot. Gentlemen," said he, "the enemy will be upon us in a few minutes. All this is most unfortunate. Zeckendorf cannot arrive in time; and I fear our only resource will lie in making a retreat with as little loss as we can." The group dispersed to their posts at full speed.

He then turned to Sebastiani, who stood prepared for the whole weight of imperial and military wrath: he spoke rapidly.

"Have I not seen your face somewhere, sir, before? But no matter. Who has sent this information? Ha! I see—Von Sharlheim. I thought that he was killed."

"No sir, he still lives, and lives for his country's service," was the answer.

"Apropos, can you tell me who commanded in the village of Nordlingen?" asked the archduke. "That was a very clever affair. It did us a great deal of good."

"Major General von Sharlheim."

"What! he is not on my staff. How came he there? What division did he command?"

"No division. He fought with such troops as he could find. He provisioned them, barricaded the post, and left the ground covered with two thousand of the enemy's killed and wounded."

"Capital! he shall be a lieutenant general for that day's work. And where is he now? We want such creators of armies!"

"On the ridge of yonder mountains, just two leagues from this spot."

"Why is he not here? Yet, of what use could he be now? If I had known this two hours ago, we should have

made a glorious day of it. But look there. Do you know what troops are these debouching from the forest? Ha, I see—they are the enemy, and in force. Well, we must fight them to the last. Ride, sir, to the general of brigade at the head of yonder defile, and tell him of the enemy's advance, and, in case of his finding them on his flank, he must *echelon* his brigade, and retire fighting."

The aspect of the field in this quarter now began to be discouraging in the extreme. The Austrians saw themselves unexpectedly exposed to an attack for which they were altogether unprepared. Fresh troops were pouring from the hills, and large bodies of cavalry were seen in the forest roads, only waiting till an impression was produced by the battalions in advance, to cut up the fugitives. The spectacle at this moment had all the grandeur and all the terrors of war on its largest scale. The combatants, on both sides, could not amount to less than a hundred and thirty thousand men. The whole range of the hills was like a ridge of volcanoes, and the slopes and plains below them were the scene of incessant charges of infantry and cavalry. To add to the other features of magnificence and awe, a thunder storm came on at the approach of evening; and the gusts of wind, and the pealing of the thunder, filled the mountains with a roar louder than even the battle.

Carlo, thus left alone, flew back to his friend, whom he found still gazing on the field. "All is lost," said the old general; "the Austrians are always nervous about flank attacks, and Moreau may now begin a campaign which will only end in Vienna."

The struggle again roared louder below, the clouds of smoke rose thicker still, and the two armies seemed to be making a final effort, the one for existence, the other for victory. Carlo at length threw the telescope from his hand, and sprang from the ground, where he had been lying.

"The French," he exclaimed, "have made a blunder! We may turn it into ruin. Look there—they have suffered their advance to separate itself from the main body. They have placed a quarter of a league already between their right wing and their centre. Give the order to move, and we may still be in time."

"Right, right," said Von Sharlheim; "I see it now. Ride forward—take a thousand men, and fall on their guns; if you can overtake them before you get out of the defile, they are ours. Onward, and leave the rest to me."

The conception was one of those traits of talent which mark the true leader. The French, in their haste to realize the victory, and wholly unconscious that they had an enemy behind, had hurried on. The charge and hurrah of the troops led by Carlo, threw them into instant and irremediable confusion. Guns, baggage, and ammunition fell into the hands of the pursuers. Still this was but the defeat of a column, and the battle raged over a line of leagues. To produce its effect on such a scale, it must be known. Carlo, with the quick invention of his country, struck upon a new expedient: he piled a large quantity of the captured baggage on the summit of the defile, wheeled an ammunition wagon close to the pile, and set the whole on fire. The blaze sprang up, and was soon discernible in the twilight shaking its broad volumes over the whole horizon; it at length caught the wagon, and fifty barrels of gunpowder threw a column of fierce light up to the heavens.

The fortunes of the day were changed at the instant. To the French it seemed that their entire artillery had been seized by some unaccountable army rising out of the ground. To the Austrians it was plain that some extraordinary event had been wrought in their favour; and the retreating battalions rushed forward with loud shouts, to take advantage of the change. Moreau still fought steadily and well; but he was now pushed in all quarters, and his only resource was to pass the Rhine. He left ten thousand

men on the field that night; and sending Dessaix to cross the river at Old Bresach, at nightfall carried over the remnant of the finest army of France to Huninguen.

By sunrise there was not a French soldier on the right bank of the Rhine. A distinguished group were standing on a rising ground looking at the last French boat landing its fugitive burden. In front of his staff was seen the archduke, with General von Sharlheim at one side, and Carlo at the other. The old man wore his uniform; and Carlo was employed in displaying to the gaze of a beautiful young female a brilliant order which the archduke had just taken from his bosom, and thrown over the neck of his restored aid-de-camp.

"Gentlemen," said the hero of Germany, "I am not a man of many words; but this day is not likely to be forgotten. GERMANY IS FREE. We have fought for our firesides, and have now only to enjoy them. In your presence I thank my old and gallant friend, now Lieutenant General von Sharlheim, for services of the highest value; and, as for Carlo, I question whether he would think any thing on earth worth accepting, but the thanks of the Lady Cobentzel. And now, Germans and comrades, homeward. You have fought bravely, steadily, and successfully; and while I see such men round me, I shall never despair of the freedom of our Fatherland."

He then turned his charger's front to the group, and spoke in a confidential tone.

"I must now return to Vienna without delay. We must meet there. Carlo, I have ascertained by the papers found on the traitor, who now lies in a dungeon to receive the punishment of his twofold treachery, the wrong which I did you. Your French corporal, who contrived by the use of French gold at Vienna to be placed on my staff, and had nearly ruined the campaign, awaits only the sentence of a court-martial. We must make such experiments hazardous to the lively genius of our neighbours on the opposite side. I appointed you my aid-de-camp. You have since earned something more. As the Hulans have lost their colonel, you will take the command on their way to the Danube, and I shall settle the appointment with the Aulic Council."

Sebastiani thanked him with a glowing tongue. Carolina looked all gratitude. The great soldier gazed on her loveliness for a period, as if in the sight he had forgotten all things beside. "Colonel Sebastiani," at length said he, "you must bring this lady with you. Vienna is famous for beauty, and we must not lose its fairest representative. Courts can add nothing to your happiness, but you can add largely to their brilliancy and their virtue. Now farewell."

He put spurs to his horse, and galloped forward. In another minute he drew up his reins, and beckoned to Von Sharlheim.

"General," said he, "Erlach is yet to be taken. The French have left a garrison there, which we must root out before they try the temper of our swords again. I am acquainted with the circumstances of its surprise. It was, in fact, untenable; and you did your duty like a true German."

"I ask your Imperial Highness but one favour on earth," exclaimed the gallant veteran. "It is to be suffered to return, and at least attempt to re-take the fortress. I feel a weight on my mind, and a stain on my honour, until I am once more within its ramparts."

"It is the very thing which I was anxious to hear you propose," was the answer. "You have already wiped away every stain. Our last battle was your reply to the empire. The charge on the French was right masterly. It had the vigour of youth and the science of age."

"That charge was not mine," said the general.

"Whose then?" asked the Archduke, with an emotion of surprise. "I never saw any thing more effective. The

thought of giving a signal to the army by burning the baggage, at once showed the brilliant invention which in war is every thing, and not less the neglect of personal objects which is so characteristic of a great mind in either peace or war. Do you know the name of this burner of his own prizes? What new Montecuculi, or Eugene is hidden in your brave division?"

"The aid-de-camp of your Imperial Highness, and Colonel of the Hulans."

"What! Carlo again! Call him to me. But no: I see that he is sunning himself in the dazzling eyes of the Lady Cobentzel. The young soldier is enchanted, and has neither eyes nor ears for earth. It must be owned that the spell is incomparable. I must now begone. Yet—stay a moment."

He wrote a few lines, leaning on his saddle bow. "Here," said he, "is an order to Papendick and Brevorn, to put themselves and their divisions under your command. You will march them to Erlach, and when you have expelled the French, bring their colours with you to Vienna, to be ready for the marriage of your niece and the young hero. At last—farewell."

The Prince waved his hand to the lovers, and, followed by his escort, was soon lost sight of in the forest. Many an aspiration from the hearts of his two gallant soldiers, and a tear of thankfulness from the fair *fiancée*, were his reward.

Within a few hours the general was at the head of the troops in march for the fortress. Carlo and Carolina followed him. But the enterprise was destined to be a bloodless one. The garrison, destitute of all hope of assistance, surrendered at the first summons, and the governor exultingly received their colours and the swords of their officers on the bastion where he had fought and fallen on the night of the surprise. Nothing now was wanting to the happiness of all but the journey to Vienna, the meeting with the widowed mother of Sebastiani, who had so long lamented him as dead, and the reconciliation with the aristocratic family of Carolina. All was speedily accomplished. Even an Imperial aid-de-camp and colonel of Hulans might have been scorned by the proud blood of the German noblesse. But the favourite officer of the Archduke, and that favourite the hero of the crowning triumph of Germany, had claims which must be acknowledged.

On the appointed day, the vast cathedral saw the rank and loveliness of the capital crowded within its walls to witness the marriage of the lovers whose continued hazards had so largely tried their fidelity and their passion. Carlo's romantic Italian features finely contrasted with the touching yet vivid expression of Carolina's beauty. Hers was the young and bewitching loveliness of a Hebe, his the lofty grace of a classic hero. What were pomp of apparel, diamonds, and orders to either? Carlo was possessed of the woman of his heart. Carolina was wedded to the lord of her affections. What could earth give more? They had deserved to be happy, and they had obtained happiness.

In the crowd which followed shouting around the train of equipages on their return from the cathedral, Carlo caught a glance of a face which he would have recognised at the antipodes. In the keen eye and subtle physiognomy he was convinced that he saw his old comrade the corporal! Yet Austrian dungeons are not things to be trifled with; nor was Austrian military law likely to have let his inveterate knavery escape its heavy hand. The face disappeared, and the incident was forgotten in the more important matters of the festival.

At the marriage dinner, where the principal personages of the noble families were assembled, a valet brought in a note, which Carlo read for the indulgence of the company. It was the following:

"Colonel,—You are now a great man; I was the same a fortnight ago, and may be so a fortnight hence. I saw

to-day that you remembered your old fellow-trooper in the Hulans; and now give you an opportunity of doing me a service. I want money; and to whom shall a man apply, if not to his friends? Perhaps you think that I intended to do you some mischief. No, upon the honour of a Hulan. But, unless you had been put under arrest, I must have been shot. You see the necessity of decision in such a case. And I decided. If I got placed on the Archduke's staff, the only effect was that I did my duty as a Frenchman—and he gained a victory. For that he has to thank me. If I threw you into a fortress, the only effect was that you met your bride, and for that you have to thank me. Thus both the prince and the colonel are my debtors—pay the debts of both. How I got out of the Austrian prison is no matter. I am now in the streets of Vienna, and am starving. Have no fear of my return; I am tired of Germany. Its air is heavy, its people heavy, and its theatre heavy. I hate monotony of all kinds. *Vive la bagatelle!*

"P. S. Send me twenty-five louis'd'ors. I shall not stir for less. With that I shall cross the Rhine, get into the council of Five Hundred, and the moment that I receive my first quarter, as one of the Directory, I shall remit you the money. Your friend,"

"CORPORAL."

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

CHAPTER VI.

Little Nell stood timidly by, with her eyes raised to the countenance of Mr. Quilp as he read the letter, plainly showing by her looks that while she entertained some fear and distrust of the little man, she was much inclined to laugh at his uncouth appearance and grotesque attitude. And yet there was visible on the part of the child a painful anxiety for his reply, and a consciousness of his power to render it disagreeable or distressing, which was strongly at variance with this impulse, and restrained it more effectually than she could possibly have done by any efforts of her own.

That Mr. Quilp was himself perplexed, and that in no small degree, by the contents of the letter, was sufficiently obvious. Before he had got through the first two or three lines he began to open his eyes very wide and to frown most horribly, the next two or three caused him to scratch his head in an uncommonly vicious manner, and when he came to the conclusion he gave a long dismal whistle indicative of surprise and dismay. After folding and laying it down beside him, he bit the nails of all his ten fingers with extreme voracity; and taking it up sharply, read it again. The second perusal was to all appearance as unsatisfactory as the first, plunged him into a profound reverie from which he awakened to another assault upon his nails, and a long stare at the child, who with her eyes turned towards the ground awaited his further pleasure.

"Halloo here!" he said at length, in a voice, and with a suddenness, which made the child start as though a gun had been fired off at her ear. "Nelly!"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know what's inside this letter, Nell?"

"No, sir."

"Are you sure, quite sure, quite certain, upon your soul?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"Do you wish you may die if you do know, hey?" said the dwarf.

"Indeed I don't know," returned the child.

"Well!" muttered Quilp as he marked her earnest look. "I believe you. Humph! Gone already? Gone in four and twenty hours! What the devil has he done with it, that's the mystery!"

This reflection set him scratching his head and biting his nails once more. While he was thus employed his features gradually relaxed into what was with him a cheerful smile, but which in any other man would have been a ghastly grin of pain, and when the child looked up again, she found that he was regarding her with extraordinary favour and complacency.

"You look very pretty to-day, Nelly, charmingly pretty. Are you tired, Nelly?"

"No, sir. I'm in a hurry to get back, for he will be anxious while I am away."

"There's no hurry, little Nell, no hurry at all," said Quilp. "How should you like to be my number two, Nelly?"

"To be what, sir?"

"My number two, Nelly, my second, my Mrs. Quilp," said the dwarf.

The child looked frightened, but seemed not to understand him, which Mr. Quilp observing, hastened to explain his meaning more distinctly.

"To be Mrs. Quilp the second, when Mrs. Quilp the first is dead, sweet Nell," said Quilp, wrinkling up his eyes and luring her towards him with his bent forefinger, "to be my wife, my little cherry-cheeked, red-lipped wife. Say that Mrs. Quilp lives five years, or only four, you'll be just the proper age for me. Ha ha! Be a good girl Nelly, a very good girl, and see if, one of these days, you don't come to be Mrs. Quilp of Tower Hill."

So far from being sustained and stimulated by this delightful prospect, the child shrunk from him in great agitation, and trembled violently. Mr. Quilp, either because frightening any body afforded him a constitutional delight, or because it was pleasant to contemplate the death of Mrs. Quilp number one, and the elevation of Mrs. Quilp number two to her post and title, or because he was determined for purposes of his own to be agreeable and good-humoured at that particular time, only laughed and feigned to take no heed of her alarm.

"You shall come with me to Tower Hill, and see Mrs. Quilp that is, directly," said the dwarf. "She's very fond of you, Nell, though not so fond as I am. You shall come home with me."

"I must go back, indeed," said the child. "He told me to return directly I had the answer."

"But you haven't it, Nelly," retorted the dwarf, "and won't have it, and can't have it, until I have been home, so you see that to do your errand, you must go with me. Reach me yonder hat, my dear, and we'll go directly." With that, Mr. Quilp suffered himself to roll gradually off the desk until his short legs touched the ground, when he got upon them and led the way from the counting-house to the wharf outside, where the first objects that presented themselves were the boy who had stood on his head and another young gentleman of about his own stature, rolling in the mud together, locked in a tight embrace, and cuffing each other with mutual heartiness.

"It's Kit!" cried Nelly clasping her hands, "Poor Kit who came with me! oh pray stop them, Mr. Quilp!"

"I'll stop 'em," cried Quilp, diving into the little counting-house and returning with a thick stick, "I'll stop 'em. Now, my boys, fight away. I'll fight you both, I'll take both of you, both together, both together!"

With which defiance the dwarf flourished his cudgel, and dancing round the combatants and treading upon them and skipping over them, in a kind of frenzy, laid

about him, now on one and now on the other, in a most desperate manner, always aiming at their heads and dealing such blows as none but the veriest little savage would have inflicted. This being warmer work than they had calculated upon, speedily cooled the courage of the beligerents, who scrambled to their feet and called for quarter.

"I'll beat you to a pulp, you dogs," said Quilp, vainly endeavouring to get near either of them for a parting blow. "I'll bruise you till you're copper-coloured; I'll break your faces till you haven't a profile between you, I will."

"Come, you drop that stick or it'll be worse for you," said his boy, dodging round him and watching an opportunity to rush in; "you drop that stick."

"Come a little nearer, and I'll drop it on your skull, you dog," said Quilp with gleaming eyes; "a little nearer—nearer yet."

But the boy declined the invitation until his master was apparently a little off his guard, when he darted in and seizing the weapon tried to wrest it from his grasp. Quilp, who was strong as a lion, easily kept his hold until the boy was tugging at it with his utmost power, when he suddenly let it go, and sent him reeling backwards, so that he fell violently upon his head. The success of this manoeuvre tickled Mr. Quilp beyond description, and he laughed and stamped upon the ground as at a most irresistible jest.

"Never mind," said the boy, nodding his head and rubbing it at the same time; "you see if ever I offer to strike any body again because they say you're a uglier dwarf than can be seen any where for a penny, that's all."

"Do you mean to say, I'm not, you dog?" returned Quilp.

"No!" retorted the boy.

"Then what do you fight on my wharf for, you villain?" said Quilp.

"Because he said so," replied the boy, pointing to Kit, "not because you an't."

"Then why did he say," bawled Kit, "that Miss Nelly was ugly, and that she and my master was obliged to do whatever his master liked? Why did he say that?"

"He said what he did because he's a fool, and you said what you did because you're very wise and clever—almost too clever to live unless you're very careful of yourself, Kit," said Quilp with great suavity in his manner, but still more of quiet malice about his eyes and mouth. "Here's sixpence for you, Kit. Always speak the truth. At all times, Kit, speak the truth. Lock the counting-house, you dog, and bring me the key."

The other boy, to whom this order was addressed, did as he was told, and was rewarded for his partisanship in behalf of his master, by a dexterous rap on the nose with the key, which brought the water into his eyes. Then Mr. Quilp departed with the child and Kit in a boat, and the boy revenged himself by dancing on his head at intervals on the extreme verge of the wharf, during the whole time they crossed the river.

There was only Mrs. Quilp at home, and she, little expecting the return of her lord, was just composing herself for a refreshing slumber when the sound of his footsteps roused her. She had barely time to seem to be occupied in some needle-work, when he entered, accompanied by the child; having left Kit down stairs.

"Here's Nelly Trent, dear Mrs. Quilp," said her husband. "A glass of wine, my dear, and a biscuit, for she has had a long walk. She'll sit with you, my soul, while I write a letter."

Mrs. Quilp looked tremblingly in her spouse's face to know what this unusual courtesy might portend, and obedient to the summons she saw in his gesture, followed him into the next room.

"Mind what I say to you," whispered Quilp. "See if

you can get out of her any thing about her grandfather, or what they do, or how they live, or what he tells her. I've my reasons for knowing, if I can. You women talk more freely to one another than you do to us, and you have a soft, mild way with you that'll win upon her. Do you hear?"

"Yes, Quilp."

"Go, then. What's the matter now?"

"Dear Quilp," faltered his wife, "I love the child—if you could do without making me deceive her——"

The dwarf muttering a terrible oath looked round as if for some weapon with which to inflict condign punishment upon his disobedient wife. The submissive little woman hurriedly entreated him not to be angry, and promised to do as he bade her.

"Do you hear me," whispered Quilp, nipping and pinching her arm; "worm yourself into her secrets; I know you can. I'm listening, recollect. If you're not sharp enough I'll creak the door, and wo betide you if I have to creak it much. Go!"

Mrs. Quilp departed according to order, and her amiable husband, ensconcing himself behind the partly opened door, and applying his ear close to it, began to listen with a face of great craftiness and attention.

Poor Mrs. Quilp was thinking, however, in what manner to begin or what kind of inquiries she could make; and it was not until the door, creaking in a very urgent manner, warned her to proceed without any further consideration, that the sound of her voice was heard.

"How very often you have come backwards and forwards lately to Mr. Quilp, my dear."

"I have said so to grandfather, a hundred times," returned Nell innocently.

"And what has he said to that?"

"Only sighed, and dropped his head, and seemed so sad and wretched that if you could have seen him I am sure you must have cried, you could not have helped it more than I, I know. How that door creaks!"

"It often does," returned Mrs. Quilp with an uneasy glance towards it. "But your grandfather—he used not to be so wretched?"

"Oh no!" said the child eagerly, "so different! we were once so happy and he so cheerful and contented! You cannot think what a sad change has fallen on us since."

"I am very, very sorry, to hear you speak like this my dear!" said Mrs. Quilp. And she spoke the truth.

"Thank you," returned the child, kissing her cheek, "you are always kind to me, and it is a pleasure to talk to you. I can speak to no one else about him, but poor Kit. I am very happy still, I ought to feel happier perhaps than I do, but you cannot think how it grieves me sometimes to see him alter so."

"He'll alter again, Nelly," said Mrs. Quilp, "and be what he was before."

"Oh if God would only let that come about!" said the child with streaming eyes; "but it's a long time now, since he first began to—I thought I saw that door moving!"

"It's the wind," said Mrs. Quilp faintly. "Began to—?"

"To be so thoughtful and dejected, and to forget our old way of spending the time in long evenings," said the child. "I used to read to him by the fireside, and he sat listening, and when I stopped and we began to talk, he told me about my mother, and how she once looked and spoke just like me when she was a little child. Then he used to take me on his knee, and try to make me understand that she was not lying in her grave, but had flown to a beautiful country beyond the sky, where nothing died or ever grew old—we were very happy once!"

"Nelly, Nelly!"—said the poor woman, "I can't bear

to see one as young as you so sorrowful. Pray don't cry."

"I do so very seldom," said Nell, "but I have kept this to myself a long time, and I am not quite well I think, for the tears come into my eyes and I cannot keep them back. I don't mind telling you my grief, for I know you will not tell it to any one again."

Mrs. Quilp turned away her head and made no answer.

"Then," said the child, "we often walked into the fields and among the green trees, and when we came home at night, we liked it better for being tired, and said what a happy place it was. And if it was dark and rather dull, we used to say, what did it matter to us, for it only made us remember our last walk with greater pleasure, and look forward to our next one. But now we never have those walks, and though it is the same house, it is darker and much more gloomy than it used to be, indeed."

She paused here, but though the door creaked more than once, Mrs. Quilp said nothing.

"Mind you don't suppose," said the child earnestly, "that grandfather is less kind to me than he was. I think he loves me better every day, and is kinder and more affectionate than he was the day before. You do not know how fond he is of me!"

"I'm sure he loves you dearly," said Mrs. Quilp.

"Indeed, indeed he does!" cried Nell, "as dearly as I love him. But I have not told you the greatest change of all, and this you must never breathe again to any one. He has no sleep or rest, but that which he takes by day in his easy chair; for every night and nearly all night long he is away from home."

"Nelly!"

"Hush!" said the child, laying her finger on her lip and looking round. "When he comes in the morning, which is generally just before day, I let him in. Last night he was very late, and it was quite light. I saw that his face was deadly pale, that his eyes were bloodshot, and that his legs trembled as he walked. When I had gone to bed again, I heard him groan. I got up and ran back to him, and heard him say, before he knew that I was there, that he could not bear his life much longer, and if it was not for the child, would wish to die. What shall I do! Oh! what shall I do!"

The fountains of her heart were open; the child, overpowered by the weight of her sorrows and anxieties, by the first confidence she had ever shown, and the sympathy with which her little tale had been received, hid her face in the arms of her helpless friend, and burst into a passion of tears.

In a few moments Mr. Quilp returned, and expressed the utmost surprise to find her in this condition, which he did very naturally and with admirable effect, for that kind of acting had been rendered familiar to him by long practice, and he was quite at home in it.

"She's tired, you see, Mrs. Quilp," said the dwarf, squinting in a hideous manner to imply that his wife was to follow his lead. "It's a long way from her home to the wharf, and then she was alarmed to see a couple of scoundrels fighting, and was timorous on the water besides. All this together has been too much for her. Poor Nell!"

Mr. Quilp unintentionally adopted the very best means he could have devised for the recovery of his young visitor, by patting her on the head. Such an application from any other hand might not have produced a remarkable effect, but the child shrunk so quickly from his touch and felt such an instinctive desire to get out of his reach, that she rose directly and declared herself ready to return.

"But you'd better wait, and dine with Mrs. Quilp and me," said the dwarf.

"I have been away too long, sir, already," returned Nell, drying her eyes.

"Well," said Mr. Quilp, "if you will go, you will,

Nelly. Here's the note. It's only to say that I will see him to-morrow or may be next day, and that I couldn't do that little business for him this morning. Good bye, Nelly. Here, you sir; take care of her, d'ye hear?"

Kit, who appeared at the summons, deigned to make no reply to so needless an injunction, and after staring at Quilp in a threatening manner as if he doubted whether he might not have been the cause of Nelly shedding tears, and felt half-disposed to revenge the fact upon him on the mere suspicion, turned about and followed his young mistress, who had by this time taken her leave of Mrs. Quilp and departed.

"You're a keen questioner, an't you, Mrs. Quilp?" said the dwarf turning upon her as soon as they were left alone.

"What more could I do?" returned his wife mildly.

"What more could you do?" sneered Quilp, "couldn't you have done something less? couldn't you have done what you had to do without appearing in your favourite part of the crocodile, you minx."

"I am very sorry for the child, Quilp," said his wife. "Surely I've done enough. I've led her on to tell her secret when she supposed we were alone; and you were by, God forgive me."

"You led her on! You did a great deal truly!" said Quilp. "What did I tell you about making me creak the door? It's lucky for you that from what she let fall, I've got the clue I want, for if I hadn't, I'd have visited the failure upon you, I can tell you."

Mrs. Quilp being fully persuaded of this, made no reply. Her husband added with some exultation—

"But you may thank your fortunate stars—the same stars that made you Mrs. Quilp—you may thank them that I'm upon the old gentleman's track and have got a new light. So let me hear no more about this matter now or at any other time, and don't get any thing too nice for dinner, for I shan't be at home to it."

So saying, Mr. Quilp put his hat on and took himself off, and Mrs. Quilp who was afflicted beyond measure by the recollection of the part she had just acted, shut herself up in her chamber, and smothering her head in the bed clothes, bemoaned her fault more bitterly than many less tender-hearted persons would have mourned a much greater offence; for in the majority of cases, conscience is an elastic and very flexible article, which will bear a deal of stretching and adapt itself to a great variety of circumstances. Some people by prudent management, and leaving it off piece by piece like a flannel waistcoat in warm weather, even contrive in time, to dispense with it altogether, but there be others who can assume the garment and throw it off at pleasure; and this being the greatest and most convenient improvement, is the one most in vogue.

CHAPTER VII.

"Fred," said Mr. Swiveller, "remember the once popular melody of 'Begone dull care; fan the sinking flame of hilarity with the wing of friendship; and pass the rosy wine.'"

Mr. Richard Swiveller's apartments were in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane, and in addition to this convenience of situation had the advantage of being over a tobacco-shop, so that he was enabled to procure a refreshing sneeze at any time by merely stopping out upon the staircase, and was saved the trouble and expense of maintaining a snuff box. It was in these apartments that Mr. Swiveller made use of the expressions above recorded for the consolation and encouragement of his desponding friend; and it may not be uninteresting or improper to remark that even these brief observations partook in a double

sense of the figurative and poetical character of Mr. Swiveller's mind, as the rosy wine was in fact represented by one glass of cold gin and water, which was replenished as occasion required from a bottle and a jug upon the table, and was passed from one to another in a scarcity of tumblers which, as Mr. Swiveller's was a bachelor's establishment, may be acknowledged without a blush. By a like pleasant fiction, his single chamber was always mentioned in the plural number. In its disengaged times, the tobacconist had announced it in his window as "apartments" for a single gentleman, and Mr. Swiveller, following up the hint, never failed to speak of it as his rooms, his lodgings, or his chambers, conveying to his hearers a notion of indefinite space, and leaving their imaginations to wander through long suits of lofty halls at pleasure.

In this flight of fancy, Mr. Swiveller was assisted by a deceptive piece of furniture, in reality a bedstead, but in semblance a bookcase, which occupied a prominent situation in the chamber, and seemed to defy suspicion and challenge inquiry. There is no doubt that by day Mr. Swiveller firmly believed this secret convenience to be a bookcase and nothing more, that he closed his eyes to the bed, resolutely denied the existence of the blankets, and spurned the bolster from his thoughts. No word of its real use, no hint of its nightly service, no allusion to its peculiar properties had ever passed between him and his most intimate friends. Implicit faith in the deception was the first article of his creed. To be the friend of Swiveller you must reject all circumstantial evidence, all reason, observation and experience, and repose a blind belief in the bookcase. It was his pet weakness and he cherished it.

"Fred!" said Mr. Swiveller, finding that his former adjuration had been productive of no effect. "Pass the rosy." Young Trent with an impatient gesture pushed the glass towards him, and fell again into the moody attitude from which he had unwillingly been roused.

"I'll give you, Fred," said his friend, stirring the mixture, "a little sentiment appropriate to the occasion. Here's may the—"

"Fshaw!" interposed the other. "You worry me to death with your chattering. You can be merry under any circumstances."

"Why, Mr. Trent," returned Dick, "there is a proverb which talks about being merry and wise. There are some people who can be merry and can't be wise, and some who can be wise (or think they can) and can't be merry. I'm one of the first sort. If the proverb's a good 'un, I suppose it's better to keep to half of it than none; at all events I'd rather be merry and not wise, than like you, neither one nor t'other."

"Bah!" muttered his friend peevishly.

"With all my heart," said Mr. Swiveller. "In the polite circles I believe this sort of thing isn't usually said to a gentleman in his own apartments, but never mind that. Make yourself at home." Adding to this retort an observation to the effect that his friend appeared to be rather "cranky" in point of temper, Richard Swiveller finished the rosy and applied himself to the composition of another glassful, in which, after tasting it with great relish, he proposed a toast to an imaginary company.

"Gentlemen, I'll give you if you please success to the ancient family of the Swivellers, and good luck to Mr. Richard in particular,—Mr. Richard, gentlemen," said Dick with great emphasis, "who spends all his money on his friends and is *Bah!* 'd for his pains. Hear, hear!"

"Dick!" said the other, returning to his seat after having paced the room twice or thrice, "will you talk seriously for two minutes, if I show you a way to make your fortune with very little trouble."

"You've shown me so many," returned Dick; "and nothing has come of any of 'em but empty pockets—"

"You'll tell a different story of this one, before a very

long time is over," said his companion drawing his chair to the table. "You saw my sister Nell?"

"What about her?" returned Dick.

"She has a pretty face, has she not?"

"Why, certainly," replied Dick, "I must say for her that there's not any very strong family likeness between her and you."

"Has she a pretty face?" repeated his friend impatiently.

"Yes," said Dick, "she has a pretty face, a very pretty face. What of that?"

"I'll tell you," returned his friend. "It's very plain that the old man and I will remain at daggers-drawn to the end of our lives, and that I have nothing to expect from him. You see that, I suppose?"

"A bat might see that with the sun shining," said Dick.

"It's equally plain that the money which the old flint—rot him—first taught me to expect that I should share with her at his death, will all be hers, is it not?"

"I should say it was," replied Dick; "unless the way in which I put the case to him, made an impression. It may have done so. It was powerful, Fred. 'Here is a jolly old grandfather'—that was strong, I thought—very friendly and natural. Did it strike you in that way?"

"It didn't strike him," returned the other, "so we needn't discuss it. Now look here. Nell is nearly fourteen."

"Fine girl of her age, but small," observed Richard Swiveller, parenthetically.

"If I am to go on, be quiet for one minute," returned Trent, fretting at the very slight interest the other appeared to take in the conversation. "Now I'm coming to the point."

"That's right," said Dick.

"The girl has strong affections, and brought up as she has been, may, at her age, be easily influenced and persuaded. If I take her in hand, I will be bound by a very little coaxing and threatening to bend her to my will. Not to beat about the bush (for the advantages of the scheme would take a week to tell) what's to prevent you marrying her?"

Richard Swiveller, who had been looking over the rim of the tumbler while his companion addressed the foregoing remarks to him with great energy and earnestness of manner, no sooner heard these words than he evinced the utmost consternation, and with difficulty ejaculated the monosyllable,

"What!"

"I say, what's to prevent," repeated the other, with a steadiness of manner of the effect of which upon his companion he was well assured by long experience, "what's to prevent your marrying her?"

"And she 'nearly fourteen'" cried Dick.

"I don't mean marrying her now," returned the brother, angrily; "say in two years' time, in three, in four. Does the old man look like a long-liver?"

"He don't look like it," said Dick, shaking his head, "but these old people—there's no trusting 'em, Fred. There's an aunt of mine down in Dorsetshire that was going to die when I was eight years old, and hasn't kept her word yet. They're so aggravating, so unprincipled, so spiteful—unless there's apoplexy in the family, Fred, you can't calculate upon 'em, and even then they deceive you just as often as not."

"Look at the worst side of the question then," said Trent, as steadily as before, and keeping his eyes upon his friend. "Suppose he lives."

"To be sure," said Dick. "There's the rub."

"I say," resumed his friend, "suppose he lives, and I persuaded, or if the word sounds more feasible, forced,

Nell to a secret marriage with you. What do you think would come of that?"

"A family, and an income of nothing to keep 'em on," said Richard Swiveller, after some reflection.

"I tell you," returned the other, with an increased earnestness, which, whether it were real or assumed, had the same effect on his companion, "that he lives for her, that his whole energies and thoughts are bound up in her, that he would no more disinherit her for an act of disobedience than he would take me into his favour again for any act of obedience or virtue that I could possibly be guilty of. He could not do it. You, or any other man with eyes in his head, may see that if he chooses."

"It seems improbable, certainly," said Dick, musing.

"It seems improbable because it is improbable," his friend returned. "If you would furnish him with an inducement to forgive you, let there be an irreconcilable breach, a most deadly quarrel, between you and me—let there be a pretence of such a thing, I mean, of course—and he'll do so fast enough. As to Nell, constant dropping will wear away a stone; you know you may trust to me as far as she is concerned. So, whether he lives or dies, what does it come to? That you become the sole inheritor of the wealth of this rich old hunk, that you and I spend it together, and that you get into the bargain a beautiful young wife."

"I suppose there's no doubt about his being rich," said Dick.

"Doubt! Did you hear what he let fall the other day when we were there? Doubt! What will you doubt next, Dick?"

It would be tedious to pursue the conversation through all its artful windings, or to develop the gradual approaches by which the heart of Richard Swiveller was gained. It is sufficient to know that vanity, interest, poverty, and every spendthrift consideration urged him to look upon the proposal with favour, and that where all other inducements were wanting, the habitual carelessness of his disposition stepped in and still weighed down the scale on the same side. To these impulses must be added the complete ascendancy which his friend had long been accustomed to exercise over him—an ascendancy exerted in the beginning sorely at the expense of the unfortunate Dick's purse and prospects, but still maintained, without the slightest relaxation, notwithstanding that Dick suffered for all his friend's vices, and was in nine cases out of ten looked upon as his designing tempter when he was indeed nothing but his thoughtless, light-headed tool.

The motives on the other side were something deeper than any which Richard Swiveller entertained or understood, but these being left to their own development, require no present elucidation. The negotiation was concluded very pleasantly, and Mr. Swiveller was in the act of stating in flowery terms that he had no insurmountable objection to marrying anybody plentifully endowed with money or movables, who could be induced to take him, when he was interrupted in his observations by a knock at the door, and the consequent necessity of crying "Come in."

The door was opened, but nothing came in except a soapy arm and a strong gush of tobacco. The gush of tobacco came from the shop down stairs, and the soapy arm proceeded from the body of a servant girl, who being then and their engaged in cleaning the stairs had just drawn it out of a warm pail to take in a letter, which letter she now held in her hand, proclaiming aloud with that quick perception of surnames peculiar to her class that it was for Mr. Snivelling.

Dick looked rather pale and foolish when he glanced at the direction, and still more so when he came to look at the inside, observing that this was one of the inconveniences of being a lady's man, and that it was very easy to

talk as they had been talking, but he had quite forgotten her.

"Her. Who?" demanded Trent.

"Sophy Wackles," said Dick.

"Who's she?"

"She's all my fancy painted her, sir, that's what she is," said Mr. Swiveller, taking a long pull at "the roe" and looking gravely at his friend. "She is lovely, she's divine. You know her."

"I remember," said his companion carelessly. "What of her?"

"Why, sir," returned Dick, "between Miss Sophia Wackles and the humble individual who has now the honour to address you, warm and tender sentiments have been engendered, sentiments of the most honourable and inspiring kind. The Goddess Diana, sir, that calls aloud for the chase, is not more particular in her behaviour than Sophia Wackles; I can tell you that."

"Am I to believe there's any thing real in what you say?" demanded his friend; "you don't mean to say that any love-making has been going on?"

"Love-making, yes. Promising, no," said Dick. "There can be no action for breach, that's one comfort. I've never committed myself in writing, Fred."

"And what's in the letter, pray?"

"A reminder, Fred, for to-night—a small party of twenty, making two hundred light fantastic toes in all, supposing every lady and gentleman to have the proper complement. I must go, if it's only to begin breaking off the affair—I'll do it, don't you be afraid. I should like to know whether she left this herself. If she did, unconscious of any bar to her happiness, it's affecting, Fred."

To solve this question, Mr. Swiveller, summoned the handmaid, and ascertained that Miss Sophy Wackles had indeed left the letter with her own hands; that she had come accompanied, for decorum's sake no doubt, by a younger Miss Wackles; and that on learning that Mr. Swiveller was at home and being requested to walk up stairs, she was extremely shocked and professed that she would rather die. Mr. Swiveller heard this account with a degree of admiration not altogether consistent with the project in which he had just concurred, but his friend attached very little importance to his behaviour in this respect, probably because he knew that he had influence sufficient to control Richard Swiveller's proceedings in this or any other matter, whenever he deemed it necessary for the advancement of his own purposes to exert it.

CHAPTER VIII.

Business disposed of, Mr. Swiveller was inwardly reminded of its being high dinner time, and to the intent that his health might not be endangered by longer abstinence, despatched a message to the nearest eating house requiring an immediate supply of boiled beef and greens for two. With this demand, however, the eating-house (having experience of its customer) declined to comply, churlishly sending back for an answer that if Mr. Swiveller stood in need of beef, perhaps he would be so obliging as to come there and eat it, bringing with him, as grace before meat, the amount of a certain small account which had been long outstanding. Not at all intimidated by this rebuff, but rather sharpened in wits and appetite, Mr. Swiveller forwarded the same message to another and more distant eating-house, adding to it, by way of rider, that the gentleman was induced to send so far, not only by the great fame and popularity its beef had acquired, but in consequence of the extreme toughness of the beef retailed at the obdurate cook's shop, which rendered it quite unfit, not merely for gentlemanly food, but for any human consumption. The good effect of this politic course

was demonstrated by the speedy arrival of a small pewter pyramid curiously constructed of platters and covers, whereof the boiled beef plates formed the base, and a foaming quart-pot the apex; the structure being resolved into its component parts, afforded all things requisite and necessary for a hearty meal, to which Mr. Swiveller and his friend applied themselves with great keenness and enjoyment.

"May the present moment," said Dick, sticking his fork into a large carbuncular potato, "be the worst of our lives! I like this plan of sending 'em with the peel on; there's a charm in drawing a potato from its native element (if I may so express it), to which the rich and powerful are strangers. Ah! 'man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long!' How true that is!—after dinner."

"I hope the eating-house keeper will want but little, and that *he* may not want that little long," returned his companion; "but I suspect you've no means of paying for this!"

"I shall be passing presently, and I'll call," said Dick, winking his eye significantly. "The waiter's quite helpless. The goods are gone, Fred, and there's an end of it."

In point of fact, it would seem that the waiter felt this wholesome truth, for when he returned for the empty plates and dishes, and was informed by Mr. Swiveller, with dignified carelessness, that he would call and settle when he should be passing presently, he displayed some perturbation of spirit, and muttered a few remarks about "payment on delivery," and "no trust," and other unpleasant subjects, but was fain to content himself with inquiring at what hour it was likely the gentleman would call, in order, that being personally responsible for the beef, greens, and sundries, he might take care to be in the way at the time. Mr. Swiveller, after mentally calculating his engagements to a nicety, replied that he should look in at from two minutes before six to seven minutes past; and the man disappearing with this feeble consolation, Richard Swiveller took a greasy memorandum-book from his pocket and made an entry therein.

"Is that a reminder in case you should forget to call?" said Trent, with a sneer.

"Not exactly, Fred," replied the imperturbable Richard, continuing to write with a business-like air, "I enter in this little book the names of the streets that I can't go down while the shops are open. This dinner to-day closes Long-Acre. I bought a pair of boots in Great Queen Street last week, and made that no thoroughfare too. There's only one avenue to the Strand left open now, and I shall have to stop up that to-night with a pair of gloves. The roads are closing so fast in every direction, that in about a month's time, unless my aunt sends me a remittance, I shall have to go three or four miles out of town to get over the way."

"There's no fear of her failing, in the end?" said Trent.

"Why, I hope not," returned Mr. Swiveller, "but the average number of letters it takes to soften her is six, and this time we have got as far as eight without any effect at all. I'll write another to-morrow morning. I mean to blot it a good deal and shake some water over it out of the pepper-caster, to make it look penitent. 'I'm in such a state of mind that I hardly know what I write'—blot—'if you could see me at this minute shedding tears for my past misconduct'—pepper-caster—'my hand trembles when I think'—blot again—if that don't produce the effect, it's all over."

By this time Mr. Swiveller had finished his entry, and he now replaced his pencil in its little sheath and closed the book, in a perfectly grave and serious frame of mind. His friend discovered that it was time for him to fulfil some other engagement, and Richard Swiveller was ac-

cordingly left alone, in company with the rosy wine and his own meditations touching Miss Sophy Wackles.

"It's rather sudden," said Dick, shaking his head with a look of infinite wisdom, and running on (as he was accustomed to do) with scraps of verse as if they were only prose in a hurry; "when the heart of a man is depressed with fears, the mist is dispelled when Miss Wackles appears; she's a very nice girl. She's like the red red rose that's newly sprung in June—there's no denying that—she's also like a melody that's sweetly played in tune. It's really very sudden. Not that there's any need, on account of Fred's little sister, to turn cool directly, but it's better not to go too far. If I begin to cool at all, I must begin at once, I see that. There's the chance of an action for breach, that's one reason. There's the chance of Sophy's getting another husband, that's another. There's the chance of—no, there's no chance of that, but it's as well to be on the safe side."

This undeveloped consideration was the possibility, which Richard Swiveller sought to conceal even from himself, of his not being proof against the charms of Miss Wackles, and in some unguarded moment, by linking his fortunes to hers for ever, of putting it out of his own power to further the notable scheme to which he had so readily become a party. For all these reasons, he decided to pick a quarrel with Miss Wackles without delay, and casting about for a pretext determined in favour of groundless jealousy. Having made up his mind on this important point, he circulated the glass (from his right hand to his left, and back again) pretty freely, to enable him to act his part with the greater discretion, and then, after making some slight improvements in his toilet, bent his steps towards the spot hallowed by the fair object of his meditations.

This spot was at Chelsea, for there Miss Sophia Wackles resided with her widowed mother and two sisters, in conjunction with whom she maintained a very small day-school for young ladies of proportionate dimensions; a circumstance which was made known to the neighbourhood by an oval board over the front first-floor window, whereon appeared in circumambient flourishes the words "Ladies' Seminary;" and which was further published and proclaimed at intervals between the hours of half-past nine and ten in the morning, by a straggling and solitary young lady of tender years standing on the scraper on the tips of her toes and making futile attempts to reach the knocker with a spelling-book. The several duties of instruction in this establishment were thus discharged. English grammar, composition, geography, and the use of the dumb-bells, by Miss Melissa Wackles; writing, arithmetic, dancing, music, and general fascination, by Miss Sophy Wackles; the art of needle-work, marking, and samplers, by Miss Jane Wackles; corporal punishment, fasting, and other tortures and terrors, by Mrs. Wackles. Miss Melissa Wackles was the eldest daughter, Miss Sophy the next, and Miss Jane the youngest. Miss Melissa might have seen five-and-thirty summers or thereabouts, and verged on the autumnal; Miss Sophy was a fresh, good-humoured, buxom girl of twenty; and Miss Jane numbered scarcely sixteen years. Mrs. Wackles was an excellent but rather venomous old lady of threescore.

To this Ladies' Seminary then Richard Swiveller hied, with designs obnoxious to the peace of the fair Sophia, who, arrayed in virgin white, embellished by no ornament but one blushing rose, received him on his arrival, in the midst of very elegant not to say brilliant preparations; such as the embellishment of the room with the little flower pots which always stood on the window-sill outside save in windy weather when they blew into the area, the choice attire of the day-scholars who were allowed to grace the festival, the unwonted curls of Miss Jane Wackles, who had kept her head during the whole of the preceding

day screwed up tight in a yellow play-bill, and the solemn gentility and stately learning of the old lady and her eldest daughter, which struck Mr. Swiveller as being uncommon, but made no further impression upon him.

The truth is—and there is no accounting for tastes, even a taste so strange as this may be recorded without being looked upon as a wilful and malicious invention—the truth is that neither Mrs. Wackles nor her eldest daughter had at any time greatly favoured the pretensions of Mr. Swiveller, being accustomed to make slight mention of him as “a gay young man,” and to sigh and shake their heads ominously whenever his name was mentioned. Mr. Swiveller’s conduct in respect to Miss Sophy having been of that vague and dilatory kind which is usually looked upon as betokening no fixed matrimonial intentions, the young lady herself began in course of time to deem it highly desirable that it should be brought to an issue one way or other. Hence she had at last consented to play off against Richard Swiveller a stricken market-gardener known to be ready with his offer on the smallest encouragement, and hence—as this occasion had been specially assigned for the purpose—that great anxiety on her part for Richard Swiveller’s presence which had occasioned her to leave the note he has been seen to receive. “If he has any expectations at all or any means of keeping a wife well,” said Mrs. Wackles to her eldest daughter, “he’ll state ’em to us now or never.” “If he really cares about me,” thought Miss Sophy, “he must tell me so, to-night.”

But all these sayings and doings and thinkings being unknown to Mr. Swiveller, affected him not in the least; he was debating in his mind how he could best turn jealous, and wishing that Sophy were for that occasion only far less pretty than she was, or that she were her own sister, which would have served his turn as well, when the company came, and among them the market-gardener, whose name was Cheggs. But Mr. Cheggs came not alone or unsupported, for he prudently brought along with him his sister, Miss Cheggs, who making straight to Miss Sophy and taking her by both hands, and kissing her upon both cheeks, hoped in an audible whisper that they had not come too early.

“Too early, no!” replied Miss Sophy.

“Oh my dear,” rejoined Miss Cheggs in the same whisper as before, “I’ve been so tormented, so worried, that it’s a mercy we were not here at four o’clock in the afternoon. Alick has been in such a state of impatience to come! You’d hardly believe that he was dressed before dinner-time and has been looking at the clock and teasing me ever since. It’s all your fault, you naughty thing.”

Hereupon Miss Sophy blushed, and Mr. Cheggs (who was bashful before ladies) blushed too, and Miss Sophy’s mother and sisters, to prevent Mr. Cheggs from blushing more, lavished civilities and attentions upon him, and left Richard Swiveller to take care of himself. Here was the very thing he wanted, here was good cause, reason and foundation for pretending to be angry; but having this cause, reason and foundation which he had come expressly to seek, not expecting to find, Richard Swiveller was angry in sound earnest, and wondered what the devil Cheggs meant by his impudence.

However, Mr. Swiveller had Miss Sophy’s hand for the first quadrille (country-dances being low, were utterly proscribed) and so gained an advantage over his rival, who sat despondingly in a corner and contemplated the glorious figure of the young lady as she moved through the mazy dance. Nor was this the only start Mr. Swiveller had of the market-gardener, for determining to show the family what quality of man they trifled with, and influenced perhaps by his late libations, he performed such feats of agility and such spins and twirls as filled the company with astonishment, and in particular caused a very long gentle-

man who was dancing with a very short scholar, to stand quite transfixed by wonder and admiration. Even Mrs. Wackles forgot for the moment to snub three small young ladies who were inclined to be happy, and could not repress a rising thought that to have such a dancer as that in the family would be a pride indeed.

At this momentous crisis, Miss Cheggs proved herself a vigorous and useful ally, for not confining herself to expressing by scornful smiles a contempt for Mr. Swiveller’s accomplishments, she took every opportunity of whispering into Miss Sophy’s ear expressions of condolence and sympathy on her being worried by such a ridiculous creature, declaring that she was frightened to death lest Alick should fall upon, and beat him, in the fulness of his wrath, and entreating Miss Sophy to observe how the eyes of the said Alick gleamed with love and fury; passions, it may be observed, which being too much for his eyes rushed into his nose also, and suffused it with a crimson glow.

“You must dance with Miss Cheggs,” said Miss Sophy to Dick Swiveller, after she had herself danced twice with Mr. Cheggs and made great show of encouraging his advances. “She’s such a nice girl—and her brother’s quite delightful.”

“Quite delightful is he?” muttered Dick. “Quite delighted too I should say, from the manner in which he’s looking this way.”

Here Miss Jane (previously instructed for the purpose) interposed her many curls, and whispered her sister to observe how jealous Mr. Cheggs was.

“Jealous! Like his impudence!” said Richard Swiveller.

“His impudence, Mr. Swiveller!” said Miss Jane, tossing her head. “Take care he don’t hear you, sir, or you may be sorry for it.”

“Oh pray Jane—” said Miss Sophy.

“Nonsense!” replied her sister. “Why shouldn’t Mr. Cheggs be jealous if he likes? I like that certainly. Mr. Cheggs has as good a right to be jealous as any body else has, and perhaps he may have a better right soon if he hasn’t already. You know best about that, Sophy!”

Though this was a concerted plot between Miss Sophy and her sister, originating in humane intentions and having for its object the inducing Mr. Swiveller to declare himself in time, it failed in its effect; for Miss Jane being one of those young ladies who are prematurely shrill and shrewish, gave such undue importance to her part that Mr. Swiveller retired in dudgeon, resigning his mistress to Mr. Cheggs and conveying a defiance in his looks which that gentleman indignantly returned.

“Did you speak to me, sir?” said Mr. Cheggs, following him into a corner. “Have the kindness to smile, sir, in order that we may not be suspected. Did you speak to me, sir?”

Mr. Swiveller looked with a supercilious smile at Mr. Cheggs’s toes, then raised his eyes from them to his ankle, from that to his shin, from that to his knee, and so on very gradually, keeping up his right leg, until he reached his waistcoat, when he raised his eyes from button to button until he reached his chin, and travelling straight up the middle of his nose came at last to his eyes, when he said abruptly,

“No, sir, I didn’t.”

“Hem!” said Mr. Cheggs, glancing over his shoulder, “have the goodness to smile again, sir. Perhaps you wished to speak to me, sir.”

“No, sir, I didn’t do that either.”

“Perhaps you may have nothing to say to me now, sir,” said Mr. Cheggs fiercely.

At these words Richard Swiveller withdrew his eyes from Mr. Cheggs’s face, and travelling down the middle of his nose and down his waistcoat and down his right leg reached his toes again, and carefully surveyed them; this done, he crossed over, and coming up the other leg and

thence approaching by the waistcoat as before, said when he had got to his eyes, "No, sir, I haven't."

"Oh indeed, sir?" said Mr. Cheggs. "I'm glad to hear it. You know where I'm to be found, I suppose, sir, in case you should have any thing to say to me?"

"I can easily inquire, sir, when I want to know."

"There's nothing more we need say, I believe, sir?"

"Nothing more, sir." With that they closed the tremendous dialogue by frowning mutually. Mr. Cheggs hastened to tender his hand to Miss Sophy, and Mr. Swiveller sat himself down in a corner in a very moody state.

Hard by this corner, Mrs. Wackles and Miss Wackles were seated, looking on at the dance; and unto Mrs. and Miss Wackles, Miss Cheggs occasionally darted when her partner was occupied with his share of the figure, and made some remark or other which was gall and wormwood to Richard Swiveller's soul. Looking into the eyes of Mrs. and Miss Wackles for encouragement, and sitting very upright and uncomfortable, on a couple of hard stools, were two of the day scholars; and when Miss Wackles smiled, and Mrs. Wackles smiled, the two little girls on the stools sought to curry favour by smiling likewise, in gracious acknowledgment of which attention the old lady frowned them down instantly, and said that if they dared to be guilty of such impertinence again, they should be sent under convoy to their respective homes. This threat caused one of the young ladies, she being of a weak and trembling temperament, to shed tears, and for this offence they were both filed off immediately, with a dreadful promptitude that struck terror into the souls of all the pupils.

"I've got such news for you," said Miss Cheggs approaching once more. "Alick has been saying such things to Sophy. Upon my word, you know it's quite serious and in earnest, that's clear."

"What's he been saying, my dear?" demanded Mrs. Wackles.

"All manner of things," replied Miss Cheggs, "you can't think how out he has been speaking!"

Richard Swiveller considered it advisable to hear no more, but taking advantage of a pause in the dancing, and the approach of Mr. Cheggs to pay his court to the old lady, swaggered with an extremely careful assumption of extreme carelessness towards the door, passing on the way Miss Jane Wackles, who in all the glory of her curls was holding a flirtation (as good practice when no better was to be had) with a feeble old gentleman who lodged in the parlour. Near the door sat Miss Sophy, still fluttered and confused by the attentions of Mr. Cheggs, and by her side Richard Swiveller lingered for a moment to exchange a few parting words.

"My boat is on the shore and my bark is on the sea, but before I pass this door I will say farewell to thee," murmured Dick, looking gloomily upon her.

"Are you going?" said Miss Sophy, whose heart sunk within her at the result of her stratagem, but who affected a light indifference notwithstanding.

"Am I going?" echoed Dick bitterly. "Yes, I am. What then?"

"Nothing, except that it's very early," said Miss Sophy, "but you are your own master, of course."

"I would that I had been my own mistress too," said Dick, "before I had ever entertained a thought of you. Miss Wackles, I believed you true, and was blest in so believing, but now I mourn that e'er I knew a girl so fair yet so deceiving."

Miss Sophy bit her lip and affected to look with great interest after Mr. Cheggs, who was quaffing lemonade in the distance.

"I came here," said Dick, rather oblivious of the purpose with which he had really come, "with my bosom expanded, my heart dilated, and my sentiments of a corre-

sponding description. I go away with feelings that may be conceived but cannot be described, feeling within myself the desolating truth that my best affections have experienced this night a stiffer!"

"I am sure I don't know what you mean, Mr. Swiveller," said Miss Sophy with downcast eyes. "I'm very sorry if—"

"Sorry, ma'am!" said Dick, "sorry in the possession of a Cheggs! But I wish you a very good night, concluding with this slight remark, that there is a young lady growing up at this present moment for me, who has not only great personal attractions but great wealth, and who has requested her next of kin to propose for my hand, which, having a regard for some members of her family, I have consented to promise. It's a gratifying circumstance which you'll be glad to hear, that a young and lovely girl is growing into a woman expressly on my account, and is now saving up for me. I thought I'd mention it. I have now merely to apologize for trespassing so long upon your attention. Good night."

"There's one good thing springs out of all this," said Richard Swiveller to himself when he had reached home and was hanging over the candle with the extinguisher in his hand, "which is, that I now go heart and soul, neck and heels, with Fred in all his scheme about little Nelly, and right glad he'll be to find me so strong upon it. He shall know all about that to-morrow, and in the mean time, as it's rather late, I'll try and get a wink or two of the balm."

"The balm" came almost as soon as it was courted. In a very few minutes Mr. Swiveller was fast asleep, dreaming that he had married Nelly Trent and come into the property, and that his first act of power was to lay waste the market-garden of Mr. Cheggs and turn it into a brick-field.

MASTER HUMPHREY FROM HIS CLOCK SIDE IN THE CHIMNEY CORNER.

Two or three evenings after the institution of Mr. Weller's Watch, I thought I heard as I walked in the garden the voice of Mr. Weller himself at no great distance; and stopping once or twice to listen more attentively, I found that the sounds proceeded from my housekeeper's little sitting-room which is at the back of the house. I took no further notice of the circumstance at the time, but it formed the subject of a conversation between me and my friend Jack Rodburn next morning, when I found that I had not been deceived in my impression. Jack furnished me with the following particulars, and as he appeared to take extraordinary pleasure in relating them, I have begged him in future to jot down any such domestic scenes or occurrences that may please his humour, in order that they may be told in his own way. I must confess that as Mr. Pickwick and he are constantly together, I have been influenced, in making this request, by a secret desire to know something of their proceedings.

On the evening in question, the housekeeper's room was arranged with particular care, and the housekeeper herself was very smartly dressed. The preparations, however, were not confined to mere showy demonstrations, as tea was prepared for three persons, with a small display of preserves and jams, and sweet cakes, which heralded some uncommon occasion. Miss Benton (my housekeeper bears that name) was in a state of great expectation too, frequently going to the front door and looking anxiously down the lane, and more than once observing to the servant girl that she expected company and hoped no accident had happened to delay them.

A modest ring at the bell at length allayed her fears, and Miss Benton, hurrying into her own room and shutting herself up in order that she might preserve that

appearance of being taken by surprise which is so essential to the polite reception of visitors, awaited their coming with a smiling countenance.

"Good ev'nin, mum," said the older Mr. Weller looking in at the door after a prefatory tap, "I'm afeerd we've come in rayther arter the time, mum, but the young colt being full o' wice has been a bollin' and rhyin' and gettin' his leg over the traces to sich a ex-tent that if he an't very soon broke in, he'll wex me into a broken heart, and then he'll never be brought out no more except to learn his letters from the writin' on his grandfather's tombstone."

With these pathetic words, which were addressed to something outside the door about two feet six from the ground, Mr. Weller introduced a very small boy firmly set upon a couple of very sturdy legs, who looked as if nothing could ever knock him down. Besides having a very round face strongly resembling Mr. Weller's, and a stout little body of exactly his build, this young gentleman, standing with his little legs very wide apart as if the top boots were familiar to them, actually winked upon the housekeeper with his infant eye, in imitation of his grandfather.

"There's a naughty boy, mum," said Mr. Weller, bursting with delight, "there's a immoral Tony. Was there ever a little chap o' four year and eight months old as vinked his eye at a strango lady afore?"

As little affected by this observation as by the former appeal to his feelings, Master Weller elevated in the air a small model of a coach whip which he held in his hand, and addressing the housekeeper with a shrill "ya—hip!" inquired if she was "going down the road;" at which happy adaptation of a lesson he had been taught from infancy, Mr. Weller could restrain his feelings no longer, but gave him twopence on the spot.

"It's wain to deny it mum," said Mr. Weller, "this here is a boy arter his grandfather's own heart, and beats out all the boys as ever wos or will be. Though at the same time, mum," added Mr. Weller, trying to look gravely down upon his favourite; "it was very wrong on him to want to over all the posts as we come along, and very cruel on him to force poor grandfather to lift him cross-legged over every vun of 'em. He wouldn't pass vun single blessed post, mum, and at the top o' the lane there's seven-and-forty on 'em all in a row and very close together."

Here Mr. Weller, whose feelings were in a perpetual conflict between pride in his grandson's achievements, and a sense of his own responsibility and the importance of impressing him with moral truths, burst into a fit of laughter, and suddenly checking himself, remarked in a severe tone that little boys as made their grandfathers put 'em over posts, never went to heaven at any price.

By this time the housekeeper had made tea, and little Tony placed on a chair beside her with his eyes nearly on a level with the top of the table, was provided with various delicacies which yielded him extreme contentment. The housekeeper (who seemed rather afraid of the child notwithstanding her caresses) then patted him on the head and declared that he was the finest boy she had ever seen.

"Wy, mum," said Mr. Weller; "I don't think you'll see a many sich, and that's the truth. But if my son Samivel would give me my vay, mum, and only dis-pense vith his—might I wenter to say the vurd?"

"What word, Mr. Weller?" said the housekeeper, blushing slightly.

"Petticuts, mum," returned that gentleman, laying his hands upon the garments of his grandson. "If my son Samivel, mum, would only dis-pense vith these here, you'd see such a alteration in his appearance, as the imagination can't depicter."

"But what would you have the child wear instead, Mr. Weller?" said the housekeeper.

"I've offered my son Samivel, mum, agen and agen,"

returned the old gentleman, "to purvide him at my own cost vith a suit o' clothes as 'ud be the makin on him, and form his mind in infancy for those pursuits as I hope the family o' the Vellers vill always dewote themselves to. Tony, my boy, tell the lady wot them clothes are, as grandfather says father ought to let you veer."

"A little white hat and a little sprig weeskut and little kneecords and little top-boots and a little green coat with little bright buttons and a little weiwet collar," replied Tony with great readiness and no stops.

"That's the cos-loom, mum," said Mr. Weller, looking proudly at the housekeeper. "Once make such a model on him as that, and you'd say he wos a angel!"

Perhaps the housekeeper thought that in such a guise young Tony would look more like an angel at Islington than any thing else of that name, or perhaps she was disconcerted to find her previously conceived ideas disturbed, as angels are not commonly represented in top-boots and sprig waistcoats. She coughed doubtfully, but said nothing.

"How many brothers and sisters have you, my dear?" she asked, after a short silence.

"One brother and no sister at all," replied Tony. "Sam his name is, and so's my father's. Do you know my father?"

"Oh yes, I know him," said the housekeeper, graciously.

"Is my father fond of you?" pursued Tony.

"I hope so," rejoined the smiling housekeeper.

Tony considered a moment, and then said, "Is my grandfather fond of you?"

This would seem a very easy question to answer, but instead of replying to it, the housekeeper smiled in great confusion, and said that really children did ask such extraordinary questions that it was the most difficult thing in the world to talk to them. Mr. Weller took upon himself to reply that he was very fond of the lady; but the housekeeper entreating that he would not put such things into the child's head, Mr. Weller shook his own while she looked another way, and seemed to be troubled with a misgiving that captivation was in progress. It was perhaps on this account that he changed the subject precipitately.

"It's very wrong in little boys to make game o' their grandfathers, a'nt it, mum?" said Mr. Weller, shaking his head waggishly, until Tony looked at him, when he counterfeited the deepest dejection and sorrow.

"Oh, very sad!" assented the housekeeper. "But I hope no little boys do that?"

"There is vun young Turk, mum," said Mr. Weller, "as havin' seen his grandfather a little overcome vith drink on the occasion of a friend's birthday, goes a reelin' and staggerin' about the house, and makin' believe that he's the old gen'lm'n."

"Oh quite shocking!" cried the housekeeper.

"Yes, mum," said Mr. Weller, "and previously to so doin', this here young traitor that I'm a speakin' of, pinches his little nose to make it red; and then he gives a hiccup and says 'I'm all right,' he says, 'give us another song!' Ha! ha! 'Give us another song!' he says. Ha! ha! ha!"

In this excessive delight, Mr. Weller was quite unmindful of his moral responsibility, until little Tony kicked up his legs and laughing immoderately cried, "That was me, that was!" whereupon the grandfather by a great effort became extremely solemn.

"No, Tony, not you," said Mr. Weller. "I hope it warn't you, Tony. It must ha' been that 'ere naughty little chap as comes sometimes out o' the empty watch-box round the corner—that same little chap as wos found standing on the table afore the looking-glass, pretending to shave himself vith a oyster-knife."

"He didn't hurt himself, I hope?" observed the house-keeper.

"Not he, mum," said Mr. Weller proudly, "bless your heart, you might trust that 'ere boy with a steam engine a'most, he's such a knowin' young'—but suddenly recollecting himself, and observing that Tony perfectly understood and appreciated the compliment, the old gentleman groaned and observed that "it was all wery shockin'—wery."

"Oh he's a bad 'un," said Mr. Weller, "is that 'ere watch-box boy, makin' such a noise and litter in the back-yard, he does, waterin' wooden horses and feedin' of 'em vith grass, and perpetually spillin' his little brother out of a veelbarrow and frightenin' his mother out of her wits, at the wery moment wen she's expectin' to increase his stock of happiness vith another play-feller—oh he's a bad 'un! He's even gone so far as to put on a pair o' paper spectacles as he got his father to make for him, and walk up and down the garden vith his hands behind him in imitation of Mr. Pickwick—but Tony don't do sich things, oh no!"

"Oh no!" echoed Tony.

"He knows better, he does," said Mr. Weller, "he knows that if he was to come sich games as these, nobody wouldn't love him, and that his grandfather in partickler couldn't abear the sight on him; for vich reasons Tony's always good."

"Always good," echoed Tony; and his grandfather immediately took him on his knee and kissed him, at the same moment with many nods and winks slyly pointing at the child's head with his thumb, in order that the house-keeper, otherwise deceived by the admirable manner in which he (Mr. Weller) had sustained his character, might not suppose that any other young gentleman was referred to, and might clearly understand that the boy of the watch-box was but an imaginary creation, and a sketch of Tony himself, invented for his improvement and reformation.

Not confining himself to a mere verbal description of his grandson's abilities, Mr. Weller, when tea was finished, incited him by various gifts of pence and half-pence to smoke imaginary pipes, drink visionary beer from real pots, imitate his grandfather without reserve, and in particular to go through the drunken scene, which threw the old gentleman into ecstasies and filled the housekeeper with wonder. Nor was Mr. Weller's pride satisfied with even this display, for when he took his leave he carried the child like some rare and astonishing curiosity, first to the barber's house and afterwards to the tobacconist's, at each of which places he repeated his performances with the utmost effect to applauding and delighted audiences. It was half-past nine o'clock when Mr. Weller was last seen carrying him home upon his shoulder, and it has been whispered abroad that at that time the infant Tony was rather intoxicated.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

CHAPTER IX.

The child in her confidence with Mrs. Quilp, had but feebly described the sadness and sorrow of her thoughts, or the heaviness of the cloud which overhung her home, and cast dark shadows on its hearth. Besides that it was very difficult to impart to any person not intimately acquainted with the life she led, an adequate sense of its gloom and loneliness, a constant fear of in some way committing or injuring the old man to whom she was so tenderly attached, had restrained her even in the midst of her heart's overflowing, and made her timid of allusion to the cause of her anxiety and distress.

For, it was not the monotonous days unchequered by variety and uncheered by pleasant companionship, it was not the dark dreary eyenings or the long solitary nights, it was not the absence of every slight and easy pleasure for which young hearts beat high, or the knowing nothing of childhood but its weakness and its easily wounded spirit, that had wrung such tears from Nell. To see the old man struck down beneath the pressure of some hidden grief, to mark his wavering and unsettled state, to be agitated at times with a dreadful fear that his mind was wandering, and to trace in his words and looks the dawning of despondent madness; to watch and wait and listen for confirmation of these things day after day, and to feel and know that, come what might, they were alone in the world, with no one to help or advise or care about them—these were causes of depression and anxiety that might have sat heavily on an older breast with many influences at work to cheer and gladden it, but how heavily on the mind of a young child to whom they were ever present, and who was constantly surrounded by all that could keep such thoughts in restless action!

And yet, to the old man's vision, Nell was still the same. When he could for a moment disengage his mind from the phantom that haunted and brooded on it always, there was his young companion with the same smile for him, the same earnest words, the same merry laugh, the same love and care, that sinking deep into his soul seemed to have been present to him through his whole life. And so he went on, content to read the book of her heart from the page first presented to him, little dreaming of the story that lay hidden in its other leaves, and murmuring within himself that at least the child was happy.

She had been once. She had gone singing through the dim rooms, and moving with gay and lightsome step among their dusty treasures, making them older by her young life, and sterner and more grim by her gay and cheerful presence. But now the chambers were cold and gloomy; and when she left her own little room to while away the tedious hours, and sat in one of them, she was still and motionless as their inanimate occupants, and had no heart to startle the echoes—hoarse from their long silence—with her voice.

In one of these rooms was a window looking into the street, where the child sat, many and many a long evening, and often far into the night, alone and thoughtful. None are so anxious as those who watch and wait, and at these times, mournful fancies came flocking on her mind, in crowds.

She would take her station here at dusk, and watch the people as they passed up and down the street, or appeared at the windows of the opposite houses, wondering whether those rooms were as lonesome as that in which she sat, and whether those people felt it company to see her sitting there, as she did only to see them look out and draw in their heads again. There was a crooked stack of chimneys on one of the roofs, in which, by often looking at them, she had fancied ugly faces were frowning over at her and trying to peer into the room, and she grew glad when it grew too dark to make them out; though she was sorry too, when the man came to light the lamps in the street, for it made it late, and very dull inside. Then she would draw in her head to look round the room and see that every thing was in its place and hadn't moved; and looking out into the street again, would perhaps see a man passing with a coffin on his back, and two or three others silently following him to a house where somebody lay dead, which made her shudder and think of such things until they suggested afresh the old man's altered face and manner, and a new train of fears and speculations. If he were to die—if sudden illness had happened to him, and he were never to come home again, alive—if, one night, he should come home, and kiss and bless her as usual,

and after she had gone to bed and had fallen asleep and was perhaps dreaming pleasantly, and smiling in her sleep, he should kill himself and his blood come creeping, creeping, on the ground to her own bed-room door. These thoughts were too terrible to dwell upon, and again she would have recourse to the street, now trodden by fewer feet, and darker and more silent than before. The shops were closing fast, and lights began to shine from the upper windows, as the neighbours went to bed. By degrees these dwindled away and disappeared, or were replaced here and there by a feeble rush-candle which was to burn all night. Still there was one late shop at no great distance which sent forth a ruddy glare upon the pavement even yet, and looked bright and companionable. But in a little time this closed, the light was extinguished, and all was gloomy and quiet, except when some stray footsteps sounded on the pavement, or a neighbour, out later than his wont, knocked lustily at his house-door to rouse the sleeping inmates.

When the night had worn away thus far (and seldom now until it had,) the child would close the window, and steal softly down stairs, thinking as she went that if one of those hideous faces below, which often mingled with her dreams, were to meet her by the way, rendering itself visible by some strange light of its own, how terrified she would be. But these fears vanished before a well-trimmed lamp and the familiar aspect of her own room. After praying fervently and with many burning tears for the old man, and the restoration of his peace of mind and the happiness they had once enjoyed, she would lay her head upon the pillow and sob herself to sleep, often starting up again, before the daylight came, to listen for the bell, and respond to the imaginary summons which had roused her from her chamber.

One night, the third after Nelly's interview with Mrs. Quilp, the old man, who had been weak and ill all day, said he should not leave home. The child's eyes sparkled at the intelligence, but her joy subsided when they reverted to his worn and sickly face.

"Two days," he said, "two whole, clear days have passed, and there is no reply. What did he tell thee, Nell?"

"Exactly what I told you, dear grandfather, indeed."

"True," said the old man, faintly. "Yes. But tell me again, Nell. My head fails me. What was it he told thee? Nothing more than that he would see me to-morrow or next day? That was in the note?"

"Nothing more," said the child. "Shall I go to him again to-morrow, dear grandfather? Very early? I will be there and back before breakfast."

The old man shook his head, and sighing mournfully, drew her towards him.

"'Twould be of no use, my dear, no earthly use. But if he deserts me, Nell, at this moment—if he deserts me now, when I should, with his assistance, be recompensed for all the time and money I have lost, and all the agony of mind I have undergone, which makes me what you see, I am ruined, and—worse, far worse than that—have ruined thee, for whom I ventured all. If we are beggars—"

"What if we are, said the child, boldly. "Let us be beggars, and be happy."

"Beggars—and happy!" said the old man. "Poor child!"

"Dear grandfather," cried the girl, with an energy which shone in her flushed face, trembling voice, and impassioned gesture, "I am not a child in that, I think; but even if I am, oh, hear me pray that we may beg, or work in open roads or fields, to earn a scanty living, rather than live as we do now."

"Nelly!" said the old man.

"Yes, yes, rather than live as we do now," the child

repeated, more earnestly than before. "If you are sorrowful, let me know why and be sorrowful too; if you waste away and are paler and weaker every day, let me be your nurse and try to comfort you. If you are poor, let us be poor together; but let me be with you, do let me be with you, do not let me see such change and know not why, or I shall break my heart and die. Dear grandfather, let us leave this sad place to-morrow, and beg our way from door to door."

The old man covered his face with his hands, and hid it in the pillow of the couch on which he lay.

"Let us be beggars," said the child, passing an arm round his neck; "I have no fear but what we shall have enough—I am sure we shall. Let us walk through country places, and sleep in fields and under trees, and never think of money again, or any thing that can make you sad, but rest at nights, and have the sun and wind upon our faces in the day, and thank God together. Let us never set foot in dark rooms or melancholy houses any more, but wander up and down wherever we like to go, and when you are tired, you shall stop to rest in the pleasantest place that we can find, and I will go and beg for both."

The child's voice was lost in sobs as she dropped upon the old man's neck; nor did she weep alone.

There were not words for other ears, nor was it a scene for other eyes. And yet other ears and eyes were there and greedily taking in all that passed, and moreover they were the ears and eyes of no less a person than Mr. Daniel Quilp, who, having entered unseen when the child first placed herself at the old man's side, refrained—actuated, no doubt, by motives of the purest delicacy—from interrupting the conversation, and stood looking on with his accustomed grin. Standing, however, being a tiresome attitude to a gentleman already fatigued with walking, and the dwarf being one of that kind of persons who usually make themselves at home, he soon cast his eyes upon a chair, into which he skipped with uncommon agility, and perching himself on the back with his feet upon the seat, was thus enabled to look on and listen with greater comfort to himself, besides gratifying at the same time that taste for doing something fantastic and monkey-like, which on all occasions had strong possession of him. Here, then, he sat, one leg cocked carelessly over the other; his chin resting on the palm of his hand; his head turned a little on one side, and his ugly features twisted into a complacent grimace. And in this position the old man, happening in course of time to look that way, at length chanced to see him, to his unbounded astonishment.

The child uttered a suppressed shriek on beholding this agreeable figure; in their first surprise both she and the old man, not knowing what to say, and half doubting its reality, looked shrinkingly at it. Not at all disconcerted by this reception, Daniel Quilp preserved the same attitude, merely nodding twice or thrice with great condescension. At length the old man pronounced his name, and inquired how he came there.

"Through the door," said Quilp, pointing over his shoulder with his thumb. "I'm not quite small enough to get through key-holes. I wish I was. I want to have some talk with you, particularly, and in private—with nobody present, neighbour. Good bye, little Nelly."

Nell looked at the old man, who nodded to her to retire, and kissed her cheek.

"Ah!" said the dwarf, smacking his lips, "what a nice kiss that was—just upon the rosy part. What a capital kiss!"

Nell was none the slower in going away, for this remark. Quilp looked after her with an admiring leer, and when she had closed the door, fell to complimenting the old man upon her charms.

"Such a fresh, blooming, modest little bud, neighbour," said Quilp, nursing his short leg, and making his eyes twinkle very much; "such a chubby, rosy, cosy, little Nell!"

The old man answered by a forced smile, and was plainly struggling with a feeling of the keenest and most exquisite impatience. It was not lost upon Quilp, who delighted in torturing him, or indeed any body else when he could.

"She's so," said Quilp, speaking very slowly, and feigning to be quite absorbed in the subject, "so small, so compact, so beautifully modelled, so fair, with such blue veins and such a transparent skin, and such little feet, and such winning ways—but bless me, you're nervous. Why, neighbour, what's the matter? I swear to you," continued the dwarf dismounting from the chair and sitting down in it, with a careful slowness of gesture very different from the rapidity with which he had sprung up unheard, "I swear to you that I had no idea old blood ran so fast or kept so warm. I thought it was sluggish in its course, and cool, quite cool. I am pretty sure it ought to be. Yours must be out of order, neighbour."

"I believe it is," groaned the old man, clasping his head with both hands. "There's burning fever here, and something now and then to which I fear to give a name."

The dwarf said never a word, but watched his companion as he paced restlessly up and down the room, and presently returned to his seat. Here he remained with his head bowed upon his breast for some time, and then suddenly raising it, said,

"Once, and once for all, have you brought me any money?"

"No!" returned Quilp.

"Then," said the old man, clenching his hands desperately, and looking upward, "the child and I are lost!"

"Neighbour," said Quilp, glancing sternly at him, and beating his hand twice or thrice upon the table to attract his wandering attention, "let me be plain with you, and play a fairer game than when you held all the cards, and I saw but the backs and nothing more. You have no secret from me now."

The old man looked up, trembling.

"You are surprised," said Quilp. "Well, perhaps that's natural. You have no secret from me now, I say; no, not one. For now I know that all those sums of money, that all those loans, advances, and supplies that you have had from me, have found their way to—shall I say the word?"

"Ay!" replied the old man, "say it, if you will."

"To the gaming-table," rejoined Quilp, "your nightly haunt. This was the precious scheme to make your fortune, was it; this was the secret certain source of wealth in which I was to have sunk my money (if I had been the fool you took me for); this was your inexhaustible mine of gold, your El Dorado, eh?"

"Yes," cried the old man, turning upon him with gleaming eyes, "it was; it is; it will be till I die."

"That I should have been blinded," said Quilp, looking contemptuously at him, "by a mere shallow gambler!"

"I am no gambler," cried the old man fiercely. "I call Heaven to witness that I never played for gain of mine, or love of play; that at every piece I staked, I whispered to myself that orphan's name and called on Heaven to bless the venture, which it never did. Whom did it prosper? Who were those with whom I played? Men who lived by plunder, profligacy, and riot, squandering their gold in doing ill and propagating vice and evil. My winnings would have come from them, my winnings would have been bestowed to the last farthing on a young sinless child, whose life they would have sweetened and made happy. What would they have contracted? The means of corruption, wretchedness, and misery. Who would not have

hoped in such a cause—tell me that, now, who would not have hoped as I did?"

"When did you first begin this mad career?" asked Quilp, his taunting inclination subdued for a moment by the old man's grief and wildness.

"When did I first begin?" he rejoined, passing his hand across his brow. "When was it, that I first began? When should it be but when I began to think how little I had saved, how long a time it took to save at all, how short a time I might have at my age to live, and how she would be left to the rough mercies of the world, with barely enough to keep her from the sorrows that wait on poverty; then it was that I began to think about it."

"After you first came to me to get your precious grandson packed off to sea?" said Quilp.

"Shortly after that," replied the old man. "I thought of it a long time, and had it in my sleep for months. Then I began. I found no pleasure in it, I expected none. What has it ever brought to me but anxious days and sleepless nights, but loss of health and peace of mind, and gain of feebleness and sorrow?"

"You lost what money you had laid by, first, and then came to me. While I thought you were making your fortune (as you said you were) you were making yourself a beggar, eh? Dear me! And so it comes to pass that I hold every security you could scrape together, and a bill of sale upon the—upon the stock and property," said Quilp, standing up and looking about him, as if to assure himself that none of it had been taken away. "But did you never win?"

"Never!" groaned the old man. "Never won back my loss!"

"I thought," sneered the dwarf, "that if a man played long enough, he was sure to win at last, or at the worst not to come off a loser."

"And so he is," cried the old man, suddenly rousing himself from his state of despondency, and lashed into the most violent excitement, "so he is; I have felt that from the first, I have always known it, I've seen it, I never felt it half so strongly as I feel it now. Quilp, I have dreamed three nights of winning the same large sum, I never could dream that dream before, though I have often tried. Do not desert me now I have this chance. I have no resource but you, give me some help, let me try this one last hope."

The dwarf shrugged his shoulders and shook his head.

"See, Quilp, good tender-hearted Quilp," said the old man, drawing some scraps of paper from his pocket with a trembling hand, and clasping the dwarf's arm, "only see here. Look at these figures, the result of long calculation, and painful and hard experience. I must win, I only want a little help once more, a few pounds, but two score pounds, dear Quilp."

"The last advance was seventy," said the dwarf; "and it went in one night."

"I know it did," answered the old man, "but that was the very worst fortune of all, and the time had not come then. Quilp, consider, consider," the old man cried, trembling so much the while that the papers in his hand fluttered as if they were shaken by the wind, "that orphan child. If I were alone, I could die with gladness—perhaps even anticipate that doom which is dealt out so unequally, coming as it does on the proud and happy in their strength, and shunning the needy and afflicted and all who court it in their despair—but what I have done, has been for her. Help me for her sake I implore you—not for mine, for hers!"

"I'm sorry I've got an appointment in the city," said Quilp, looking at his watch with perfect self-possession, "or I should have been very glad to have spent half an hour with you while you composed yourself—very glad."

"Nay, Quilp, good Quilp," gasped the old man, catch-

ing at his skirts—"you and I have talked together more than once of her poor mother's story. The fear of her coming to poverty has perhaps been bred in me by that. Do not be hard upon me, but take that into account. You are a great gainer by me. Oh spare me the money for this one last hope!"

"I couldn't do it, really," said Quilp with unusual politeness, "though I tell you what—and this is a circumstance worth bearing in mind as showing how the sharpest among us may be taken in sometimes—I was so deceived by the penurious way in which you lived, alone with Nelly—"

"All done to save money for tempting fortune, and make her triumph greater," cried the old man.

"Yes, yes, I understand that now," said Quilp; "but I was going to say, I was so deceived by that, your miserly way, the reputation you had among those who knew you, of being rich, and your repeated assurances that you would make of my advances treble and quadruple the interest you paid me, that I'd have advanced you even now what you want, on your simple note of hand, though I had been led to suspect something wrong, if I hadn't unexpectedly become acquainted with your secret way of life."

"Who is it," retorted the old man desperately, "that notwithstanding all my caution, told you that? Come; let me know the name—the person."

The crafty dwarf, bethinking himself that his giving up the child would lead to the disclosure of the artifice he had employed, which, as nothing was to be gained by it, it was as well to conceal, stopped short in his answer and said, "Now, who do you think?"

"It was Kit, it must have been the boy; he played the spy and you tampered with him?" said the old man.

"How came you to think of him?" said the dwarf in a tone of great commiseration. "Yes, it was Kit. Poor Kit!"

So saying, he nodded in a friendly manner, and took his leave, stopping when he had passed the outer door a little distance, and grinning with extraordinary delight.

"Poor Kit!" muttered Quilp. "I think it was Kit who said I was an uglier dwarf than could be seen any where for a penny, wasn't it?" Ha, ha, ha! Poor Kit!"

And with that he went away, still chuckling as he went.

CHAPTER X.

Daniel Quilp neither entered nor left the old man's house, unobserved. In the shadow of an archway nearly opposite, leading to one of the many passages which diverged from the main street, there lingered one who having taken up his position when the twilight first came on, still maintained it with undiminished patience, and leaning against the wall with the manner of one who had a long time to wait, and being well used to it was quite resigned, scarcely changed his attitude for the hour together.

This patient loungee attracted little attention from any of those who passed, and bestowed as little upon them. His eyes were constantly directed towards one object, the window at which the child was accustomed to sit. If he withdrew them for a moment, it was only to glance at a clock in some neighbouring shop, and then to strain his sight once more in the old quarter with increased earnestness and attention.

It has been remarked that this personage evinced no weariness in his place of concealment, nor did he, long as his waiting was. But as the time went on, he manifested some anxiety and surprise, glancing at the clock more frequently and at the window less hopefully than before.

At length the clock was hidden from his sight by some envious shutters, then the church steeples proclaimed eleven at night, then the quarter past, and then the conviction seemed to obtrude itself upon his mind that it was no use tarrying there any longer.

That the conviction was an unwelcome one, and that he was by no means willing to yield to it, was apparent from his reluctance to quit the spot; from the tardy steps with which he often left it, still looking over his shoulder at the same window; and from the precipitation with which he as often returned, when a fancied noise or the changing and imperfect light induced him to suppose it had been softly raised. At length he gave the matter up as hopeless for that night, and suddenly breaking into a run, as though to force himself away, scampered off at his utmost speed, nor once ventured to look behind him lest he should be tempted back again.

Without relaxing his pace or stopping to take breath, this mysterious individual dashed on through a great many alleys and narrow ways, until he at length arrived in a square paved court, when he subsided into a walk, and making for a small house, from the window of which a light was shining, lifted the latch of the door and passed in.

"Bless us!" cried a woman turning sharply round, "who's that? Oh! it's you, Kit!"

"Yes, mother, it's me."

"Why, how tired you look, my dear!"

"Old master an't gone out to-night," said Kit; "and so she hasn't been at the window at all." With which words, he sat down by the fire and looked very mournful and discontented.

The room in which Kit sat himself down in this condition was an extremely poor and homely place, but with that air of comfort about it, nevertheless, which—or the spot must be a wretched one indeed—cleanliness and order can always impart in some degree. Late as the Dutch clock showed it to be, the poor woman was still hard at work at an ironing-table; a young child lay sleeping in a cradle near the fire; and another, a sturdy boy of two or three years old, very wide awake, with a very tight night-cap on his head, and a night-gown very much too small for him on his body, was sitting bolt upright in a clothes-basket, staring over the rim with his great round eyes and looking as if he had thoroughly made up his mind never to go to sleep any more; which, as he had already declined to take his natural rest, and had been brought out of bed in consequence, opened a cheerful prospect for his relations and friends. It was rather a queer-looking family; Kit, his mother, and the children, being all strongly alike.

Kit was disposed to be out of temper, as the best of us are too often—but he looked at the youngest child sleeping soundly, and from him to his other brother in the clothes-basket, and from him to his mother, who had been at work without complaint since morning, and thought it would be a better and kinder thing to be good-humoured. So he rocked the cradle with his foot, made a face at the rebel in the clothes-basket, which put him in high good-humour directly, and stoutly determined to be talkative and make himself agreeable.

"Ah, mother!" said Kit, taking out his clasp knife and falling upon a great piece of bread and meat which she had had ready for him, hours before, "what a one you are! There an't many such as you, I know."

"I hope there are many a great deal better, Kit," said Mrs. Nubbles; "and that there are, or ought to be, according to what the parson at chapel says."

"Much he knows about it," returned Kit contemptuously. "Wait till he's a widder and works like you do, and gets as little, and does as much, and keeps his spirits up the same, and then I'll ask him what's o'clock, and trust him for being right to half a second."

"Well," said Mrs. Nubbles, evading the point, "your beer's down there by the fender, Kit."

"I see," replied her son, taking up the porter pot, "my love to you, mother. And the parson's health too, if you like. I don't bear him any malice, nor I!"

"Did you tell me just now that your master hadn't gone out to-night?" inquired Mrs. Nubbles.

"Yes," said Kit, "worse luck."

"You should say better luck, I think," returned his mother, "because Miss Nelly won't have been left alone."

"Ah!" said Kit, "I forgot that. I said worse luck, because I've been watching ever since eight o'clock, and seen nothing of her."

"I wonder what she'd say," cried his mother, stopping in her work and looking round, "if she knew that every night, when she—poor thing—is sitting alone at that window, you are watching in the open street for fear any harm should come to her, and that you never leave the place or come home to your bed though you're ever so tired, till such time as you think she is safe in hers."

"Never mind what she'd say," replied Kit, with something like a blush on his uncouth face; "she'll never know nothing, and consequently, she'll never say nothing."

Mrs. Nubbles ironed away in silence for a minute or two, and coming to the fire-place for another iron, glanced stealthily at Kit while she rubbed it on a board and dusted it with a duster, but said nothing until she had returned to her table again, when holding the iron at an alarmingly short distance from her cheek, to test its temperature, and looking round with a smile, she observed:

"I know what some people would say, Kit—"

"Nonsense," interposed Kit with a perfect apprehension of what was to follow.

"No, but they would indeed. Some people would say that you'd fallen in love with her, I know they would."

To this, Kit only replied by bashfully bidding his mother "get out," and forming sundry strange figures with his legs and arms, accompanied by sympathetic contortions of his face. Not deriving from these means the relief which he sought, he bit off an immense mouthful from the bread and meat, and took a good drink of the porter, by which artificial aids he choked himself and effected a diversion of the subject.

"Speaking seriously, though, Kit," said his mother taking up the theme afresh, after a time, "for of course I was only in joke just now, it's very good and thoughtful, and like you, to do this, and never let anybody know it, though some day I hope she may come to know it, for I'm sure she would be very grateful to you and feel it very much. It's a cruel thing to keep the dear child shut up there. I don't wonder that the old gentleman wants to keep it from you."

"He don't think it's cruel, bless you," said Kit, "and don't mean it to be so, or he wouldn't do it—I do consider, mother, that he wouldn't do it for all the gold and silver in the world. No, no, that he wouldn't. I know him better than that."

"Then what does he do it for, and why does he keep it so close from you?" said Mrs. Nubbles.

"That I don't know," returned her son. "If he hadn't tried to keep it so close though, I should never have found it out, for it was his getting me away at night and sending me off so much earlier than he used to, that first made me curious to know what was going on. Hark! what's that?"

"It's only somebody outside."

"It's somebody crossing over here,"—said Kit, standing up to listen, "and coming very fast too. He can't have gone out after I left, and the house caught fire, mother!"

The boy stood for a moment, really bereft, by the apprehension he had conjured up, of the power to move. The footsteps drew nearer, the door was opened with a hasty hand, and the child herself, pale and breathless, and hastily

wrapped in a few disordered garments, hurried into the room.

"Miss Nelly! What is the matter?" cried mother and son together.

"I must not stay a moment," she returned, "grandfather has been taken very ill, I found him in a fit upon the floor—"

"I'll run for a doctor!"—said Kit, seizing his brimless hat. "I'll be there directly, I'll!"

"No, no," cried Nell, "there is one there, you're not wanted, you—you—must never come near us any more!"

"What!" roared Kit.

"Never again," said the child. "Don't ask me why, for I don't know. Pray don't ask me why, pray don't be sorry, pray don't be vexed with me, I have nothing to do with it indeed!"

Kit looked at her with his eyes stretched wide, and opened and shut his mouth a great many times, but couldn't get out one word.

"He complains and raves of you," said the child, "I don't know what you have done, but I hope it's nothing very bad."

"I done!" roared Kit.

"He cries that you're the cause of all his misery," returned the child with tearful eyes; "he screamed and called for you, they say you must not come near him or he will die. You must not return to us any more. I came to tell you. I thought it would be better that I should come than somebody quite strange. Oh, Kit, what have you done? you, in whom I trusted so much, and who were almost the only friend I had!"

The unfortunate Kit looked at his young mistress harder and harder, and with eyes growing wider and wider, but was perfectly motionless and silent.

"I have brought his money for the week," said the child, looking to the woman and laying it on the table—"and—and—a little more, for he was always good and kind to me. I hope he will be sorry and do well somewhere else and not take this to heart too much. It grieves me very much to part with him like this, but there is no help. It must be done. Good night!"

With the tears streaming down her face, and her slight figure trembling with the agitation of the scene she had left, the shock she had received, the errand she had just discharged, and a thousand painful and affectionate feelings, the child hastened to the door, and disappeared as rapidly as she had come.

The poor woman, who had no cause to doubt her son but every reason for relying on his honesty and truth, was staggered notwithstanding by his not having advanced one word in his defence. Visions of gallantry, knavery, robbery; and of the nightly absences from home for which he had accounted so strangely, having been occasioned by some unlawful pursuit, flocked into her brain and rendered her afraid to question him. She rocked herself upon a chair wringing her hands and weeping bitterly, but Kit made no attempt to comfort her, and remained quite bewildered. The baby in the cradle woke up and cried, the boy in the clothes-basket fell over on his back with the basket upon him, and was seen no more, the mother wept louder yet and rocked faster, but Kit, insensible to all the din and tumult, remained in a state of utter stupefaction.

CHAPTER XI.

Quiet and solitude were destined to hold uninterrupted rule no longer beneath the roof that sheltered the child. Next morning the old man was in a raging fever accom-

panied with delirium, and sinking under the influence of this disorder he lay for many weeks in imminent peril of his life. There was watching enough now, but it was the watching of strangers who made of it a greedy trade, and who, in the intervals of their attendance upon the sick man, huddled together with a ghastly good-fellowship, and eat and drunk and made merry; for disease and death were their ordinary household gods.

Yet in all the hurry and crowding of such a time, the child was more alone than she had ever been before; alone in spirit, alone in her devotion to him who was wasting away upon his burning bed, alone in her unfeigned sorrow, and her unpurchased sympathy. Day after day and night after night, found her still by the pillow of the unconscious sufferer, still anticipating his every want, and still listening to those repetitions of her name and those anxieties and cares for her, which were ever uppermost among his fervent wanderings.

The house was no longer theirs. Even the sick chamber seemed to be retained on the uncertain tenure of Mr. Quilp's favour. The old man's illness had not lasted many days when he took formal position of the premises and all upon them, in virtue of certain legal powers to that effect, which few understood and none presumed to call in question. This important step secured, with the assistance of a man of law whom he brought with him for the purpose, the dwarf proceeded to establish himself and his coadjutor in the house, as an assertion of his claim against all comers; and then set about making his quarters comfortable after his own fashion.

To this end Mr. Quilp encamped in the back-parlour, having first put an effectual stop to any further business by shutting up the shop. Having looked out from among the old furniture the handsomest and most commodious chair he could possibly find, which he reserved for his own use, and an especially hideous and uncomfortable one, which he considerably appropriated to the accommodation of his friend, he caused them to be carried into this room and took up his position in great state. The apartment was very far removed from the old man's chamber, but Mr. Quilp deemed it prudent, as a precaution against infection from fever, and a means of wholesome fumigation, not only to smoke himself without cessation, but to insist upon it that his legal friend did the like. Moreover, he sent an express to the wharf, for the tumbling boy, who, arriving with all despatch, was enjoined to sit himself down in another chair just inside the door, continually to smoke a great pipe which the dwarf had provided for the purpose, and to take it from his lips under any pretence whatever, were it only for one minute at a time, if he dared. These arrangements completed, Mr. Quilp looked round him with chuckling satisfaction, and remarked that he called that comfort.

The legal gentleman, whose melodious name was Brass, might have called it comfort also but for two drawbacks; one was that he could by no exertion sit easily in his chair, the seat of which was very hard, angular, slippery, and sloping; the other that tobacco always caused him great internal discomposure and annoyance. But as he was quite a creature of Mr. Quilp's, and had a thousand reasons for conciliating his good opinion, he tried to smile, and nodded his acquiescence with the best grace he could assume.

This Brass was an attorney of no very good repute from Bevis Marks in the city of London; he was a tall, meagre man, with a nose like a wen, a protruding forehead, retreating eyes, and hair of a deep red. He wore a long black surcoat reaching nearly to his ankles, short black trousers, high shoes, and cotton stockings of a bluish gray. He had a cringing manner but a very harsh voice, and his blandest smiles were so extremely forbidding, that to have had his company under the least repulsive circum-

stance, one would have wished him to be out of temper, that he might only scowl.

Quilp looked at his legal adviser, and seeing that he was winking very much in the anguish of his pipe, that he sometimes shuddered when he happened to inhale its full flavour, and that he constantly fanned the smoke from him, was quite overjoyed, and rubbed his hands with glee.

"Smoke away, you dog," said Quilp, turning to the boy; "fill your pipe again and smoke it fast, down to the last whiff, or I'll put the sealing-waxed end of it in the fire and rub it red hot upon your tongue."

Luckily the boy was case-hardened, and would have smoked a small lime-kiln if any body had treated him with it. Wherefore he only muttered a brief defiance of his master, and did as he was ordered.

"Is it good, Brass, is it nice, is it fragrant, do you feel like the Grand Turk?" said Quilp.

Mr. Brass thought that if he did, the Grand Turk's feelings were by no means to be envied, but he said it was famous, and he had no doubt he felt very like that potentate.

"This is the way to keep off fever," said Quilp, "this is the way to keep off every calamity of life. We'll never leave off all the time we stop here—smoke away, you dog, or you shall swallow the pipe."

"Shall we stop here long, Mr. Quilp?" inquired his legal friend, when the dwarf had given his boy this last gentle admonition.

"We must stop, I suppose, till the old gentleman up stairs is dead," returned Quilp.

"He! he! he!" laughed Mr. Brass, "oh, very good!"

"Smoke away!" cried Quilp. "Never stop! You can talk as you smoke. Don't lose time."

"He! he! he!" cried Brass, faintly, as he again applied himself to the odious pipe. "But if he should get better, Mr. Quilp?"

"Then we shall stop till he does, and no longer," returned the dwarf.

"How kind it is of you, sir, to wait 'till then!" said Brass. "Some people, sir, would have sold or removed the goods—oh, dear!—the very instant the law allowed 'em. Some people, sir, would have"—

"Some people would have spared themselves the jabbering of such a parrot as you," interposed the dwarf.

"He! he! he!" cried Brass. "You have such spirits!"

The smoking sentinel at the door interposed in this place, and without taking his pipe from his lips, growled,

"Here's the gal a comin' down."

"The what, you dog?" said Quilp.

"The gal," returned the boy. "Are you deaf?"

"Oh!" said Quilp, drawing in his breath with great relish, as if he were taking soup, "you and I will have such a settling presently: there's such a scratching and bruising in store for you, my dear young friend. Ah! Nelly! how is he now, my duck of diamonds?"

"He's very bad," replied the weeping child.

"What a pretty little Nell!" cried Quilp.

"Oh, beautiful, sir, beautiful indeed," said Brass. "Quite charming."

"Has she come to sit upon Quilp's knee," said the dwarf, in what he meant to be a soothing tone, "or is she going to bed in her own little room inside here: which is poor Nelly going to do?"

"What a remarkably pleasant way he has with children!" muttered Brass, as if in confidence between himself and the ceiling; "upon my word, it's quite a treat to hear him."

"I'm not going to stay at all," faltered Nell. "I want a few things out of that room, and then I—I—won't come down here any more."

"And a very nice little room it is!" said the dwarf, looking into it as the child entered. "Quite a bower. You're sure you're not going to use it; you're sure you're not coming back, Nelly?"

"No," replied the child, hurrying away, with the few articles of dress she had come to remove; "never again, never again."

"She's very sensitive," said Quilp, looking after her. "Very sensitive; that's a pity. The bedstead is much about my size. I think I shall make it my little room."

Mr. Brass, encouraging this idea as he would have encouraged any other emanating from the same source, the dwarf walked in to try the effect, which he did by throwing himself on his back upon the bed, with his pipe in his mouth, and then kicking up his legs and smoking violently. Mr. Brass applauded this picture very much. The bed being soft and comfortable, Mr. Quilp determined to use it, both as a sleeping place by night, and as a kind of divan by day; and in order that it might be converted to the latter purpose at once, remained where he was and smoked his pipe out. The legal gentleman being by this time rather giddy and perplexed in his ideas (for this was one of the operations of the tobacco upon his nervous system,) took the opportunity of slinking away into the open air, where in course of time he recovered sufficiently to return with a countenance of tolerable composure. He was soon led on by the malicious dwarf to smoke himself into a relapse, and in that state stumbled upon a settee where he slept till morning.

Such were Quilp's first proceedings on entering upon his new property. He was for some days restrained by business from performing any particular pranks, as his time was pretty well occupied between taking, with the assistance of Mr. Brass, a minute inventory of all the goods in the place, and going abroad upon his other concerns, which happily engaged him for several hours at a time. His avarice and caution being now thoroughly awakened, however, he was never absent from the house one night, and his eagerness for some termination, good or bad, to the old man's disorder, increasing rapidly as the time passed by, soon began to vent itself in open murmurs and exclamations of impatience.

Nell shrunk timidly from all the dwarf's advances toward conversation, and fled from the very sound of his voice; nor were the lawyer's smiles less terrible to her than Quilp's grimaces. She lived in such continual dread and apprehension of meeting one or other of them upon the stairs or in the passages if she stirred from her grandfather's chamber, that she seldom left for a moment until late at night, when the silence encouraged her to venture forth and breathe the purer air of some empty room.

One night she had stolen to her usual window and was sitting there very sorrowfully, for the old man had been worse that day, when she thought she heard her name pronounced by a voice in the street, and looking down, recognised Kit, whose endeavours to attract her attention had roused her from her sad reflections.

"Miss Nell!" said the boy in a low voice.

"Yes," replied the child, doubtful whether she ought to hold any communication with the supposed culprit, but inclining to her old favourite still, "what do you want?"

"I have wanted to say a word to you for a long time," the boy replied, "but the people below have driven me away and wouldn't let me see you. You don't believe—I hope you don't really believe—that I deserve to be cast off as I have been, do you, Miss?"

"I must believe it," returned the child. "Or why would grandfather have been so angry with you?"

"I don't know," replied Kit. "I'm sure I've never deserved it from him, no, nor from you. I can say that with a true and honest heart, any way. And then to be driven from the door, when I only came to ask how old master was—"

"They never told me that," said the child. "I didn't know it indeed. I wouldn't have had them to do it for the world."

"Thank 'ee, Miss," returned Kit, "it's comfortable to hear you say that. I said I never would believe it was your doing."

"That was right!" said the child, eagerly.

"Miss Nell," cried the boy, coming under the window and speaking in a lower tone, "there are new masters down stairs. It's a change for you."

"It is, indeed," replied the child.

"And so it will be for him when he gets better," said the boy, pointing toward the sick room.

"If he ever does," added the child, unable to restrain her tears.

"Oh, he'll do that, he'll do that," said Kit, "I'm sure he will. You mustn't be cast down, Miss Nell. Now don't be, pray."

These words of encouragement and consolation were few and roughly said, but they affected the child and made her for the moment weep the more.

"He'll be sure to get better now," said the boy, anxiously, "if you don't give way to low spirits and turn ill yourself, which would make him worse, and throw him back just as he was recovering. When he does, say a good word—say a kind word for me, Miss Nell."

"They tell me I must not even mention your name to him for a long, long time," rejoined the child, "I dare not; and even if I might, what good would a kind word do you, Kit? We shall be very poor. We shall scarcely have bread to eat."

"It's not that I may be taken back," said the boy, "that I ask the favour of you. It isn't for the sake of food and wages that I've been waiting about so long in hopes to see you. Don't think that I'd come in a time of trouble to talk of such things as them."

The child looked gratefully and kindly at him, but waited that he might speak again.

"No, it's not that," said Kit, hesitating, "it's something very different from that. I haven't got much sense, I know; but if he could be brought to believe that I'd been a faithful servant to him, doing the best I could, and never meaning harm, perhaps he mightn't—"

Here Kit faltered so long that the child entreated him to speak out, and quickly, for it was very late, and time to shut the window.

"Perhaps he mightn't think it over venturesome of me to say—well then, to say this,"—cried Kit with sudden boldness. "This home is gone from you and him. Mother and I have got a poor one, but that's better than this with all these people here, and why not come there, till he's had time to look about and find a better!"

The child did not speak. Kit, in the relief of having made this proposition, found his tongue loosened, and spoke out in its favour with his utmost eloquence.

"You think," said the boy, "that it's very small and inconvenient. So it is, but it's very clean. Perhaps you think it would be noisy, but there's not a quieter court than ours in all the town. Don't be afraid of the children; the baby hardly ever cries, and the other one is very good—besides, I'd mind 'em. They wouldn't vex you much, I'm sure. Do try, Miss Nell, do try. The little front room up stairs is very pleasant. You can see a piece of the clock work through the chimneys and almost tell the time; mother says it would be just the thing for you, and so it would, and you'd have her to wait upon you both, and me to run of errands. We don't mean money, bless you; you're not to think of that. Will you try him, Miss Nell? Only say you'll try him. Do try to make old master come, and ask him what I have done—will you only promise that, Miss Nell?"

Before the child could reply to his earnest solicitation, the street door opened, and Mr. Brass, thrusting out his night-capped head, called in a surly voice, "Who's there?"

Kit immediately glided away, and Nell, closing the window softly, drew back into the room.

Before Mr. Brass had repeated the inquiry many times, Mr. Quilp, also embellished with a night-cap, emerged from the same door, and looked carefully up and down the street, and up at all the windows of the house from the opposite side. Finding that there was nobody in sight, he presently returned into the house with his legal friend, protesting (as the child heard from the staircase,) that there was a league and plot against him, and that he was in danger of being robbed and plundered by a band of conspirators who prowled about the house at all seasons, and that he would delay no longer, but take immediate steps for disposing of the property and returning to his own peaceable roof. Having growled forth these and a great many other threats of the same nature, he coiled himself once more in the child's little bed, and Nell crept softly up the stairs.

It was natural enough that her short and unfinished dialogue with Kit, should leave a strong impression on her mind, and influence her dreams that night and her recollections for a long, long time. Surrounded by unfeeling creditors and mercenary attendants upon the sick, and meeting in the height of her anxiety and sorrow with little regard of sympathy, even from the women about her, it is not surprising that the affectionate heart of the child should have been touched to the quick by one kind and generous spirit, however uncouth the temple in which it dwelt. Thank Heaven that the temples of such spirits are not made with hands, and that they may be more worthily hung with poor patchwork than with purple and fine linen!

CHAPTER XII.

At length the crisis of the old man's disorder was past, and he began to mend. By very slow and feeble degrees his consciousness came back, but the mind was weakened and its functions were impaired. He was patient, and quiet; often sat brooding, but not despondently, for a long space; was easily amused even by a sunbeam on the wall or ceiling; made no complaint that the days were long or the nights tedious; and appeared indeed to have lost all count of time and every sense of care or weariness. He would sit for hours together with Nell's small hand in his, playing with the fingers and stopping sometimes to smooth her hair or kiss her brow, and, when he saw that tears were glistening in her eyes, would look, amazed, about him for the cause, and forget his wonder even while he looked.

The child and he rode out; the old man propped up with pillows, and the child beside him. They were hand in hand as usual. The noise and motion in the streets fatigued his brain at first, but he was not surprised, or curious, or pleased, or irritated. He was asked if he remembered this, or that. "Oh, yes," he said, "quite well—why not?" Sometimes he turned his head and looked with earnest gaze and outstretched neck after some stranger in the crowd, until he disappeared from sight; but to the question why he did this he answered not a word.

He was sitting in his easy chair one day, and Nell upon a stool beside him, when a man outside the door inquired if he might enter. "Yes," he said, without emotion, "it was Quilp, he knew. Quilp was master there. Of course he might come in." And so he did.

"I'm glad to see you well again at last, neighbour," said the dwarf, sitting down opposite to him. "You're quite strong now?"

"Yes," said the old man feebly, "yes."

"I don't want to hurry you, you know, neighbour,"

said the dwarf, raising his voice, for the old man's senses were duller than they had been; "but as soon as you can arrange your future proceedings, the better."

"Surely," said the old man. "The better for all parties."

"You see," pursued Quilp, after a short pause, "the goods being once removed, the house would be uncomfortable; uninhabitable, in fact."

"You say true," observed the old man. "Poor Nell, too; what would *she* do?"

"Exactly," bawled the dwarf, nodding his head; "that's very well observed. Then will you consider about it, neighbour?"

"I will, certainly," replied the old man. "We shall not stop here."

"So I supposed," said the dwarf. "I have sold the things. They have not yielded quite as much as they might have done, but pretty well—pretty well. To-day's Tuesday. When shall they be moved? There's no hurry—shall we say this afternoon?"

"Say Friday morning," returned the old man.

"Very good," said the dwarf. "So be it—with the understanding that I can't go beyond that day, neighbour, on any account."

"Good," returned the old man. "I shall remember it."

Mr. Quilp seemed rather puzzled by the strange, even, spiritless way in which all this was said; but as the old man nodded his head and repeated "On Friday morning—I shall remember it," he had no excuse for dwelling upon the subject any further, and so took a friendly leave with many expressions of good-will and many compliments to his friend on his looking so remarkably well; and went below stairs to report progress to Mr. Brass.

All that day, and all the next, the old man remained in this state. He wandered up and down the house and into and out of the various rooms, as if with some vague intent of bidding them adieu, but he referred neither by direct allusions nor in any other manner to the interview of the morning or the necessity of finding some other shelter. An indistinct idea he had that the child was desolate and in want of help, for he often drew her to his bosom and bade her be of good cheer, saying that they would not desert each other; but he seemed unable to contemplate their real position more distinctly, and was still the listless, passionless creature, that suffering of mind and body had left him.

We call this a state of childishness; but it is the same poor, hollow mockery of it, that death is of sleep. Where, in the dull eyes of doting men, are the laughing light and life of childhood, the gayety that has known no check, the frankness that has felt no chill, the hope that has never withered, the joys that fade in blossoming? Where, in the sharp lineaments of rigid and unsightly death, is the calm beauty of slumber, telling of rest for the waking hours that are past, and gentle hopes and loves for those which are to come? Lay death and sleep down, side by side, and say who shall find the two akin. Send forth the child and childish man together, and blush for the pride that libels our own happy state, and gives its title to an ugly and distorted image.

Thursday arrived, and there was no alteration in the old man. But a change came upon him that evening as he and the child sat silently together.

In a small, dull yard below his window, there was a tree—green and flourishing enough, for such a place—and, as the air stirred among its leaves, it threw a rippling shadow on the white wall. The old man stood watching the shadows as they trembled in this patch of light until the sun went down; and when it was night, and the moon was slowly rising, he still sat in the same spot.

To one who had been tossing on a restless bed so long, even these few green leaves and this tranquil light, although it languished among chimneys and house-tops, were plea-

sant things. They suggested quiet places afar off, and rest, and peace.

The child thought more than once that he was moved, and had forborne to speak. But now he shed tears—tears that it lightened her aching heart to see—and making as though he would fall upon his knees, besought her to forgive him.

"Forgive you—what?" said Nell, interposing to prevent his purpose. "Oh, grandfather, what should I forgive?"

"All that is past, all that has come upon thee, Nell, all that was done in that uneasy dream," returned the old man.

"Do not talk so," said the child. "Pray do not. Let us speak of something else."

"Yes, yes, we will," he rejoined. "And it shall be of what we talked of long ago—many months—months is it, or weeks, or days? which is it, Nell?"

"I do not understand you," said the child.

"It has come back upon me to-day, it has all come back since we have been sitting here. I bless thee for it, Nell!"

"For what, dear grandfather?"

"For what you said when we were first made beggars, Nell. Let us speak softly. Hush! for if they knew our purpose down stairs, they would cry that I was mad and take thee from me. We will not stop here another day. We will go far away from here."

"Yes, let us go," said the child, earnestly. "Let us begone from this place, and never turn back or think of it again. Let us wander barefoot through the world, rather than linger here."

"We will," answered the old man; "we will travel afoot through fields and woods, and by the side of rivers, and trust ourselves to God in the places where He dwells. It is far better to lie down at night beneath an open sky like that yonder—see how bright it is!—than to rest in close rooms which are always full of care and weary dreams. Thou and I together, Nell, may be cheerful and happy yet, and learn to forget this time, as if it had never been."

"We will be happy," cried the child. "We never can be here."

"No, we never can again—never again—that's truly said," rejoined the old man. "Let us steal away to-morrow morning—early and softly, that we may not be seen or heard—and leave no trace or track for them to follow by. Poor Nell, thy cheek is pale and thy eyes are heavy with watching and weeping—with watching and weeping for me—I know—for me; but thou wilt be well again, and merry too, when we are far away. To-morrow morning, dear, we'll turn our faces from this scene of sorrows, and be as free and happy as the birds."

And then the old man clasped his hands above her head, and said in a few broken words that from that time forth they would wander up and down together, and never part more until death took one or other of the twain.

The child's heart beat high with hope and confidence. She had no thought of hunger or cold, or thirst or suffering. She saw in this but a return of the simple pleasures they had once enjoyed, a relief from the gloomy solitude in which she had lived, an escape from the heartless people by whom she had been surrounded in her late time of trial, the restoration of the old man's health and peace, and a life of tranquil happiness. Sun, and stream, and meadow, and summer days, shone brightly in her view, and there was no dark tint in all the sparkling picture.

The old man had slept for some hours soundly in his bed, and she was yet busily engaged in preparing for their flight. There were a few articles of clothing for herself to carry, and a few for him; old garments, such as became their fallen fortunes, laid out to wear; and a staff to support his feeble steps, put ready for his use. But this was not all her task, for now she must visit the old rooms for the last time.

And how different the parting with them was from any

she had expected, and most of all from that which she had oftenest pictured to herself. How could she ever have thought of bidding them farewell in triumph, when the recollection of the many hours she had passed among them rose to her swelling heart, and made her feel the wish a cruelty, lonely and sad though many of those hours had been! She sat down at the window where she had spent so many evenings—darker far than this—and every thought of hope or cheerfulness that had occurred to her in that place came vividly upon her mind, and blotted out all its dull and mournful associations in an instant.

Her own little room, too, where she had so often knelt down and prayed at night—prayed for the time which she hoped was dawning now—the little room where she had slept so peacefully, and dreamed such pleasant dreams—it was hard not to be able to glance round it once more, and to be forced to leave it without one kind look or grateful tear. There were some trifles there—poor, useless things—that she would have liked to take away; but that was impossible.

This brought to mind her bird, her poor bird, who hung there yet. She wept bitterly for the loss of this little creature—until the idea occurred to her—she did not know how or why it had come into her head—that it might by some means fall into the hands of Kit, who would keep it for her sake, and think perhaps that she had left it behind in the hope that he might have it, and an assurance that she was grateful to him. She was calmed and comforted by the thought, and went to rest with a lighter heart.

From many dreams of rambling through light and sunny places, but with some vague object unattained which ran indistinctly through them all, she awoke to find that it was yet night, and that the stars were shining brightly in the sky. At length the day began to glimmer and the stars to grow pale and dim. As soon as she was sure of this, she arose, and dressed herself for the journey.

The old man was yet asleep, and as she was unwilling to disturb him, she left him to slumber on until the sun rose. He was anxious that they should leave the house without a minute's loss of time, and was soon ready.

The child then took him by the hand, and they trod lightly and cautiously down the stairs, trembling whenever a board creaked, often stopping to listen. The old man had forgotten a kind of wallet which contained the light burden he had to carry, and the going back a few steps to fetch it seemed an interminable delay.

At last they reached the passage on the ground floor, where the snoring of Mr. Quilp and his legal friend sounded more terrible in their ears than the roars of lions. The bolts of the door were rusty, and difficult to unfasten without noise. When they were all drawn back it was found to be locked, and worst of all the key was gone. Then the child remembered for the first time one of the nurses having told her that Quilp always locked both the house doors at night, and kept the keys on the table in his bedroom.

It was not without great fear and trepidation that little Nell slipped off her shoes and gliding through the store-room of old curiosities, where Mr. Brass—the ugliest piece of goods in all the stock—lay sleeping on a mattress, passed into her own little chamber.

Here she stood for a few moments quite transfixed with terror at the sight of Mr. Quilp, who was hanging so far out of bed that he almost seemed to be standing on his head, and who, either from the uneasiness of this posture or in one of his agreeable habits, was gasping and growling with his mouth wide open, and the whites (or rather dirty yellows) of his eyes distinctly visible. It was no time, however, to ask whether any thing ailed him: so, possessing herself of the key, after one hasty glance about the room, and repassing the prostrate Mr. Brass, she re-

joined the old man in safety. They got the door open without noise, and passing into the street, stood still.

"Which way?" said the child.

The old man looked irresolutely and helplessly, first at her, then to the right and left, then at her again, and shook his head. It was plain that she was thenceforth his guide and leader. The child felt it, but had no doubts or misgiving, and putting her hand in his, led him gently away.

It was the beginning of a day in June; the deep blue sky unsullied by a cloud, and teeming with brilliant light. The streets were as yet nearly free from passengers, the houses and shops were closed, and the healthful air of morning fell like breath from angels, on the sleeping town.

The old man and the child passed on through the glad silence, elate with hope and pleasure. They were alone together once more; every object was bright and fresh; nothing reminded them, otherwise than by contrast, of the monotony and constraint they had left behind; church towers and steeples, frowning and dark at other times, now shone and dazzled in the sun; each humble nook and corner rejoiced in light; and the sky, dimmed by excessive distance, shed its placid smile on every thing beneath.

Forth from the city, while it yet slumbered, went the two poor adventurers, wandering they knew not whither.

CHAPTER XIII.

Daniel Quilp, of Tower Hill, and Sampson Brass, of Bevis Marks, in the city of London, Gentleman, one of her Majesty's Attorneys of the Court of King's Bench and Common Pleas at Westminster, and a Solicitor of the High Court of Chancery, slumbered on unconscious and unsuspecting of any mischief, until a knocking at the street door, often repeated and gradually mounting up from a modest single rap into a perfect battery of knocks, fired in long discharges with a very short interval between, caused the said Daniel Quilp to struggle into a horizontal position, and to stare at the ceiling with a drowsy indifference, betokening that he heard the noise and rather wondered at the same, but couldn't be at the trouble of bestowing any further thought upon the subject.

As the knocking, however, instead of accommodating itself to his lazy state, increased in vigour and became more importunate, as if in earnest remonstrance against his falling asleep again, now that he had once opened his eyes, Daniel Quilp began by degrees to comprehend the possibility of there being somebody at the door, and thus he gradually came to recollect that it was Friday morning, and he had ordered Mrs. Quilp to be in waiting upon him at an early hour.

Mr. Brass, after writhing about in a great many strange attitudes, and often twisting his face and eyes into an expression like that which is usually produced by eating gooseberries early in the season, was by this time awake also, and seeing that Mr. Quilp invested himself in his every-day garments, hastened to do the like, putting on his shoes before his stockings, and thrusting his legs into his coat sleeves, and making such other small mistakes in his toilette as are not uncommon to those who dress in a hurry, and labour under the agitation of having been easily roused.

While the attorney was thus engaged, the dwarf was groping under the table, muttering desperate imprecations upon himself and mankind in general, and all inanimate objects to boot, which suggested to Mr. Brass the question, "what's the matter?"

"The key," said the dwarf, looking viciously at him,

"the door key—that's the matter. D'ye know any thing of it?"

"How should I know any thing of it, sir?" returned Mr. Brass.

"How should you," repeated Quilp, with a sneer. "You're a nice lawyer, a'n't you? Ugh, you idiot."

Not caring to represent to the dwarf, in his present humour, that the loss of a key by another person could scarcely be said to affect his (Brass's) legal knowledge in any material degree, Mr. Brass humbly suggested that it must have been forgotten over night, and was doubtless at that moment in its native keyhole. Notwithstanding that Mr. Quilp had a strong conviction to the contrary, founded on his recollection of having carefully taken it out, he was fain to admit that this was possible, and therefore went grumbling to the door where, sure enough, he found it.

Now, just as Mr. Quilp laid his hand upon the lock, and saw with great astonishment that the fastenings were undone, the knocking came again with most irritating violence, and the daylight which had been shining through the keyhole was intercepted on the outside by a human eye. The dwarf was very much exasperated, and wanting somebody to wreak his ill-humour upon, determined to dart out suddenly and favour Mrs. Quilp with a gentle acknowledgment of her attention in making that hideous uproar.

With this view he drew back the lock very silently and softly, and opening the door all at once, pounced out upon the person on the other side, who had at that moment raised the knocker for another application, and at whom the dwarf ran head first, throwing out his hands and feet together, and biting the air in the fulness of his malice.

So far, however, from rushing upon somebody who offered no resistance and implored his mercy, Mr. Quilp was no sooner in the arms of the individual whom he had taken for his wife than he found himself complimented with two staggering blows on the head, and two more, of the same quality, on the chest, and closing with his assailant, such a shower of buffets rained down upon his person as sufficed to convince him that he was in skilful and experienced hands. Nothing daunted by this reception, he clung tight to his opponent, and bit and hammered away with such good will and heartiness, that it was at least a couple of minutes before he was dislodged. Then, and not until then, Daniel Quilp found himself, all flushed and dishevelled, in the middle of the street, with Mr. Richard Swiveller performing a kind of dance round him, and inquiring to know, "whether he wanted any more?"

"There's plenty more of it at the same shop," said Mr. Swiveller, by turns advancing and retreating in a threatening attitude, "a large and extensive assortment always on hand—country orders executed with promptness and despatch—will you have a little more, sir,—don't say no, if you'd rather not."

"I thought it was somebody else," said Quilp, rubbing his shoulders, "why didn't you say who you were?"

"Why didn't you say who you were?" returned Dick, "instead of flying out of the house like a Bedlamite?"

"It was you that—that knocked," said the dwarf, getting up with a short groan, "was it?"

"Yes, I'm the man," replied Dick. "That lady had begun when I came, but she knocked too soft, so I relieved her." As he said this, he pointed towards Mrs. Quilp, who stood trembling at a little distance.

"Humph!" muttered the dwarf, darting an angry look at his wife, "I thought it was your fault. And you, sir,—don't you know there has been somebody ill here, that you knock as if you'd beat the door down?"

"Damme!" answered Dick, "that's why I did it. I thought there was somebody dead here."

"You came for some purpose, I suppose," said Quilp. "What is it you want?"

"I want to know how the old gentleman is," rejoined Mr. Swiveller, "and to hear from Nell herself, with whom I should like to have a little talk. I'm a friend of the family, sir,—at least I'm the friend of one of the family, and that's the same thing."

"You'd better walk in then," said the dwarf. "Go on, sir, go on. Now Mrs. Quilp—after you, ma'am."

Mrs. Quilp hesitated, but Mr. Quilp insisted. And it was not a contest of politeness, or by any means a matter of form, for she knew very well that her husband wished to enter the house in this order that he might have a favourable opportunity of inflicting a few pinches on her arms, which were seldom free from impressions of his fingers in black and blue colours. Mr. Swiveller, who was not in the secret, was a little surprised to hear a suppressed scream, and looking round, to see Mrs. Quilp following him with a sudden jerk, but he did not remark on these appearances, and soon forgot them.

"Now, Mrs. Quilp," said the dwarf, when they had entered the shop, "go you up stairs, if you please, to Nelly's room, and tell her that she's wanted."

"You seem to make yourself at home here," said Dick, who was unacquainted with Mr. Quilp's authority.

"I am at home, young gentleman," returned the dwarf.

Dick was pondering what these words might mean, and still more what the presence of Mr. Brass might mean, when Mrs. Quilp came hurrying down stairs, declaring that the rooms above were empty.

"Empty, you fool?" said the dwarf.

"I give you my word, Quilp," answered his trembling wife, "that I have been into every room and there's not a soul in any of them."

"And that," said Mr. Brass, clapping his hands once with an emphasis, "explains the mystery of the key!"

Quilp looked frowningly at him, and frowningly at Richard Swiveller; but receiving no enlightenment from any of them, hurried up stairs, whence he soon hurried down again, confirming the report which had been already made.

"It's a strange way of going," he said, glancing at Swiveller, "very strange not to communicate with me who am such a close and intimate friend of his. Ah! he'll write to me no doubt, or he'll bid Nelly write—yes, yes, that's what he'll do. Nelly's very fond of me. Pretty Nell!"

Mr. Swiveller looked, as he was, all open-mouthed astonishment. Still glancing furtively at him, Quilp turned to Mr. Brass and observed with assumed carelessness that this need not interfere with the removal of the goods.

"For indeed," he added, "we knew they'd go away to-day, but not that they'd go so early or so quietly. But they have their reasons, they have their reasons."

"Where in the devil's name are they gone?" said the wondering Dick.

Quilp shook his head and pursed up his lips in a manner which implied that he knew very well, but was not at liberty to say.

"And what," said Dick, looking at the confusion about him, "what do you mean by moving the goods?"

"That I have bought 'em, sir," rejoined Quilp. "Eh? What then?"

"Has the sly old fox made his fortune then, and gone to live in a tranquil cot in a pleasant spot, with a distant view of the changing sea?" said Dick, in great bewilderment.

"Keeping his place of retirement very close, that he may not be visited too often by affectionate grandsons and their devoted friends, eh?" added the dwarf, rubbing his hands hard; "I say nothing, but is that your meaning, sir?"

Richard Swiveller was utterly aghast at this unexpected alteration of circumstances, which threatened the

complete overthrow of the project in which he bore so conspicuous a part, and seemed to nip his projects in the bud. Having only received from Frederick Trent, late on the previous night, information of the old man's illness, he had come upon a visit of condolence and inquiry to Nell, prepared with the first instalment of that long train of fascinations which was to fire her heart at last. And here, when he had been thinking of all kinds of graceful and insinuating approaches, and meditating on the fearful retaliation which was slowly working against Sophy Wackles—here were Nell, the old man, and all the money gone, melted away, decamped he knew not whither, as if with a foreknowledge of the scheme and a resolution to defeat it in the very outset, before a step was taken.

In his secret heart, Daniel Quilp was both surprised and troubled by the flight which had been made. It had not escaped his keen eye that some indispensable articles of clothing were gone with the fugitives, and knowing the old man's weak state of mind, he marvelled what that course of proceeding might be in which he had so readily procured the concurrence of the child. It must not be supposed (or it would be a gross injustice to Mr. Quilp), that he was tortured by any disinterested anxiety on behalf of either. His uneasiness arose from a misgiving that the old man had some secret store of money which he had not suspected, and the bare idea of its escaping his clutches, overwhelmed him with mortification and self-reproach.

In this frame of mind, it was some consolation to him to find that Richard Swiveller, was, for different reasons, evidently irritated and disappointed by the same cause. It was plain, thought the dwarf, that he had come there on behalf of his friend, to cajole or frighten the old man out of some small fraction of that wealth of which they supposed him to have an abundance. Therefore it was a relief to vex his heart with a picture of the riches the old man hoarded, and to expatiate on his cunning in removing himself even beyond the reach of importunity.

"Well," said Dick, with a blank look, "I suppose it's of no use my staying here."

"Not the least in the world," rejoined the dwarf.

"You'll mention that I called, perhaps?" said Dick.

Mr. Quilp nodded, and said he certainly would, the very first time he saw them.

"And say," added Mr. Swiveller, "say, sir, that I was wasted here upon the pinnons of concord, that I came to remove, with the rake of friendship, the seeds of mutual violence and heart-burning, and to sow in their place the germs of social harmony. Will you have the goodness to charge yourself with the commission, sir?"

"Certainly!" rejoined Quilp.

"Will you be kind enough to add to it, sir," said Dick, producing a very small limp card, "that is my address, and that I am to be found at home every morning. Two distinct knocks, sir, will produce the slavey at any time. My particular friends, sir, are accustomed to sneeze when the door is opened to give her to understand that they are my friends, and have no interested motives in asking if I'm at home. I beg your pardon; will you allow me to look at that card again?"

"Oh! by all means," rejoined Quilp.

"By a slight and not unnatural mistake, sir," said Dick, substituting another in its stead, "I had handed you the pass-ticket of a select convivial circle, called the Glorious Apollers, of which I have the honour to be Perpetual Grand. That is the proper document, sir. Good morning."

Quilp bade him good day; the perpetual Grand Master of the Glorious Apollers, elevating his hat in honour of Mrs. Quilp, dropped it carelessly on the side of his head again, and disappeared with a flourish.

By this time certain vans had arrived for the convey-

ance of goods, and divers strong men in carpet caps were balancing chests of drawers and other trifles of that nature upon their heads, and performed muscular feats which heightened their complexions considerably. Not to be behind hand in the bustle, Mr. Quilp went to work with surprising vigour; bustling and driving the people about, like an evil spirit; setting Mrs. Quilp upon all kinds of arduous and impracticable tasks; carrying great weights up and down with no apparent effort; kicking the boy from the wharf whenever he could get near him; and inflicting with loads a great many sly bumps and blows upon the shoulders of Mr. Brass, as he stood upon the door steps to answer the inquiries of curious neighbours, which was his department. His presence and example diffused such alacrity among the persons employed, that in a few hours the house was emptied of every thing, but pieces of matting, empty porter-pots, and scattered fragments of straw.

Seated, like an African chief, on one of those pieces of matting, the dwarf was regaling himself in the parlour with bread and cheese and beer, when he observed, without appearing to do so, that a boy was prying in at the outer door. Assured that it was Kit, though he saw little more than his nose, Mr. Quilp hailed him by his name; whereupon Kit came in and demanded what he wanted.

"Come here, you air," said the dwarf. "Well, so your old master and young mistress have gone."

"Where?" rejoined Kit, looking round.

"Do you mean to say you don't know where?" answered Quilp sharply. "Where have they gone, eh?"

"I don't know," said Kit.

"Come," retorted Quilp, "let's have no more of this. Do you mean to say that you don't know they went away by stealth as soon as it was light this morning?"

"No," said the boy, in evident surprise.

"You don't know that?" cried Quilp. "Don't I know that you were hanging about the house the other night like a thief, eh? Weren't you told then?"

"No," replied the boy.

"You were not?" said Quilp. "What were you told, then, what were you talking about?"

Kit, who knew no particular reason why he should keep the matter secret now, related the purpose for which he had come on that occasion and the proposal he had made.

"Oh!" said the dwarf, after a little consideration. "Then I think they'll come to you yet."

"Do you think they will?" cried Kit eagerly.

"Aye, I think they will," returned the dwarf. "Now, when they do, let me know, d'ye hear? Let me know, and I'll give you something. I want to do 'em a kindness, and I can't do 'em a kindness unless I know where they are. You hear what I say?"

Kit might have returned some answer which would not have been agreeable to his irascible questioner, if the boy from the wharf, who had been skulking about the room in search of any thing that might have been left about by accident, had not happened to cry, "Here's a bird. What's to be done with this?"

"Wring its neck," replied Quilp.

"Oh no, don't do that," said Kit, stepping forward. "Give it to me."

"Oh yes, I dare say," cried the other boy. "Come, you let the cage alone, and let me wring its neck will you. He said I was to do it. You let the cage alone will you."

"Give it here, give it to me, you dogs," roared Quilp. "Fight for it, you dogs, or I'll wring its neck myself."

Without further persuasion, the two boys fell upon each other tooth and nail, while Quilp holding up the cage in one hand, and chopping the ground with his knife in an ecstasy, urged them on by his taunts and cries to fight more fiercely. They were a pretty equal match, and

rolled about together exchanging blows which were by no means child's play, until at length Kit, planting a well directed hit in his adversary's chest disengaged himself, sprang nimbly up, and snatching the cage from Quilp's hand made off with his prize.

He didn't stop once until he reached home, where his bleeding face occasioned great consternation, and caused the elder child to howl dreadfully.

"Goodness gracious, Kit, what is the matter? what have you been doing?" cried Mrs. Nubbles.

"Never you mind, mother," answered her son, wiping his face on the jack towel behind the door. "I'm not hurt, don't you be afraid for me. I've been a fightin' for a bird and won him, that's all. Hold your noise little Jacob. I never see such a naughty boy in all my days."

"You have been fighting for a bird!" exclaimed his mother.

"Aye! fightin' for a bird," replied Kit, "and here he is—Miss Nelly's bird, mother, that they was a goin' to wring the neck of. I stopped that though,—ha! ha! ha! They wouldn't wring his neck and me by; no, no. It wouldn't do, mother, it wouldn't do at all. Ha! ha! ha!"

Kit laughing so heartily, with his swollen and bruised face looking out of the towel, made little Jacob laugh, and then his mother laughed, and then the baby crowed and kicked with great glee, and then they all laughed in concert, partly because of Kit's triumph, and partly because they were very fond of each other. When this fit was over, Kit exhibited the bird to both children as a great and precious rarity—it was only a poor linnet—and looking about the wall for an old nail, made a scaffold of a chair and table, and twisted it out with great exultation.

"Let me see," said the boy, "I think I'll hang him in the winder, because it's more light and cheerful, and he can see the sky there, if he looks up very much. He's such a one to sing, I can tell you."

So the scaffolding was made again, and Kit, climbing up with the poker for a hammer, knocked in the nail and hung up the cage, to the immeasurable delight of the whole family. When it had been adjusted and straightened a great many times, and he had walked backwards into the fire-place in his admiration of it, the arrangement was pronounced to be perfect.

"And now, mother," said the boy, "before I rest any more, I'll go out and see if I can find a horse to hold, and then I can buy some birdseed, and a bit of something nice for you, into the bargain."

CHAPTER XIV.

As it was very easy for Kit to persuade himself that the old house was in his way, his way being any where, he tried to look upon his passing it once more, as a matter of imperative and disagreeable necessity, quite apart from any desire of his own, to which he could not choose but yield. It is not uncommon for people who are much better fed and taught than Christopher Nubbles had ever been, to make duties of their inclinations in matters of more doubtful propriety, and to take great credit for the self-denial with which they gratify themselves.

There was no need of any caution this time, and no fear of being detained by having to play out a return match with Daniel Quilp's boy. The place was entirely deserted, and looked as dusty and dingy as if it had been so for months. A rusty padlock was fastened on the door, ends of discoloured blinds and curtains flapped drearily against the half-opened upper windows, and the crooked holes cut in the closed shutters below, were black with the darkness of the inside. Some of the glass in the window he had so often watched, had been broken in the rough hurry of the

morning, and that room looked more deserted and dull than any. A group of idle urchins had taken possession of the door-step; some were plying the knocker, and listening with delighted dread to the hollow sounds it spread through the dismantled house; others were clustered about the keyhole, watching half in jest and half in earnest for "the ghost," which an hour's gloom, added to the mystery that hung about the late inhabitants, had already raised. Standing all alone in the midst of the business and bustle of the street, the house looked a picture of cold desolation; and Kit, who remembered the cheerful fire that used to burn there on a winter's night, and the no less cheerful laugh that made the small room ring, turned quite mournfully away.

It must be especially observed in justice to poor Kit, that he was by no means of a sentimental turn, and perhaps had never heard that adjective in all his life. He was only a soft-hearted grateful fellow, and had nothing genteel or polite about him; consequently instead of going home again in his grief to kick the children and abuse his mother (for when your finely strung people are out of sorts they must have every body else unhappy likewise,) he turned his thoughts to the vulgar expedient of making them more comfortable if he could.

Bless us, what a number of gentlemen on horseback there were riding up and down, and how few of them wanted their horses held! A good city speculator or a parliamentary commissioner could have told to a fraction, from the crowds that were centering about, what sum of money was realized in London in the course of a year by holding horses alone. And undoubtedly it would have been a very large one, if only a twentieth part of the gentlemen without grooms had had occasion to alight; but they hadn't; and it is often an ill-natured circumstance like this, which spoils the most ingenious estimate in the world.

Kit walked about, now with quick steps and now with slow; now lingering as some rider slackened his horse's pace and looked about him; and now darting at full speed up a by-street as he caught the glimpse of some distant horseman going lazily up the shady side of the road, and promising to stop at every door. But on they all went, one after another, and there was not a penny stirring. "I wonder," thought the boy, "if one of these gentlemen knew there was nothing in the cupboard at home, whether he'd stop on purpose, and make believe that he wanted to call somewhere; that I might earn a trifle?"

He was quite tired out with pacing the streets, to say nothing of repeated disappointments, and was sitting down upon a step to rest, when there approached towards him a little clattering jingle four-wheeled chaise, drawn by a little obstinate looking rough-coated poney, and driven by a little fat placid-faced old gentleman. Beside the little old gentleman sat a little old lady, plump and placid like himself, and the poney was coming along at his own pace and doing exactly as he pleased with the whole concern. If the old gentleman remonstrated by shaking the reins, the poney replied by shaking his head. It was plain that the utmost the poney would consent to do, was to go in his own way up any street that the old gentleman particularly wished to traverse, but that it was an understanding between them that he must do this after his own fashion or not at all.

As they passed where he sat, Kit looked so wistfully at the little turn-out, that the old gentleman looked at him, and Kit rising and putting his hand to his hat, the old gentleman intimated to the poney that he wished to stop, to which proposal the poney (who seldom objected to that part of his duty) graciously acceded.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Kit. "I'm sorry you stopped, sir. I only meant did you want your horse minded."

"I am going to get down in the next street," returned the old gentleman. "If you like to come on after us, you may have the job."

Kit thanked him, and joyfully obeyed. The poney ran off at a sharp angle to inspect a lamp-post on the opposite side of the way, and then went off at a tangent to another lamp-post on the other side. Having satisfied himself that they were of the same pattern and materials, he came to a stop, apparently absorbed in meditation.

"Will you go on, sir," said the old gentleman, gravely, "or are we to wait here for you till it's too late for our appointment?"

The poney remained immovable.

"Oh you naughty Whisker," said the old lady, "fie upon you! I am ashamed of such conduct."

The poney appeared to be touched by this appeal to his feelings, for he trotted on directly, though in a sulky manner, and stopped no more until he came to a door where was a brass plate with the words "Witherden—Notary." Here the old gentleman got out and helped the old lady, and then took from under the seat a nosegay resembling in shape and dimensions, a full sized warming-pan with the handle cut short off. This, the old lady carried into the house with a staid and stately air, and the old gentleman (who had a club-foot) followed close upon her.

They went, as it was easy to tell from the sound of their voices, into the front parlour, which seemed to be a kind of office. The day being very warm, and the street a quiet one, the windows were wide open, and it was easy to hear through the Venetian blinds all that passed inside.

At first there was a great shaking of hands and shuffling of feet, succeeded by the presentation of the nosegay, for a voice, supposed by the listener, to be that of Mr. Witherden, the notary, was heard to exclaim a great many times, "oh, delicious! oh, fragrant, indeed!" and a nose, also supposed to be the property of that gentleman, was heard to inhale the scent with a snuffle of exceeding pleasure.

"I brought it in honour of the occasion, sir," said the old lady.

"Ah! an occasion which does honour to me, ma'am, honour to me," rejoined Mr. Witherden, the notary. "I have had many a gentleman articulated to me, ma'am, many a one. Some of them are now rolling in riches, unmindful of their old companion and friend, ma'am, others are in the habit of calling upon me to this day, saying, Mr. Witherden, some of the pleasantest hours I ever spent in my life were spent in this office—were spent, sir, upon this very stool; but there was never one among the number, ma'am, attached as I have been to many of them, of whom I augured such bright things as I do of your only son."

"Oh dear!" said the old lady. "How happy you do make us, when you tell us that, to be sure!"

"I tell you, ma'am," said Mr. Witherden, "what I think as an honest man, which, as the poet observes, is the noblest work of God. I agree with the poet in every particular, ma'am. The mountainous Alps on the one hand, or a humming-bird on the other, is nothing, in point of workmanship to an honest man—or woman."

"Any thing that Mr. Witherden can say of me," observed a small quiet voice, "I can say with interest of him, I am sure."

"It's a happy circumstance, a truly happy circumstance," said the notary, "to happen, too, upon his eight-and-twentieth birth day, and I hope I know how to appreciate it. I trust, Mr. Garland, my dear sir, that we may mutually congratulate ourselves upon this auspicious occasion."

To this the old gentleman replied that he felt assured they might. There appeared to be another shaking of hands in consequence, and when it was over, the old gen-

tleman said that though he said it who should not, he believed that no son had ever been a greater comfort to his parents than Abel Garland had been to his.

"Marrying as his mother and I did, late in life, sir, after waiting for a great many years until we were well enough off—coming together when we were no longer young, and then being blessed with one child who has always been dutiful and affectionate—why, it's a source of great happiness to us both, sir."

"Of course it is, I have no doubt of it," returned the notary in a sympathizing voice. "It's the contemplation of this sort of thing, that makes me deplore my fate in being a bachelor. There was a young lady once, the daughter of an outfitting warehouse of the first respectability—but that's a weakness. Chuckster, bring in Mr. Abel's articles."

"You see, Mr. Witherden," said the old lady, "that Abel has not been brought up like the run of young men. He has always had a pleasure in our society, and always been with us. Abel has never been absent from us, for a day; has he my dear?"

"Never, my dear," returned the old gentleman, "except when he went to Margate one Saturday with Mr. Tomkinley that had been a teacher at that school he went to, and came back upon the Monday; but he was very ill after that, you remember, my dear; it was quite a dissipation."

"He was not used to it, you know," said the old lady, "and he couldn't bear it, that's the truth. Besides he had no comfort in being there without us, and had nobody to talk to or enjoy himself with."

"That was it, you know," interposed the same small quiet voice that had spoken once before. "I was quite abroad, mother, quite desolate, and to think that the sea was between us—oh, I never shall forget what I felt when I first thought that the sea was between us!"

"Very natural under the circumstances," observed the notary. "Mr. Abel's feelings did credit to his nature, and credit to your nature, ma'am, and his father's nature: I trace the same current now, flowing through all his quiet and unobtrusive proceedings. I am about to sign my name, you observe, at the foot of the articles which Mr. Chuckster will witness; and, placing my finger upon this blue wafer with the vandyked corners, I am constrained to remark in a distinct tone of voice—don't be alarmed, ma'am, it is merely a form of law—that I deliver this as my act and deed. Mr. Abel will place his name against the other wafer, repeating the same cabalistic words, and the business is over. Ha! ha! ha! You see how easily these things are done!"

There was a short silence, apparently, while Mr. Abel went through the prescribed form, and the shaking of hands and shuffling of feet were renewed, and shortly afterwards there was a clinking of wine-glasses and a great talkativeness on the part of every body. In about a quarter of an hour Mr. Chuckster (with a pen behind his ear and his face inflamed with wine) appeared at the door, and condescending to address Kit by the jocosse appellation of "Young Snob," informed him that the visitors were coming out.

Out they came forthwith; Mr. Witherden, who was short, chubby, fresh-coloured, brisk, and pompous, and the father and son following them, arm in arm. Mr. Abel, who had a quaint old-fashioned air about him, looked nearly of the same age as his father, and bore a wonderful resemblance to him in face and figure, though wanting something of his full, round, cheerfulness, and substituting in its place a timid reserve. In all other respects, in the neatness of the dress, and even in the club-foot, he and the old gentleman were precisely alike.

Having seen the old lady safely in her seat, and assisted in the arrangement of her cloak and a small basket which formed an indispensable portion of her equipage, Mr. Abel

got into a little box behind which had evidently been made for his express accommodation, and smiled at every body present by turns, beginning with his mother and ending with the pony. There was then a great to-do to make the pony hold up his head that the bearing-rein might be fastened; at last even this was effected; and the old gentleman, taking his seat and the reins, put his hand in his pocket to find a sixpence for Kit.

He had no sixpences, neither had the old lady, nor Mr. Abel, nor the notary, nor Mr. Chuckster. The old gentleman thought a shilling too much, but there was no shop in the street to get change at, so he gave it to the boy.

"There," he said jokingly, "I'm coming here again next Monday at the same time, and mind your're here, my lad, to work it out."

"Thank you, sir," said Kit. "I'll be sure to be here." He was quite serious, but they all laughed heartily at his saying so, especially Mr. Chuckster, who roared 'out-right and appeared to relish the joke amazingly. As the pony, with a presentiment that he was going home, or a determination that he was not going any where else (which was the same thing) trotted away pretty nimbly, Kit had no time to justify himself, and went his way also. Having expended his treasure in such purchases as he knew would be most acceptable at home, not forgetting some seed for the wonderful bird, he hastened back as fast as he could, so elated with his success and great good fortune, that he more than half expected Nell and the old man would have arrived before him.

(To be continued.)

From the United Service Journal.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EXPEDITION TO THE CHESAPEAKE, AND AGAINST NEW ORLEANS, IN THE YEARS 1814-15.

[Continued from the April No.]

About the same time that our people fired the Capitol, a tremendous blaze, followed by a loud explosion, was observed in the direction of the Navy-yard. This proved to be the work of the Americans, who, to prevent our obtaining possession of a fine frigate, nearly ready for launching, and a large sloop-of-war (the *Argus*), mounting twenty thirty-two pounders, and completely fitted out for sea, set fire to, and destroyed them. A detachment of light infantry and seamen was sent to dismantle the fort at Greenleaf Point—in accomplishing which, a serious accident occurred. The Americans had thrown a quantity of gunpowder into a dry well-hole, and, either through accident or design, some fire reached it, when it blew up, killing ten or a dozen, and wounding about thirty of our officers and men.

The Presidential residence, which is situated beneath the Capitol Hill, and which, according to evidence given before the Committee of Investigation subsequently appointed by Congress, had been converted into a military post, and, before we entered the city, was garrisoned by a company of infantry, with two pieces of artillery, was next given to the flames, and a similar fate befel an extensive edifice, used for the business of the War Office and the Treasury. Rear-Admiral Cockburn wished to set fire to the printing-office of the National Intelligencer, the Government paper, edited by a Mr. Gales, a subject of Great Britain, who, like all renegades, had out-heroded Herod in his abuse of his countrymen; but on being told that by doing so the adjoining houses would probably be sacrificed, it was spared. The types, printing presses, &c., of the establishment were, however, broken up on the following morning, when the work of destruction was completed.

by the conflagration of the Secretary of State's Office, the buildings and rope-making materials, &c., on three extensive rope-walks, a large collection of small arms, and, finally, the long bridge across the main branch of the Potomac. The Americans had previously rendered the lower bridge over the eastern branch impassable. Upwards of 200 pieces of ordnance, of different calibres, were spiked, or otherwise made useless, in the arsenal.

All this was done by the light troops and a few seamen, forming the advance of an army, whose whole effective strength did not exceed 3500 men, within view of an American "force of more than 4000 combatants,"* posted upon the heights of Georgetown, which may almost be called a part of the city of Washington, being only separated from it by Rock Creek, an unimportant stream, over which there is a bridge.

The destruction—excepting only the two houses, from one of which General Ross was fired upon—it will be observed, was strictly confined to public buildings and property; and the following is the American official estimate of their value, as published by order of Congress, in the session 1814-15:

American estimate of Public Property destroyed at Washington.

The Committee appointed by the American Congress to inquire into the circumstances attending the capture of Washington, and the destruction consequent on that event, after giving a statement of the operations in the Navy-yard, report the following estimate of the public property destroyed:

The Capitol, including all costs	\$787,163
President's house	234,334
Public Offices	93,613
	<hr/>
	\$1,115,110

But the committee remark, as the walls of the Capitol and President's house are good, they suppose that the sum of \$460,000 will be sufficient to place the buildings in the situation they were in previous to their destruction.

The losses sustained in the Navy-yard are thus estimated:

In movable property	\$417,745
In buildings and fixtures	91,425.
	<hr/>
	\$509,170

The committee then proceed to the recapitulation of the losses in the Navy-yard, with an estimate of the real losses. After deducting the value recovered from the original value of the articles, the total amount is 417,745 dollars 51 cents.

The original value of the articles destroyed, was 678,219 dollars 71 cents, of which 260,465 dollars and 20 cents value were recovered in anchors, musket-barrels, locks, copper, timber, &c.

With one or two exceptions, the American newspapers, and other writers, acknowledged that their conquerors showed "the most inviolable respect for private property," and that "no peaceable citizen was molested."† Even Mr. Gales, the Editor of the Government organ already referred to, had an article to that effect in his publication of the 30th of August, but on the following day he thus qualified it:—"When we remarked, in our paper of yesterday, that private property had, in general, been scrupulously respected by the enemy during his late incursion, we spoke what we believed from a hasty survey, and perhaps without sufficient inquiry. Greater respect was certainly paid to private property than has usually been exhibited by the enemy in his marauding parties. No houses were half as much plundered by the enemy as by

the knavish wretches about the town, who profited by the general distress. There were, however, several private buildings wantonly destroyed, and some of those persons who remained in the city were scandalously maltreated." This was evidently an afterthought, or suggestion from some quarter. It was relished, however, and copied, with additions, into another Washington journal, and from thence, of course, found its way into nearly all the newspapers in the Union. But the vile calumny was promptly exposed; and let our "United Service" bear in honourable memory the American Editor, who, with the honest love of justice and liberal feeling which ever distinguish a brave enemy, had the moral courage to vindicate their conduct. Here are his words:—"The list of plunder and destruction, copied from a vile and libellous print of that city (Washington) into several Federal papers, is a gross and abominable fabrication, known to be such by every inhabitant. Most of the plunder was committed by the rabble of the place, fostered among the citizens; and from whose villany no place is free in times of peril and relaxation of law. The British army, it is no more than justice to say, preserved a moderation and discipline, with respect to private persons and property, unexampled in the annals of war."* The reader, wherever his "father land" may be, will feel that a single word more on the above subject would be *de trop*.

At eight o'clock, on the evening of the 25th of August, the rearguard of our troops moved out of Washington. Our route lay once more through Bladensburg, where, by the exertions of Assistant-Commissary-General Lawrence, arrangements had been made for transporting such of the wounded as could bear removal to our "wooden walls." About a score of vehicles, of various descriptions, and forty or fifty horses, with saddles, or some sort of substitute, were assembled for this service. At Bladensburg we also found that our indefatigable Commissary had congregated upwards of sixty head of cattle—a very seasonable supply of fresh meat. By a singular coincidence, the agent for British prisoners of war resided at Bladensburg, and, of course, under his particular care were placed Colonel Thornton, of the 85th, and the other officers and men, the severity of whose wounds rendered their safe removal impossible. At an early hour on the morning of the 26th, we moved from Bladensburg on our return to Benedict; our "cattle" in front, closely followed by vehicles, &c., with the wounded. The route to the cross-roads, near Upper Marlborough, was something shorter than that taken on our advance, but from thence we had only deliberately to retrace our footsteps to Benedict, which place we reached on the evening of the 29th, and the following day re-embarked. During this most leisurely retreat, not a single musket-shot was fired at us, nor did we even see an armed enemy; albeit, the writer of these Recollections (and probably many of his brother officers) was "confidentially" assured, whilst at Washington, that we should find the "rifle waiting in the bush, front, flank, and rear, on our line of march to our ships!"

A great number of negroes, delighted at the unhopd-for freedom our expedition had placed within their reach, followed the army from Washington, and were, of course, received on board the fleet. Some of these were engaged as private servants by officers, and the remainder were sent off to Tangier Island, in the Chesapeake, which had been taken possession of by Rear-Admiral Cockburn, and used as a depot for such of these poor refugees as, from time to time, made their escape to our ships. Perfect freedom—that freedom which the vaunted "Land of Liberty" denied them—was guaranteed to all: indeed, the fact is, that many of these poor fellows, after voluntarily serving for a few months in a sort of provisional battalion,

* Wilkinson's Memoire, vol. i. p. 791.

† Columbian Sentinel, Aug. 31, 1814.

* Georgetown Paper, Sept. 8, 1814.

called the "Colonial Marines," obtained grants of land in Upper Canada, where they and their descendants are now happy and loyal settlers, and, at the period of the late frontier disturbances there, came forward, "good men and true," to resist all Yankee "Sympathisers" to the death.

Some of these "niggers," as they called themselves, possessed infinitely more sense and judgment than their late owners gave them credit for, and had, withal, no small sprinkling of fun and humour in their composition. In order, if possible, to prevent or check their desertion from the plantations, it was boldly asserted in the American papers that, as fast as they reached our ships, they were sent off to the West Indies, "where they were sold as slaves for the benefit of British Officers!" This, be it observed, was not a mere newspaper "lie of the day," meant to answer the object of the moment, for Mr. O'Connor has transferred it, in all its unblushing enormity, into his veracious work, yclept "A History of the War,"* &c. The negro saw clearly enough, however, that at the worst he only risked a change of taskmasters; and more than one of them observed, "S'pose you sell me to West Injee planter to-day, what difference 'tween 'dat an' Yankee sell me to Carolina planter to-morrow?" But they never had any fears on the subject, and, consequently, the current of slave emigration continued to flow in the direction of our ships and of Tangier Island. This plan proving a failure, the Editor of the Norfolk Herald published the following sublime effusion on the cruelty of giving freedom to a slave:—"To take cattle, or other stock, would be consistent with the usage of civilized warfare; but to take negroes, who are human beings—to tear them for ever from their kindred and connexions—is what we never should expect from a Christian nation, especially one that has done so much to abolish the slave trade. There are negroes in Virginia, and, we believe, in all the Southern States, who have their interests and affections as strongly engrafted in their hearts as the whites, and who feel the sacred ties of filial, parental, and conjugal affection equally strong, and who are warmly attached to their owners and the scenes of their nativity. To those, no inducement which the enemy could offer would be sufficient to tempt them away. To drag them away, then, by force would be the greatest cruelty. Yet it is reserved for England, who boasts of her religion and love of humanity, to practise this piece of cruelty, so repugnant to the dictates of Christianity and civilization." This splendid specimen of Yankee "slangwhanging," combining in an unparalleled degree the quintessence of brazen impudence, gross humbug, and the most outrageous lying on record, Mr. O'Connor has also preserved in his "work," just referred to;† pity it should have escaped Mr. Fenimore Cooper's anxious research!

At the close of the war all these refugee negroes were, under some stipulation of the Treaty of Ghent, paid for by our Government—on what principle it appears difficult to guess.

The "niggers" soon made themselves prime favourites amongst our soldiers and sailors, whom they amused every evening with their songs and dances, of which they performed a regular "round," beginning with

Who 'tote de pigeon pie,
An' hid 'im in de bag o' rye?

and concluding with jumping and singing the original "Jini Crow," *en masse*.

A juvenile shoe-black, by name Julius Cæsar, had picked up a verse of a song, which he said his "old massa," a

lavern-keeper at Bladensburg, had "made," and which the young rogue sung with much unction. It is rich:

Come on, ye barbarians! that sacked Saint Sebastian,
We'll teach you to fight on the Chesapeake's shores;
Prepared to meet death at the gallant suggestion
Of our children, and wives, and the girls we adore—!

From Benedict our ships dropped down the Patuxent to its mouth, with as little obstruction as we had ascended the river—that is, none at all.

Once more afloat on the broad waters of the Chesapeake, where our next "dash" was to be made, naturally became the subject of conjecture and conversation, both amongst red and blue jackets. Many were of opinion that a descent upon some part of the undefended eastern shore of Long Island was in contemplation. The plan was feasible enough, and held out many prospects of advantage. The demonstration alone, in that quarter, must have had the effect of creating a powerful diversion in favour of our forces in the Canadas. By forced marches across the island, Brooklyn, with its navy-yard, would, probably, without much difficulty, have fallen into our hands, and from the high cliffs of that place we could have given the New Yorkers a few "notions" of the inconvenience a war with the "Britishers" brought in its train. The diversion in favour of the Canadas was, however, the great object in view—not from any fear of the enemy succeeding in his ultimate designs in that quarter, but to render the continuance of the war there less onerous to England—for every round shot fired in the Upper Provinces cost the nation no less a sum than five pounds! That it was at one time seriously intended, by those in command, to take the expedition to Long Island, and effect a landing there, the writer of these Recollections knows from high authority; but, in an evil hour, their purpose was changed, and, instead of proceeding to sea, the fleet stood up the Chesapeake, in the direction of the Patapsco.

Before entering on the details of the Baltimore affair, it may be as well to explain more fully the "project" before referred to, as in some degree connected with the destruction of the public buildings in Washington.

Amongst the many dangers to which the American Republic must always be exposed in a war with Great Britain, not the least is that of a split amongst themselves, and consequent break-up of their Federal Union. The slave question is a wedge strong enough to effect this at any time; but we could employ another, nearly as powerful. The last war proved most ruinous to the shipping and mercantile interests of the New England States—for what compensation was it to the merchant or ship-owner, whom our cruisers had despoiled of his all, that a few British prizes were captured, and, now and then, brought safely into American ports? The farmers in the Western States, however, obtained high prices for the beef, pork, flour, &c., supplied to their troops, dockyards, ships-of-war, &c., and were too far removed from the coast to suffer any inconvenience from our expeditions. They, therefore, wished the war to continue. Not so the New Englanders; they, on the contrary, began to cast about to see how they could best extricate themselves from the strait into which the mad policy of Mr. Madison and the General Government had driven them. The inhabitants of the island of Nantucket made an overture to our commander-in-chief to remain perfectly neutral during the war, excluding the armed vessels of both belligerents from their harbours, whilst, in another quarter, a far more extensive scheme of "nullification" was seriously set on foot, and began to make rapid progress amongst some of the most respectable and influential inhabitants of New England. This was to separate the Northern and Eastern from the Southern and Western States, to establish a limited monarchy in the first-named States, placing one of our

* *Vide the véridique work* in question, p. 183.
† *History of the War*, p. 185.

princes of the blood on the throne, and strengthening the new transatlantic kingdom by an alliance, offensive and defensive, with England. The Treaty of Ghent put a stop to the correspondence which was in active progress on this subject, BUT THAT CORRESPONDENCE IS STILL IN EXISTENCE; and, however improbable it may appear to Yankee pride, were a war to break out again between us, something similar would occur before the "United States" were two years older. The destruction of the public buildings at the nominal seat of the Federal Government, it was conceived, would indirectly, if not directly, forward the views of the New England separatists.

The city of Baltimore is situated at the head of a narrow inlet on the left bank of the Patapsco river, some fifteen or sixteen miles from the Chesapeake Bay. Its population, at the period of the events now described, was about 20,000. Surrounded by a chain of hills, of which that called Clinkapin Hill, on the east, is the key, it is capable of opposing a powerful resistance to an attacking army, so long as its defenders can maintain possession of the whole of the chain; but this, from its extent, would require an immense force; whilst Clinkapin once in an enemy's hands, the city must be completely at his mercy. The approach by water is defended by a strong work, called Fort M'Henry, situated upon the point of a peninsula, forming the south side of the harbour, which, at its entrance, is only half a mile wide. This entrance was closed by a barrier of vessels sunk at its mouth, defended inside by gunboats, and, on the north, by a battery mounting several heavy guns. It was the universal belief of the inhabitants of Baltimore that our army would have marched across the country from Washington, from which it was only thirty-five miles distant, and attacked them from the rear, whilst the fleet assailed them from the river. Had such an attempt been made, the result of the Bladensburg affair shows that it might probably have succeeded; but certainly the force at General Ross's disposal by no means justified so hazardous an undertaking.

On the evening of the 11th September the fleet came to anchor off North Point, on the left bank of the Patapsco, and about thirteen miles distant from Baltimore. At day-break on the following morning the troops commenced their disembarkation, which was effected, without any opposition, at an early hour. The whole force landed, including the Colonial (black) Marines, detachments of Marines from the ships, and 600 seamen, did not amount to 3300 rank and file.

The country between North Point and Baltimore is a sort of peninsula, formed by the Patapsco and Black rivers, and generally three miles, though, in some places not more than half a mile, in breadth. At Humphrey's Creek, three miles from North Point, we found a line of intrenchments, and an *abatis*, extending about three-quarters of a mile from that creek to Black river. Here we came upon a fatigue party of the enemy, busily employed in strengthening this position, which he, however, abandoned on the first appearance of our advance, and, without firing a shot, allowed us quietly to make prisoners of half a dozen dragoons, forming a portion of his covering party. Our prisoners, indeed, did not appear to be at all annoyed by their captivity: theirs was a volunteer cavalry corps; they were the sons of opulent merchants of Baltimore, and being dashing fellows, after their fashion, looked forward to a trip to England, as prisoners of war, on parole, as a very pleasure-promising affair. Sad was their disappointment when told that Halifax, Nova Scotia, would most probably be their destination.

Two miles beyond Humphrey's Creek our route lay through a country densely wooded. *Eclairciers* were, of course, thrown out in front, and on each flank; but such was the nature of the ground and cover that an enemy could remain concealed in it within a few yards of any but

an Indian's eye. General Ross and Admiral Cockburn were both with the light troops in front, when, at a sudden turning in the road, a corps of the enemy was observed, his right supported by a wood on our left, into which it extended, and at the same moment a fire was opened upon our advance by these troops, and from half a dozen rifles in a copse a little to our right. One volley from our light infantry, followed by a steady forward movement, sent the enemy to the right about; but the gallant Ross had received his death-wound! A ball had passed through his arm into his breast, and he died while on his way to the boats at North Point. Much has been said at Baltimore, and in the country for many miles around that place, about the "man" and the "rifle" that killed the "British General;" indeed the honour of the feat has been claimed by at least half a hundred pretenders, and rifles innumerable have been shown, each being the "identical one as did it;" but the fact is, that, whether the shot which deprived us of our invaluable commander was a chance one, or otherwise, the Americans knew nothing of General Ross's death until they received the intelligence from us.

The command now devolved upon Colonel Brooke, of the 44th regiment, and the main body of our troops having come up, the whole continued to press onward for about two miles further, when we discovered a body of the enemy, apparently 6000 or 7000 strong, with six pieces of artillery and some cavalry. This part of the enemy's army, we afterwards learned, was under the command of General Stricker. His right leaned upon a wood, which was full of his riflemen, and in front was a strong "snake," or "zig-zag" fence, or paling, made of heavy wooden rails. The creeks and inlets of the Patapsco and Black rivers run to within a short distance of each other at this point, which consequently left the American general but a very contracted position to defend with his masses.

Our order of attack was speedily decided upon, and carried into effect, as follows: The light brigade, consisting of the 85th light infantry and the light companies of the 4th, 21st, and 44th regiments, were thrown out in front, completely covering us, and driving in the enemy's skirmishers. The 4th regiment, under Major Faunce, after making a short *détour* through some ravines, which General Stricker had neglected to occupy, gained a position close upon his left flank. The remainder of the right brigade, consisting of the 44th regiment, the marines of the fleet, and a detachment of seamen, was formed in line facing the enemy, whilst the left brigade, comprising the 21st regiment, the 2d battalion of marines, and a detachment of ship marines, was halted in open column of companies, on the road, a little to the rear, ready to deploy and act as circumstances might require. Every thing being prepared, the order to advance was given, and in little more than ten minutes the Americans fled in every direction, leaving behind them two field-pieces and a great number of killed and wounded. We also made several prisoners here, and at the post of the "meeting-house," situated in the wood already described. Mr. Thompson accounts for the discomfiture of his countrymen as follows: "The 51st, which was ordered to open upon the enemy, (the 4th,) in his attempt to turn the rest of the line, delivered a loose fire, immediately broke, fled precipitately from its ground, and in such confusion that every effort to rally it proved ineffectual. The 2d battalion of the 39th was thrown into disorder by the flight of the 51st, and some of its companies gave way, &c. &c."

The troops being much fatigued, and evening rapidly approaching, we halted for the night on the ground from whence we had driven the enemy. At sunrise on the morning of the 13th, leaving a small guard at the meeting-

house, to protect the wounded, we again moved toward Baltimore, and took up a good position within a mile and a half of its suburbs. From hence the defences of the place were plainly visible. On the chain of hills surrounding it the enemy had constructed a series of palisaded redoubts, connected by a breast-work: these, however, were evidently in a very unfinished state in many places. Clinkapin Hill lay directly in our front; there was an entrenched camp, bristling with artillery. From observation, and all the information that could be collected, there were within these works from 15,000 to 20,000 men.

Notwithstanding this immense disparity of force, and the commanding position they occupied, Colonel Brooke made arrangements for an attack upon Clinkapin in the night of the 13th; but during the evening having received a communication from Sir Alexander Cochrane, commander-in-chief of the naval forces, stating the impossibility of any co-operation from the fleet, and that he "considered an attack upon the enemy's strong position, by the army only, might risk a greater loss than the possession of the town would compensate for, while, holding in view the ulterior operations of this force, in the contemplation of his majesty's government,"* he at once relinquished his intention.

It has been asserted, and not without sufficient grounds, that Sir Alexander Cochrane either actually did, or was perfectly determined to, issue positive orders to Colonel Brooke, to withdraw and re-embark the troops, had that officer been disposed to dispute his suggestion; and it is certain that his doing so must have placed the colonel in a very unpleasant dilemma; feeling, as he naturally did, the heavy responsibility that had so suddenly and unexpectedly fallen upon him. Yet, it was the universal belief throughout our little army, that had General Ross survived, Baltimore would have been in our possession within two hours of our arrival at the foot of Clinkapin Hill. Our retreat was, in truth, a "God-send," quite unhopd for by the Americans, who, as the author of these papers afterwards learned at Baltimore, never expected to maintain their defences against our assault, and had actually made preparations to destroy the Java frigate, and the Erie and Ontario sloops, lying in the harbour, to prevent their falling into our hands: and as regards "naval co-operation," it is well known that the commanders of the Severn, Euryalus, Havannah, and Hebrus frigates, volunteered to lighten their ships, and lay them close alongside of Fort M'Henry, the possession of which would have placed the city in our power. There can be little doubt, however, but the anxiety to engage in the "ulterior operations in contemplation," was the real cause of the withdrawal of the troops from before Baltimore.

At half-past one, on the morning of the 14th, we commenced our retreat, but, like disappointed bull-dogs, only retiring three miles from the position we had occupied: in the course of the afternoon we moved three or four miles further, and took up our ground for the night. At a late hour on the morning of the 15th, we continued our march to North Point, and re-embarked, not leaving a single straggler behind, and taking with us 200 prisoners, persons of the best families in the city. Not the slightest molestation was offered to us by the enemy, from the moment we showed a disposition to break up from under their position; to use the words of Admiral Cockburn, in his report to Sir Alexander Cochrane, he "in spite of his superiority of numbers, did not even venture to look at us during the slow and deliberate retreat."

Our loss in this affair amounted to one general officer, one subaltern, two sergeants, and thirty-five rank and file killed; seven captains, four subalterns, eleven sergeants,

and 229 rank and file wounded. As at Bladensburg, a great number of our men were wounded by buckshot. The loss of the Americans must have been at least 600 men in killed and wounded. The flanking fire of the 4th did tremendous execution amongst them, and their wounded filled the meeting-house, and were lying scattered through the neighbouring wood in every direction. Including the prisoners we carried off, the enemy was altogether from 800 to 1000 men *hors de combat*.

On the morning of the 13th, the Meteor, Ætna, Terror, Volcano, and Devastation, bombs, and the Erebus, rocket-ship, took up a position, at anchor, to bombard Fort M'Henry, the Star Fort, and the Water Batteries on both sides of the entrance to Baltimore harbour: this they continued to do, with little intermission, but no obvious effect, till the morning of the 14th, when they were called off. There is no means of ascertaining correctly the loss they caused the enemy.

The "demonstration" on Baltimore created but one feeling throughout the expedition—regret that the determination to attack the enemy's entrenchments was not persevered in, until we had either attained our object, or been beaten off. One thing was quite sure, that even in the latter case he would not have dared to follow us. Bombarding the forts was a mere waste of time and ammunition. If the lightened frigates were not considered strong enough to run alongside and take possession of Fort M'Henry, a dash of the boats of the fleet right into the harbour, simultaneously with the proposed attack on the enemy's lines in the night of the 13th, would have thrown him into utter confusion and dismay. The greatest apprehension of the Americans was, that Baltimore, containing an immense number of wooden houses, densely packed together, would be burned; and to avoid such an extremity they would have sent out a flag of truce, and surrendered at discretion, the moment they found the city exposed to our shells and rockets.

It is impossible to close the account of the Baltimore affair, without particularly adverting to the untimely fate of the gallant and amiable General Ross. Never was an officer so universally and sincerely lamented by those under his command. In private life, his goodness of heart, coupled with a peculiar kindness and urbanity of deportment, secured him the regard and esteem of all who knew him. His public services are best described in the words of the Honourable Member of the House of Commons, who moved for a monument to his memory. "General Ross," said he, "when Major Ross, served in the expedition to Holland in 1799. He was then in the 28th regiment, and signalized himself in repulsing the attacks made on the lines of Sir Ralph Abercromby. Here, displaying the greatest gallantry, he received a severe wound, which deprived his country of his services for a time. In the autumn of 1800, having recovered from the effects of his wound, he accompanied his regiment to the Mediterranean, and shortly afterwards, served in the expedition to Calabria: here, in the memorable battle of Maida, which so greatly raised the fame of the British arms, and particularly by the use made of the bayonet, Major Ross made himself conspicuous; and by wheeling on the enemy's line, contributed, perhaps more than any other circumstance, to the rout of the enemy on that day. Nothing more occurred to bring him into notice, till he served in the army led by General Sir John Moore, in 1807; and under that gallant and lamented commander at the battle of Corunna, he again shone with no common lustre. In 1812, sailing from Ireland, he joined the army in the Peninsula, and, under the command of Lord Wellington, so distinguished himself in the battle of Vittoria, that his lordship gave him the command of a separate brigade. Now that a more extended field of service lay before him, in the first great battle of the Pyrenees, where the firm-

* See Sir Alexander Cochrane's Despatch to Mr. Croker, dated H. M. S. Tonnant, Chesapeake, Sep. 17, 1814.

ness of the English was most conspicuously displayed, where the French fought with the most determined obstinacy, his valour contributed so much to the glory of the day, that Lord Wellington in his despatch, stated his brigade 'to have distinguished themselves beyond all former precedent; they made four separate charges with the bayonet, and General Ross had three horses killed under him.' At the passage of the Nive, and the battle of Orthes, he displayed the same undaunted bravery."

Another member, who had been intimate with him, said, "He possessed the happy skill of conciliating by his disposition, and instructing by his example; he possessed, indeed, all those private and distinguished qualifications by which alone a commander could acquire the full confidence of his men. His military knowledge was great and complete, for it had been the result of practice and constant experience; while his foresight and example in the field were such as to excite the enthusiasm and reverence of those whom he led to victory."

General Ross was but forty years of age when he fell. Before taking a final adieu of this part of his subject, the writer of these Recollections will, he trusts, be held excusable for adverting to a matter which occupied a considerable portion of the attention of both "Services" in the year 1829; and the rather that he certainly is not induced to do so from any ill-feeling, but solely from an anxious desire that justice should be rendered where justice is due, and that "*Palmarum qui meruit ferat*." At the period above stated, the gallant Ross had alighted in a soldier's honoured grave for fifteen years; and up to that time not a breath had whispered an innuendo to detract from his well-earned fame. Then, however, in a work published in numbers, entitled, "The Naval Biography of Great Britain," (Nos. 16 and 17,) appeared "Historical Memoirs of Sir George Cockburn, G. C. B.," the author of which, most injudiciously—motives are not imputed—sought to enhance the reputation of the living Admiral, by detracting from the merits of the brave and lamented General, who had long

— Sunk to rest,
By all his country's wishes blest.

Now this, to describe it in mild terms, was a serious mistake; and an authority of no mean repute tells us, that a mistake, in some cases, is worse than a fault—for Sir George Cockburn stands not in need of such unworthy backing. His activity, intelligence, enterprise, &c., have been, and are, fully recognised. Is it likely those can be raised in public estimation by the unfounded assertions put forth in the following extracts from the work referred to:—"Having accomplished the object (the destruction of Commodore Barney's flotilla), the Rear-Admiral lost no time in proceeding to Marlborough, to apprise General Ross of the result, and to consult with him upon further operations, previous to returning to the squadron. He there received a letter from Sir Alexander Cochrane, in which he said,—'I congratulate you most cordially upon the destruction of Barney's fleet; and think as this matter is ended, the sooner the army gets back the better.' Not so, however, the Rear-Admiral, who had other objects in view; and having induced the Major-General to coincide with him, he took upon himself the responsibility of further proceedings; and having determined to make an attack upon the city of Washington, instantly despatched an order," &c., &c.

Here the Rear-Admiral is said to have done no less than two impossible things:—1st, to have superseded the authority of the Vice-Admiral, under whose immediate orders he acted, in his own branch of the service; and, secondly, as regards the troops, to have thrust General Ross aside, and usurped his command and responsibility!

At page 301, of the same Memoirs, we are told that,—
"Contrary, however, to the plan pursued by Admiral Cockburn, when in Maryland and Virginia, (where he

always kept his forces well collected, having only the light troops spread into the roads on the flanks of the main body, carefully preserving that order as the whole advanced), General Ross, with about fifty or sixty men, advanced at a rapid rate, leaving the main body considerably in the rear. This defect in their proceedings was pointed out to the General by Admiral Cockburn!" And finally, we are informed that,—
"The overrunning of a large portion of territory, and the conquest of the city of Washington, are irrefragable proofs of his (Sir George Cockburn's) judgment and abilities!"

In reading the passages quoted, how forcibly do Woolfe's beautiful lines on the death of John Moore spring to memory:—

"Lightly they'll speak of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him," &c.

Every officer of the Army and Navy can perfectly understand the absurdity of such statements as the Memoir writer in question has hazarded; and to show them in a proper point of view to civilians, it is only necessary to tell the simple fact, inasmuch as when at sea a general has no command whatever in naval affairs, so when on shore an admiral possesses no control over the disposition and movements of the land forces.

Thus much for the direct attack upon the memory of General Ross. In almost as bad taste does the Memoir writer slur over the services of those Flag Officers of the expedition, whose duty it was, although holding rank equal, or nearly so, to Rear-Admiral Cockburn, to labour in less prominent, yet not less arduous capacities, whilst preparing the means of success in our operations. Not a word of praise, however, is bestowed either on Rear-Admiral (the late Sir Pulteney) Malcolm, or on Rear-Admiral (now Sir Edward) Codrington, the latter of whom, as Captain of the Fleet, must necessarily have arranged and directed all the details of its movements, and whose "valuable counsel and assistance," are freely and frequently acknowledged by Sir Alexander Cochrane in his despatches.

Let it not be imagined that these observations are, in any degree, meant to disparage the brilliant services of Sir George Cockburn. He, of course, is not answerable for the mis-statements of the Memoir writer; nor can there be any doubt but that distinguished Admiral would be the first to render justice, not only to the memory of his deceased brother in arms, but to every officer engaged in the expedition.

At the mouth of the Patapsco, we found the Sea-Horse, Captain Sir Alexander Gordon, and the other frigates which had been detached up the Potomac. That expedition had succeeded in every point, having taken possession of the large town of Alexandria, from whence they brought off a number of American ships, loaded with tobacco, flour, &c., ready for exportation.

Sir Peter Parker, with the Menelaus frigate, who, it will be recollected, was at the same time detached up the Chesapeake, was not so fortunate. Having learned that an American Militia Regiment was encamped near Moorfields, about a mile from the beach where he was anchored, he, on the night of the 30th of August, landed one hundred and twenty Marines and Seamen, and, in a spirit of chivalrous daring, which merited a better fate, marched five or six miles into the country to attack them. The enemy was driven from his camp, but Sir Peter Parker received a wound which caused his death. His men returned to the ship, bringing away the body of their gallant Captain, and all their wounded but three. Our loss on this expedition, in which the heroic commander, borne away by a too impetuous ardour, that experience would have tempered, devoted himself to the cause of his country, was fourteen killed, and twenty-seven wounded.

(To be continued.)

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE EMPEROR AND THE RABBI.

There are some curious and some interesting relics of tradition still to be found among the Jewish people. Their dispersion, and the infinite miseries inflicted on them, in every country where they fled from their own, inevitably extinguished their general cultivation of literature; but they still possessed scholars, philosophers, and teachers of the law, who might have been distinguished in better times, and among a more prosperous people. The Talmud is well known to European scholarship as containing, amid much extraordinary and fantastic matter, some valuable records of the national history and feelings. Its sententious and moral narratives, its *Agadetha*, are sometimes striking and noble; and the allegories, mysticisms, visions and parables of the *Medraschim* are sometimes not less sagacious than sublime.

The subject of the following verses is from a tradition of the wisdom of Rabbi Joshua. The Jews to this day speak with malediction of Titus, the destroyer of the temple, and of Hadrian, the destroyer of the nation. But Trajan is sometimes spoken of with more respect, probably from the contrast of his character, stern as it was, with that of his fierce and sanguinary successor, Hadrian; and from the comparative security of the Jews under an emperor who was too much engrossed with his incessant wars to have any leisure for persecution.

"Old Rabbi, what tales
Would'st thou pour in mine ear;
What visions of glory,
What phantoms of fear?"
"Of a God, all the gods
Of the Roman above,
A mightier than Mars,
A more ancient than Jove!"

"Let me look on those splendours,
I then shall believe;
'Tis the senses alone
That can never deceive.
Nay, show me your idol,
If earth is his shrine,
And your Israelite God
Shall, old dreamer, be mine."

'Twas Trajan that spoke,
And the stoical sneer
Still played on his features
Sublime and severe.
And round the proud hall
As his dark eye was thrown,
He saw but one God,
And himself was that one.

"The God of our forefathers!"
Low bowed the seer;
"Is unseen by the eye,
Is unheard by the ear.

He is SPIRIT, he knows not
The body's dark chain;
Not the heaven of the heavens
Can his glory contain.

"He is seen in his power
When the storm is abroad:
The clouds by the wheels
Of his chariot are rode.
He is seen in his mercy,
When mountain and plain
Rejoice in the sunshine
And smile in the rain.

"He is seen when the lightnings
Are shot through the heaven,
And the crests of the mountains
In embers are riven.
He is heard when the tempest
Has sent up its roar,
And the ocean in thunder
Is flung on the shore."

"Those are dreams," said the monarch,
"Wild fancies of old;
But what God can I worship,
When none I behold?
Can I kneel to the lightning,
The wave or the wind?
Can I worship the shape
That but lives in the mind?"

"I'll show thee his footstool,
I'll show thee his throne:"
Through the halls of the palace
The Rabbi led on.
Till above them was spread
But the sky's purple dome,
And like surges of splendour
Beneath them was Rome.

Round the marble-crown'd mount
Where the Emperor stood,
Like a silver-scaled snake,
Swept the Tiber's bright flood;
Beyond lay the vales
Of the rich Persian rose,
All glowing with beauty,
All breathing repose.

And flaming o'er all,
In the glow of the hour,
The Capitol shone,
Earth's high altar of power—
A thousand years old,
Yet still in its prime;
A thousand years more
To be conqueror of time!

But the East now was purple,
The eve was begun ;
Like a monarch at rest,
On the wave lay the sun :
Above him the clouds
Their rich canopy rolled,
With pillars of diamond,
And curtains of gold.

The Rabbi's proud gesture
Was turned to the orb ;
" Great king, let that splendour
Thy worship absorb."
" What! gaze on the sun,
And be blind by the gaze ?
No eye but the eagle's
Can look on that blaze !"

" Ho, Emperor of earth,
If thine eyeball is dim,
To see but the rays
Of the sun's sinking limb,"
Cried the Rabbi, " what eyeball
Could dare but to see
The Sovereign of him,
And the Sovereign of thee ?"

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Fly swift, my light gazello,
To her who now lies waking,
To hear thy silver bell
The midnight silence breaking.

And, when thou com'st with gladsome feet,
Beneath her lattice springing,
Ah, well she'll know how sweet
The words of love thou'rt bringing.

Yet no—not words, for they
But half can tell love's feeling ;
Sweet flowers alone can say
What passion fears revealing.

A once bright rose's withered leaf,
A tow'ring lily broken—
Oh, these may paint a grief
No words could e'er have spoken.

Not such, my gay gazello,
The wreath thou spreadest over
Yon moonlight dale, to tell
My lady how I love her.

And what to her will sweeter be
Than gems the richest, rarest,—
From Truth's immortal tree
One fadeless leaf thou bearest.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

A REVERIE.

BY J. A. WADE.

Rapt in a solitude of scene and thought,
Where not a sound but Nature's calmest voice,
Or pulse of life, was heard ; upon a bank
That shelved adown a forest, then begun
To stretch its giant limbs in further growth,
Nursed by the genial spring, I laid me down,
And had sweet converse with the dreamy sprites
That visit men in sleep. Before mine eyes,
Shut to this world, most sylvan visions danced,
While on mine ear a low, sweet descant breathed :
One moment gentle as the wind-lute's sigh,
Anon, in madness, sweeping hurried strains,
Like a prophetic bard's in frenzy lost !
Again, soft tinkling rivulets were heard,
And now, deep rumbling far, a cataract
Held on its sullen bass, and filled with dread
The intervals of softer sounds.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

Beautiful evening ! my bewildered brain
And aching bosom, with fond orisons, bless
The coming of thy shadows—faint with pain,
And yearning for the hours of quietness
That follow in the twilight. The fair morn
Unfurls o'er the eastern hills her dolphin dyes—
But, oh ! majestic eve ! to thee I turn,
With heart enchanted, and undazzled eyes.
Give me to breathe thy fragrance. When the dews
Clasp with their delicate arms the violet bell,
Give me to wander where the stream doth choose
Its murmuring journey down the dim green dell,
With chary daintiness. Then would I bow
Unto thy silver glories, as before
The Persian worshipped—with a better vow,
And a diviner spirit than of yore.
Then grant me thy communion. Swell my soul
With the sweet awe of silence. Look on me,
With the bright stars of the resplendent pole—
And let me learn their teachings. I shall be
A worshipper of Heaven. I shall dream
Of the high land I long for. I shall see
The stirring of the myriad palm-boughs, and
Of seraph's pinions. From the boundless throng
Of the unnumbered holy, I shall hear
Faintly the choral anthem. So the song
Of ocean's surges falls upon the ear
Of slumbering mariner—and so the bird
That loves the sombre night, o'er the far wave is heard.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

PART IX.

"The Attorney-General did his work very fairly, I thought—eh, Lynx?" said Mr. Subtle, as, arm-in-arm with Mr. Lynx, he quitted the castle-gates, each of them on his way to their respective lodgings, to prepare for their next day's work.

"Yes—he's a keen enough hand, to be sure, he's given us *all* work enough; and, I must say, it's been a capital set-to between you. I'm very glad you got the verdict!"

"It wouldn't have done to be beaten on my own dunghill, as it were—eh? By the way, Lynx, that was a good hit of yours about the erasure—I ought, really, if it had occurred to me at the time, to have given you the credit of it—'twas entirely yours, Lynx, I must say."

"Oh, no!"—replied Lynx, modestly. He knew that Mr. Subtle would be Attorney-General one day; and would then require the services of a certain grim functionary—to wit, a *devil*—"it was a mere accident my lighting on it; the merit was, the use you made of it!"

"To think of ten thousand a-year turning on that same trumpety erasure."

"But are you sure of ~~the~~ verdict on that ground, Mr. Subtle? Do you think Widdrington was right in rejecting that deed?"

"Right? to be sure he was! But I own I got rather uneasy at the way the Attorney-General put it—that the estate had once been vested, and could not be subsequently devested by an alteration or blemish in the instrument evidencing the passing of the estate,—eh? that was a good point, Lynx."

"Aye, but as Lord Widdrington put it—that could be only where the defect was proved to exist after a complete and valid deed had been once established."

"True—true; that's the answer, Lynx; here you see the deed is disgraced in the first instance; no proof, in fact, that it ever was a deed—therefore, mere waste paper."

"To be sure, *possession* has gone along with the deed."

"Possession goes along with it? What then!—that is to say, the man who has altered it, to benefit himself and his heirs, keeps it snugly in his own chest—and then that is of itself to be sufficient to—"

"Yes—and again, you know, isn't it the general rule that the party producing an instrument must account for the appearance of erasure or alteration to encounter the presumption of fraud? It seems good sense enough."

"By the way, did you ever see any thing like Quicksilver in that matter? I knew he'd bring Widdrington down on him—I sat frying, I assure you! To hear one's cases spoiled—but—well! it's all over now, however! It's really been a very interesting cause."

"Very. Some capital points—that of Mortmain's on the stamp-act—"

"Fish, Lynx! there's nothing in it! I meant the cause itself has been an interesting one—uncommonly."

Mr. Subtle suddenly paused, and stood still. "God bless my soul, Lynx, I've made a blunder!"

"Eh?"

"Yes—by Jove, a blunder! Never did such a thing since I've led a cause before."

"A blunder! Impossible! What is it?" inquired Lynx, briskly, pricking up his ears.

"It will be at least thirty or forty pounds out of our client's pocket. I forgot to ask Widdrington for the certificate for the cost of the special jury. I protest I never did such a thing before—I'm quite annoyed—I hate to overlook any thing."

"Oh! is that all?" inquired Lynx, much relieved—"then it's all right! While you were speaking to Mr. Gammon, immediately after the verdict had been given, I turned towards Quicksilver to get him to ask for a certificate—but he had seen a man with the 'New Times,' containing the division on the Catholic claims, and had set off after him—so I took the liberty, as you seemed very earnestly talking to Mr. Gammon, to name it to the judge—and it's all right."

"Capital! Then there isn't a point missed? And in a good two days' fight, that's something."

"D'ye think we shall keep the verdict, and get its fruits, Mr. Subtle?"

"We shall keep the verdict, I've no doubt; there's nothing in Widdrington's notes that we need be afraid of—but of course they'll put us to bring another ejectment, perhaps several."

"Yes—certainly—there *must* be a good deal of fighting before such a property as Yatton changes hands," replied Lynx, with a complacent air; for he saw a few pleasant pickings in store for him. "By the way," he continued, "our client's a sweet specimen of humanity, isn't he?"

"Faugh! odious little reptile! And did you ever in all your life witness such a scene as when he interrupted me in the way he did?"

"Ha, ha! Never! But, upon my honour, what an exquisite turn you gave the thing—it was worth more than called it forth—it was admirable."

"Pooh—Lynx!" said Mr. Subtle, with a gratified air; "knack—mere knack—nothing more. My voice trembled—eh?—at least so I intended."

"Upon my soul, Mr. Subtle, I almost thought you were for the moment overcome, and going to shed tears."

"Ah, ha, ha!—Delightful! I was convulsed with inward laughter! *shed tears*!! Did the bar take it, Lynx?" inquired Mr. Subtle; for though he hated display, he loved *appreciation*, and by competent persons. "By the way, Lynx, the way in which you've got up the whole case does you vast credit—that opinion of yours on the evidence was—upon my word—the most masterly"—here he suddenly ceased and squeezed his companion's arm, motioning him thereby to silence. They had come up with two gentlemen, walking slowly, and conversing in a low tone, but with much earnestness of manner. They were, in fact, Mr. Aubrey and Lord De la Zouch. Mr. Subtle and Mr. Lynx crossed over to the other side of the narrow street, and quickened their pace, so as soon to be out of sight and hearing of the persons they seemed desirous of avoiding. Mr. Subtle was, indeed, unable to bear the sight of the man whom his strenuous and splendid exertions during the last two days had tended to strip of his all—to thrust from the bright domain of wealth, prosperity, distinction, into—as it were—outer darkness—the outer darkness of poverty—of destitution.

"It's a bore for Mr. Aubrey, isn't it?" quoth the matter-of-fact Lynx.

"It's quite frightful!"—replied Mr. Subtle, in a tone of voice and with a manner which showed how deeply he felt what he uttered. "And it's not only what he will lose, but what he will be liable to—the means profits—sixty thousand pounds."

"Oh!—you think, then, that we can't go beyond the statute of limitation?—Eh?—is that so clear?" Mr. Subtle looked sharply at Lynx, with an expression it would be difficult to describe. "Well!"—continued the impenetrable Lynx—"at all events I'll look into it." He felt about as much *sentiment* in the matter, as a pig eating acorns would feel interest in the antiquity of the oak from which they fell, and under whose venerable shade he was munching and stuffing himself.

"By the way, Lynx—a'n't you with me in *Higson* and *Mellington*?"

"Yes—and it stands first for to-morrow morning."
 "What's it about? I've not opened my papers, and—why, we've a consultation fixed for ten to-night."
 "It's *libel* against a newspaper editor—the *POMFRET COCKATRICE*; and our client's a clergyman."
 "What about?"
 "Tithes—grasping, cruelty, and so forth."
 "Justification?"
 "No—not guilty only."
 "Who leads for the defendant?"
 "Mr. Quicksilver."

"Oh!—we can dispense with the consultation then. I shall send my clerk to fix to-morrow morning, at court—five minutes before the sitting of the court, I'm rather tired to-night." With this the great leader shook hands with his modest, learned, laborious junior—and entered his lodgings.

As soon as Titmouse had been ejected from the court, in the summary way which the reader will remember, merely on account of his having, with slight indecorum, yielded to the mighty impulse of his agitated feelings, he began to cry bitterly, wringing his hands, and asking every one about him if he could get in again, because it was his case that was going on. His eyes were red and swollen with weeping; and his little breast throbbed violently as he walked to and fro from one door of the court to the other. "Oh, gents, will you get me in again?" said he, in passionate tones, approaching two gentlemen, who, with a very anxious and oppressed air, were standing together at the outside of one of the doors—in fact, Lord De la Zouch and Mr. Aubrey; and they quickly recognised in Titmouse the gentleman whose claims were being at that instant mooted within the court. "Will you get me in? You seem such *respectable* gents—'pon my soul I'm going mad! It's my case that's going on! I'm Mr. Titmouse—"

"We have no power, sir, to get you in," replied Lord De la Zouch, haughtily; so coldly and sternly as to cause Titmouse involuntarily to shrink from him.

"The court is crowded to the very door, sir—and we really have no more right to be present in court, or to get others into court, than you have," said Mr. Aubrey, with mildness and dignity.

"Thank you, sir! Thank you!" quoth Titmouse, moving with an apprehensive air away from Lord De la Zouch, towards Mr. Aubrey. "Know quite well who you are, sir! 'Pon my solemn soul, sir, sorry to do all this; but law's law, and right's right, all the world over."

"I *desire* you to leave us, sir," said Lord De la Zouch, with irrepressible sternness; "you are very intrusive. How can we catch a syllable of what is going on, while you are chattering in this way?" Titmouse saw that Mr. Aubrey looked towards him with a very different expression from that exhibited by his forbidding companion, and would perhaps have stood his ground, but for a glimpse he caught of a huge, powdered, broad-shouldered footman, in a splendid livery, one of Lord De la Zouch's servants, who, with a great thick cane in his hand, was standing at a little distance behind, in attendance on the carriage, which was standing in the castle yard. This man's face looked so ready for mischief, that Titmouse slowly walked off. There were a good many standers-by, who seemed all to look with dislike and distrust at Titmouse. He made many ineffectual attempts to persuade the door-keeper, who had assisted in his extrusion, to re-admit him; but the incorruptible janitor was proof against a sixpence—even against a shilling; and at length Titmouse gave himself up to despair, and thought himself the most miserable man in the whole world—as very probably indeed he was—for consider what a horrible interval of suspense he had to endure, from the closing of Mr. Subtle's speech till the delivery of the verdict. But at length, through this

portentous and apparently impenetrable cloud, burst the rich sunlight of success.

"Mr. Titmouse!—Mr. Titmouse!—Mr. Tit—"

"Here! Here I am! Here!"—exclaimed the little fellow, jumping off the window-seat, on which he had been sitting for the last hour in the dark, half stupified with grief and exhaustion. The voice that called him was a blessed voice—a familiar voice—the voice of Mr. Gammon; who, as soon as the jury began to come back, on some pretence or other had quitted his seat between Quirk and Snap, in order, if the verdict should be for the plaintiff, to be the very first to communicate it to him. In a moment or two Mr. Gammon had grasped both Mr. Titmouse's hands. "My dear, dear Mr. Titmouse, I congratulate you! You are victorious! God grant you long life to enjoy your good fortune! God bless you, Titmouse!" He wrung Titmouse's hands—and his voice trembled with the intensity of his emotions. Mr. Titmouse had gone very white, and for a while spoke not, but stood staring at Mr. Gammon, as if he was hardly aware of the import of his communication.

"No—but—is it so? Honour bright?" at length he stammered.

"It is, indeed! My long labours are at length crowned with success!—Hurrah, hurrah, Mr. Titmouse!"

"I've really won? It a'n't a joke or a dream?" inquired Titmouse with quickly increasing excitement, and a joyous expression bursting over his features, which became suddenly flushed.

"A joke?—the best you'll ever have. A dream?—that will last your life. Thank God, Mr. Titmouse, the battle's ours; we've defeated all their villany!"

"Tol! de rol! Tol de rol! Tol de lol, lol, lol, rido!—Ah," he added, in a loud truculent tone, as Lord De la Zouch and Mr. Aubrey slowly passed him,—"*done for you now—'pon my life!—turned the tables!—that for you!*" said he, snapping his fingers; but I need hardly say that he did so with perfect impunity as far as those two gentlemen were concerned, who were so absorbed with the grievous event which had just happened, as scarcely to be aware of their being addressed at all.

"Aubrey, it's against you—all is lost; the verdict is for the plaintiff!" said Lord De la Zouch, in a hurried agitated whisper, as he grasped the hand of Mr. Aubrey, whom he had quitted for an instant to hear the verdict pronounced. Mr. Aubrey for some moments spoke not.

"God's will be done!" at length said he, in a low tone, and in rather a faint murmur. More than a dozen gentlemen, who came crowding out grasped his hand with great energy and vehemence.

"God bless you, Aubrey! God bless you!"—said several voices, their speakers wringing his hand with great vehemence as they spoke.

"Let us go,"—said Lord De la Zouch, putting Mr. Aubrey's arm in his own, and leading him away from a scene of distressing excitement, too powerful for his exhausted feelings.

"I am nothing of a fatalist," said Mr. Aubrey, after a pause of some minutes, during which they had quitted the castle-gates, and his feelings had recovered from the shock which they had just before suffered;—"I am nothing of a fatalist, but I ought not to feel the least surprise at this issue, for I have long had a settled conviction that such *would* be the issue. For some time before I had the least intimation of the commencement of these proceedings, I was oppressed by a sense of impending calamity!"—

"Well, that may be so; but it does not follow that the mischief is finally done."

"I am certain of it!—But, dear Lord De la Zouch, bow much I owe to your kindness and sympathy!" said Mr. Aubrey, with a slight tremor in his voice.

"We are at this moment, Aubrey, firmer friends than

we ever were before. So help me Heaven! I would not lose your friendship for the world; I feel it a greater honour than I am worthy of—I do, indeed," said Lord De la Zouch, with great emotion.

"There's a great gulf between us, though, Lord de la Zouch, as far as worldly circumstances are concerned—you a peer of the realm, I a beggar."

"Forgive me, Aubrey, but it is idle to talk in that way; I am hurt beyond measure at your supposing it possible that under any circumstances"—

"Believe me, I feel the full value of your friendship,—more valuable at this moment than ever."

"That a serious calamity has fallen upon you is certain;—which of us, indeed, is safe from such a calamity? But who would bear it with the calm fortitude which you have already evinced, my dear Aubrey?"

"You speak very kindly, Lord De la Zouch; I trust I shall play the man, now that the time for playing a man's part has come," said Mr. Aubrey, with an air of mingled melancholy and resolution. "I feel an inexpressible consolation in the reflection that I cannot charge myself with any thing unconscientious. If I have done wrong in depriving another for so long a period of what was his, it was surely in ignorance; and, as for the future, I put my trust in God. I feel as if I could submit to the will of Heaven with cheerfulness"—

"Don't speak so despondingly, Aubrey!"—

"Despondingly?" echoed Mr. Aubrey, with momentary animation—"Despondingly? My dear friend, I feel as if I were indeed entering a scene black as midnight—but what is it to the *valley of the shadow of death*, dear Lord De la Zouch, which is before all of us? I assure you I feel no vainglorious confidence; yet I seem to be leaning on the arm of an unseen but all-powerful supporter."

"You are a hero, my dear Aubrey!" exclaimed Lord De la Zouch, with sudden fervour.

"And that support will embrace those dearer to me than life—dearer—far—far"—He ceased.

"My God, Aubrey!—Aubrey! what's the matter?" hastily exclaimed Lord De la Zouch, feeling Mr. Aubrey leaning heavily against him. He grasped Mr. Aubrey firmly—for his head suddenly drooped; and, but for his companion's support, he must have fallen to the ground. His delicate frame was worn out with the late excitement, and the intense anxiety and exhaustion he had undergone; having scarce tasted food for the last two days. The sudden recurrence of his thoughts to the objects of his fond and ineffable love, had completely overpowered his exhausted nature. Mark—it was only his *physical* nature that for a moment gave way. It was quite unworthy of the noble soul which animated it. Of such a one it may be said—the sword is too keen for its scabbard. His sensibilities were exquisite; perhaps morbidly so. A soul like his, placed in a body which, as I long ago explained, was constitutionally feeble, might, from the intimate and inscrutable connexion and sympathy between mind and body, for a moment appear to be of an inferior temper; whereas the momentary shock and vibration occasioned by external accident over that soul, quickly re-exhibited its native nobleness and strength.

Mr. Aubrey, who sunk into Lord De la Zouch's arms in the way I have described, just as they were passing a small shop whose owner stood at the door, was quickly taken into it; and within a few minutes, and with the aid of a glass of water, revived in time to take advantage of Lord De la Zouch's carriage, which was passing on its way from the castle to his hotel. There was only Lady De la Zouch within it, and she welcomed Mr. Aubrey with the most affectionate sympathy; insisting upon their driving him to his lodgings, in order that they might, by their presence, comfort and appease Mrs. Aubrey, and Miss Aubrey. Mr. Aubrey, however, most earnestly dissuaded them,

saying, he would rather that, on so painful an occasion, they should be alone; and after taking a glass of wine and water, which greatly revived him, he quitted the hotel, alone and on foot, and made for his lodgings. The streets were occupied by passengers, some returning from the castle after the great trial of the day; others standing here and there, in little knots, conversing as he passed them; and he felt conscious that the subject of their thoughts and conversation, was himself and his fallen fortunes. Several deep-drawn sighs escaped him, as he walked on, the herald of such dismal tidings, to those whom he loved: and he felt but for that which supported him from within, as it were, a fallen angel so far as concerned this world's honours and greatness. The splendours of human pomp and prosperity seemed rapidly vanishing in the distance. In the temporary depression of his spirits, he experienced feelings somewhat akin to those of the heart-sickened exile, whose fond eyes are riveted upon the mosques and minarets of his native city, bathed in the soft sunlight of evening, where are the cherished objects of all his tenderest thoughts and feelings; while his vessel is rapidly bearing him from it, amid the rising wind, the increasing and ominous swell of the waters, the thickening gloom of night—*whither?* The minster clock struck ten as he passed one of the corners of the vast majestic structure, gray-glistening in the faint moonlight. The chimes echoed in his ear, and smote his subdued soul with a sense of peculiar solemnity and awe; they forced upon him a reflection upon the transient littleness of earthly things. Then he thought of those dear beings who were awaiting his return, and a gush of grief and tenderness overflowed his heart, as he quickened his steps, with an inward and fervent prayer that Heaven would support them under the misfortune which had befallen them. As he neared the retired row of houses where his lodgings were situated, he imagined that he saw some one near the door of his lodgings, as if on the look out for his approach; and who, as he drew nearer, at length entered his lodgings. This was a person whom Mr. Aubrey did not at all suspect—it was his worthy friend Dr. Tatham; who, unable to quit Yatton in time to hear the trial, had early that morning mounted his horse, and, after a long and hard ride, reached York soon after Mr. Aubrey had set off for the castle. Though many of the county people then in York were aware that Mrs. and Miss Aubrey were also there, a delicate consideration for their exquisitely distressing situation restrained them from intruding upon their privacy, which had been evidently sought for by the species of lodgings which Mr. Aubrey had engaged. On the second day, the excellent Dr. Tatham had been their welcome and instructive guest, scarce ever leaving them; Mr. Aubrey's groom bringing word, from time to time, from his master, how the trial went on. Late in the evening, urged by Kate, the Doctor had gone off to the castle, to wait till he could bring intelligence of the final result of the trial. He had not been observed by Mr. Aubrey amidst the number of people who were about; and had at length fulfilled his mission, and been beforehand with Mr. Aubrey in communicating the unfortunate issue of the struggle. The instant that Mr. Aubrey had set his foot within the door, he was looked in the impassioned embrace of his wife and sister. None of them spoke for some moments.

"Dearest Charles!—we've heard it all—we know it all!" at length they exclaimed, in a breath. "Thank God, it is over at last—and we know the worst!—Are you well, dearest Charles?" inquired Mrs. Aubrey, with fond anxiety.

"Thank God, my Agnes, I am well!" said Mr. Aubrey, much excited—"and thank God that the dreadful suspense is at an end; and for the fortitude, my sweet loves, with which you bear the result. And how are you, my

excellent friend?" continued he, addressing Dr. Tatham, and grasping his hands; "my venerable and pious friend—how it refreshes my heart to see you! as one of the chosen ministers of that God whose creatures we are, and whose dispensations we receive with reverent submission!"

"God Almighty bless you all, my dear friends!" replied Dr. Tatham, powerfully affected. "Believe that all this is from Him! He has wise ends in view, though we see not nor comprehend them! Faint not when ye are rebuked of Him! If ye faint in the day of adversity, your strength is small! But I rejoice to see your resignation." Aubrey, his wife, and sister, were for a while overcome with their emotions.

"I assure you all," said Aubrey, "I feel as if a very mountain had been lifted off my heart! How blest am I in my wife and sister!" A heavenly smile irradiated his pale features—and he clasped his wife and then his sister in his arms. They wept as they tenderly returned his embrace.

"Heaven," said he, "that gave us all, has taken all: why should we murmur? He will enable us, if we pray for His assistance, to bear with equanimity our present adversity, as well as our past prosperity! Come, Agnes! Kate! play the women!"

Dr. Tatham sat silent by; but the tears ran down his cheeks. At length Mr. Aubrey gave them a general account of what had occurred at the trial—and which, I need hardly say, was listened to in breathless silence.

"Who is that letter from, love, lying on the table?" inquired Mr. Aubrey, during a pause in the conversation.

"It's only from Johnson, to say the children are quite well," replied Mrs. Aubrey. The ruined parents, as if by a common impulse, looked unutterable things at each other. Then the mother turned deadly pale; and her husband tenderly kissed her cold cheek; while Kate could scarcely restrain her feelings. The excitement of each was beginning to give way before sheer bodily and mental exhaustion; and Dr. Tatham, observing it, rose to take his departure. It was arranged that the carriage should be at the door by eight o'clock in the morning, to convey them back to Yatton—and that Dr. Tatham should breakfast with, and then accompany them on horseback. He then took his departure for the night, with a very full heart; and those whom he left soon afterwards retired for the night; and having first invoked the mercy and pity of Heaven, sunk into slumber and brief forgetfulness of the perilous position in which they had been placed by the event of the day.

Somewhat different was the mode in which the night was spent by the victorious party. Gammon, as has been seen, was the first to congratulate Titmouse on his splendid success. The next was old Quirk—who, with a sort of conviction that he should find Gammon beforehand with him—bustled out of court, leaving Snap to pay the jury, settle the court-fees, collect the papers, and so forth. Both Quirk and Snap (as soon as he was at liberty,) exhibited a courtesy towards Titmouse which had a strong dash of reverence in it, such as was due to the possessor of ten thousand a-year; but Gammon exhibited the tranquil matter-of-fact confidence of a man who had determined to be, and indeed knew that he *was*, the entire master of Titmouse.

"I—wish you'd call a coach, or something of that sort, gentle. I'm devilish tired—I am, 'pon my soul!" said Mr. Titmouse, yawning, as he stood on the steps between Quirk and Gammon, waiting for Snap's arrival. He was, in fact, almost mad—bursting with excitement; and could not stand still for a moment. Now he whistled aloud, loudly and boldly; then he hummed a bar or two of some low comic song; and ever and anon drew on and off his damp gloves with an air of petulant impetuosity. Then he

ran his hand through his hair with careless grace; and then, with arms folded on his breast for a moment, looked eagerly, but with a would-be languid air, at two or three coroneted coaches, which one by one, with their depressed and disappointed inmates, rolled off. At length Lord Widdrington, amidst a sharp impetuous cry of "make way for the judge, there! make way for his lordship!" appeared, with a worn-out air; and passing close by Titmouse, was honoured by him with a very fine bow indeed—not being, however, in the least aware of the fact—as he passed on to his carriage. The steps were drawn up; the door closed; and amidst a sharp blast of trumpets, the carriage drove slowly off, preceded and followed by the usual attendants. All this pomp and ceremony made a very deep impression upon the mind of Titmouse. "Ah," thought he, with a sudden sigh of mingled excitement and exhaustion—"who knows but I may be a judge some day! It's a devilish pleasant thing, I'm sure! What a fuss he must make wherever he goes! 'Pon my life, quite delightful!" As there was no coach to be had, Mr. Titmouse was forced to walk home, arm-in-arm with Mr. Quirk and Mr. Gammon, and followed, at a little distance, by a knot of persons, acquainted with his name and person, and feeling towards him a strange mixture of emotions—dislike, wonder, contempt, admiration. Goodness gracious! that strange little gentleman was now worth, it was said, ten thousand a-year; and was squire of Yatton!! Old Quirk shook Titmouse's hand with irrepressible enthusiasm, at least a dozen times on their way to the inn; while Gammon now and then squeezed his arm, and spoke, in an earnest tone, of the difficulties yet to be overcome. On reaching the inn, the landlady, who was standing at the door, and had evidently been on the look-out for her suddenly distinguished guest, received him with several most profound curtsies, and most eager and respectful inquiries about his health, as he had had no luncheon—and asking what he would be pleased to have for his supper. She added, moreover, that fearing his former bedroom might not have been to his mind, she had changed it, and he would that night sleep in the very best she had.

"We must make a night on't, eh?" quoth Mr. Quirk, with an excited air. His partners assented to it, as did Mr. Titmouse; and cold beef, sausages, fowl, ham, beef-steaks, and mutton chops, were ordered to be in readiness in half an hour's time. Soon afterwards Mr. Titmouse followed the chambermaid to his new bedroom.

"This is the room we always give to quality folk—when we get them," said she, as she laid his candle on the drawers, and looked with a little triumph round the room.

"Ah—yes!—'pon my soul—quite right—always do your best for quality! Lovely gal—eh?" Here he chuckled her under the chin, and seemed disposed to imprint a kiss upon her cheek: but, with a "Lord, sir—that's not the way quality folks behave!" she modestly withdrew. Titmouse, left alone, first threw himself on the bed; then started off, and walked about; then sat down; then danced about; then took off his coat; then threw himself on the bed again; hummed, whistled, jumped up again—in a sort of wild ecstasy, or delirium. In short, it is plain that he was not master of himself. In fact, his little mind was as agitated by the day's event, as a small green puddle by the road-side for a while would be on a stone being suddenly flung into it by a child. When Messrs. Quirk and Snap were, after their sort, as excited as even Mr. Titmouse was, Mr. Gammon, retiring to his bedroom, and ordering thither pens, ink, and paper, sat down and wrote the following letter:

York, 5th April, 18—

"My dear sir,—The very first leisure moment I have, I devote to informing you, as one of the most intimate

friends of our highly-respected client, Mr. Titmouse, of the brilliant event which has just occurred. After a most severe and protracted struggle of two days, (the Attorney-General having come down special on the other side,) the jury, many of them the chief gentlemen of the county, have within this last hour returned a verdict in favour of our common friend, Mr. Titmouse—thereby declaring him entitled to the whole of the estates at Yatton, (ten thousand a-year rent-roll, at least,) and, by consequence, to an immense accumulation of bygone rents, which must be made up to him by his predecessor, who, with all his powerful party, and in spite of the unscrupulous means resorted to, to defeat the ends of justice, is dismayed beyond expression at the result of this grand struggle—unprecedented in the annals of modern litigation. The result has given lively satisfaction in these parts—it is plain that our friend, Mr. Titmouse, will very soon become a great lion in society.

"To you, my dear sir, as an early and valued friend of our interesting client, I sit down to communicate the earliest intelligence of this most important event: and I trust that you will, with our respectful compliments, communicate this happy event to your amiable family—who, I am persuaded, must ever feel a very warm interest in our client's welfare. He is now, naturally enough, much excited with his extraordinary good fortune, to which we are only too proud and happy to have contributed by our humble, but strenuous and long-continued exertions. He begs me to express his most cordial feelings towards you, and to say, that on his return to town, Satin Lodge will be one of the very first places at which he will call. In the mean time, I beg you will believe me, my dearest sir, with the best compliments of myself and partners, yours most sincerely,

"OILY GAMMON.

"Thomas Tag-rag, Esq., &c. &c. &c.

"That, I think, will about do"—quoth Gammon to himself, with a thoughtful air, as, having made an exact copy of the above letter, he sealed it up and directed it. He then came down stairs to supper, having first sent the letter off to the post-office. What a merry meal was that same supper; Mr. Titmouse, Mr. Quirk, and Mr. Snap, eat almost to bursting; Gammon was more abstinent—but took a far greater quantity than usual of the bouncing bottled porter, the hard port, and fiery sherry, which his companions drank as if they had been but water. Then came in the spirits—with hot water and cold; and to these all present did ample justice; in fact it was very hard for any one to resist the other's entreaties; Mr. Gammon in due time felt himself *going*—but seemed as if, on such an occasion, he had no help for it. Every one of the partners, at different stages of the evening, made a speech to Titmouse, and proposed his health; who, of course, replied to each, and drank the health of each. Presently old Quirk sung a comic song, in a very dismal key; and then he and Snap joined in one called "*Handcuff v. Halter*;" at which Gammon laughed heartily, and listened with that degree of pleased attention, which showed that he had resolved, for once at least, to abandon himself to the enjoyment of the passing hour. Then Titmouse began to speak of what he should do, as soon as he had "*touched the shiners*"—his companions entering into all his little schemes with a sort of affectionate enthusiasm. At length old Mr. Quirk, after by turns laughing, crying, singing and talking, leaned back in his chair, with his half-emptied tumbler of brandy and water in his hand, and fell fast asleep. Gammon also, in spite of all he could do, began—the deuce take it!—to feel and exhibit the effects of a hasty and hearty meal, and his very unusual potations, especially after such long abstinence and intense anxiety as he had experienced during the previous two days. He

had intended to have seen them all under the table; but he began gradually to feel a want of control over himself, his thoughts, and feelings, which a little disquieted him, as he now and then caught glimpses of the extent to which it was proceeding. "*In vino veritas*," properly translated, means—that when a man is fairly under the influence of liquor, you see a strong manifestation of his real character. The vain man is vainer; the voluble, more voluble; the morose, more morose; the detractor, more detracting; the sycophant, more sycophantic, and so forth. Now Gammon was a cold, cautious, long-headed schemer; and as the fumes of liquor mounted up into his head, they only increased the action and intensity of those qualities for which, when sober, he was so pre-eminently distinguished, only that there was a half-conscious want of coherency and subordination. The impulse and the habit were present; but there seemed a strange disturbing force: in short—what is the use of disguising matters? Gammon was getting very drunk; and he felt very sorry for it—but it was too late. In due time the dismal effort *not to appear drunk*, ceased;—a great relief! Silent and more silent he became; more and more thoughtful; more and more observant of the motions of Snap and Titmouse; more and more complicated and profound in his schemes and purposes; and at length he felt as if, by some incomprehensible means, he were taking *himself* in— inveigling himself; at which point, after a vain attempt to understand his exact position with reference to himself, he slowly, but *rather* unsteadily, rose from his chair; looked with an unsettled eye at Titmouse for nearly a minute; a queer smile now and then flitted across his features; and he presently rung the bell. Boots having obeyed the summons, Gammon, with a very turbid brain, followed him to the door, with a most desperate effort to walk thither steadily—but in vain. Having reached his room, he sat down with a sort of suspicion that he had said or done something to commit himself. Vain was the attempt to wind up his watch; and at length he gave it up, with a faint curse. With only one stocking off, after four or five times trying to blow out his candle in vain, he succeeded, and got into bed; his head, however, occupying the place in the bed assigned to his feet. He lay asleep for about half-an-hour—and then experienced certain insupportable sensations. He was indeed very miserable; and lost all thought of what would become of Titmouse—of Quirk and Snap—in his own indisposition.

"I say, Snap," quoth Titmouse with a grin, and putting his finger to his nose, as soon as Gammon had quitted the room in the manner above described—"Mr. Quirk an't much company for us, just now—eh?—Shall we go out and have some fun?"

"Walk will do us good—yes. Go where you like, Titmouse," replied Snap, who, though young, was a thoroughly seasoned vessel, and could hold a great deal of drink without seeming, or *really being* much the worse for it. As for Titmouse, happily for him! (seeing that he was so soon to have the command of unlimited means, unless indeed the envious fates should in the mean time interpose to dash the brimful cup from his eager lips,) he was becoming more and more accustomed to the effects of drink; which had, up to the moment I am speaking of, no other effect than to elevate his spirits up to the pitch of indefinite daring and enterprise. "Pon my life, Snap, couldn't we stand another tumbler—eh? Warm us for the night air?" "What shall it be?" quoth Snap, ringing the bell—"whiskey?"

"Devil knows, and devil cares!" replied Mr. Titmouse recklessly; and presently there stood before the friends two smoking tumblers of what they had ordered. Immediately after disposing of them, the two gentlemen, quite up to the mark, as they expressed it—each with a cigar in his mouth, sallied forth in quest of adventures

Titmouse felt that he had now become a gentleman; and his taste and feelings prompted him to pursue, as early as possible, a gentlemanly line of conduct—particularly in his amusements. It was now past twelve; and the narrow old-fashioned streets of York, silent and deserted, formed a strong contrast to the streets of London at the same hour, and seemed scarcely to admit of much sport. But sport our friends were determined to have; and the night air aiding the effect of their miscellaneous potations, they soon became somewhat excited and violent. Yet it seemed difficult to get up a *row*—for no one was visible in any direction. Snap suddenly shouted "Fire!" at the top of his voice, and Titmouse joined him; when having heard half-a-dozen windows hastily thrown up by the dismayed inhabitants whom the alarmed sounds had aroused from sleep, they scampered off at their top speed. In another part of the town, they yelled, and whistled, and crowed like cocks, and mewed like cats—the last two being accomplishments in which Titmouse was very eminent—and again took to their heels.

Then they contrived to twist a few knockers off doors, pull bells, and break a few windows; and, while exercising their skill in this last branch of the night's amusement, Titmouse, in the very act of aiming a stone which took effect in the middle of a bed-room window, was surprised by an old watchman waddling round the corner. He was a feeble asthmatic old man; so Snap knocked him down at once, and Titmouse blew out the candle in his lantern, which he then jumped upon and smashed to pieces, and knocked his bat over his eyes. Snap, on some strange unaccountable impulse, wrested the rattle out of the poor creature's hand, and sprang it loudly. This brought several old watchmen from different quarters; and aged numbers prevailing against youthful spirit—the two gentlemen, after a considerable scuffle, were overpowered and conveyed to the cage. Snap having muttered something about demanding to look at the *warrant*, and then about a malicious arrest and false imprisonment, sunk on a form, and then down upon the floor, and fell fast asleep. Titmouse, for a while, showed a very resolute front, and swore a great many oaths, that he would fight the Boots at the inn for five shillings, if he dared show himself; but all of a sudden, his spirits collapsed, as it were, and he sunk on the floor, and was grievously indisposed, for some hours. About nine o'clock the contents of the cage, viz., Snap, Titmouse, two farmers' boys who had been caught stealing cakes, an old beggar, and a young pick-pocket, were conveyed before the Lord Mayor, to answer for their several misdeeds. Snap was wofully crestfallen. He had sent for the landlord of the inn where they had put up, to come on their behalf, to the Mansion-House; but he told Quirk of the message he had received. Mr. Quirk, finding that Gammon could not leave his room through severe indisposition—the very first time that Mr. Quirk had ever seen or heard of his being so overtaken—set off in a very mortified and angry mood, in quest of his hopeful client and junior partner. They were in a truly dismal pickle. Titmouse pale as death, his clothes disordered, and one of his shirt-collars torn off; Snap sat beside him with a sheepish air, looking as if he could hardly keep his eyes open. At him Mr. Quirk looked with keen indignation, but spoke not to him nor for him; for Titmouse, however, he expressed great commiseration, and entreated his Lordship to overlook the little misconduct of which he (Titmouse) in a moment of extreme excitement, had been guilty, on condition of his making amends for the injury, both to person and property, of which he had been guilty. By this time his Lordship had become aware of the names and circumstances of the two delinquents; and, after lecturing them very severely, he fined them five shillings a piece for being drunk, and permitted them to be discharged, on their promising never to offend in the like way again, and pay-

ing three pounds by way of compensation to the watchman, and one or two persons whose knockers they were proved to have wrenched off, and windows to have broken. His Lordship had delayed the case of Messrs. Snap and Titmouse to the last; chiefly because, as soon as he had found out who Mr. Titmouse was, it occurred to him that he would make a sort of little star at the great ball to be given by the Lady Mayoress that evening. As soon, therefore, as the charge had been disposed of, his Lordship desired Mr. Titmouse to follow him for a moment to his private room. There, having shut the door, he gently chided Mr. Titmouse for the indiscretion of which he had been guilty, and of which it was not to have been expected that a gentleman of his consequence in the county would be guilty. His Lordship begged him to consider the station which he was now called to occupy; and, in alluding to the signal event of the preceding day, warmly congratulated him upon it; and, by the way, his Lordship trusted that Mr. Titmouse would, in the evening, favour the Lady Mayoress and himself with his company at the ball, where they would be proud of the opportunity of introducing him to some of the gentry of the county, amongst whom his future lot in life was likely to be cast. Mr. Titmouse listened to all this as if he were in a dream. His brain (the little of it that he had,) was yet in a most unsettled state; as also was his stomach. When he heard the words "Lady Mayoress," "ball," "mansion-house," "gentry of the county," and so forth, a dim vision of splendour flashed before his eyes; and with a desperate effort, he assured the Lord Mayor that he should be very uncommon proud to accept the invitation, if he were well enough—but just then he was uncommon ill.

His Lordship pressed him to take a glass of water, to revive him and settle his stomach; but Mr. Titmouse declined it, and soon afterwards quitted the room; and, leaning on the arm of Mr. Quirk, set off homeward—Snap walking beside him, in silence, with a very quaint discontented air—not being taken the least notice of by Mr. Quirk. As they passed along, they encountered several of the barristers on their way to court, and others, who recognised Titmouse; and with a smile, evidently formed a pretty accurate guess as to the manner in which the triumph of the preceding day had been celebrated. Mr. Quirk, finding that Mr. Gammon was far too much indisposed to think of quitting York, at all events till a late hour in the evening, and, indeed, that Titmouse was similarly situated—with a very bad grace consented to them stopping behind, and himself, with Snap—the former inside, the latter outside—having settled with most of the witnesses, leaving the remainder, with their own expenses at the inn, to be settled by Mr. Gammon—set off for town by the two o'clock coach. It was, indeed, high time for them to return; for the distressed inmates of Newgate were getting wild on account of the protracted absence of their kind and confidential advisers. When they left, both Gammon and Titmouse were in bed. The former, however, began to revive, shortly after the coach which conveyed away his respected co-partners, and the guard's horn had ceased to be heard; and about an hour afterwards he descended from his room, a great deal the better for the duties of the toilette, and a bottle of soda-water with a little brandy in it. A cup of strong tea, and a slice or two of dry toast, set him entirely to rights—and then Gammon—the calm, serene, astute Gammon—was "himself again." Had he said any thing indiscreet, or in any way committed himself, over night?—thought he, as he sat alone, with folded arms, trying to recollect what had taken place. He hoped not—but had no means of ascertaining. Then he entered upon a long and anxious consideration of the position of affairs since the great comet of the preceding evening. The only definite object which he had in view, personally, in entering into the affair, was the

obtaining that ascendancy over Titmouse, in the event of his becoming possessed of the magnificent fortune they were in quest of for him, which might enable him, in one way or another, to elevate his own position in society, and secure for himself permanent and solid advantages. In the progress of the affair, however, new views presented themselves to his mind.

Towards the close of the afternoon Titmouse recovered sufficiently to make his appearance down stairs. Soon afterwards, Gammon proposed a walk, as the day was fine, and the brisk fresh country air would be efficacious in restoring Titmouse to his wonted health and spirits. His suggestion was adopted; and soon afterwards might have been seen, Gammon, supporting on his arm, his languid and interesting client, Mr. Titmouse, making his way to the river; along whose quiet and pleasing banks they walked for nearly a couple of hours, in close conversation; during which, Gammon, by repeated and various efforts, succeeding in producing an impression on Titmouse's mind, that the good fortune which seemed now within his reach, had been secured for him by the enterprise, skill, and caution of one, Mr. Gammon only; who would, moreover, continue to devote himself to Mr. Titmouse's interests, and protect him from the designs of those who would endeavour to take advantage of him. Mr. Gammon also dropped one or two vague hints that his—Titmouse's—continuance in the enjoyment of the Yatton property would always depend upon the will and power of him, the aforesaid Gammon; in whose hands were most unsuspected, but potent weapons. And, indeed, it is not at all impossible that such may prove to be really the case.

What a difference is there between man and man, in temper, and disposition, and intellect! compare together the two individuals now walking slowly, arm-in-arm, beside the sweet Ouse; and supposing one to have designs upon the other—disposed to ensnare and overreach him—what chance has the shorter gentleman? Compare even their countenances—what a difference!

Gammon heard with uneasiness of Titmouse's intention to go to the Lady Mayoress's ball that evening; and, for many reasons, resolved that he should not. In vain, however, did Gammon try to persuade him that he was asked only to be turned into ridicule, for that almost every body there would be in the interest of the Aubreys, and bitterly opposed to him, Mr. Titmouse; in spite of these and all other representations, Titmouse expressed his determination to go to the ball; on which Gammon, with a good-natured smile, exclaimed, "Well, well!" and withdrew his opposition. Shortly after their return from their walk, they sat down to dinner; and Gammon, with a cheerful air, ordered a bottle of champagne, of which he drank about a glass and a half, and Titmouse the remainder. That put him into a humour to take more wine without much pressing; and he swallowed, in rapid succession, a glass of ale, and seven or eight glasses of port and sherry. By this time he had forgotten all about the ball, and clamoured for brandy and water. Gammon, however, saw that his end was answered. Poor Titmouse was becoming rapidly more and more helpless; and within half an hour's time, was assisted to his bed-room in a very sad state. Thus Gammon had the satisfaction of seeing his benevolent design accomplished, although it pained him to think of the temporary inconvenience occasioned to the unconscious sufferer; who had, however, escaped the devices of those who wished publicly to expose his inexperience; and as for the means which Gammon had resorted to in order to effect his purpose—why, he may be supposed to have had a remoter object in view, early to disgust him with intemperance.

Alas! how disappointed were the mayor and mayoress, that their queer little lion did not make his appearance in the gay and brilliant scene! How many had they told

that he was coming! The three daughters were almost bursting with vexation and astonishment. They had been disposed to entertain a warmer feeling than that of mere curiosity towards the new owner of an estate worth ten thousand a-year—had drawn lots which of them was first to dance with him; and had told all their friends on which of them the lot had fallen: then, again, many of the county people inquired, from time to time, of the chagrined little mayor and mayoress, when "Mr. Ticklemouse," "Mr. Tipmouse," "Mr. Tipplebottle," or, "whatever his name might be," was coming; full of real curiosity, much tainted, however, with disgust and contempt, to see the interesting stranger, who had suddenly acquired so commanding a station in the county, so strong a claim to their sympathy and respect.

Then, again, there was a very great lion there, exhibiting for a short time only, who also wished to see the little lion, and expressed keen regrets that it was not there according to appointment. The great lion was Mr. Quicksilver, who had stepped in for about half an hour, merely to show himself; and when he heard of the expected arrival of his little client, it occurred to Mr. Quicksilver, who could see several inches beyond by no means a short nose, that Mr. Titmouse had gained a verdict which would very soon make him *patron of the borough of Yatton*—that he probably would not think of sitting for the borough himself, and that a little public civility bestowed upon Mr. Titmouse, by the great Mr. Quicksilver, one of the counsel to whose splendid exertions he was indebted for his all, might be, as it were, *bread thrown upon the waters, to be found after many days*. It was true that Mr. Quicksilver, in a bitter stream of eloquent invective, had repeatedly denounced the system of close and rotten boroughs; but his heart, all the while, secretly rebelled; and he knew that a snug borough was a thing on every account not to be sneezed at. He sat for one himself, though he had also contested several counties: but that was expensive and harassing work; and the borough for which he at present sat, he had paid far too high a price for. He had no objection to the existence of close boroughs; but only to so many of them being in the hands of the opposite party; and the legislature has since recognised the distinction, and acted upon it. Here, however, was the case of a borough which was going to change hands, and pass from Tory to Whig; and could Mr. Quicksilver fail to watch it with interest. Was he, therefore, to neglect this opportunity of slipping in for Yatton—and the *straw moving*, too, in term—a general election looked for? So Mr. Quicksilver really regretted the absence of his little friend and client, Mr. Titmouse.

Thus, and by such persons, and on such grounds, was lamented the absence of Mr. Titmouse from the ball of the Lady Mayoress, of York; none, however, knowing the cause which kept him from so select and distinguished an assembly. As soon as Mr. Gammon had seen him properly attended to, and expressed an anxious sympathy for him, he set out for a walk—a quiet solitary walk round the ancient walls of York. If, on a fine night, you look up into the sky, and see it gleaming with innumerable stars, and then fix your eye intently, *without winking*, upon some one star; however vivid and brilliant may be those in its immediate vicinity, they will disappear utterly, and that on which your eye is fixed will seem alone in its glory—sole star in the firmament. Something of this kind happened with Mr. Gammon when on the walls of York—now slowly, then rapidly walking, now standing, then sitting; all the objects which generally occupied his thoughts faded away, before one on which his mind's eye was then fixed with unwavering intensity—the visage of Miss Aubrey. The golden fruit that was on the eve of dropping into the hands of the firm—ten thousand pounds—the indefinite and varied advantages to himself, personally,

to which their recent successes might be turned, all vanished. What would he not undergo, what would he not sacrifice, to secure the favour of Miss Aubrey? Beautiful being—all innocence, elegance, refinement;—to possess her would elevate him in the scale of being; it would purify his feelings, it would ennoble his nature. What was too arduous or desperate to be undertaken to secure a prize so glorious as this? He fell into a long reverie, till, roused by a chill gust of night air, he rose from his seat upon one of the niches in the walls;—how lonely, how solitary he felt! He walked on rapidly, at a pace that suited the heated and rapid current of thoughts that passed through his mind.

"No, I have not a chance—not a chance!" at length he thought to himself—"That girl will be prouder in her poverty, than ever she would have been in her wealth and splendour. Who am I?—a partner in the firm of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; a firm in bad odour with the profession; looking for practice from polluted sources, with a host of miscreants for clients—*faugh! faugh!* I feel contaminated and degraded! My name even is against me; it is growing into a by-word! We must push our advantage—they must be driven from Yatton—he, she,—all of them; yes, all." He paused for a long time, and a sort of pang passed through his mind. "They are to make way for—Titmouse!—for Titmouse!! And he, too, loves her—*bah!*" He involuntarily uttered this sound fiercely, and aloud, "But stay—he really is in love with Miss Aubrey—that I know;—ah!—I can turn it to good purpose; it will give me, by the way, a hold upon the little fool;—I will make him believe that through my means he may obtain Miss Aubrey!—Misery may make her accessible; I can easily bring myself into contact with them, in their distress; for there are the meane profits—the *meane profits!* My God! how glorious, but how dreadful an engine are they! They will help to batter down the high wall of pride that surrounds them and her; but it will require infinite care and tact in the use of such an engine! I will be all delicacy—gentleness—generosity; I will appear friendly to her, and to her brother; and, if needs must be, why, he must be *crushed*. There is no help for it. He looks decidedly a man of intellect. I wonder how he bears it, how they all bear it, how *she* bears it! *Beggarly beauty*—there's something touching in the very sound! How little they think of the power that is at this moment in my hands!" Here a long interval elapsed, during which his thoughts had wandered towards more practical matters. "If they don't get a rule nisi, next term, we shall be in a position to ask them what course they intend to pursue: Gad, they may, if so disposed, hold out for—how very cold it is!" He buttoned his coat—"and, what have I been thinking of? Really I have been dreaming; or am I as great a fool as Tittlebat?" Within a few minutes' time he had quitted the walls, and descended through one of the turreted gateways into the town.

When, about seven o'clock on the morning after the delivery of the verdict, which, if sustained, consigned the Aubreys to beggary, they met to partake of a slight and hasty breakfast before setting off for Yatton; the countenances of each bore the traces of great suffering, and also of the efforts made to conceal it. They saluted each other with fervent affection, each attempting a smile—but a smile how wan and forced! "The moment has arrived, dear Agnes and Kate," said her brother, with a fond air, but a firm voice, as his sister was preparing tea in silence, fearful of looking at either her brother and sister-in-law; "the moment has arrived that is to try what stuff we are made of. If we have any strength, this is the time to show it!"

"I'm sure I thought of you both almost all night long!" replied Miss Aubrey, tremulously. "You have a lion's

heart, dear Charles; and yet you are so gentle with us!"

"I should be a poor creature indeed, Kate, to give way just when I ought to play the man. Come, dear Kate, I will remind you of a noble passage from our glorious Shakespeare. It braces one's nerves to hear it!" Then, with a fine impressive delivery, and kindling with excitement as he went on, Aubrey began—

"In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men. The sea being smooth,
How many shallow hauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribbed bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements
Like Perseus' horse; where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimbered sides but even now
Co-tivall'd greatness? Either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune!—Even so,
Doth valour show, and valour's worth divide,
In storms of fortune."*

'Twas kindly meant of Aubrey: he thought to divert the excited feelings of his wife and sister, and occupy their imagination with the vivid imagery and noble sentiment of the poet. While he repeated the above lines, his sister's eye had been fixed upon him with a radiant expression of resolution, her heart responding to what she heard. She could not, however, speak when he had ceased. For herself she cared not; but when she looked at her brother, and thought of him, his wife, his children, her fortitude yielded before the moving array, and she burst into tears.

"Come, Kate! my own sweet, good Kate!" said he, cheerfully, laying his hand upon hers, "we must keep constant guard against our feelings. They will be ever arraying before our eyes the past—the dear, delightful past—happy and beautiful in mournful contrast with the present, and stirring up every moment a thousand secret and tender associations, calculated to shake our constancy. Whenever our eyes do turn to the past, let it be with humble gratitude to God for having allowed us all, in this changing world, so long an interval of happiness; such, indeed, as falls to the lot of few. What! shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?"

"My own Charles!" exclaimed Mrs. Aubrey, rising and throwing her arms round her husband, whose countenance was calm and serene, as was the tone of the sentiments he expressed solemn and elevated. Miss Aubrey was overcome with her stronger feelings, and buried her face in her handkerchief. Shortly afterwards the carriage drew up, and also Dr. Tatham, on horseback.

"Good morning! good morning, my friends," cried he, cheerfully, as he entered, holding forth both his hands; "you can't think how fresh and pleasant the air is! The country for me, at all times of the year! I hate towns! Did you sleep well? I slept like a top all night long;—no I didn't, either, by the way. Come, come, ladies! On with your bonnets and shawls!" Thus rattled on worthy little Dr. Tatham, in order to prevent any thing being said which might disturb those whom he came to see, or cause his own highly-charged feelings to give way. The sight of Mrs. and Miss Aubrey, however, who greeted him in silence as they hastily drew on their bonnets and shawls, overcame his ill-assumed cheerfulness; and before he could bustle back, as he presently did, to the street door, his eyes were obstructed with tears, and he wrung the hand of Mr. Aubrey, who stood beside him, with convulsive energy. They soon set off, and at a rapid pace, Dr. Tatham riding along beside the carriage. Yatton was about twelve miles

* *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3.

off. For the first few miles they preserved a tolerable show of cheerfulness; but as they perceived themselves nearing Yatton, it became plainly more and more of an effort for any of them to speak. Dr. Tatham, also, talked to them seldom through the windows; at one time he dropped considerably behind; at another, he rode as much ahead.

"Oh, Charles, don't you dread to see Yatton?" said Miss Aubrey suddenly, as they turned a familiar corner of the road. Neither of them replied to her.

"When you come to the village," said Mr. Aubrey, presently, to the postilion, "drive through it, right up to the hall, as quickly as you can." He was obeyed. As they passed through the village, with their windows up, none of them seemed disposed to look through, but leaned back, in silence, in their seats.

"God bless you; God bless you; I shall call in the evening!" exclaimed Dr. Tatham; as, having reached the vicarage, he hastily waved his hand, and turned off. Soon they had passed the park gates: when had they entered it before with such heavy hearts—with eyes so dreading to encounter every familiar object that met them? Alas! the spacious park was no longer theirs; not a tree, not a shrub, not a flower, not an inch of ground; the trees all putting forth their fresh green leaves—nothing was theirs; the fine old turreted gateway, an object always, hitherto, of peculiar pride and attachment, their hearts seemed to tremble as they rattled under it.

"Courage, my sweet loves! Courage! courage!" exclaimed Mr. Aubrey, grasping each of their hands, and then they burst into tears. Mr. Aubrey felt his own fortitude grievously shaken as he entered the old hall, no longer his home, and reflected that he had been hitherto the wrongful occupant of it; that he must forthwith proceed to "set his house in order," and prepare for a dreadful reckoning with him whom the law had declared to be the true owner of Yatton.

The former result of the trial at York, was, as has been already intimated, to declare Mr. Titmouse entitled to recover possession of only that insignificant portion of the estates held by Jacob Jolter: and that, too, only in the event of the first four days of the ensuing term elapsing without any successful attempt being made to impeach, before the court, the propriety of the verdict of the jury. It is a principle of our English law, that the verdict of a jury is, in general, irreversible and conclusive: but, inasmuch as that verdict may have been improperly obtained—as, for instance, either through the misdirection of the judge, or his erroneous admission or rejection of evidence; or may have no force in point of law, by reason of the pleadings of the party for whom it has been given, being insufficient to warrant the court to award its final judgment upon, and according to, such verdict, or by reason of the discovery of fresh evidence subsequently to the trial: therefore, the law hath given the party who failed at the trial, till the end of the first four days of the term next ensuing, to show the court why the verdict obtained by his opponent ought to go for nothing, and matters remain as they were before the trial, or a new trial be had. So anxious is our law to afford the utmost scope and opportunity for ascertaining what ought to be its decision, which, when obtained, is, as hath been said, solemnly and permanently conclusive upon the subject; such the effectual and practical corrective of any error or miscarriage, in the working of that noble engine, trial by jury. Thus, then, it appears, that the hands of Mr. Titmouse and his advisers were at all events stayed till the first four days of the Easter term should have elapsed. During the considerable interval thus afforded to the advisers of Mr. Aubrey, his case, as it appeared upon the notes of his counsel, on their briefs, with the indirect assistance and corroboration derived from the shorthand writer's notes, underwent repeated and most anxious examination in all its parts and bear-

ings, by all his legal advisers. It need hardly be said, that every point in the case favourable to their client had been distinctly and fully raised by the Attorney-General, assisted by his very able juniors, Mr. Stirling and Mr. Crystal; and so was it with the counsel of Mr. Titmouse, as, indeed, the result showed. On subsequent examination, none of them could discover any false step, or any advantage which had been overlooked, or taken inefficiently. Independently of various astute objections taken by the Attorney-General to the reception of several important portions of the plaintiff's evidence, the leading points relied on in favour of Mr. Aubrey were—the impropriety of Lord Widdrington's rejection of the deed of confirmation on account of the erasure in it; the effect of that deed, assuming the erasure not to have warranted its rejection; and several questions arising out of the doctrine of adverse possession, by which alone, it had been contended at the trial, that the claim of the descendants of Stephen Dredlington had been peremptorily and finally barred. Two very long consultations had been held at the Attorney-General's chambers, attended by Mr. Stirling, Mr. Crystal, Mr. Mansfield, the three partners in the firm of Runnington and Company, Mr. Parkinson, and Mr. Aubrey—who had come up to town for the purpose alone. Greatly to the surprise of all of them, he stated most distinctly and emphatically, that he insisted on no ground of objection being taken against his opponent, except such as was strictly just, equitable, honourable, and conscientious. Rather than defeat him on mere technicalities—rather than avail himself of mere positive rules of law, while the right, as between man and man, was substantially in favour of his opponent—Mr. Aubrey declared, however absurd or Quixotic he might be thought, that he would—if he had them—lose fifty Yattons. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.* "You mean to say, Aubrey," interrupted the Attorney-General mildly, after listening for some time to his friend and client with evident interest and admiration of his pure and high-minded character—"that it would be unconscientious of you to avail yourself of a fixed and beneficial rule of law, established upon considerations of general equity and utility—such, for instance, as that of adverse possession, in order to retain possession, while?"

"Pray, Mr. Attorney-General, if I had lent you five hundred pounds seven or eight years ago, would you set up the statute of limitations against me when I asked for repayment?"

"Excuse me, Aubrey," replied the Attorney-General, with a faint flush upon his handsome and dignified features; "but how idle all this is! One would imagine that we were sitting in a school of casuistry! What are we met for, in the name of common sense! For what, but to prevent the rightful owner of property from being deprived of it by a trumpety accidental erasure in one of his title-deeds, which time has deprived him of the means of accounting for?" He then, in a very kind way, but with a dash of peremptoriness, requested that the case might be left in their hands, and that they might be given credit for resorting to nothing that was inconsistent with the nicest and most fastidious sense of honour. This observation put an end to so unprecedented an interference; but if Mr. Aubrey supposed that it had had any effect upon the Attorney-General, he was mistaken; for of course that learned and eminent person secretly resolved to avail himself of every conceivable means, great and small, available for overturning the verdict, and securing the Aubreys in the possession of Yatton. He at the same time earnestly endeavoured to moderate the expectations of his client, declaring that he was by no means sanguine as to the issue; that Lord Widdrington's rulings at *Nisi Prius* were very formidable things; in fact, rarely assailable; and then, again, the senior puisne judge of the court—Mr. Justice Grayley—had been consulted by Lord Widdrington at the

trial, and concurred with him in his principal ruling, now sought to be moved against. At the close of the second consultation, on the night of the first day in Easter term, (the Attorney-General intending to move on the ensuing morning,) after having finally gone over the case in all its bearings, and agreed upon the exact grounds of moving—the Attorney-General called back Mr. Runnington for a moment, as he was walking away with Mr. Aubrey, and whispered to him, that it would be very proper to assume at once that the motion failed; and consider the best mode of negotiating concerning the surrender of the bulk of the property, and the payment of the meane profits.

"Oh, Mr. Aubrey has quite made up his mind to the worst, Mr. Attorney-General."

"Ah, well!" replied the Attorney-General with a sigh; and about five minutes after Mr. Runnington's departure, the Attorney-General stepped into his carriage, which had been standing for the last hour opposite his chambers. He drove down to the House of Commons, where he almost immediately after delivered a long and luminous speech on one of the most important and intricate questions that had been discussed during the session. The first four days of term are an awkward interval equally to incompetent counsel and incompetent judges—when such there are. The slips of both then come to light; both have to encounter the keen and vigilant scrutiny of a learned, acute, and independent body—the English bar. If a judge should happen to be in any degree unequal to the exigencies of his important station—incompetent for the due discharge of his difficult functions at *Nisi Prius*—what a store of anxiety and mortification accumulates at every circuit town against the ensuing term; where his misrulings are distinctly and boldly brought under the notice of the full court and the assembled bar! What must be his feelings, as he becomes aware that all interested in the matter look out for a plentiful crop of new trials from the circuit which he has selected to favour with his presence. Great causes lost, verdicts set aside, and new trials ordered, at an enormous, often a ruinous expense, entirely on account of his inability to seize the true points and bearings of a case, and present them properly to a jury, to apply accurately the principles of evidence! How exquisitely painful to suspect that as soon as his name is announced, the anxious attorneys withdraw records and postpone the trials of their chief causes, in all directions trying no more than they can possibly help, in the hope that a more competent judge will take the circuit after! to become, every now and then, aware that counsel boldly speculate at the trial upon his inexperience and ignorance by impudent experiments, in flagrant violation of elementary principles! And then for incompetent counsel; is not his a similar position? Set to lead a cause, before a host of keen rivals, watching his every step with bitter scrutiny—feeling himself entirely at sea; bewildered among details; forgetting his points; losing his presence of mind; with no fixed principles of law to guide him; laid prostrate by a sudden objection, of which, when too late, and the mischief is done and irretrievable, he sees, or has explained to him the fallacy, and absurdity, and even audacity; discovering from indignant juniors, on sitting down, that he has gone to the jury on quite the wrong tack, and in effect thrown the cause away; and although he creeps into court on the first four days of term, to endeavour to retrieve the false step he took at the trial; but in vain, and he dare not look his attorney in the face, as he is refused his rule! These and similar thoughts may, perhaps, on such occasions, be passing through the mind of a snarling sarcastic cynic, disappointed in his search for business, distanced in the race for promotion, as he sees the bench occupied with graceful dignity by men of acknowledged fitness chosen from among the flower of the bar,—those most qualified by experience, learning, intellect, and moral character. I would say to

an inquirer, go now into any one of the superior courts of your country—to any court of *Nisi Prius* in the kingdom; and if you are able to observe and appreciate what you shall see, you will acknowledge that in no single instance has the precious trust of administering justice been committed to unworthy or incompetent hands, whatever may have occasionally been the case in a former day. And in like manner may we rebuke our cynic, in respect of his disparaging estimate of the leading bar.

The spectacle presented by the court in banc, to a thoughtful observer, is interesting and imposing. Here, for instance, was the Court of King's Bench, presided over by Lord Widdrington, with three puisne judges—all men of powerful understandings, of great experience, and of deep and extensive legal knowledge. Observe the dignified calmness and patience with which counsel are listened to, verbose even and tiresome as occasionally they are: the judges not deranging their thoughts, or the order in which the argument has been, with much anxiety and care, prepared for them beforehand—by incessant suggestions of crude and hasty impressions—but suspending their judgment till fully possessed of the case brought before them by one whom his client has thought fit to entrust with the conduct of his case. They never interfere but in extreme cases, when the time of the court is being plainly wasted by loose irrelevant matter. Their demeanour is characterized by grave courtesy and forbearance; and any occasional interference is received by the bar with profound respect, and anxious attention. Never is to be seen in any of our courts the startling spectacle of personal collision between judge and counsel—each endeavouring to rival the other in the exhibition of acuteness and ingenuity. On the contrary, a thoughtful observer of what goes on in any of our courts, will believe that our judges have considered the truth of that saying of Seneca—*Nil sapientia odiosius acuminis nimio*; and modelled themselves after the great portraiture of the judicial office drawn by the most illustrious of philosophers.

"Patience and gravity of bearing are an essential part of justice; and an over-speaking judge is no well-tuned cymbal. Judges ought to be more learned than witty; more reverend than plausible; and more advised than confident. It is no grace to a judge first to find that which he might have heard in due time from the bar; or to show quickness of conceit, in cutting off evidence, or counsel too short, or to prevent information by questions, though pertinent."* Our English judges are indeed worthy of the affection and reverence with which, both in public and private, they are regarded; and if any one will consider their severe and almost uninterrupted labours—the toil and weight of responsibility they bear, equalled by that of no other public functionaries—he will doubly appreciate the courtesy and forbearance which are exhibited by them, and forget any transient glimpses of asperity or impatience on the part of men exhausted, frequently, by both bodily and mental labour. But I forgot that I had brought the reader into the Court of King's Bench, where he has been standing all this while, watching Lord Widdrington "go through the bar," as it is termed; namely, calling on all the counsel present, in the order of their seniority or position, to make any little motion, of course, before proceeding with the principal business of the day. One learned gentleman moved, for instance, to discharge a fraudulent debtor out of custody, so that he might start off for the continent and avoid a debt of £3000, because, in the copy of the writ, the word was "sheriff;" and in the writ itself, "sheriffs;" and in this motion he succeeded, greatly to the astonishment of Mr. Aubrey. But the court said, that a "copy" meant a copy; and this was not a copy; where was the line to be drawn? Were they to

* Lord Bacon. ESSAYS—"of Judicature."

have a contest on every occasion of a party's carelessness as to the materiality, or immateriality, of the variance it had occasioned? So the rule was made absolute with costs. Another scamp sought to be discharged out of custody—or rather that his bail-bond should be delivered up to be cancelled, because his name therein was called "Smyth," whereas in the writ it was "*Smythe*;" but after his counsel had cited half-a-dozen cases, the court thought that the maxim of *idem sonans* applied, and discharged the rule. Then half-a-dozen young gentlemen moved for judgment as in case of a nonsuit—some of them with much self-possession and nonchalance: another moved for an attachment against a party for non-payment of costs, pursuant to the Master's *allocatur*; and the last, in the very back row of all, moved for a rule to compute principal and interest on a bill of exchange. Then all the bar had been gone through, in about half-an-hour's time; during which the Attorney-General had come into court, and arranged all his books and papers before him; Mr. Subtle sitting next to him with a slip of paper before him, to take a note of the grounds on which he moved.

"Does any other gentleman move?" inquired Lord Widdrington, looking over the court. He received no answer.

"Mr. Attorney-General," said he; and the Attorney-General rose—

"If your Lordship pleases,—in a case of *DOE* on the demise of *TITMOUSE* against *JOLTER*, tried before your Lordship at the last assizes for the county of York, I have humbly to move your Lordship for a rule to show cause why a nonsuit should not be entered, or why the verdict entered for the plaintiff should not be set aside, and a *NEW TRIAL* had." He proceeded to state the facts of the case, and what had taken place at the trial, with great clearness and brevity. In like manner—with infinite simplicity and precision—he stated the various points arising upon the evidence, and the general grounds of law which have been already specified; but I am so grateful to the reader for his patience under the infliction of so much legal detail as was contained in the last part of this history, that I shall now content myself with the above general statement of what took place before the court. As soon as he had sat down, the court consulted together for a minute or two; and then—

"You may take a rule to show cause, Mr. Attorney-General," said Lord Widdrington.

"On all the grounds I have mentioned, my Lord?"

"Yes. Mr. Solicitor-General, do you move?"

Up rose, thereat, the Solicitor-General.

"I shall discharge your rule," whispered Mr. Subtle to the Attorney-General.

"I am afraid you will," whispered the Attorney-General, leaning his head close to Mr. Subtle, and with his hand before his mouth. Then his clerk removed the battery of books which stood before him, together with his brief; and taking another out of his turgid red bag, the Attorney-General was soon deep in the details of an important shipping case, in which he was going to move when next it came to his turn.

Thus the court had granted a rule *nisi*, as it is called, (i. e. it commanded a particular thing to be done—"unless" sufficient "cause" could be thereafter shown to the court why it should not be done,) for either entering a nonsuit, or having a new trial. Now, had this rule been obtained in the present day, at least two years must have elapsed, owing to the immense and perhaps unavoidable arrear of business, before the other side could have been heard in answer to it; so, at least, it has been reported to me, in this green old solitude where I am writing, pleasantly recalling long-past scenes of the bustling professional life from which I am thankful for having been able, with a moderate competence, years ago to retire. Now, had

such been the state of business at the time when the rule in *Doe v. Titmouse v. Jolter* was moved for, see the practical effect of it; had Mr. Aubrey, instead of the high-minded and conscientious man he undoubtedly was, been a rogue, he might have had the opportunity of getting in twenty thousand pounds, and setting off with it to spend upon the continent, as soon as he found that the court had decided against him; or, if the tenants should have been served with notice not to pay their rents to any one but Mr. Titmouse—at all events not to Mr. Aubrey—how was Mr. Aubrey and his family to have subsisted during this interval?—and with the possibility that, at the end of the two years, Mr. Aubrey might be declared to be the true owner of Yatton, and consequently all the while entitled to those rents, &c. the non-payment of which might have entailed upon him most serious embarrassments. During the same interval, poor Mr. Titmouse, heart sick with hope deferred, might have taken to liquor, as a solace under his misery, and drunk himself to death before the rule was discharged—or brought his valuable life to a more sudden and abrupt conclusion: which affecting event would have relieved the court from deciding several troublesome points of law, and kept the Aubreys in possession of the Yatton estates. If what I am informed of as to the accumulation of arrears in the Court of King's Bench in the present day, in spite of the anxious and unprecedented exertions of its very able and active judges, be correct, I suspect that I shall not be believed, when I inform the reader, that within ten or twelve days after the rule *nisi*, in the present case, had been moved, "cause was shown" against it by Mr. Subtle and Mr. Lynx, and very admirably shown against it too. (Mr. Quicksilver, unfortunately for the interests of Mr. Titmouse, was absent, attending a great meeting in the city, called by himself, to establish a society for the Moral and Intellectual Regeneration of Mankind, on the Basis of Pure Reason.) The Attorney-General exerted himself to the utmost in support of his rule. He felt that the court—though scarcely at all interfering during his address—was against him; yet he delivered, perhaps one of the most masterly arguments that had ever been heard in the place where he was speaking. Mr. Sterling and Mr. Crystal wisely avoiding the ground so admirably occupied by the Attorney-General, contented themselves with strengthening those positions which appeared to them less fortified by positive authority than the others; and then the court said they would take a day or two's time to consider; "less on account," said Lord Widdrington, "of the difficulty of the case, than the magnitude of the interests which would probably be affected by their decision."

"You have them dead with you, Subtle," whispered the Attorney-General, a slight expression of chagrin stealing over his features, as he heard the observation of Lord Widdrington.

"I never doubted it," replied Mr. Subtle, with a confident air. Every day afterwards, from the sitting to the rising of the court, did the anxious Aubrey attend in the King's Bench, to hear the judgment of the court delivered. At length arrived the last day of the term. Soon after the sitting of the court, Lord Widdrington pronounced judgment in two or three cases; but not seeing the Attorney-General (who was engaged before the House of Lords) in his place, delayed giving judgment in the case of *Doe* and *Jolter*. About two o'clock he made his appearance; and shortly afterwards, Lord Widdrington, after disposing of the matter then before the court, said—"There was a case of *Doe* on the demise of *Titmouse* against *Jolter*, in which, early in the term, a rule was obtained, calling upon the lessor of the plaintiff to show cause why,"—and he proceeded to state the rule; and then to deliver the written unanimous judgment of the court. A clear and elaborate statement of the facts, out of which the question submitted to the court, had arisen, and of those questions themselves,

was listened to by Mr. Aubrey in breathless suspense, before he could obtain the faintest intimation of the judgment which the court was about to pronounce. Lord Widdrington went on to dispose, one by one, with painful deliberation and precision, of the seven points presented for the decision of the court. One or two questions they decided in favour of the defendant; but added, that it had become unnecessary to do so, in consequence of the answers given by the witnesses to other questions, at the trial, and which disposed of the doubts arising on the former questions. The documentary evidence, subsequently put in, got rid of another difficulty in the earlier part of the plaintiff's case, and rendered immaterial a question put by the plaintiff's counsel, and strenuously objected to on the part of the defendant; which question the court was of opinion, as had been Lord Widdrington at the trial, ought not to have been allowed. Then, as to the question of *ADVERSE POSSESSION*, on which very great stress had been laid by the defendant's counsel, the court was of opinion that none existed; since there had been a *disability*—indeed a series of disabilities,—through infancy, coverture, and absence beyond seas, of the various parties through whom the lessor of the plaintiff claimed. Finally, as to the question concerning the *ERASURE*; the court was of opinion, that the deed in which it occurred, had been properly rejected; inasmuch as the erasure occurred in a clearly material part of the deed, and there were no recitals in the deed by which it could be helped. That it was clearly incumbent upon those proffering the deed in evidence, to account for its altered appearance, although the deed was more than thirty years old, and rebut the presumption of fraud arising therefrom. That the erasure was a clear badge of fraud! and to hold otherwise, would be to open a wide door to frauds of the most extensive and serious description. That there had been no evidence offered to show that the deed had been a valid deed; the very first step failed; and, in short, in its then state, it was in contemplation of law no deed at all; and, consequently, had been properly rejected. "For all these reasons, therefore, we are clearly of opinion, that the verdict ought not to be disturbed, and the rule will consequently be *DISCHARGED*." As these last words were pronounced, a mist seemed for a moment to intervene between Mr. Aubrey and the objects around him, for his thoughts had reverted to Yatton, and the precious objects of his affection who were there, in sickening suspense, awaiting the event which had that moment taken place. The words yet sounding in his excited ears, seemed like the sentence of expulsion from Paradise passed upon our dismayed and heart-broken first parents. Yes, in that solemn region of matter-of-fact and commonplace—that *dead sea*, as far as feeling, sentiment, incident, or excitement is concerned, the Court of King's Bench—there sat a man of exquisite sensibility,—pure and high-minded—whose feelings were for a while paralysed by the words which had fallen from the judgment-seat, uttered with a cold business-like, indifferent air—oh! how horridly out of concert with the anxious and excited tone of him whom, with his lovely family, they consigned, in fact to destitution! After remaining for about a quarter of an hour, during which brief interval he resumed the control over his feelings which he had so long and successfully struggled to maintain, he rose, and quitted the court. It was a heavy, lowering afternoon—one which seemed to harmonize with the gloomy and desolate mood in which he slowly walked homeward. He encountered many of his friends, on foot, on horseback, and in carriages, on their way down to the Houses of Parliament; the very sight of them, in the morbid state of his feelings, gave him a pang that was indescribable. With them matters were the same as they had ever been—as they had till then been with him—and as probably they would be with them to the end of their career; but he had

been forced, suddenly and for ever, to quit the scene of high excitement—he heaved many heavy sighs as he exchanged nod after nod with those he met, as he approached Charing Cross. There he encountered Lord C——, the brilliant foreign secretary, arm in arm with two eloquent and leading members of the government—all of them evidently in high spirits, on their way down to the House.

"Ah!—Aubrey!—In town?—An age since we met!"—exclaimed they, in a breath, shaking him cordially by the hand. "You know, of course, that the budget comes on to-night—eh?"

"I assure you," said Lord C——, "our friends will do us great service—very essential service, by being early in their attendance!—You know that Mr. Quicksilver intends to come out against us to-night in great force?—My dear Aubrey, you are going the wrong way."

"I am not going down to the House to-night."

"Not going down?—Eh?—My dear Aubrey, you astonish me!—Have you paired off? You can't think how I lament your absence!"

"I am returning to Yorkshire almost immediately."

"But surely you can come for an hour, or so, to-night—eh? Come? Don't let a trifle stand in the way."

"I would not let a trifle stand in the way," replied Mr. Aubrey, in a tone and manner that at once arrested the attention of them whom he was addressing, and suddenly reminded them of what, in their political eagerness, they had for a moment lost sight of—namely, the perilous position of his private affairs.

"My dear Aubrey, I beg a thousand pardons for intruding such matters upon you," said Lord C——, with sudden earnestness, "but shall we have an opportunity of meeting before you leave town?"

"I fear not,—I set off by the mail to-morrow evening—and have in the mean time much to attend to," said Mr. Aubrey, unable to repress a sigh—and they parted. But for a determination not to yield to a morbid sensibility, he would have got into a hackney-coach, and so have avoided the "troops of friends,"—the hosts of "old familiar faces," all wending down to the scene in which he had begun so eminently to distinguish himself—but from which he seemed now to be for ever excluded. He therefore pursued his way on foot. One of those on whom his troubled eye lit, was a well known figure, on horseback—the great Duke of —, on his way down to the House of Lords, going very slowly, his head inclined on one side, his iron-cast features overpread with an expression of stern thoughtfulness. He did not observe Mr. Aubrey—in fact, he seemed too much absorbed with his own thoughts to observe or recognise any body; yet he now and then mechanically raised his finger to his hat, in acknowledgment of the obeisances of those whom he met. Poor Aubrey sighed; and felt as if circumstances had placed him at an immeasurable distance from him whom, so lately, he had entertained familiarly at dinner; that there seemed suddenly to have arisen, as it were, a great and impassable gulf between them.

On reaching his house in Grosvenor Street, his heart fluttered while he knocked and rang; and he seemed to shrink from the accustomed obsequious voice and manner of the powdered menial who admitted him. Having ordered a slight dinner, he repaired to his library. The only letter which had arrived since he had left in the morning, bore the Griston post-mark, and was in the handwriting of Mrs. Aubrey. He opened it with trembling eagerness. It was crossed—the dear familiar handwriting!—from beginning to end, and full of heart-subduing tenderness. Then it had a little enclosure, with a strange, straggling superscription, "To my Papa;" and on opening it he read, in similar characters,—

My Dear Papa, I love you very, very much. Do come home. Mamma sends her love. Your dutiful son.

"CHARLES AUBREY."

"P. S. Agnes sends her love; she cannot write because she is so little. Please to come home directly."

"CHARLES A., Yatton."

Aubrey saw how it was—that Mrs. Aubrey had either affected to write in her little son's name, or had actually guided his pen. On the outside she had written in pencil—

"Charles says, he hopes that you will answer his letter directly."

Aubrey's lip quivered, and his eyes filled with tears. Putting the letters into his bosom, he rose and walked to and fro, with feelings which cannot be described. The evening was very gloomy; it poured with rain incessantly. He was the only person in that spacious and elegant house, except the servants left in charge of it; and dreary and desolate enough it felt. He was but its nominal owner—their nominal master! In order to save the post, he sat down to write home—(home! his heart sunk within him at the thought)—and informed Mrs. Aubrey and his sister of the event for which his previous letters had prepared them; adding, that he should set off for Yatton by the mail of the ensuing night, and that he was perfectly well. He also wrote a line or two, in large printed characters, by way of answer to his little correspondent, his son, towards whom how his heart yearned! and having despatched his packet, probably the last he should ever frank, he partook of a hasty and slight dinner, and then resigned himself to deep meditation upon his critical circumstances. He was perfectly aware of his precise position in point of law, namely, that he was safe in the possession of the Yatton property, (with the exception of the trifle which was occupied by Jolter, and had been the object of the action just determined,) till another action should have been brought, directly seeking its recovery; and that by forcing his opponent to bring such action, he might put him to considerable risk of retaining his verdict, and thereby, greatly harass him, and ward off, indefinitely, the evil day from himself. By these means he might secure time, possibly, also, favourable terms, for the payment of the dreadful arrear of mesne profits, in which he stood indebted to his successor. To this effect he had received several intimations from as upright and conscientious an adviser, Mr. Runnington, as was to be found in the profession. But Mr. Aubrey had decided upon his course; he had taken his ground, and intended to maintain it. However sudden and unlooked-for had been the claim set up against him, it had been deliberately and solemnly confirmed by the law of the land; and he had no idea but of yielding it a prompt and hearty obedience. He resolved, therefore, to waste no time—to fritter away no energy in feeble dalliance with trouble; but to face her boldly, and comply with all her exactions. He would, on the morrow, instruct Mr. Runnington to write to his opponent's solicitors, informing them that within three weeks' time the estates at Yatton would be delivered up to their client, Mr. Titmouse. He would also direct his own private solicitor to arrange for the quickest possible disposal of his house in Grovenor Street, and his wines and his furniture, both there and at Yatton. He resolved, moreover, on the morrow, to take the necessary steps for vacating his seat in Parliament, by applying for the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds; and having determined on these arrangements, consequent upon the adverse decision of the Court of King's Bench of that day, he felt the momentary relief and satisfaction of the seaman who has prepared his vessel for the approaching storm. He felt, indeed, relieved for a while from a dreadful pressure.

"And what, now, have I really to complain of?" said

he to himself; "why murmur presumptuously and vainly against the dispensations of Providence? I thank God that I am still able to recognise his hand in what has befallen me, and to believe that 'He hath done all things well,' that prosperity and adversity are equally from Him, means of accomplishing his all-wise purposes! Is it for me, poor insect, to question the goodness, the wisdom, or the justice of my Maker? I thank God for the firm belief I have that He 'governs the world in righteousness,' and that He has declared that he will protect and bless them who sincerely endeavour to discover, and conform to, His will concerning them. He it was that placed me in my late condition of prosperity and eminence: why should I fret, when He sees fit gently to remove me from it, and place me in a different sphere of exertion and suffering? If the dark heathen could spend a life in endeavouring to steel his heart against the sense of suffering, and to look with cheerless indifference upon the vicissitudes of life, shall I, a Christian, shrink with impatience and terror from the first glimpse of adversity? Even at the worst, how favoured is my situation in comparison with that of millions of my fellow-creatures? Shall I not lessen my own sufferings, by the contemplation of these which the Almighty has thought fit to inflict upon my brethren? What if I, and those whom I love, were the subjects of direful disease—of vice—of dishonour? What if I were the object of a just and universal contempt, given up to a reprobate mind; miserable here, and without hope hereafter? Here have I health, a loving family—have had the inestimable advantages of education, and even now, in the imminent approach of danger, am enabled to preserve, in some measure, a composure of feeling, a resolution which will support me, and those who are dearer to me than life." Here his heart beat quickly, and he walked rapidly to and fro. "I am confident that Providence will care for them! As for me, even in sight of the more serious and startling peril that menaces me—what is it to a Christian but a trial of his constancy? 'There hath no temptation taken you,' say the Scriptures written for our instruction, 'but such as is common to man;' but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above what ye are able, but will, with the temptation, also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." This consolatory passage led Aubrey, in a calm and exalted mood of mind, to meditate upon that picture of submission to manifold misfortune, simple and sublime beyond all comparison or approach, drawn by the pencil of one inspired with wisdom from on high; calculated at once to solemnize, to strengthen, and elevate the heart and character of man; and which is to be found in the first and second chapters of the Book of Job. Oh! reader! who, brilliant as may be at this moment thy position in life, may have been heretofore, or may be hereafter, placed in circumstances of dreadful suffering and peril, suffer him whose humble labours now for a moment occupy thy attention, reverently to refer thee, again and yet again, to that memorable passage of holy writ! With danger surrounding him, with utter ruin staring him in the face, Mr. Aubrey read this glorious passage; his shaken spirit gathered from it calmness and consolation, and retiring early to bed, he enjoyed a night of tranquil, undisturbed repose.

"They are determined not to let the grass grow underneath their feet, Mr. Aubrey," said Mr. Runnington, who, the next morning made his appearance at breakfast, pursuant to appointment; "within two hours' time of the court delivering judgment yesterday afternoon, I received

* *Ἀνθρωπίνος* signifies in this place, (1st Corinth. x. 13.) says a great commentator on this memorable passage of Scripture, "such as is suited to the nature and circumstances of man; such as every man may reasonably expect, if he considers the nature of his body and soul, and his situation in the present world."

the following communication. He handed to Mr. Aubrey this letter:

"Gentlemen:

"*Doe d. Titmouse, v. Jolter.*

"The rule for a new trial herein having been this day discharged, and the unanimous judgment of the court delivered in favour of the claims to the Yatton estate of the lessor of the plaintiff of the present action, we shall feel obliged by an intimation from you, at your earliest possible convenience, of the course which your client may now think fit to adopt. You are, of course, aware that we are now in a situation to attack, successfully, the entire property at Yatton, at present in the possession of Mr. Aubrey: and that, had we thought fit, we might have sought and recovered it all in the action which has just been decided in favour of our client. It is now in our power materially to strengthen the evidence adduced at the late trial, and we beg to be informed whether it is your client's intention to put Mr. Titmouse to the enormous expense, and the delay of a second trial, the issue of which cannot be doubtful; or, with the promptitude and candour which are to be expected from a gentleman of the station and character of your client, at once yield to our client the substantial fruits of his verdict.

"If his reasonable wishes in this matter be disregarded, we would merely intimate that it will be for your client most seriously to weigh the consequences; to see whether such a line of conduct may not greatly prejudice his interests, and place him in a far worse position than, perhaps, he would otherwise have occupied. As we understand your client to be in town, we trust you will forgive us for requesting you immediately to communicate with him, and at your earliest convenience enable us to announce the result to our client.

"We are, gentlemen, your obedient servants,
"QUIRK, GAMMON & SNAP.

"Messrs. Runnington & Co."

"Well—I own I see nothing to find fault with in this letter," said Mr. Aubrey, calmly, but with a suppressed sigh, as soon as he had read the letter.

"Rather quick work, too—is it not, Mr. Aubrey?—within an hour or two after judgment pronounced in their favour:—but, to be sure, it's very excusable, when you consider the line of business, and the sort of clients that Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap are accustomed to."

"I have made up my mind as to the course I shall adopt," said Mr. Aubrey—

"Oh, of course, that is quite clear," said Mr. Runnington, pouring out his coffee—"we shall stand another shot, and see if there's ammunition enough left for the purpose: and we'll tender a bill of exceptions, and carry the case into the Exchequer chamber, and thence into the House of Lords—ah! we'll work them, I warrant them!"—and he rubbed his hands with a little excitement in his manner.

"Why, Mr. Runnington," answered Mr. Aubrey, gravely, "would it not be wanton—most unconscientious in me to put them to the expense and anxiety of a second trial, when the whole case, on both sides, has been fairly brought before both the court and the jury?"

"Good Heavens, Mr. Aubrey! who ever heard of an estate of ten thousand a-year being surrendered after one assault?"

"If it were ten thousand times ten thousand a-year, I would submit, after such a trial as ours."

"How do we know what fraud and perjury may have been resorted to in order to secure the late verdict, and which we may have the means of exploding against the next trial? Ah, Mr. Aubrey, you don't know the character of

Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap in the profession; they learn a fresh trick from every scoundrel, swindler, and thief, whose case they undertake."

"I thought that fraud and perjury were never to be presumed, Mr. Runnington! Besides, had we not the advantage of most acute and experienced counsel? How could it escape them?"

"I would only venture to remind you," said Mr. Runnington, firmly but respectfully, "of the observations of the Attorney-General, at our last consultation."

"I thought I was unanswered, Mr. Runnington, though I did not feel at liberty to press the matter," replied Mr. Aubrey, with a melancholy smile.

"Excuse me, but we must take the chance of a second trial," said Mr. Runnington.

"I have decided upon the course I shall adopt," replied Mr. Aubrey, calmly and determinedly—"I shall instruct you to write this day to the gentlemen upon the other side, and inform them that within three weeks I shall be prepared to deliver up possession of Yatton."

"My dear sir!—Do I hear aright? Deliver up possession of the estates! and within three weeks!"

"That was what I said, Mr. Runnington," replied Mr. Aubrey, rather peremptorily.

"I give you my honour, Mr. Aubrey, that in the whole course of my practice I never heard of such a procedure."

"And I shall further request you to state that the last quarter's rents are in my banker's hands, and will be paid over to the order of Mr. Titmouse."

"Good gracious, Mr. Aubrey!" interrupted Mr. Runnington, with an air of deep concern.

"I have well considered the position in which I am placed," said Mr. Aubrey, with a serious air.

"It is very painful for me to mention the subject, Mr. Aubrey; but have you adverted to the *meane* profits?"

"I have. It is, indeed, a very fearful matter: and I frankly own that I see no way open before me, but to trust to the forbearance of"—

"Forbearance!—the forbearance of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap!! or of any one counselled by them!"

"Why, what can I do? I might as well undertake to pay off the national debt, as this sum of sixty thousand pounds!"

"That's just the very thing," replied Runnington, with a dismayed air.

"Whatever honourable negotiation can effect, I leave it in your hands to do. With reference to the time that may be obtained for the liquidation of it,"—Mr. Aubrey changed colour, but spoke with firmness—"I must own that this is a matter that has occasioned me inexpressible anxiety, Mr. Runnington. I really do not see what length of time will enable me to discharge so fearful a sum of money, or even to make any sensible impression upon it. I am quite at their mercy." Here both maintained a silence of several minutes' duration.

"I am far from thinking it clear that equity would not interpose to relieve against *meane* profits, in such a case as the present—a dormant claim set up."

"I cannot see, Mr. Runnington, on what principle such an interference could be supported."

"No more do I, at present," replied Mr. Runnington, "but I'll lose no time in having the best advice on the subject. Gracious me! when one thinks of it, it deprives one of!"—at this moment a thundering appeal to the knocker of the door announced an arrival; and presently the servant entered and stated that Lord C— had called, and was waiting in the library. After repeating two or three directions to Mr. Runnington, Mr. Aubrey begged to be excused, and presently entered the library, where Lord C— was waiting to receive him. Lord C— was a middle-aged man, tall, of elegant person, a strikingly handsome countenance, and most winning address; he

was a thorough politician, possessed of eloquence, immense practical knowledge, and a very commanding intellect. He was made for eminent office, and got through the most complicated and harassing business with singular ease and celerity. He had for several years entertained a sincere regard for Aubrey, whom he considered to be a very rising man in the House of Commons, and who had, on several occasions, rendered him special service in debate. He was much shocked to hear of the sudden misfortune which had befallen Mr. Aubrey; and had now come to him with a sincere desire to be of service to him; and also, not without a faint hope of prevailing upon him to come down that evening and support them in a very close division. He was as kind-hearted a man as a keen politician could be.

"I am really shocked beyond all expression to hear all this," said he, after Aubrey had, at his earnest request, explained the position in which he was placed; the dreadful loss he had sustained, the still more dreadful liabilities to which he was subject. "Really who can be safe? It might have happened to me—to any of us! Forgive me, my dear Aubrey," continued Lord C—— earnestly, "if I venture to express a hope that at all events Mrs. Aubrey and your family are provided for, and your very lovely sister; she, I trust, is out of the reach of inconvenience?" Mr. Aubrey's lip quivered, and he remained silent.

"Allow me a friend's freedom, Aubrey, and let me repeat my question; are your family provided for?"

"I will be frank, Lord C——," replied Mr. Aubrey, with a strong effort to preserve his composure. "The little provision that was made for them goes with Yatton; but for them—my wife, my children, my sister—I would have submitted to this misfortune with unshrinking fortitude; but they are, alas, involved in my ruin! My wife had nothing when I married her; and of course the settlements I made on her were out of the Yatton property; as also was the little income left my sister by my father. With Yatton all is gone—that is the plain fact; and there is no disguising it."

Lord C—— seemed much moved.

"The Duke of —, I, and two or three other of your friends, were talking about these matters last night; we wish we could serve you. What is the sort of foreign service you would prefer, Aubrey?"

"Foreign service," echoed Mr. Aubrey, significantly.

"Yes; an entire change of scene would be highly serviceable in diverting your thoughts from the distressing subjects which here occupy them, and must continue to occupy them for some time to come."

"It is very kindly meant, Lord C——; but do you really think I can for a single moment entertain the idea of quitting the country to escape from pecuniary liability?"

"That's the point exactly; I decidedly think you ought to do so; that you must," replied Lord C——, in a matter-of-fact manner.

"Nothing upon earth shall induce me to do so," replied Mr. Aubrey firmly. "The bare idea shocks me. It would be the meanest, most unprincipled conduct—it would reflect disgrace on the King's service."

"Poh—this is mere eccentricity—knight-errantry; I'm sure that when you are in a calmer mood you will think differently. Upon my honour, I never heard of such a thing in my life. Are you to stay at home, to have your hands tied behind your back, and be thrust into prison—to court destruction for yourself and your family?" Mr. Aubrey turned aside his head and remained silent.

"I must plead in favour of Mrs. Aubrey—your children—your sweet lovely sister;—good God! it's quite shocking to think of what you are bringing them to."

"You torture my feelings, Lord C——," said Mr. Aubrey, tremulously and very pale; "but you do not convince my judgment. Every dictate of conscience and

honour combines to assure me that I should not listen to your proposal."

"Good God! what an outrage on common sense!—But has any thing been yet said on the subject of these liabilities—these *mesne* profits, as I suppose they are called?"

"Nothing; but they follow as a matter of course."

"How is it that you owe *only* sixty thousand pounds, Aubrey?"

"*Only* sixty thousand!"

"At the rate of ten thousand a-year, you must have had at least a hundred thousand pounds."

"The statute of limitations prevents more than six years arrears being recoverable."

"But do you intend, Aubrey, to avail yourself of such a protection against the just claims of this poor, unfortunate, ill-used gentleman? Are not the remaining forty thousand pounds justly due—money of his which you have been making way with? Will you let a mere technical rule of law outweigh the dictates of honour and conscience?"

"I do not exactly understand your drift, Lord C——."

"Your sovereign has a right to command your services; and by obeying him and serving your country, you are enabled to prevent a malignant opponent from ruining you and your family, by extorting a vast sum of money not equitably due: I protest I see no difference in principle, Aubrey, between availing yourself of the statute of limitations and of the call of the king to foreign service;—but we must talk of this again. By the way, what is the name of your worthy opponent? Tittlemouse, or some such strange name?"

"Tittlemouse!—By the way, you lose a seat for Yatton," said Aubrey, with a faint smile. Lord C—— pricked up his ears.

"Ay, ay! how's that?"

"The gentleman you have named professes, I understand, Liberal principles; probably he will sit for the borough himself: at all events, he will return the member."

"He's a poor ignorant creature, isn't he? What has made him take up with Liberal principles? By taking a little notice of him early, one might—eh?—influence him;—but you don't intend to vacate this session?"

"I intend this day to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds; and this evening, if you like, a new writ may be moved for the borough of Yatton."

"You must come down to night, my dear Aubrey, you really must," said Lord C——, with undisguised anxiety—with more than he had shown during the interview. "The numbers will run very close; they are stirring heaven and earth;—good heavens! my dear Aubrey, a vote's invaluable to-night;—Gad, you shan't have the Chiltern Hundreds; you mustn't really apply for it—at all events, not till to-morrow."

"I shall sit no more in the House of Commons," said Mr. Aubrey, with a sad, determined air;—"besides, I leave for Yatton by to-night's mail. There are those waiting for me whom you would not have me disappoint, Lord C——!"

"Not for worlds, my dear Aubrey," replied Lord C——, half absently;—he was intensely disappointed at not obtaining Mr. Aubrey's vote that evening; and rose to go.

"Then I direct to Yatton when I have occasion to write to you?" said he.

"For the next three weeks only. My movements after that period are not yet fixed."

"Adieu, Aubrey; and I entreat of you to remember me most sincerely to Mrs. Aubrey and your sister; and when you look at them, *remember*—remember our conversation to-day." With this, Lord C—— took his departure, and left poor Aubrey much depressed. He quickly, however, roused himself, and occupied the principal part of the day in making the necessary and melancholy arrangements for

breaking up his establishment in Grosvenor Street, and also disposing of his wines, books, and furniture at Yatton. He also instructed a house-agent to look out for two or three respectable but small houses in the outskirts of town, out of which they might choose the one which should appear most suitable to himself and Mrs. Aubrey, on their arrival in London. About eight o'clock he got into the York mail, and his heart was heavy within him.

From the Monthly Chronicle.

THE IDEAL.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER.

"How much is lost, when neither heart nor eye
Rose-winged Desire nor fabled Hope deceives;
When boyhood, with quick throb, hath ceased to spy
The dubious apple in the yellow leaves;
When, springing from the turf, where youth reposed,
We find but deserts in the far sought shore;
When the huge book of fairy-land lies closed,
And its strong brazen clasps will yield no more."—*Spenser*.

Thou,—and wilt thou for ever leave me,
False as yon blush of eastern skies?
And didst thou smile but to deceive me,
With all thy tender fantasies?
Will nought detain, nought overcome thee,
O, golden season of life's glee?
In vain;—thy waves are sweeping from me
Into eternity's dark sea.

The sun smiles, the fresh blooms have perished,
That bright around my morn-tide shone;
And all within this heart most cherished,—
Life's sweet IDEAL,—all is gone!
The fairy visions, the gay creatures,
To which my trusting soul gave birth,—
Stern reason dims their angel features,
And Heaven is lost in clouds of Earth.

As erst, with fiercest, tenderest anguish,
Pygmalion clasped the senseless stone,
And taught the death-cold breast to languish
With blood, pulse, transports, as his own:
Thus I, around my heart's dear treasure—
Round Nature—twined my wooing arms,
Till, giving back the throb of pleasure,
She glowed, alive in all her charms.

Then, then with mutual instinct burning,
The dumb caught rapture from my tongue,
And kiss with sweetest kiss returning,
Responsive to her minstrel rung:
With falls more musical the fountain—
With brighter hues flower—tree—were rife
The soulless breathed from lake and mountain,
And all was echo of my life.

My bark, with wider sails unmooring,
Stretch'd boldly forth o'er depth's unknown,
With eager prow Life's coast exploring,
Her realms of thought, sight, feeling, tone.
How vast the world there—how elysian
Its prospects—in dim distance seen!
How faded now! on nearer vision,
How small! and oh, that small how mean!

With soul by worldling care unblighted,
With brow unblanched by fear or shame,
Forth sprang, on wings of hope delighted,
The Youth into the lists of fame.
Far, far beyond Earth's cold dominion—
High, high as Light's exultant sphere;
No realms too distant for his pinion,
No worlds too bright for his career!

How swift the car of rapture bore him!
No toils seem'd hard, no wishes vain!
How light, how gladome, flash'd before him
Imagination's sparkling train!
High Truth, in sunbright morion glancing,—
Young Glory, with his laurelled sword,—
Fortune, on golden wheels advancing,—
And True-love with its sweet reward.

But ah! as ocean's breast unsteady,
These visions fade—these joy's decay;
And, faithless, from my path already,
Friend after friend, they've dropped away.
False Fortune hails some happier master;
The thirst of lore survives my youth;
But Doubt's chill clouds are gathering faster
Around the sunny form of Truth.

I see the holy crown of Glory
Polluted on the vulgar brow;
And Love—ah! why so transitory?—
E'en Love's sweet flowers are withering now;
And dimmer all around—and dimmer
Fades on the sense Life's west'ring ray,
Till hope herself scarce leaves a glimmer
To light the pilgrim on his way.

Of all the crowd that once were near me,
To court, soothe, flatter, about, carouse,—
Who now is left? Who comes to cheer me,
And follow to my last dark house?
Thou, Friendship! gentlest nurse, that bearest
Balm for all wounds and woes around;
Who, patient, every burden sharest,
Mine earliest sought and earliest found.

And thou—with Friendship still uniting,—
Exorcist of the stormy soul,
Employment, all its powers exciting,
Though weakening none by thy control;
Who grain on grain, with fond endeavour,
Add'st to Eternity's vast day;
Yet from Time's debt, unwearied ever,
Art striking weeks, months, years, away!

From the Edinburgh Review.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

1. *The Works of Sir Walter Raleigh, Kt. Now first collected. To which are prefixed the Lives of the Author by OLDYS and BIRCH.* 8 vols. 8vo. Oxford: 1829.
2. *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Raleigh; with some Account of the Period in which he lived.* By Mrs. A. T. THOMSON. 8vo. London: 1830.
3. *The Life of Sir Walter Raleigh; founded on authentic and original Documents, some of them never before published. With a vindication of his Character from the attacks of Hume and other Writers.* By PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, Esq., F.R.S. and F.S.A. Second Edition. 12mo. Edinburgh: 1833.
4. *Lives of the British Admirals. (Vol. 4th. Sir Walter Raleigh.)* By ROBERT SOUTHBY, LL.D. 12mo. London: 1837.
5. *The Court of King James the First.* By Dr. GODFREY GOODMAN, Bishop of Gloucester. Now first published from the original Manuscript, by JOHN BREWER, M.A., of Queen's College, Oxford. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1839.

THE name of Sir Walter Raleigh is unquestionably one of the most renowned and attractive, and in some respects the most remarkable in English story. He acted a part in all the various functions of public life, military, naval, and civil; and was illustrious in all. He was a projector on the grandest scale, an improver of naval architecture, a founder of colonies, a promoter of distant commerce. As the introducer or disseminator of two important articles of subsistence and luxury,* he in a vast degree contributed to augment the food, and to modify the habits of all the nations of Europe. His fortunes were alike remarkable for enviable success and pitiable reverses. Raised to eminent station through the favour of the greatest female sovereign of England, he perished on the scaffold through the dislike and cowardly policy of the meanest of her kings. To crown all, his fame in letters, particularly as the author of that memorable work with which "his prison hours enriched the world," placed his name in glorious association with those of Bacon and Hooker, as it otherwise was with those of Essex and Vere, of Hawkins and Drake.

The appearance, within the last ten years, of a uniform edition of his extensive works, and of three different histories of his life, seems to show that the public interest in regard to him has not abated; and, at the same time, to make a call for critical examination which has too long, perhaps, been overlooked. Some recent publications, connected with the same era, and presenting farther information respecting Raleigh, have forcibly recalled our thoughts to the works alluded to; and, if our notice of them comes somewhat late, the delay has at any rate enabled us to survey them from a more commanding point of view than could have been attained at any earlier date. In now proceeding to consider them, we are sorry to be obliged to say, that a life of Raleigh,

written upon sound principles, and possessing all the attainable information, is still a *desideratum*; as is an edition of his works, in which the authenticity of every piece has been thoroughly sifted, the objects and character of each adequately explained, and the whole arranged with the requisite care. We are not without the hope of being able, in the course of this article, to furnish some information, calculated to aid the labours of any one who, either as biographer or editor, may be induced to make another attempt to supply *desiderata* so much to be regretted. If we should be successful in this, we shall hope to be excused for the length to which we mean to extend our observations; especially when it is considered, that there are manuscript materials of very considerable value unknown to, or untouched by his biographers; that all the more important and interesting transactions and occurrences of his life are involved in obscurity, or perplexed with doubt; that his views, in his greatest undertakings, are liable to question; and that the usual tendency of biographers to easy faith and indiscriminate praise has in his case been carried to the greatest extremes.*

The early biographical publications of Naunton, Prince, Fuller, Wood, and Aubrey, contain some valuable notices of Raleigh; but the first account of his life that was given to the world upon an extended and elaborate plan, was that by Mr. Oldys; originally published along with a new edition, being the eleventh of his great work, which appeared in 1733. Prior to this performance, there appeared successively two detached lives by two obscure writers, named Shirley and Theobalds. Oldys's work has not, even at the present day, any thing in the line of biographical writing of superior merit, in as far as merit can be derived from careful and extensive research. It is rich in curious information; and refers to a greater number of rare tracts, than any other piece of biography in our language. But with these recommendations its merits cease. The style is feeble and uncouth, as well as affected; and the author's judgment never once exercises itself in any rational or independent estimate of the actions and conduct he narrates, however questionable or censurable. Gibbon has truly characterised it when he describes it, with reference to these defects, as "a servile panegyric, or a flat apology."

A new biography of Raleigh was one of the early literary projects of this celebrated writer; but which he, after a good deal of inquiry and hesitation, ultimately abandoned, from finding such a want of information, as well regarding some of the most important parts of his public, as regarding the whole of his private life. Details concerning the latter are still nearly as scanty as ever; but some new and valuable materials for the illustration of the former have, from time to time, been brought to light, both from national and private repositories. Dr. Birch availed himself of such additions as had then appeared, particularly of the anecdotes contained in the Sidney and Bacon papers, in the brief account of Raleigh with which he prefaced a collection of his

* Such considerations can but rarely concur to induce us to depart from the practice, favourable to variety, which we have generally followed, and to which we are determined to adhere.

* Potatoes and Tobacco.

miscellaneous writings, published in 1751. In other respects, this piece was a mere abridgement of the voluminous performance of Oldys, without any marked superiority either in respect of judgment or style. These two lives, either from ignorance of their literary character and defects, or a singular destitution of biographical resources, have been prefixed, without alteration or emendation, to the edition of Raleigh's works published by the directors of the Clarendon press.

After the lapse of more than half a century from Dr. Birch's publication, Mr. Cayley produced a life of Raleigh, which, judging from its bulk, (two volumes octavo,) might well be expected to furnish some important additions to his history; but its size is found to arise from its being interlarded with republications of all those pieces, in which either Raleigh himself, or others employed by him, were narrators;—on the ridiculous pretext that they form parts of his history, for which the reader ought not to be sent to any other quarter. The work is not, however, without value; for it contains some original papers of considerable importance as materials for history. His own use of them, and of the other publications connected with his subject that had appeared in the preceding half century, was by no means skilful; and his narrative, in other respects, is in no degree superior to those which preceded it.

It is not, therefore, surprising, that in a period of so much literary activity, a subject so inviting as the life of Raleigh should be resumed; but were it not that it also is a period in which books are produced, not so much in consequence of any inborn whisperings of independent ambition, as for the purpose of aiding those literary projects to which the ingenuity of publishers so largely gives rise, we certainly should have been greatly surprised to see three new lives so executed as to leave the subject as open as before to farther competition. The details into which we propose to enter, will enable our readers to judge whether this is a just opinion; but, before proceeding further, we shall make one or two general remarks on these publications; leaving particular observations to the sequel of our inquiries.

The first in the order of time is that of Mrs. Thomson, a lady honourably distinguished for her love of historical pursuits. All we mean to say of her present attempt is, that it is written in a good spirit; and that her industry in collecting materials is favourably evinced in an appendix, which contains several letters of importance never before published.

Mr. Tytler's work was undertaken mainly, as he says, to defend Raleigh against the imputations cast upon him by Hume and others; particularly with respect to Guiana, the conspiracy of which he was accused, and his general character; and if extreme unwillingness to see or to allow any blemishes in the conduct of his hero, and an unvarying strain of eulogy, make a consummate biographer, it cannot be denied that the claim to that distinction is by him made good. In point of composition, his narrative is clear and pleasing; but though illustrated with some new information gleaned from the public archives, its merits in this respect are by no means so high as the pretensions put forth in the title-page and preface had led us to expect.

Dr. Southey's performance forms only one of a collection of "Lives of the British Admirals," con-

tributed to an extensive and useful encyclopædical miscellany; but it is compiled upon a scale of sufficient extent for separate publication. That it would have been a far more perfect production, had it been prompted by his own selection of the subject, we cannot for a moment doubt; but as it stands, it is a piece of mere task-work, executed by a practised and skilful artist no doubt, but with that economy of labour and thought which may be generally expected to characterise such undertakings. His extensive acquaintance with Spanish literature has, however, enabled him, at little cost, to diversify his narrative with a few illustrations derived from the Spanish historians of America; and it is only in that respect that his work has any pretensions to novelty; for he has evidently contented himself with the materials nearest at hand, and made no attempt whatever either to correct or to amplify the existing stock of information by any researches amongst unpublished documents. In one respect Dr. Southey differs materially from all the other biographers of Raleigh—namely, in the freedom of his strictures upon his hero's conduct; but these, though in general substantially just, are expressed in a tone which savours more of the acrid temperament of the censor, than of the judicial dignity of the historian.

Raleigh was born in the year 1552, at a place called Hayes, in the parish of Budley, in Devonshire. His father, a gentleman of ancient lineage but small fortune, had been thrice married, and Walter was the second son of the last of these marriages. Of his early life and education, all that we know is, that he was entered a commoner of Oriel college, Oxford, where he remained two or three years, and greatly distinguished himself; being, according to Wood, "esteemed a worthy proficient in oratory and philosophy." He quitted the university, however, on the very first opening that presented itself to an active life. Queen Elizabeth had authorised the formation of a company of a hundred gentlemen volunteers, to serve in France, in aid of the Huguenots in their memorable struggle for religious liberty; and of this distinguished body of British youths Raleigh was enrolled a member, and proceeded with it to France, under its commander, Henry Champernon, who was his near relation. There he served for five years, and was engaged in some of the greatest battles of that memorable period; upon which he made and treasured up sundry observations, showing his genius for the science of war, and which were unconsciously destined to be afterwards recorded in his "History of the World," where he recurs, wherever he has an opportunity, to his own military experiences. He appears, after a short interval, to have also served for some time in the Netherlands, under Sir John Norris; but his biographers have not been able to recover any account of his services in that quarter, nor has he himself made any allusions to them, as in the case of his French campaigns.

Raleigh had as yet done nothing to connect his name with the immediate service of his country, when the outbreak of a rebellion in Ireland induced him to resume his sword in that "lost land—that commonwealth of common woe;" as he, in one of his letters, described it. We accordingly find him, in 1580, commanding a company of the royal troops; and he speedily became distinguished, both for valour and skill, in those sudden and rapid movements

and surprises which the service required. His exploits were so conspicuous, as to be particularly and circumstantially recited by the historians of the period. He continued in this employment for several years, solely for the purpose of recommending himself to notice; for in a letter to the Earl of Leicester, then Elizabeth's prime favourite, by whom he appears to have been patronised, he says plainly, that were it not for his hopes that way, he would disdain such a service as much as he would to "keep sheep." Its poverty was not its worst characteristic. It was marked throughout by ruthless cruelty; but the massacre, in a fort erected by them, of some hundreds of Spaniards, who had fought in aid of the rebels, and surrendered at discretion to the Lord-Deputy Gray, was a fouler and more revolting act than ever stained the name of England; and the recollection of which ought to have shut the mouths of those who, in a long subsequent age, railed so stoutly against the massacre of the Turks at Acre, by the command of Buonaparte. It is mortifying to think that Raleigh was one of the officers to whom the execution of this atrocious deed was committed; and yet more so, that another of the great literary ornaments of that age—the author of the "Faerie Queene," who was then secretary to the lord-deputy, and who had not the apology of being under military command—has attempted to justify it; for in his otherwise beautiful and statesman-like piece on the "State of Ireland," he unscrupulously avers that "that short way was the only way to dispose of them." There is no authority, in as far as we know, for allowing Raleigh the honourable distinction of having differed in opinion with his commander, in regard to this unhallowed transaction. Mr. Tytler would fain believe that he did. That the queen strongly disapproved of it is certain; as it also is, that some difference had arisen between Raleigh and the lord-deputy, which, after their return to England, was discussed at the council-board in her majesty's presence; and that the former there maintained his cause with such consummate ability, as well as grace, that, to use the words of Sir Robert Naunton, "he got the queen's ear in a trice." But this writer, whose authority, had he so expressed himself, would have been perfectly conclusive, does not in the slightest degree intimate either that the point in discussion before the council related to the massacre, or that the highly favourable impression which Raleigh then made upon the queen, was owing to his having upheld his disapproval of it.

This was one of the most important and decisive moments of Raleigh's life. His future fortunes were owing chiefly to the feelings which then arose in the breast of his sovereign. Personal recommendations went far with that great princess; and the brave soldier, whose intellectual accomplishments thus "gained her ear," was no less remarkable for his imposing exterior. The romantic incident detailed by Fuller as the immediate cause of Raleigh's introduction to and favour with the queen, is known to all readers of history; and it presents to the imagination a picture so pleasing, and so much in harmony with the characters of both, as to beget a strong reluctance to doubt its reality. But though there seems no reason either to question the fact, or its having produced sentiments favourable to Raleigh, his rapid progress in Elizabeth's esteem was much more pro-

bably ascribable to the opportunity afforded for the display, both of his personal qualities and his commanding talents, in the discussion referred to by Naunton. To whatever cause, or combination of causes, his good fortune was owing, the effects were alike speedy and marked; for within some two or three years from the period when he was first noticed at court, he was knighted, made captain of the guard, seneschal of the county of Cornwall, and lord-warden of the Stanneries; and these honours were accompanied with the substantial grant of twelve thousand acres of the forfeited principality of the Earls of Desmond, whose rebellious attempts he had assisted to quell; besides a lucrative patent for licensing the venders of wine throughout the kingdom.

Maritime expeditions and colonisation were the favourite undertakings and projects of the more enterprising and active speculators of that stirring period. The ocean and the new world attracted all their actions and thoughts. The more daring and adventurous fitted out cruisers to intercept the Spanish ships, on their return with rich cargoes from the colonies; whilst those who aimed at plantations, and the extension of commerce, looked to the northern parts of America as the appropriate field of their nobler exertions. Raleigh participated strongly of both characters; for though abundantly disposed to the courses of the maritime spoiler, his mind was deeply impressed with the more elevated views of the colonial projector. Some of the richest prizes brought into England were captured by ships fitted out by him, or in which he was a sharer. His colonial schemes constitute a marked portion of his singular history.

Some years before that period of his life at which we have arrived—namely, in the short interval which elapsed between his military services abroad and in Ireland—he appears to have engaged to accompany his celebrated half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in a voyage to North America, in prosecution of the patent or commission of plantation—the first granted to any British subject—which the latter had obtained from the queen. The voyage proved abortive; for the ships were forced to return to port, after encountering various disasters. Soon after the commencement of Raleigh's favour at court, Sir Humphrey had resolved to make another attempt to avail himself of his patent; and his rising half-brother, who was now in a situation to furnish useful aid, was not slow to prove how strongly he participated in the noble views entertained by the other. Thus, in a letter written from court in May 1583, it is stated that "Mr. Raleigh, the new favourite, had made an adventure of two thousand pounds, in a ship and furniture thereof,"* to form part of the fleet collected by Gilbert for his new expedition. Raleigh's presence at court was too necessary to allow him to accompany his adventurous brother, who received from the queen, through "the new favourite's" hands, a golden anchor to be worn at his breast;—the only contribution of this great princess to an expedition intended to transplant the arts of England to the waste regions of the new world. The ship built and manned by Raleigh, at so much cost, and which bore his name, joined Sir Humphrey before his departure from Plymouth in June 1583; but

* Birch's *Memoirs of Q. Elizabeth*, vol. i. p. 34.

within a few days after sailing she left him, and returned to port; the sickness of her crew obliging her, according to the common accounts, to put back. Captain Hayes, the historian of the voyage, expresses himself in somewhat sceptical terms as to the necessity for this separation; and, if sickness was the cause, it would appear, from a brief note written by Gilbert to Sir George Peckham, that the disappointed admiral was as ignorant of it as he was indignant at the proceeding. This note, which has been overlooked by Raleigh's biographers, was written in August, after Sir Humphrey's arrival at Newfoundland, and is thus expressed: "I departed from Plymouth on the 11th of June with five sail, and on the 13th the bark Raleigh ran from me, in fair and clear weather, having a large wind. I pray you solicit my brother Raleigh to *make them an example to all knaves*."* This expedition also proved abortive, and its brave leader perished in a storm by which he was overtaken on his return. He was one of those vigorous and versatile characters peculiar to an age which produced numbers who united in equal degrees the faculties which make men alike fit for speculation and for action. Though the name of his uterine brother, who was considerably his junior, has obtained, and justly, a wider and higher fame, there were strong points of resemblance between them; and the example and instructions of the elder had, in all probability, considerable influence upon the mind and pursuits of the younger. His treatise on the "North-west Passage" displays, as Dr. Robertson has observed, "much of that enthusiasm and credulity which excite men to new and hazardous undertakings;" but it might have been added, that he here points out, on just and enlightened principles, the advantages of foreign settlements in proper situations;—representing them as means of extending and enriching commerce, and of furnishing employment to "those needy people who trouble the commonwealth through want at home."

The fate of his kinsman had no effect in diverting Raleigh's thoughts from those colonial undertakings to which the former fell a victim. Availing himself of his favour with the queen, he solicited and obtained a patent, investing him with ample powers to appropriate, plant, and govern any territorial possessions he might acquire, in the unoccupied parts of North America. According to information procured by Mr. Oldys, this patent was preceded by a memorial addressed to the queen and council, setting forth the utility and policy of the undertaking. Mr. Gibbon specifies the want of details respecting his Virginian schemes—which he justly viewed as a characteristic portion of his history—as one of his reasons for abandoning the idea of a life of Raleigh; but there is, in regard to some other important portions of his life, far greater reason to regret that want; for in as far as at least as respects the different attempts to plant, made at his expense and under his direction, the narratives reprinted in the invaluable collections of Hackluyt and Purchas furnish full details. It is matter of regret, no doubt, that the memorial to which Oldys alludes has not been preserved; but Raleigh's general ideas with respect to colonisation, are otherwise sufficiently known. They were the same, in fact, with those entertained by some other enlight-

ened projectors of that period, whose peculiar views and merits have been entirely overlooked by the writers who have commented upon the origin of our American colonies. In Dr. Robertson's sketch of their early history, the views of their founders are left unnoticed; and Dr. Smith has characterised them as being in no respect different from those of the military adventurers who established the colonies of Spain. The "thirst of gold" was, as he truly observes, the only principle of action amongst the latter; but when he says that all the other nations of Europe, the English not less than the rest, were solemnly actuated by the same desire, he does great injustice to some who, in the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, endeavoured to rouse their countrymen to a sense of the advantages to be derived from colonisation. It is due to those men, to commemorate with deserved praise the enlightened views disclosed in their writings. The acquisition of mines of gold and silver was not, by any means, the recommendation to colonial enterprise which they held out. New fields of labour in new and propitious climes—new means of employing a superfluous population—new articles of exchange, new markets, and great augmentations of shipping—were the beneficial results which they expected to realise from the plantation of colonies in the new world. We do not mean to say, that these views were constantly and systematically enforced; but only that they constituted with many the grand recommendations to colonial enterprise; thus widely differencing the English projectors from those Spanish adventurers, "whose first inquiry on landing in any new country was, whether there was any gold to be found there; and who, according to the information they received concerning this particular, determined either to quit the country or to settle in it."*

That some of our early colonial adventurers were wholly actuated by the hope of discovering mines, is not to be denied; but that there was a more enlightened class who advocated the utility of foreign settlements upon the grounds we have stated, is equally unquestionable. Of this, the treatises written by Gilbert, Peckham, Carlisle, Harriot, and others, and to be found in the collections above named, furnish decisive proofs. When mines are mentioned, they are not by any means represented as paramount objects; they make less figure, by much, than the ordinary objects of industry and commerce; and those who view them as the grand sources of national wealth, are treated with derision and reprobation. These facts have not, in as far as we know, been noticed by those who have been curious in tracing the faint and scattered lights which show the first beginnings of political economy—a science to the history of which they undoubtedly appertain. Sir George Peckham's treatise was written in recommendation of Gilbert's project of colonising in Newfoundland; and both it and that of Carlisle are remarkable productions for their day. Harriot's name is well known as one of the most illustrious of the early mathematicians of England; but he appears to have also possessed large views in regard to the extension of industry and commerce; and Raleigh's appointment of such a man to survey his new settlement in Virginia, was a choice which clearly showed

* Purchas, vol. iii. p. 808.

* Wealth of Nations, B. iv. c. 7, Part 1.

the superiority of its founder's views and understanding. The wisdom of that choice was well illustrated in the methodical and instructive report which he published in 1587, after his return from the colony. It is one of the earliest, if not the very first extensive specimen in the language, of a statistical survey—far such it was, in as far as there were materials in the country described for such a production; and it furnished an example which was beneficially followed in some other publications respecting the same region. As coming within the scope of the foregoing observations, we may mention an anonymous piece written somewhat later than the period alluded to, but not later than the early part of next reign.* It has been preserved by Purchas, a compiler known to all the world, but of whose special information connected with their own subject, the present biographers of Raleigh seem, as we shall presently see, to have been wholly ignorant. Though the extravagance of its conclusions respecting the importance of Virginia, and the poetical dress of its statements, may now provoke a smile, it is impossible not to be struck with the reach and soundness of its general views, and its indignant repudiation of the notion, that the precious metals alone constitute wealth, and give their sole value to colonial possessions. "The very name of a colony," says the author, "imports a reasonable and seasonable culture, and planting, before a harvest and vintage can be expected."—"Though gold and silver have enriched the Spanish exchequer, yet their storehouses hold other and greater wealth, whereof Virginia is no less capable, namely, the country's commodities. What mines have they in Brazil and in the islands, where yet so many wealthy Spaniards and Portuguese inhabit? Their ginger, sugar, hides, tobacco and other merchandise, it may be boldly affirmed, yield far more profit to the generality of the Spanish subjects than the mines do, or have done, this last age."—"Who gave gold and silver the monopoly of wealth, or made them the Almighty's favourites?—That is the richest land which feeds most men. What remarkable mines hath France, Belgia, Lombardy? What this, our fertile mother, England?"—"Do we not see that the silks, calicoes, drugs, and spices of the east swallow up all the mines of the west?" These strike us as remarkable observations; and as sufficient, when viewed in conjunction with the other pieces to which we have referred, to show that justice has not been done to the primary founders of our colonial empire; and that Dr. Smith has greatly erred in charging them with the same blind passion for gold that inflamed the Spanish adventurers.

From such inquiries Raleigh's biographers have kept far aloof, although they have—particularly Mr. Tytler—diverged upon topics much less intimately connected with their subject, and in regard to which there was nothing to be told that had not often been told before. In other respects, their treatment of this portion of Raleigh's history is lame and faulty; for they have left some points unnoticed in which his conduct and character are materially concerned; and as both are, unfortunately, very questionable in some after-parts of his career, it was the more neces-

sary to do him full justice where blame cannot, with any fairness, be held to have been incurred.

Raleigh's patent was granted in 1584, and by him transferred to other hands in 1589. His particular situation could not but augment the difficulties and chances of failure that must have been experienced in any case, where a body of cultivators and artisans was to be planted, for the first time, in a far distant and unknown region. Many of his disappointments seem, accordingly, to have been occasioned as well by the unskilful management of those to whom the execution of his plans was entrusted, as by the perverse conduct of the colonists; for his position as a favoured courtier, and his public avocations, stood in the way of his leaving England, and exercising that personal superintendence which was so much required. His presence and talents would have lent aids and securities which could not in any other way be so effectually obtained. But all such means as he could furnish were largely afforded. His first material step was to fit out an expedition of observation and inquiry as to the particular spot where it would be most advantageous to plant; and the accounts brought home by the commanders of the vessels employed in that service, were such as greatly encouraged him to a vigorous prosecution of his design. It was these accounts, too, which induced Elizabeth to bestow the name of "Virginia" upon the country destined to receive the adventurous colonists. In 1585, the first body that sailed from England was safely planted in that region, under the immediate government of Mr. Ralph Lane. He was accompanied by Harriot, who was commissioned to make the survey and report to which we have already referred. That survey, and the importation for the first time of the tobacco plant, were the only fruits of this expensive undertaking; for the misconduct of the colonists and the hostility of the natives, rendered it necessary to re-embark the whole body within a year from the time of its leaving England. Raleigh, nowise daunted by the unfortunate issue of this attempt, took active measures to collect and send out a second body, which sailed and took possession in 1587, under the government of Mr. John White. But his praiseworthy designs were again defeated;—chiefly through the misconduct of the colonists themselves. The governor was obliged to return to England for additional supplies, and new powers and instructions suited to the circumstances that had arisen; and though, on his arrival, he found Raleigh, like all the other leading men of the kingdom, busied with preparations to meet the Spanish armada, the pressing wants and concerns of the colonists were not overlooked. Two small vessels were speedily equipped, and dispatched to their aid; but they were unfortunately rifled at sea, and obliged to put back. Soon thereafter, Raleigh made an assignment of his patent to a company of merchants; and thus ended a great and favourite scheme, after much loss to the projector, and the destruction of the unhappy beings who remained in the country, in expectation of the supplies for which their governor had proceeded to England. The project of colonising Virginia was suffered to languish in the hands of the new patentees during the remainder of Elizabeth's reign; and twenty years elapsed before any permanent settlement could be said to have been effected.

* It is entitled *Virginias Verger*. See Purchas, vol. iv. p. 1809.

Raleigh's abandonment of so grand a design, in which he had embarked with so much ardour, and in furtherance of which so many of his countrymen had been induced to quit their homes and native land, has not passed without censure; though, judging from their silence, his present biographers do not seem to have been aware that any question on this head had ever been stirred. Some have ascribed his conduct to a natural levity of disposition;* others to the intervention of more alluring objects.† To us it appears that he gave up his Virginian design, simply because he found from experience that his own means were too limited, and the times not sufficiently favourable, to allow him any longer to flatter himself with the hope of being able to prosecute it to a successful issue. The proceeding does not appear to have been blamed by his contemporaries. It was acknowledged by even the enthusiastic Hackluyt, "that it would have required a prince's purse to have it thoroughly followed out." The absence of the alluring prospect of mines, was a damping consideration with the more vulgar class of adventurers. To such, the predatory war then in activity against the shipping and commerce of Spain, held out far more tempting baits; and the direct course of navigation to North America, by which the voyage came afterwards to be so much shortened, had not yet been discovered. In a word, we are strongly inclined to think, that Raleigh's assignment of his patent was fully justified by the necessity of the case; and that the act ought not to deprive him of the glory of being viewed as a worthy leader in "the ancient and heroic work of plantations,"‡ and of having opened the path to that colonial empire which England established in the new world.

But there is another point connected with this subject, both more interesting in itself, and more important as concerns Raleigh's character; yet as to which Mr. Tytler is altogether silent, while Dr. Southey expresses himself in terms as injurious to the subject of his narrative as they are inconsistent with historical truth. We here refer to the very natural question, whether he made any attempts, after the assignment of his patent, to ascertain the fate of, or to withdraw the ill-starred adventurers, in number about a hundred, who remained in the colony, in expectation of supplies from the mother country? The duty of making an effort to withdraw, or provide for them, of course devolved immediately upon those to whom his obligations with his rights were transferred; and it is in the last degree discreditable to them, that in as far as is known, they made only one attempt of the kind, which having proved ineffectual, they left them to their fate. That the government of Elizabeth made no effort to rescue such a body of her subjects from the certain destruction that awaited them, if left to the tender mercies of the American savages, is a fact that fixes a deep stigma upon her much vaunted reign. The names of these deserted martyrs to the cause of England's commercial greatness—for such we may be permitted to designate them—stand enrolled in the pages of Hackluyt, calling aloud upon impartial history to condemn the unregal conduct, and ruthless inhuman-

nity of a sovereign, who so dealt by so numerous a body of her people. But, fortunately for Raleigh's character, he merits none of the censure which would justly have attached to his name, notwithstanding the transfer of his colonial rights, had he done nothing towards the relief of those who quitted their country under that banner of adventure and promise which he unfurled. His exertions, whether contrasted with the conduct of others, or viewed with reference to their long continuance, amidst all the distractions of his busy career, deserve especial notice and honour. But what does his latest biographer say on this subject? After mentioning the abortive effort of the patentees, Dr. Southey states, that "*no further attempt was made to relieve the colonists, nor to ascertain their fate; and of these persons nothing was ever afterwards known.*" He recurs to the subject to add, "*that the abandonment of these poor colonists must ever be a reproach to Raleigh.*" There are here two gross misstatements—the last a highly culpable one, as directly criminating the man whose actions he records. Of the unfortunate persons, of whom he so confidently says that "nothing was ever afterwards known," we are shocked to learn that Powhattan, a Virginian sovereign, whose name is well known in the history of that country, "confessed to Captain Smith that he had been at the murder of the colony, and showed him certain articles which had been theirs."* Will Dr. Southey, after reading this dreadful confession, say that "nothing was ever known" of these ill-fated colonists? And what will he say of his far more reprehensible misstatement, that no further "attempt was made to relieve them, nor even to ascertain their fate," if we shall place before his eyes historical proof, that five different attempts to succour them were made by the man whose utter neglect of them he represents as a lasting reproach to his memory? The proof is contained in a remarkable notice preserved by Purchas, of the date of 1602, bearing, that "*Samuel Mace of Weymouth, a very sufficient mariner, who had been at Virginia twice before, was (in this year) employed thither by Sir Walter Raleigh, to find those people which were left there in 1587, to whose succour he hath sent five several times, at his own charges!*"† Had Dr. Southey consulted Purchas, he would have been saved the mortification of these criminal inaccuracies; and he must pardon us for telling him, that we shall hardly be able again to view him as a pains-taking inquirer; for nothing but culpable remissness could have allowed the appalling confession of the Indian chief, or the above satisfactory testimony of the "sufficient mariner," to escape his observation.

For some time after the abandonment of his Virginian schemes, Raleigh's chief occupations seem to have been those of a favoured courtier, an active member of parliament, and a large sharer in those naval enterprises and privateering expeditions against Spain, which, as Hume observes, "were scarce ever intermitted by the queen or her subjects during one season."‡ As was to be expected, he experienced considerable vicissitudes, in respect of loss and gain, in these uncertain adventures. In some curious

* Chalmers's *Annals of the Colonies*.

† Robertson's *Hist. Am.* B. IX.

‡ Bacon.

* Purchas, vol. iv. p. 1728. † Ibid. vol. iv. p. 1653.

‡ *Hist. England*, c. 43.

papers of accounting, preserved in the British Museum, it appears that he complained bitterly of the shares assigned to him, even in cases where the queen herself had been a joint adventurer.* Neither the wealth nor the morals of the country were much benefited by these plundering expeditions. They were strongly condemned even by some men of the sword who lived near the time. "They indeed occasioned," says Sir William Monson, "great loss and damage to the Spaniards, but no profit or advantage to the English. There are not three men in this kingdom who can boast they have succeeded their fathers in any quantity of goods so gotten."† The attempt to take vengeance on Philip by placing Don Antonio on the throne of Portugal, was an adventure of a nobler and more romantic description; and Raleigh, with some other distinguished men, was honoured by the queen with a gold chain, in token of her approval of his services in this memorable but unsuccessful expedition.

One of the most pleasing incidents of this period of his life was his meeting with Spenser, during a sort of compulsory visit to Ireland, occasioned by some temporary eclipse of his favour at court. They are supposed to have become acquainted before, during the rebellion of the Desmonds; but their subsequent intercourse led to a friendship which proved as beneficial to the poet as the exercise of his patronage was honourable to Raleigh. This meeting is beautifully described by Spenser himself, in the pastoral of "Colin Clout," which he represents in his dedication to Raleigh—who is figured as "the shepherd of the ocean"—as "agreeing with the truth in circumstance and fact." Spenser was then residing at Kilcolman, an ancient castle of the Desmonds, situate on the banks of the Mulla; and the scene which he delineates in the opening of the piece is in the highest degree interesting and pleasing; but it is still more agreeable to find him recording the fact of his introduction and recommendation to the queen by Raleigh, after his restoration to favour.

"The shepherd of the ocean ———
Unto that goddess' grace me first enhanced,
And to mine oaten pipe inclined her ear,
That she therein thenceforth 'gan take delight,
And it desired at timely hours to hear."

The mind dwells with satisfaction on such bright spots in Raleigh's ambitious and troubled career, where his native generosity, unobscured and unobstructed by any adverse feeling, exerts itself in acts entitling him to our unmixed approbation and esteem. He had another opportunity of showing the friendliness of his disposition, and his congenial admiration of superior merit, as well in arms as in letters, by the account which he published in 1591, of the unparalleled sea-fight at the Azores, maintained for fifteen hours in a single ship, commanded by Admiral Sir Richard Grenville, against a Spanish fleet of fifty-three sail, manned with ten thousand men! His description of the action, in which the enemy's numerous fleet formed a circle around the ship of the

death-devoted admiral, who, pierced with mortal wounds, continued to fight her until her ammunition was exhausted, when he commanded the master-gunner—a kindred spirit—to sink her, "that nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniard"—and which command would have been obeyed but for the interference of the remainder of the mutilated crew—presents a view of perhaps the most astonishing naval conflict ever delineated by any pen. Of this recital it may without hyperbole be said, as was by Sir Philip Sydney said of "the old song of Percie and Douglas," that it "more moves the heart than a trumpet."‡ It is written with great clearness and vigour, and breathes a spirit of loyalty and patriotism truly admirable, especially in its indignant reprobation of the conduct of Spain "for her bloody and injurious designs, purposed and practised against Christian princes, over all of whom she seeks unlawful and ungodly rule and empery."

The man who could sound such thrilling and patriotic notes, was sure to advance himself more and more in the good graces of Elizabeth; but the course of royal favour was turned aside by an act which, for some time, put an end to all personal intercourse with his hitherto partial sovereign; and led him to enter upon a new and romantic scene of adventure, from which his subsequent history derives much of its peculiar interest and colouring. This reverse was occasioned by an amour and private marriage with one of the maids of honour—Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton. All who are acquainted with the history of this reign know, that the intercourse between the queen and her favourites generally wore the appearance of a commerce of love; and that she was addressed by them, down to the last day of her life, in terms of gallantry and ardent personal devotion. Thus her foibles, or "softnesses," as Bacon chooses to designate them, concurring with her arbitrary maxims of government, led her to view Raleigh's conduct as both personally and politically offensive and reprehensible—personally, as interfering with that exclusive devotion to herself which she exacted from her favoured knights; politically, as interfering with her prerogative, which required that her consent to the marriage should have been asked and obtained. The offending couple were accordingly committed to the Tower; and Raleigh was deprived of the offices which gave him the privilege of free access to his sovereign. No man knew better the weaknesses of his royal mistress; and no one could be less scrupulous as to using any expedients, however ignoble, by which her wrath might be appeased. No knight of romance, banished from the presence of the goddess of his vows, ever surpassed the "fantastic tricks" which he now exhibited, or the fulsome rhapsodies which he indited. Without adverting to his theatrical struggles to obtain a view of his peerless princess, we may notice as curiously descriptive of the parties, a letter addressed to Cecil, but evidently designed for the eye of the queen; in which he represents himself as cast into the depth of misery "from being deprived of the light of seeing her"—"her that he had been wont to behold riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus—the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks, like a nymph; sometimes sitting in the shade like a goddess—sometimes singing like an angel, sometimes playing like

* *Burghley Papers*, Bibl. Lansdown., vol. 70, No. 94. Ibid. vol. 73, Nos. 10 and 11.

† *Naval Tracts*, in Churchill's Coll., vol. iii. pp. 211, 212.

Orpheus!" Notwithstanding every allowance that can be made for the occasional follies of the wise, and the influence of times and circumstances, it would be difficult to regard this tawdry and unmanly exhibition without feelings approaching to contempt. Yet let us in extenuation recollect, that Henry the Fourth, in order to conciliate Elizabeth's favour, condescended to demean himself in a similar strain, when, on being shown a miniature of her majesty by her ambassador, he protested, in presence too of the fair Gabrielle, that to possess the good graces of the original, "he would forsake all the world, and hold himself most happy!"*

After an imprisonment of some weeks, the queen relented so far that she gave him liberty; without, however, allowing him to approach the court, and bless himself with the view of "the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks." But his exertions in parliament on behalf of the crown, upon occasions when subsidies were in question, could not but prove acceptable to Elizabeth; and it would indeed appear, that in no long time he had so far re-established himself in her favour, as to contrive, through her interference, to obtain a grant of the manor of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire;—a possession which belonged to the church, and the alienation of which seems to have been attended with great obloquy. It would appear, too, that there were strong apprehensions amongst his enemies of a complete restoration to favour and place; for, in a letter of the period, expressed with extreme rancour and bitterness, the writer says,—“It is now feared of all honest men, that Sir Walter Raleigh shall presently come to the court; and yet it is well withstood. God grant him some farther resistance, and that place he better deserveth, if he had his right.”† Such, we fear, are the feelings which, in all ages, fill the bosoms of rival courtiers and statesmen! The wishes of his enemies, in as far as regarded his banishment from court, were gratified for a season; during which he seems to have partly employed himself in making improvements at Sherborne; “which,” according to the traditions of the times, “he beautified with gardens, and orchards, and groves of much variety and delight.” But his mind was not of a cast to remain satisfied with such ordinary occupations. They ministered in no degree to his stirring and grasping ambition; and being now expelled from every royal avenue to distinction, and impatient alike of obscurity and inaction, he resolved to cut out for himself a new path of adventure, which, as he fondly imagined, would conduct him both to glory and to wealth. It was during this interval of obscurity, in a word, that he devised that famous voyage in quest of El Dorado, from which undoubtedly he reaped a certain fame, but which has left his name more in question, both for judgment and veracity, than all the other questionable acts of his varied life put together. As the inquiries connected with this celebrated voyage are extremely curious, and have been almost wholly overlooked—at any rate poorly treated—by his biographers, we propose to notice them at some length.

Raleigh was more deeply read, perhaps, than any man of his country and times in the histories of the

Spanish discoveries and conquests in the new world. They presented scenes, occurrences, and objects of the greatest interest to a congenial spirit like his. It was in this course of reading that he found accounts of the existence of an undiscovered sovereignty, teeming with the precious metals, which had long been sought for in vain by the most enterprising and resolute of the Spanish adventurers. Their expeditions in quest of it had, latterly, been directed to the interior of the vast region lying between the Orinocco and the Amazons, or Guiana. The rocks were represented as impregnated with gold, the veins of which lay so near the surface as to make it shine with a dazzling resplendency. The capital, Manoa, was said to consist of houses covered with plates of gold, and to be built upon a vast lake, named Parima, the sands of which were auriferous. This sovereignty, called El Dorado, became the seat of an aggregation of fables, which all concurred to magnify its importance, and to throw a sort of enchantment around it. Its magnificence was partly ascribed to the flight, at the time of the Spanish conquest, of a younger brother of the last inca of Peru, who, accompanied by multitudes from that and the adjacent countries, and laden with treasures, was believed to have here established himself. The retreat of Manco-Inca, brother of Atahualpa, to the regions east of the Cordilleras, probably gave rise to this tradition.* Fiction placed another imaginary kingdom to the south of New Mexico, called the Great Quivira, supposed in like manner to have been founded by those who escaped from the ruins of the empire of Montezuma.† Such fables found a ready assent amongst minds fashioned to credulity by the wonders of the new world, and the obscurity in which much of it long remained involved. They who could believe in the existence of a fountain whose waters had the virtue of restoring to youth and beauty the old and decrepid who bathed in them, could have no difficulty in giving their faith to the golden wonders of El Dorado; a region only differing from others as being infinitely more prolific of that metal than any they had yet discovered. Poets‡ have celebrated, and historians§ detailed the numerous expeditions in quest of it; and its locality has engaged the serious attention and inquiries of some of the most eminent geographers and travellers of modern times.||

It is impossible not to entertain some curiosity as to the origin of a fable which led to such results. With respect to this, it may first of all be mentioned, that the term El Dorado was not originally used to designate any particular place; it signified generally the “gilded” or “golden,” and was variously applied. According to some, it was first used to denote a ceremony in the religion of the natives. The chief priest, after performing his oblations at the altar, and anointing his body, covered it with gold dust, so as to make it shine; and was hence called the gilded man. Others say that it was applied to

* Gumilla, tom. ii. pp. 146-7—French Trans.—Humboldt's *Per. Nar.* vol. v. pp. 854-5—English Trans.

† Feyjoo, *Theatro Crítico*, tom. iv. p. 262.

‡ Castellanos, *Primera Parte de las Elegias de Varones illustres de Indias*.

§ Herrera—Piedrahita—Pedro Simon.

|| Gumilla—Caulin—Condamine—Humboldt.

* Murdin's *State Papers*, p. 718

† Birch's *Mem. Eliz.* vol. i. p. 151.

a sovereign prince, who every morning had his body ornamented in the same way, and was on that account called the gilded king.* The fable in question appears clearly to have been local—that is, to have referred to some particular place; though the locality was transferred from one quarter to another, according to the state of opinion or belief. The whole of Guiana was, on account of the above usages, sometimes designated by the term *El Dorado*; but the locality of the fable which came to appropriate that name, was, as has just been stated, successively assigned to different quarters of that vast region, and the expeditions in search of it varied accordingly. As the picture which that fable presents to us is that of a district whose gold-covered capital was built upon a vast lake, and whose rocks indicated a marvellous abundance of the precious metals—the question to be solved is, whence arose the belief that such a district existed in the interior of Guiana? Condamine, in descending the Amazons on returning from his scientific mission to Peru, instituted some inquiries which led him to believe that he had possessed himself of materials for solving this problem; but that solution appears to have been reserved to the later researches of Humboldt. This every eminent traveller, whilst engaged in exploring the countries upon the Upper Orinocco, was naturally led to direct his attention to the origin of a fable of such celebrity, and as to which he still met with the remains of the ancient belief. “When near the sources of the Orinocco,” says he, “we heard of nothing but the proximity of *El Dorado*, the lake Parima, and the ruins of its capital.”† The information which he collected respecting that portion of eastern Guiana which lies between the sources of the Rio Essequibo and the Rio Branco, seems to furnish the groundwork of the fiction. ‘This tract or isthmus is, according to him, “the classical soil of the *Dorado* of Parima.” Here was the locality pointed at in the vague aspirations of many sanguine adventurers. And here, in a river called Parima, and in a small lake connected with it, called Amucu, which is occasionally much augmented by inundations, we have basis enough on which to found the belief of the great lake, bearing the name of the former; and in the islets and rocks of mica slate, and talc, which rise up within and around the latter, reflecting from their shining surfaces the rays of an ardent sun, we have materials out of which to form that gorgeous capital, whose temples and houses were overlaid with plates of beaten gold. With such elements to work upon, heated fancies, aided by the imperfect vision of distant and dubious objects, might easily create that fabulous superstructure. We may judge of the brilliancy of these deceptive appearances, from learning that the natives ascribed the lustre of the Magellanic clouds, or nebulae of the southern hemisphere, to the bright reflections produced by them!‡ There could not well be a more poetical exaggeration of the lustrous effects produced by the metallic hues of rocks of talc.

These details, in which M. De Pons,§ a somewhat

* Piedrahita—Simon—Oviedo, in Ramusio.

† *Per. Nar.* vol. v. p. 506.

‡ Humboldt, *Per. Nar.* vol. v. pp. 773–860.

§ *Voyage à la Terre-Ferme, dans l’Amer. Merid.*

later traveller, who long resided in an official capacity in the neighbouring countries, fully concurs, in all probability point to the true origin of this remarkable fable. It is in such suppositions alone that any explanation can be found of some historical recitals seemingly unquestionable. Such are those regarding the noted expedition of the German adventurer, Philip Von Hutten, undertaken in 1541, and fully detailed by Piedrahita, one of the Spanish historians of America. From his statements it appears, that Von Hutten and his companions in arms solemnly averred that they saw, but were, by a body of ferocious Indians with whom they had a long and bloody conflict, prevented from reaching, a place containing structures whose roofs shone with all the brilliancy of gold. Unless we shall suppose the whole story a fabrication, which does not appear warrantable, occurring as it does in the work of a respectable historian, there is no way of accounting for such recitals but by referring to illusions of the kind above described. The perusal of the account of Von Hutten’s expedition, in Piedrahita, made Gumilla a firm believer in *El Dorado*.

No geographical fiction ever occasioned so vast a waste of human life. Yet, so differently has it been viewed by different minds, that whilst one set of Spanish religionists reprobate it as a device of the evil spirit to lure mankind to their destruction, another hail it as a benevolent expedient of the Deity to diffuse the light of the gospel amongst the heathens of America! A history of the expeditions in search of *El Dorado* would form a singularly curious and interesting volume; and we know no writer who could execute the task more effectively than Dr. Southey, if he chose to make it a work of love. We cannot afford space even for the briefest mention of these expeditions.

—“Long it were to tell
What they have done, what suffer’d, with what pain
Travel’d.”

There is nothing in romance to surpass the marvels, in respect of dangers, privations, and sufferings, that occurred in them. Yet, neither the disasters, nor even the almost total destruction of many, prevented others from being undertaken. It mattered not that all returned discomfited and disappointed. Adventurers were found in quick succession; the last always flattering themselves with the hope that the discovery of *El Dorado* would ultimately be achieved. Thus did this *ignis fatuus* continue for ages to allure its credulous followers to perish in the mazes which lay in the way of their infatuated pursuit. Raleigh has, in his “History of the World,” written many years after he had himself trod that fearful maze, characterised these expeditions in terms which show his admiration of the energies displayed in them. His strong belief in the reality of the seductive magnet by which they were attracted, formed one grand motive, but not the only one, of his voyage to Guiana. The multiplied failures of the Spaniards produced in him a strong conviction, not that they had wasted their means and efforts in pursuit of a phantom, but only that they had missed the right way. This was precisely the conclusion that such a mind as his was likely to form. Some time before he seriously thought of such an undertaking, he appears to have received accounts of Guiana general-

ly, of a very flattering description; but his prospects at home were then too bright to allow of his embarking in a project which must necessarily carry him to a great distance, and expose his interests at court to the intrigues likely to be occasioned by long absence, and uncertainty as to his return. But the cessation of those interests, and his uneasy ambition, revived the project, and inflamed him with the most extensive designs. Still clinging to schemes of colonisation, and burning with the desire to humble the Spaniards, he flattered himself that he should be able, by the acquisition of Guiana, vastly to extend the sphere of English industry and commerce; to render London the mart of the choicest productions of the new world; and to annex to the crown a region which, besides its great colonial recommendations, would enable it to command the chief possessions of its greatest enemy, and from which his principal resources were derived. These were magnificent and patriotic, though, it may be, not very wise or practicable designs. In classing Raleigh with the knights-errant of El Dorado, we must therefore, in justice to his memory, assert his aims to have been of a far higher order than the rest of those who pursued that phantom; for none of them had any other or loftier objects than to gratify that thirst of gold which all the mines of Spanish America had not been able to slake.

A year before he set out upon his voyage, and whilst his preparations were in progress, Raleigh had taken the precaution to despatch a vessel to Trinidad, under the direction of a skilful sailor, Captain Whiddon, to make inquiries as to the entrances to the Orinocco; but, as afterwards appeared, without obtaining any information of value. His preparations were conducted upon an extensive scale, and of course attracted considerable notice. Unfavourable rumours seem to have been rife on the occasion. Some said that he had nothing in view but a privateering expedition; others, that he would himself remain concealed in some corner of Cornwall, till his ships returned; and a third class of detractors scrupled not to affirm that his intention was to seek employment in Spain, and forever to abandon England. These reports, it must be allowed, show that he either had many enemies, or that his character did not stand high with his countrymen. That his haughty and arrogant carriage and demeanor had produced much unkindly feeling towards him is certain; and it is also, we fear, true, that his career had not been such as to manifest a steady adherence to any high principles of morality. But that the rumours alluded to did him wrong, seems unquestionable; for there can be no doubt, if human purposes can at all be scanned, that his whole soul was filled with the confident expectation of making an acquisition which, if beneficial to himself, would also prove beneficial to his country.

On the 9th of February, 1595, he set sail from Plymouth, with five vessels, having on board about a hundred soldiers, besides mariners, with their officers, and a few gentlemen volunteers; and, strangely as it may now sound, to the expense of this expedition for the discovery of El Dorado, the lord high admiral, and Sir Robert Cecil, who was soon thereafter made secretary of state, were contributors! The occurrences at Trinidad, where, towards the end of March, the expedition arrived, present in-

cidents of a highly romantic and dramatic cast; for here, in the person of the governor, Don Antonio de Berrio, Raleigh made a prisoner of one who had already attempted the discovery of El Dorado, and was now preparing a fresh expedition, upon a vast scale, for another trial. Berrio had broken faith with Captain Whiddon when the latter was at Trinidad in the preceding year, by seizing some of his men, after pledging his word that they should be safe; and Raleigh, as well to be revenged for this offence, as to prevent a surprise which he was informed was meditated against himself, contrived, by a prompt movement, to take possession of the small town of St. Joseph, and of the person of the governor. Thus were brought face to face, from two hostile countries, two distinguished competitors for a golden kingdom, of which neither had obtained the most distant glimpse—which was to both a mere creature of fancy—and which neither could hope to reach without encountering the most frightful realities that try the strength or menace the life of man. History has few scenes more singular—scenes where the actors were real and much in earnest, but where the objects of action were altogether imaginary. Raleigh tells us, that finding his prisoner to be “a gentleman of great assuredness, and of a great heart,” he treated him “according to his rank and deserts.” Their intercourse furnished fresh aliment to the flame which already glowed with sufficient intensity in Raleigh’s imagination; for Berrio, little suspecting that his captor was a rival in the same pursuit with himself, freely communicated all the knowledge which his previous expedition had furnished him, and all his plans for the further prosecution of the design. Amongst other communications, he showed Raleigh the copy of a declaration said to have been made by a person of the name of Martinez, who represented himself as having served under Diego de Ordaz, in his first attempt to ascend the Orinocco, and who swore that, having been made a prisoner by the Guianians, he was by them carried to Manoa, the golden capital of El Dorado, where he remained several years, and was then carried blindfolded to the borders, that he might be unable to disclose the approaches to that envied principality! Arriving, after many perils, at St. Juan de Puerto Rico, he there made this extraordinary declaration, which was deposited in the chancery of that place, and copied by Berrio. This tale was not the only fabrication of the sort of which the Spanish authors make mention. Gumilla, at a long subsequent period, gravely recounts his having himself met with an Indian who stated that he had resided fifteen years in this fabulous capital, and whose account of it was so distinct and minute as to render it impossible, according to the learned Jesuit, to question its existence! Having procured from Berrio all the information he could furnish, Raleigh at length threw off the mask he had hitherto worn; and told his captive, who all the while supposed his destination to be Virginia, that he also was in quest of El Dorado, and thus far advanced in the prosecution of the discovery. Their colloquies then assumed another aspect. “Berrio,” says Raleigh, “was stricken with a great melancholy and sadness, and used all the arguments he could to dissuade me; and also assured the gentlemen of my company that it would be labour lost, and that they would suffer many miseries

if they proceeded." This was truly spoken, as events proved, but without the least good faith; for Berrio's mind was full of his second attempt, to forward which one of his principal officers, named Domingo de Vera, had been despatched to levy men, and make other preparations in Spain. The remarkable appearance of that officer, whose person, deportment, and proceedings, are fully described by the Spanish historians, joined with his alluring recitals of the vast wealth that was sure to be realised by the expedition, produced amongst his countrymen effects similar to what were long after that day engendered in France by the Mississippi scheme. The desire to be included in the adventure excited an eager competition, and led multitudes to dispose of their property,—even landed estates,—never doubting to be repaid tenfold from the treasures of El Dorado! Berrio's second attempt was, we believe, the last undertaken by the Spanish upon an extensive scale. Dr. Southey, deviating so far from the beaten path of Raleigh's biographers, has indulged his readers with an account of the singular artifices of Domingo de Vera, abridged from the narrative of Father Simon. Mr. Tytler appears to have been wholly ignorant of the existence of any such narratives; or, if acquainted with, has not made the slightest use of, or even allusion to them.

We must not take leave of this part of the subject without adverting to an extraordinary statement by Dr. Southey, which, if well founded, would greatly diminish the dramatic interest of the scenes at Trinidad. The reader will probably be startled to be told that the true Berrio was not, after all, in Raleigh's hands; and consequently that he was no party to the conversations which his captor recites! "It is very remarkable," says Dr. Southey, "that neither Pedro Simon, nor Oviedo y Banos make the slightest mention of Raleigh's expedition. His entering the Orinocco might easily be unknown to them; but the capture of Berrio should seem a matter of too much importance either to remain unknown or unmentioned. From a careful perusal of Pedro Simon, I am led to infer that the Governor Don Antonio Berrio was not, and could not have been in the island of Trinidad when Raleigh set forth to the newly founded city of St. Joseph; that the island was at that time in possession of a party opposed to Berrio; and that Raleigh, having captured the person who was in command there, supposed that he had got the lawful governor in his hands;—a mistake which the prisoner might be willing enough to encourage." This seems to us a most fallacious and unwarranted inference. Supposing these historians had actually narrated the expedition, but without mentioning the capture of Berrio, surely their mere silence as to that fact never could be held sufficient to gainsay the positive testimony of Raleigh, vouched by his officers, whom he mentions as having conversed with Berrio; for, as neither they nor any of the gentlemen volunteers in the expedition ever breathed a doubt as to a fact proclaimed to all the world by Raleigh's account of it, we are entitled to hold it as vouched by them. It seems utterly incredible either that they should all alike have been deceived, or that the mistake as to Berrio, if any such there was, should not in some way obtain publicity. But when we find that the historians referred to, omitted all mention of the expedition itself,

though it speedily became famous throughout Europe, is it not highly irrational to hold their silence as to an incident of it as proof that the incident itself was supposititious? To believe that Berrio was not Raleigh's prisoner, we must believe, what seems utterly improbable, that his personator was able to hoodwink one of the keenest-sighted men in the world, throughout a prolonged series of conversations, upon topics in which Berrio was personally and deeply interested; for Dr. Southey does not pretend that any thing which passed in these conversations was not perfectly consonant to the actions and character of "the lawful governor." Humboldt, we may observe, more than once alludes to the capture of Berrio, without intimating the slightest doubt as to the fact; and it hardly will be said that his knowledge of the Spanish historians of America is surpassed by that of Dr. Southey. But, independently of all this, Raleigh's narrative furnishes decisive proof that he could not have been deceived; for amongst his officers there was Captain Whiddon, who had seen and conversed with Berrio in the preceding year—a fact which Dr. Southey must have overlooked or forgotten—and consequently, were this writer's inference well founded, Berrio must have been personated by the same individual in that year also, and this without a hint of the fact transpiring in all that time!—than which, a supposition more ridiculous is hardly conceivable. It may seem wholly unnecessary to make any further observations upon this point; but as it is intimately connected with one of the most singular passages of Raleigh's life, we cannot refrain from adding, that if the capture of Berrio "was a matter of two great importance to remain unknown or unmentioned" by the Spanish historians, surely the mention of that capture in a work translated and circulated all over Europe—as was the case with Raleigh's narrative of his voyage—could not, for that very reason, have remained uncontradicted, if untrue; yet we will venture to assert that no contradiction of it any where exists.—Would not the Spanish historians have gloried; had they been able, to give the lie to this hated enemy of their nation, for having presumed falsely to assert that a grandee of Spain, and governor of one of its dependencies, had been his prisoner?

Of this celebrated voyage we cannot afford room even for a mere outline; and indeed any thing of the kind would, at the present day, and in a work like this, be wholly out of place. The attempt to enter the Orinocco, which empties itself into the ocean, at a great distance from its main stream, by several rivers, the navigation of which was then wholly unknown, was one of extraordinary boldness and peril; especially when it is considered that Raleigh's ships drew too much water to admit of his using them; and that it was consequently necessary to leave them at anchor, and to have recourse to boats. But as it was only by ascending this river that he could hope to reach the magnet that so forcibly attracted him, he had no alternative but that of abandoning the design, or of committing himself and his adventurous companions to those fragile and hazardous conveyances. About a hundred persons were embarked in the boats by which the main body of the river was to be gained and ascended; and in those they continued to navigate for a month, exposed to the open air, sometimes under a burning sun, sometimes un-

der torrents of rain, with no other resting-places but the hard boards, and no accommodations but what were common to all. Raleigh's account of their progress through the labyrinth formed by the numerous outlets of the great stream—of their alternate hopes and fears, wants and fortuitous supplies—the aspects of the country, and its productions—the natives and their chiefs—and of the entrance at last into the grand channel of the majestic Orinocco, is full of interest and variety;—occasionally presenting descriptive passages of much beauty, joined with traits of almost inconceivable credulity, and frequent asseverations of his strong belief in the colonial and commercial resources, and metallic riches of the vast region through which its sealike waters roll. After ascending the river about sixty leagues, according to Humboldt's estimate, the rapid and terrific rise of its waters rendered it necessary to re-descend: and being thus obliged for the present to turn his back upon El Dorado, and to leave a region for the first time surveyed by any Englishman, but with a firm determination soon to return, he formally bound those caciques, with whom he had opened a friendly intercourse, to remain faithful to his sovereign, in whose name and behalf he took possession of the country. The continued swelling of the waters, and the unknown navigation, made the regaining of the ships left at anchor an undertaking of danger and anxiety; but they at last reached them in safety, "than which," says he, "there could be no more joyful occasion."

Raleigh's return to England took place about the close of the summer of 1595; and he did not remain long at home without showing his strong faith and unaltered designs with respect to Guiana; for, before the end of that year, and early in the next, he had sent out two vessels in succession, for the purpose of procuring further information, and confirming the amicable relations established with the native caciques. The first was commanded by one of his most noted followers, Captain Keymis, who shared the more extensive as well as the more visionary views of his leader; and who, on his return, published an account of his voyage, in which, as Humboldt informs us, he indicates that very locality above mentioned, which his own inquiries had pointed out as the seat of the fable of El Dorado. His reproofs of the incredulity and indifference that prevailed as to the means of employment and fortune afforded by the colonisation of Guiana, are lofty and indignant; and sometimes expressed in a way to show that striking conceptions and imaginative language were gifts participated by writers of all classes in that original and poetical age. Previous to the appearance of Keymis's narrative, Raleigh's account of his own voyage had appeared, under a title sufficient of itself to awaken scepticism amongst his cool-headed countrymen. It was entitled "The Discovery of the large, rich, and beautiful empire of Guiana"—an empire of which few or none of those to whom it was addressed had ever heard before. Viewed as a composition, and with reference to the time, it had considerable beauties, overshadowed by great defects. It was written in that clear and mellow style, of which its author was so great a master, but without any approaches to method or coherency. He says himself indeed, "that he had studied neither phrase, form, nor fashion in its composition." Cam-

den, however, in the yet lax language of criticism, characterised it as an "elegant" piece. But its moral, as distinguished from its literary character, presents a more contentious subject of inquiry. By some, its fabulous statements have been branded as the coinage of deliberate falsehood; whilst others have only doubted as to the good faith of its author, in reciting them as consonant to his own belief. For our own part, though we cannot pretend to determine the extent of Raleigh's probity, or to ascertain by any exact scale the measure of his belief, we never have been able to see why things incredible to us, should be viewed as incredible to those living at a period uninstructed by our science, undisciplined by our researches, unguided by our experience. The human mind is so constituted as to be revolted at one time by that which, at another, meets its ready assent and belief. All sound reasoning, in a word, seems to authorise the conclusion that Raleigh might have honestly believed all the marvels he recites; and though his recitals may have been, and doubtless were, sometimes exaggerated, or coloured by hues reflected from his own imagination, we are inclined to think that his belief was, in the main, sincere. When Hume says that his narrative "is full of the grossest and most palpable lies that were ever attempted to be imposed on the credulity of mankind," he not only speaks in ignorance of the facts of the case, but forgets that the man whom he thus coarsely censures, did not, like him, view the fables connected with Guiana from the vantage-ground of an enlightened and scientific age.

The statements respecting this region to which he must be supposed more particularly to refer, are those concerning its female warriors—its tribe "with eyes in their shoulders, and mouths in their breasts"—its El Dorado—and its auriferous rocks.

With regard to the American amazons, there were believers in their existence as late as the middle of last century; and amongst them was no less a philosopher than Condamine. As to the headless tribe, that fable has had sundry prototypes both in the ancient and modern world; and the existence of such a race was the common belief of the natives at the period of Raleigh's voyage, as it probably is at this day. We are told by Humboldt, that he "met an old Indian who asserted that he had seen them with his own eyes." The son of the Guianian chief, whom Raleigh brought to England for education, again and again asserted the existence of this tribe—averring that they had of "late years slain many hundreds of his father's people." Raleigh, though aware that the avowal of his belief would expose him to obloquy, holdly states his firm conviction that such a tribe was to be found in Guiana; grounding it on the universally concurring testimony of the natives—and asking, reasonably enough, what profit could accrue to him from the invention and dissemination of such a tale? As to El Dorado, again, we do not think it possible that Mr. Hume could be at all acquainted with the Spanish historians of America; or otherwise he must have known that Raleigh only expressed a belief entertained by thousands—nay, millions; for had the recitals of these writers been actually known to him, what possible right could he have to denounce as a "gross and palpable liar," the man who only repeated what so many others stated—who only adopted a belief which

was the common belief of the greatest monarchy of Europe? Nor must it be forgotten that Raleigh was not, by any means, the only English believer in El Dorado. Sir Robert Dudley, who, in 1595, made a voyage to Trinidad, and there heard of that golden region, appears to have as firmly believed in its existence, and to have been as desirous to discover it, as Raleigh himself. Fourteen years thereafter, Sir Robert Harcourt, in the account of his own voyage to Guiana, takes occasion to mention, that he had directed some of his followers to endeavour to reach "the city of Manoa, in the high country;" thus manifesting his belief, by directing a search for its gorgeous capital.* Of things palpably fabulous in our eyes, it is not, we must repeat, enough to say, that they could not possibly be believed by such a man as Raleigh. To what absurd conclusions would not this principle carry us? We should be obliged by it to hold, that no instructed man ever believed in witchcraft, in judicial astrology, or the philosopher's stone! If the steady mind of the great discoverer of America could be seduced by the belief that he had there found the site of the terrestrial paradise; and if Raleigh himself could seriously discuss the question, as he does in his "History of the World," whether that site ought not rather to be sought near the orb of the moon, he might well be allowed, surely, to believe in El Dorado, without prejudice either to his sincerity or his mental sanity. Was it half as extraordinary that Raleigh should, in his day, believe in the fables in question, as it was that Dr. Johnson should, in his, believe in the second sight? It has been justly observed by this vigorous thinker, "that it is the great failing of a strong imagination to catch greedily at wonders;" and it ought to be recollected, that though at the time when Raleigh lived, the human mind had been stimulated by various concurring causes to extraordinary displays of strength and energy, it was still in a state strongly disposing it to credulity. In particular, the discoveries in the new world had revealed so much unlike any thing known in the old, as to engender a disposition, especially amongst "men of strong imaginations," to believe in any wonders that might be related concerning it.

In alluding to Raleigh's statements as to the mines of Guiana, it must be acknowledged that he was charged with bad faith in this particular, even before the publication of his voyage. This charge must have referred to statements made by himself verbally, immediately upon his return. It appears, too, that he had met the imputation by having trials made at the royal mint of some ores which he had imported, and which were found to yield a certain proportion of gold. Later accounts have, however, shown, that his general and confident averments regarding the riches of that country are far from being true; and it has in consequence been supposed, that the imputation of bad faith, with which he was early greeted, was well founded. Though by no means disposed either unduly to eulogise or defend him, our investigations have led us to the conclusion that this accusation was unfair and ungenerous. The answer which he himself made to it is well worthy of notice. "Weak policy it would be in me either to betray myself or my country with imaginations:

neither am I so far in love with that watching, care, peril, disease, bad fare, and other mischiefs that accompany such voyages, as to woo myself again into any of them, *were I not assured that the sun covereth not so much riches in any other part of the earth.*" That this really was his belief, there can, we think, be as little doubt, as of his having, like many others, been misled by those fallacious appearances which, from the very earliest notices of this region, gave it, as Humboldt tells us, an extraordinary reputation for metallic wealth. It has been often said, that the above confident assurances were mere lures to induce his countrymen to embark in his colonial schemes; and that he did, to a certain extent, make that use of them, we have no doubt; but that he was himself a believer in the substantial reality of his own representations—though he may have heightened the reality by strongly coloured descriptions—is the only rational conclusion that any fair examination of his conduct, considered as well with reference to this period of his life as to his long subsequent transactions, can warrant. Viewing the whole of his statements and proceedings respecting Guiana, from first to last, it seems to us impossible to reconcile them to any principles applicable to the explanation of human conduct, upon any other supposition. Those who have judged otherwise appear to have forgotten, or not to have known, that the appearances which so fatally deceived him, and drew from his warm fancy such glowing representations, were, to an equal extent, relied upon by others, whose good faith never has been challenged or doubted. Thus we find Francis Sparrey, who resided for some time in Guiana, representing a particular part of the country as abounding in "mines of white stone, in which are *much natural and fine gold, which runneth, between the stones like veins.*"† These were the very minerals which led Raleigh to describe the rocks of Guiana as teeming with gold; and Sir Robert Harcourt was in no degree behind him in the same faith. "The high country," says the latter, "is full of white sparre; and, if the white sparres of this kind be in a main rock, *they are certainly mines of gold or silver, or both.* I made trial of a piece of sparre, and I found that it held both gold and silver, *which gave me satisfaction that there be rich mines in the country.*"‡ But this is not all. So far were Raleigh and his contemporaries from being the only dupes of these appearances, that even so late as the middle of last century, works were erected, at great expense, by some Spanish projectors, for the purpose of subjecting these supposed auriferous rocks to the chemical processes necessary to smelting; and it was only after a series of expensive attempts, that their hopes and labours were found to be fallacious and unavailing.‡ Great injustice has, therefore, been done to Raleigh, in supposing that he was either the gratuitous inventor of these golden legends, or the only victim of their allurements.

We have dwelt thus largely upon this part of the subject, because it has appeared to us to be not only intrinsically curious, but of considerable interest; as deeply affecting the character of an extraordinary

* Sparrey, in Purchas, vol. iv. p. 1249.

† Harcourt, in Purchas, vol. iv. p. 1277.

‡ Humboldt, *Per Nar.* vol. v. pp. 772, 859.

* Harcourt, in Purchas, vol. iv. p. 1270-80.

man, who stands in need of all the justice that can be honestly done to him, where his probity cannot be fairly questioned. Paradoxical as the observation may appear, the only solid grounds for impeaching his veracity, in regard to Guiana, are to be found in the artifices prompted by his strong belief of its unparalleled recommendations as a national acquisition; for it was that very belief that induced him to call in the aid of fiction and exaggeration to further his object. Hence it was, that in the magnificent picture of these recommendations which closes his narrative, he has the effrontery to recount a supposed prophecy foretelling its acquisition by England. Hence, too, his gross flattery addressed to the well-known weakness of the queen, in the extravagant recital of the rapturous admiration produced by the exhibition of her picture to the Indian caciques. A picture of a red monkey, or of a horned owl, would have proved an object of far greater interest to the worthy caciques than that of the virgin queen in her ruff and farthingale.

We must not allow these controversial discussions to supersede all farther mention of the partly chimerical, partly grand designs which Raleigh appears to have entertained; and of which we have as yet only spoken generally. One of his plans was to carry a force to Guiana, sufficient to induce the inca or sovereign of El Dorado to become a tributary to, and friendly ally of England!—another, to establish colonies and commercial companies in the most inviting quarters of Guiana; by which means he confidently hoped “to see in London a contraction-house of more receipt for that country than there was in Seville for the West Indies.” It was to promote this magnificent scheme that he cultivated so assiduously the friendship of the natives; and that he took with him to England the son of one of the principal chiefs, to be there instructed. Dr. Southey has spoken somewhat sceptically as to the extent of the intercourse which he represents himself as having held with the natives; but, as he was constantly attended by an Indian interpreter, whose qualifications appear to have been well known to the other English explorers of Guiana,* we cannot see any reasonable grounds for doubt upon the subject; and it is allowed by Humboldt, a most competent judge, that Raleigh in this very way collected information that lent “important helps to the history of geography.” Nothing, indeed, has struck us as more strongly indicating his extensive views, and his address in pursuing them, than the vast respect with which he contrived to impress the Guianian chiefs;—so strongly manifested in the length of time they remembered him, and their eager wishes for his return. Thus, in the account of Leigh’s voyage, written in 1606, we are told that “one of the chiefs came far out of the main to inquire about Sir Walter Raleigh;† and in that of Harcourt, written in 1608, it is mentioned that another chief came above a hundred miles to make similar inquiries.‡ His sagacity with respect to the measures necessary to ensure the stability of his undertakings, was further shown by a proposal to erect two forts upon the Orinocco,

thereby to command its navigation;—a proposal which, in the opinion of Humboldt, indicated great judgment and military skill. By such expedients, and by thus securing the means not merely of defence, but of invading the Spanish possessions where they were most vulnerable, he hoped to be able to put an effectual curb upon her power, and to constrain her to attend to her own domestic concerns, instead of intriguing, by means of her gold, to disturb the peace of the Protestant world. Had Raleigh’s views been limited to such objects, he would have been extolled both as a statesman and a patriot; but the fable of El Dorado, and the dream of an alliance with its imaginary potentate, threw an air of doubt and ridicule over his better designs, and diminished the respect that would otherwise have been felt due to the original and far-seeing policy which they indicated.

The great and surprising effects of that fable, joined with its long-continued dominion over the minds of the credulous, form altogether one of the most curious and remarkable portions of the history of the New World. It was not till the first half of the seventeenth century was well advanced, that geographers began to view the existence of El Dorado as doubtful. “Hodie dubium sit,” says De Laet, whose work was published in 1633, “an Dorado extet in rerum natura, nec non.” Acuna, writing in 1640, expresses a hope that God may one day enable mankind to arrive at the truth concerning it. Nearly a century afterwards, Gumilla unhesitatingly declared his adoption of the ancient belief. When Condamine arrived at Para, he there met a Dutch surgeon named Hortsman, who in 1740, had made a journey in search of El Dorado; in which, notwithstanding incredible fatigues and privations, he proceeded as far as the Rio Negro, where his bootless quest terminated. His account of the journey, which he showed to Condamine, was long afterwards seen by Humboldt when in that quarter. It may indeed be safely stated, that El Dorado was treated respectfully, and its existence viewed as at least doubtful, in most of the general repositories of information, up to the middle of the eighteenth century. Dr. Adam Smith, in alluding to Raleigh’s belief as a proof that the greatest minds sometimes give way to strange delusions, mentions it as a sort of wonder that so learned a man as Gumilla could entertain such a fancy, at so late a period of the world as that in which he lived. This shows how little he imagined that, at the very time he was writing, and till near the close of the century, the ancient delusion had still its votaries. Humboldt informs us, that in the years between 1766 and 1777, Don Manuel Centurion, then governor of Spanish Guiana, displayed a zeal for the discovery of El Dorado worthy of the brightest era of the fable. It was then that the false reports of a native Indian induced a small body of colonists once more to set out upon this luckless enterprise; and only one of their number, Don Antonio Santos, returned to recount the disasters which had left him the sole survivor of an expedition which crowned more than two centuries of pernicious delusion! An alluring phantom, operating upon the love of the marvellous and the love of gain, thus long beguiled and mocked the world; and transmitted to posterity a tragic tale so singular, that all sympathy for the miseries which it recites,

* Purchas, vol. iv. p. 1255.

† Ibid. vol. iv. p. 1264.

‡ Ibid. vol. iv. p. 1271.

is extinguished in the ridicule with which they are regarded.

Though Raleigh's purposes regarding Guiana remained unchanged—though, as we have seen, he took measures, soon after his return, to maintain his footing in, and to augment his knowledge of the country—the public employments to which he was speedily called, for some time rendered it impossible for him to devote himself personally to the prosecution of his designs; and when his restoration to favour took place, his services at court, his constant pursuit of further preferment, and his rivalry with other aspirants to royal regard, so much engrossed his time, that Guiana, though not expelled from his thoughts, ceased during the rest of that reign to share his active pursuits. The public services in which he was now engaged, afforded him an opportunity of distinguishing himself in two very brilliant actions; namely, the destruction, in 1596, of the Spanish fleet and shipping in the harbour of Cadiz, and subsequent capture of that great mart of their Indian and Levant trade; and the taking, in the following year, of the capital and island of Fayal, one of the Azores. On both occasions, Raleigh held the rank of rear-admiral. Cadiz, to borrow the expressive words of Lord Bacon, "was one of those glorious acquiescences obtained sometimes in the bravery of wars, which cannot be kept without excessive charge and trouble;" but its actual capture, and that of the fleet there stationed, inflicted, notwithstanding the necessity of abandoning the place, the most humiliating blow the Spanish monarchy ever sustained. It is not saying too much in Raleigh's behalf to state, that this signal success was in no small degree owing to his valour and skill.* He wrote a very clear and animated account of the action, which is to be found in his works. That action, in which he received a severe wound in one of his legs, was remarkable for the chivalrous emulation of the several commanders, who seemed as if engaged in a race for glory, in which each strove to be foremost, without any regard to the orders of a superior, or the rules of naval warfare. The spirit of chivalry had not yet yielded to authority, nor had discipline been adjusted to a settled course of command and obedience.—Essex, who held the chief command, had long been in bitter opposition to Raleigh; but the latter, though sometimes represented as of a less generous nature than the other, showed on the present occasion that he could bestow high praise on his rival, and in a way certain to meet the eye of their royal mistress. In a letter which he wrote to Cecil immediately after the action—of which no part, in as far as we know, has ever before been published—Essex is thus eulogised:—"The earl hath behaved himself, I protest unto you by the living God, both valiantly and advisedly in the highest degree, without pride, and without cruelty, and hath gotten great honour and much love of all."† The differences between these ambitious leaders were widened, not originated as has been said by Hume, by Raleigh's capture of Fayal in the succeeding year, before the arrival of the earl, his superior in command; but in this proceeding he appears to have been fully warranted by the exigencies of the case; and his conduct, at any

rate, was such as greatly to increase his renown. He alludes to this enterprise, in some observations upon naval invasions, in his "History of the World;" and Sir Arthur Gorges, who was next in command under him, has devoted to it a treatise fraught with much collateral learning upon the art of war.*

It was in the interval between the expedition to Cadiz and that to the Azores, that Raleigh was restored to the office of captain of the guard; and we are told by one of the court intelligencers of the time, that he rode abroad with the queen the same day, and forthwith frequented the privy chamber "as boldly as he was wont to do before."† An after result of his renewed favour, was his appointment to the governorship of Jersey—the last act of his sovereign's munificence towards him. The court intrigues in which he was so deeply engaged towards the close of her reign, present some scenes of considerable interest; particularly those where he is seen acting the part of mediator between Essex and Cecil, and where the three worthies meet to dine in private, and to ratify that treaty of amity which he negotiated, so much to the surprise of their fellow courtiers.‡ These amicable relations were not, however, of any long continuance; for we find Essex, in 1599, shortly after going to Ireland as lord-lieutenant, writing the queen in terms of strong hostility to Raleigh;§ and we find Cecil, immediately after the fall of the former, endeavouring, by means of a secret correspondence with the successor to the throne, to prejudice that prince strongly against his former associate. History has left us much in the dark as to the particular causes of these alienations; but they no doubt originated in the mutual jealousies and apprehensions of each other's power entertained by these ambitious and intriguing statesmen. When Essex approached the crisis of his mad career, he accused Raleigh and some of his friends of a design against his life, and of an intention to secure the succession to the Infanta of Spain; but his adherent, Sir Christopher Blount, who confessed that he had intended to assassinate Raleigh, further declared, that these charges were "only cast out to colour other matters."|| Raleigh has been thought, by Hume and others, to have urged the execution of Essex—an opinion founded upon a very remarkable letter of his to Cecil;¶ but which, as it is not dated, leaves it uncertain whether it was written before or after the earl's condemnation. In point of sagacious but cold-blooded advice as to the expediency of subjugating a dangerous adversary, it is a master-piece; but if viewed as an exhortation to deprive Essex, not of liberty and power merely, but of life, it is calculated to revolt every generous feeling, and to fill the mind with deep dislike of its Machiavellian author. We are, however, strongly inclined to think that it does not refer to the earl's execution; but merely to the propriety of reducing him to a condition in which he should neither be able to disturb the state, nor to injure those whom he considered his

* Birch's *Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. ii. pp. 54-96-7.

† Brit. Mus. MSS. Vespar, xi. f. 390.

* Sir A. Gorges's *Relation*, in Purchas, vol. iv. p. 156.

† *Sydney Papers*, vol. ii. p. 54-5.

‡ Ibid. ii. pp. 24, 37, 42, 44.

§ Birch, vol. ii. p. 418.

|| Birch, ii. p. 478.—Blount's Trial.

¶ Murdin, p. 811.

enemies. Advice to this effect may not have been very high-minded; it may have been dictated by keen resentment; but, considering the enmity and recklessness of Essex, and the designs of his adherents, it can hardly be viewed as either unnatural or surprising. The belief that he took pleasure in the untimely fate of his rival, seems undoubtedly to have been general; as was manifested at the place of execution, where he received a hint to withdraw. With reference to this, however, it ought to be remembered that he attended officially as captain of the guard; for he was also present in that capacity at the execution of Blount—a fact which Hume appears to have overlooked. It was when returning in his boat from Essex's execution in the Tower, that the thought first flashed into his mind, that the power of Cecil, now greatly augmented by the removal of so formidable a competitor, might prove destructive to himself,*—a foreboding too certainly destined to be verified.

We think it not a little surprising that neither Mr. Tytler nor Dr. Southey has alluded to the mortifying fact, that Raleigh contrived to turn his influence with the queen to good account, by procuring pardons for such of Essex's condemned adherents as could afford to purchase his interference. How strange it sounds at the present day, to be told that a public man of high endowments and high place could exact large sums for acts of seeming beneficence! The circumstance surely required some notice from these writers. Its truth is beyond question. Sir Edward Bainham and Mr. Littleton, two of those condemned, procured through Raleigh's intercession a remission of their sentence; for which they gave him each a very large sum—in plain language, a bribe. Littleton, who was a man of ample fortune, much esteemed, as Lord Bacon tells us, for his "wit and valour," and who appears to have had some particular connection with Raleigh, addressed him in a very moving yet high-minded letter, soliciting his good offices;† but this letter, which Bishop Hurd pronounces one of "the finest that ever was written,"‡ did not produce the desired effect till the applicant paid his intercessor ten thousand pounds!§ But it would not be fair to Raleigh's memory to mention such a fact, without accompanying it with this excuse,—that in what he thus did, he did only what was done by those amongst whom he lived, and by whom his conduct was to be judged. It was a period in which every department of public life was strongly tainted with corruption. The favour of the sovereign, in regard to all that depended upon the executive, was bespoken by presents. Ambassadors from foreign powers procured the support, or insured the neutrality of adverse parties, by liberal donations and pensions. Place and preferment were obtained by those who could afford to give a powerful courtier a large donation for his secret services. The course of justice was not free from the effects produced by gifts to legal officers. Even the ladies about the person of the queen were accustomed "to grange and huck

causes."* So backward at that time was the state of morals in public life! In judging of Raleigh's conduct, in the case in question, we must therefore give him the benefit of the existing usages; for though the distinctions between right and wrong, abstractedly considered, are immutable, we can never, accustomed as mankind are in their actions to make a constant reference to the opinions of their fellows, judge with the same rigour those immoral acts which originate in the customs, or have the countenance of contemporaries, as we do those which have no such sanctions, and can only be referred to individual guilt. We would judge of Raleigh as of a no less illustrious contemporary than Sully, when in his memoirs he unhesitatingly tells us, that at the sacking of Villefranche, he took a thousand pieces of gold from an old man pursued by the soldiery, who eagerly offered that sum to save his life! Would any one, without the contamination of evil times, dare to utter such a confession?

We could wish, before leaving that portion of Raleigh's history which closes with the reign of Elizabeth, to advert at some length to his appearances in a field where he seems to have been eminently qualified to shine, and from which he was ever afterwards excluded by his early misfortunes in the next reign—we mean the house of commons; but the more disputable parts of his story compel us to dismiss this with one or two notices. Judging from even the scanty reports of his speeches preserved by D'Ewes, they appear, in respect of mental power, to have been truly admirable;—displaying large, sagacious, and original views, both on subjects of foreign and of domestic policy. In an age when the cardinal principle of economical legislation was that of the necessity of regulating individual labour and skill to insure national prosperity—when, in other words, the principle that industry, in order to be well directed, must be constantly subjected to positive regulations—a principle which long continued, and still in some degree continues to influence all European policy, Raleigh anticipated the grandest and most comprehensive conclusion that modern political economy has established with reference to this subject; for he on all occasions inculcated the propriety of leaving every man free to employ his labour and capital in the way he might judge most beneficial for himself. Such was the doctrine he maintained in regard to the compulsory cultivation of hemp. "I do not," said he, "like this constraining of men to manure or use their grounds at our wills; but rather wish to let every man use his ground for that for which it is most fit, and therein follow his own discretion." Simple as this recommendation may now appear, its inculcation as a rule for the guidance of statesmen was a vast and beneficial advance in the science of legislation; for the interference thus condemned was the favourite policy of all the greatest statesmen of that day, Lord Bacon amongst the rest. Its principle lies at the foundation of those laws of Henry the Seventh, which the immortal regenerator of experimental science so emphatically extols, in his life of that sovereign, for their extraordinary depth and comprehensiveness. Raleigh held the same memorable language in one of the debates as to the propriety of repealing the

* Osborne's *Deductions from the History of the Earl of Essex*.

† It is printed by Birch, *Mem. of Eliz.* vol. ii. p. 496.

‡ Hurd's *Dialogues*.

§ Birch, vol. ii. n. 497.

* Birch, vol. i. p. 35.

famous statute of tillage. In the debate alluded to, he strongly advocated the policy of setting free the trade in corn;—observing, “that the Low Countrymen, and the Hollanders, who never sow corn, have by their industry such plenty, that they can serve other nations; and that it is the best policy to set tillage at liberty, and leave every man free; which is the desire of a true Englishman.” These are noble words for a legislator of that age, and well worthy of lasting remembrance. In nothing, as we think, does the originality and reach of mind possessed by this extraordinary man appear more conspicuous, than in the opinions recorded in these brief extracts.

The death of Elizabeth, and the accession of James, lead us immediately to the darkest portion of Raleigh's history; that, namely, which relates to the famous conspiracy in which he was soon thereafter implicated. We do not by any means imagine that we shall be able to clear up its obscurities, or to remove effectually the doubts with which it is overhung; but we think that we shall be able, by an impartial consideration of the printed authorities, combined with the important information contained in the *Count de Beaumont's* despatches, which, though they still remain in manuscript, we happen to have perused, to exhibit a tolerably satisfactory view of the probabilities—for certainly is unattainable—of the case. Beaumont was the resident French ambassador at the English court at the period of the accession; and his despatches to his sovereign, and his minister Villeroy, are replete with details concerning the conspiracies which so early disturbed that at first rapturous occurrence. Carte is the only British writer by whom they have been examined. All others who have referred to them, have taken their information at second-hand from him; and though we do not say that he has left any important facts unrevealed, respecting this subject, we are inclined to think that the conclusions to which these despatches lead, may be better discriminated and brought out than in his narrative.

Popular as Elizabeth was, our history has no record of so joyful an accession as that of James. It was hailed with acclamations by all classes of the people. But the national joy was destined to be overcast in the very dawn of its existence. A nearer view of James's person and manners speedily dispelled those illusions, which the people, long subjected to a female sovereign, had fondly attached to the name of king; and some early examples of his imprudence and misgovernment, produced a strong apprehension that they had been deceived by the accounts spread abroad of his regal wisdom. The rapacity of his Scottish followers, and his ill-judged haste to gratify them, excited the disgust and resentment of the whole nation. The Catholic portion of his subjects, who, according, to Beaumont, had been amongst the foremost to welcome his accession—and in behalf of whom this ambassador had ventured to solicit some marks of favour, calculated to save them from becoming the dupes and tools of Spanish deperadoes—soon perceived that he was in no respects inclined to relax the rigorous policy of his predecessor. The Puritans, who had also cherished fallacious hopes, found they were doomed to be equally disappointed. Murmurs and discontents were the natural consequences; and some

malecontents, as furious in their resentments as they were wild and rash in their purposes, proceeded to form treasonable designs against the person and government of the new sovereign. But before proceeding to any details regarding them, we must attend to such occurrences subsequent to the accession, and to such particulars of Raleigh's treatment and conduct, as appear necessary to be kept in mind in judging of the probability of his being a participator.

Immediately after the death of Elizabeth, a meeting took place at Whitehall of the chief public men then in London, for the purpose of proclaiming her successor; and Raleigh's name occurs amongst those subscribed to the writing framed on that memorable occasion.* An opinion, however, was entertained by some, of whom Raleigh was one, that James's power of appointing his countrymen to places of trust and emolument in his English dominions, ought to be subjected to some limitations. Mr. Tytler seems inclined to question Raleigh's assent; but as his opinion is not supported by any authority, and runs counter to the statements of Osborne, Aubery, Lloyd, and some others, it may be unhesitatingly discarded. If such a proposition could be entertained by so aged and discreet a counsellor as Sir John Fortescue, it was likely enough, surely, to recommend itself to the more bold and innovating genius of Raleigh. Aubery goes a great deal farther; for he ascribes to Raleigh a proposal not a little calculated to awaken curiosity, but to which neither Mr. Tytler nor Dr. Southey adverts;—a proposal to pull down the monarchy, and substitute a republic! Aubery avers that this proposition was advanced by Raleigh at the above mentioned meeting at Whitehall. “Let us keep the staff in our own hands, and set up a commonwealth, and not remain subject to a needy and beggarly nation”—were the astounding words he is represented to have there uttered. Dr. Warton might well consider this as a very remarkable anecdote,† if indeed it could be viewed as true. But it rests wholly on the authority of this credulous collector of historical gossip; and though it partakes of Raleigh's bold, aspiring, and scheming disposition, the supposition of the possibility of establishing a republic at that time, and in the then state of England, is much too chimerical to allow us to imagine that it could be broached by a man of his understanding, and to such an assembly as that to which it was said to have been addressed.

But, independently of these facts, there were other causes of that dislike to Raleigh, which appears to have been early manifested by the king; and which indeed existed before he set foot on his English dominions. We allude to the attempts so successfully made by Cecil and his accomplices, in their secret correspondence with the Scottish king, to impress him with the belief that Raleigh was closely leagued with a party unfriendly to his title, and bent on opposing him when the succession should open. All who have perused that very curious correspondence, as published by Lord Hailes, must remember the singularly malignant representations of Raleigh with

* Carte, vol. iii. p. 708.

† In a note to his edition of Pope, in one of whose “epistles” allusion is made to Raleigh's archaisms.

which it seems; and the unexampled terms of abuse there applied to him and some of his friends. It is therefore surprising that any biographer of Raleigh should cast about for hypothetical explanations of a dislike so easily accounted for by referring to known causes. Mr. Tytler imagines that it was owing to Raleigh's being unable to conceal his contempt of "James's displays;" and because he declined "to imitate the flattery with which others fed his vanity." Now, there is nothing more certain than that Raleigh never, at any time, allowed an aversion to flattery to stand in the way of his wishes; and it is equally certain that he evinced his readiness to feed James's vanity, with reference to the very "displays" to which Mr. Tytler alludes. "I took it as a great comfort," says he, in a letter to the royal pedant, "to behold your majesty; always learning some good, and bettering my knowledge, by hearing your majesty discourse." Raleigh's disfavour was far enough from being owing to his sparingness in the administration of the unctious of flattery.

There can be no doubt, in a word, that the Scottish king entered England with a mind strongly prepossessed against him; and that Cecil found it an easy achievement to complete the overthrow which his correspondence had prepared. James had arrived at York, in the prosecution of his intoxicating "progress" to the capital, before Cecil presented himself before him. The Count de Beaumont says, that he was by some blamed for leaving London at that critical juncture; but he doubtless felt it to be indispensable that he should repair to James, as well to furnish that information of which he and his Scottish courtiers were alike in want, as to take measures for crushing those who might have the temerity to be competitors for favour or power. Raleigh, in particular, was the man he most feared;* and one of his first cares was to put a stop to that intercourse with the king, which would have resulted from his continuing in the office of captain of the guard. That office, which Raleigh had held with so much distinction during the late reign, was now promised, and speedily bestowed upon, a Scottish favourite; and Cecil is said to have induced the king to take this step, by possessing him with the belief that the removal of one so universally disliked would be an act highly acceptable to the people of England.† The extreme unpopularity of a man of such great and various talents, so distinguished for courtier-like accomplishments and martial achievements, has always appeared to us a perplexing part of Raleigh's history; and not to be sufficiently accounted for either by those who ascribe it solely to his haughty demeanour, or to his enmity to Essex, the general favourite of the people. The belief that he was not over scrupulous in his regard for truth—that his great and brilliant qualities were tarnished by craft and rapacity—that, as Ben Jonson alleged, "he esteemed fame more than conscience"—were, we suspect, the principal sources of that hostile feeling entertained towards him, and which never without strong cause takes place of the esteem universally entertained for genius and valour. But be the cause what it may, the fact is unquestionable; and indeed we find his friend, the Earl of Northumberland, not

merely acknowledging it, but alleging that he had himself suffered in public opinion from his long and intimate connection with him.* Still, there can be no doubt that Cecil, who had long associated with and courted him, was now actuated solely by his own personal animosities and selfish apprehensions. Raleigh, as soon as he was apprised of his machinations, set out in haste to endeavour to counteract them, by making some disclosures touching the execution of Queen Mary, and other matters, calculated, as he imagined, to make a strong impression upon the mind of her son; but the crafty secretary had taken his measures too well, and too securely; and was, besides, too necessary to James and his Scottish ministers, profoundly ignorant as they were of English affairs, to give his adversary any chance of success from this attempt. Its only effects were to widen existing differences, and to furnish additional aliment to that discontent, which soon became conspicuous to all.†

Raleigh's disappointments connected with the new reign, were not limited to those arising from loss of office and court favour. His fortune had been impaired by the expenses connected with the various expeditions which he had fitted out for Guiana, where he ever had hoped that, when circumstances were propitious, he should yet reap a golden harvest. This notion—the abiding vision of his changeable life—would naturally revisit his mind, and rekindle his hopes, as it had done originally, when, as now, he was deprived of place, favour, and expectations in his own country. But, in the pacific temper of James, and his ardent desire to conclude a peace with Spain, Raleigh saw the destruction of his favourite project. His notions of foreign policy, in which he was more largely skilled than any other statesman of that day,‡ and a strong conviction of the propriety of upholding the United Provinces, in that glorious struggle for independence in which they had been so effectually aided by Elizabeth, seem to have led in the same direction with his own particular designs. We learn from one of his letters, that he made an offer to the king to raise, at his own cost, two thousand men, to attack Spain in her most vulnerable point—her American possessions. The answer is not mentioned; but no reply to any such proposal could, in James's temper of mind, be otherwise than unfavourable; and we may even suppose that, personally and politically timid as he was, it might contribute to augment his dislike of a man who could entertain such daring and extensive purposes. Raleigh at this time also wrote a discourse—one of the most remarkable of his smaller pieces, not for its composition, which is desultory and slovenly, but for the depth and reach of its general views, and the pregnant variety of its illustrations—

* See a remarkable letter, not noticed by either Mr. Tytler or Dr. Southey, though published in so well known a work as Miss Aiken's *Memoirs of the Court of James*. Vol. i. p. 58.

† Beaumont, *Dép.* August 13.

‡ "He seemeth wonderfully fitted, both by art and nature, to serve the state; especially as he is versed in foreign matters, his skill therein being always estimable and praiseworthy."—Sir John Harrington's Letter to the Bishop of Bath and Wells—*Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. p. 342.

* Carte, vol. iii. p. 709.
Beaumont, *Dépêche*, May 2—August 13.

on the policy of continuing the protection of England to the United Provinces, so as to enable them to establish their independence of all the neighbouring powers. This tract he had intended to present to the king, to whom it was addressed, but did not find an opportunity. James, as is well known, was ultimately prevailed upon by Sully, the extraordinary ambassador of Henry the Fourth, to continue to the States that support for which Raleigh so urgently pleaded. But the certainty of that consummation, could he have anticipated it, would have been far from satisfying his desires. Bred in a school which elated Spain with the pope and the devil, and looked upon her American possessions as the appropriate field of English adventure and spoliation, Raleigh's ardent wish was, that the war should at all events be continued; and he accordingly endeavoured to show, that Spain was now so greatly reduced, as to be incapable of withstanding the naval skill and power of England; but that, if peace should be conceded, and time allowed her to recruit, the former would come to regret her forbearance and lost opportunities of glory and conquest, when all who could effectually serve her would be removed from the scene. This piece is the more deserving of notice, that it was written when its author was on the eve of being accused of a treasonable plot, to be carried into execution through the agency of that power which he there treats so contemptuously, and to which he evinces so rooted a dislike!

But, notwithstanding all his mortifications and disappointments, we find Raleigh vehemently protesting that his mind was in no degree soured by discontent. Thus, in the piece just mentioned, he assures the king, that it "proceeds from a faithful breast, which his majesty could not beat from the love of his royal person and estate;" and in a letter, written shortly after he was charged with treason, he utters this solemn asseveration: "The great God of heaven and earth so relieve me as I was the reverse of discontented." We would fain believe that Raleigh's fancy here deceived him; for it is impossible to shut our eyes to the fact of his discontent—a fact in itself both probable and natural, and which all contemporary authority attests. The evidence of Sully, though there was none else, would be decisive; for it is that of a most competent and disinterested observer, pronounced after much private and confidential intercourse. It does not, indeed, warrant the statements which Carte and Hume have founded upon it—statements which represent Raleigh and some of his associates as having solicited both Beaumont and himself to aid them in certain treasonable designs; but it portrays them as restless and speculative malecontents, not greatly indisposed to embark in designs hostile to their sovereign and to the state.*

James had been only about three months seated on his new throne, when the discovery of more than one treasonable plot took place.† That which was

first brought to light, never has been a subject of doubt either as to its objects or the persons concerned in it. It seems to have originated with two priests, named Watson and Clarke. Their design was to seize the king whilst engaged in his favourite occupation of hunting; and then to carry him to the Tower or some other place of strength, there to be detained till he should new-model his ministry agreeably to their wishes, and swear to grant a full toleration of religion. Amongst their first associates were George Brooke, brother to Lord Cobham, Sir Griffin Markham, and a Catholic gentleman of the name of Copeley; and a communication having been opened through Brooke with Lord Grey of Wilton, a zealous Puritan, who appears to have been ready to embark in any treasonable project, they began to apportion amongst themselves the different offices of that new administration which they wished to form, and to deliberate as to the time for proceeding to action. But jealousies and misgivings speedily arose to distract their machinations. Grey, a young man of talents and ambition, became apprehensive that if the plot succeeded the Catholics might obtain some advantage over his own sect; and he therefore opposed any movement until he should strengthen himself with an armed force, which he secretly hoped to obtain permission to embody, under the pretext of employing them in the Netherlands. In this way, the day of action was postponed; but with an understanding that every possible effort should be made to augment the number of confederates.

Coincident with these treasons was another, called "the Spanish or Lord Cobham's treason."‡ This weak, but intriguing and opulent nobleman, who had lived much in Raleigh's society, and been an active partisan in the quarrels with Essex, was much at variance with Cecil, who was his brother-in-law; and the king having, in consequence of the secretary's representations, treated him coldly when he went to join the royal "progress," his resentment rose to a high pitch against both sovereign and minister. His notorious disaffection encouraged his abler and deeper brother, George Brooke, to disclose to him the plot of the priests; and the idea seems to have been started by one or other of them—in all probability Brooke—that, could adequate assistance be procured from Spain, James might be dispossessed of the throne, and his cousin, the Lady Arabella Stuart, advanced to it in his stead. The same notion, according to Beaumont, occurred, but without leading to any concerted plan, to some of those engaged in the other treasons. Cobham agreed to apply to Spain for money; and he accordingly made an application to that effect to Count D'Arenberg, immediately on his arrival in London, as the temporary representative both of the governor of the Netherlands and of the king of Spain. He appears to have had some previous intercourse with that minister; and to have been particularly acquainted with a person in his retinue of the name of La Renzi. This person was in consequence employed as the agent of their secret correspondence. Brooke undertook

* See Sully's despatches, contained in the original edition of his *Memoirs*, entitled, *Mémoires des Sages*, &c. t. ii. pp. 125, 148.

† In a copy now before us, of a paper in the handwriting of Sir Edward Coke, preserved in the state-paper office, he makes an abstract of evidence, with reference

to three plots, described by him as the "Spanish, or Cobham's treason," the "Priests' treason," and "Lord Grey's treason."

‡ So designated, in the analysis mentioned in the foregoing note, by Sir Edward Coke.

to persuade the Lady Arabella to enter into their views; and to prevail upon her to write to the archduke and the king of Spain—pledging her lasting friendship, and engaging to be guided by them in the choice of a husband, in the event of her being elevated to the throne through their assistance.

But all these treasonable schemes were overset, before they had ripened into any determinate or connected plan, through the fortunate imprudence of Copeley. On going from home, he told his sister that he was engaged in a great and dangerous undertaking for the good of the country. His words, having made a strong impression, were repeated to her husband, and by him to the lord admiral, who, in consequence, caused Copeley to be apprehended; and he having made a full disclosure of the plot of the priests, they and their accomplices were seized and imprisoned.*

When Cecil heard that Brooke was one of the conspirators, he naturally inferred that his discontented brother Cobham might be concerned; and Raleigh's intimacy with, and ascendancy over the latter, exposed him, in the ready mind of the secretary, to a similar suspicion. He was accordingly, on Cecil's suggestion, examined in presence of some of the lords of the council, as to whether he had any knowledge of the plot divulged by Copeley. He unhesitatingly declared his utter ignorance of it; and his name stood quite free from any disloyal imputations, till Brooke, in his examination, disclosed his brother Cobham's intrigues with Aremberg;—adding, that the former had told him their intercourse was known to Raleigh. Being in consequence again examined, he, equally as before, declared that he was wholly ignorant of any criminal correspondence between Cobham and the Flemish minister; but either at that examination, or soon thereafter, he appears to have stated that he knew there was some intercourse between them; and he farther suggested, in a private letter to Cecil, that La Renzi might be examined as the person most likely to be informed of its nature. This suggestion—most extraordinary if that of a guilty participator—was productive of lasting misfortune to its author. Cobham had before been examined without effect; but the letter to Cecil having been unwarrantably shown to him, he instantly became enraged against Raleigh;—charged him with having instigated all his dealings with Aremberg; confessed that it had been agreed, with Raleigh's privity, that he should proceed to Spain to negotiate for money, Aremberg being unable to engage for all that was wanted; and that he was to return by Jersey, of which Sir Walter was governor, there to consult as to their farther proceedings. In almost the same breath, however, he admitted his having become apprehensive that, if he did so return, Raleigh would seize and deliver both the treasure and himself to the king. Nor was this all. As soon as he became cool, according to one account, or after a private remonstrance from Raleigh, according to

another, he fully and solemnly retracted all that he had laid to his charge.*

Raleigh was nevertheless, towards the end of July, committed to the Tower. But, previously to this, he appears to have acknowledged that Cobham, on the part of Aremberg, had offered him a sum of money, or a pension, on condition of his using his endeavours to promote a peace between the two crowns; and as Brooke had confessed that Cobham had also promised money for distribution amongst the associates of the priests, it appears to have been thought that the acknowledged offer to Raleigh was for similar treasonable purposes. When informed of this injurious construction, he addressed a letter to the lords of the council, in which, after repeating the purport of Cobham's offer, he made a solemn renunciation of all claim to mercy, if it should ever be shown that he was aware of its connection with any treasonable design. But this address, which was powerful and eloquent, does not seem to have made any impression. Yet, as he had not been accused by any one of any participation in the plot of the priests, and as Cobham's accusation respecting the treasonable dealings with Aremberg stood retracted, the council appear to have been somewhat doubtful as to the propriety of any farther proceedings against him. Cecil, unwilling that he should escape, caused a strict inquiry to be made amongst all likely to be acquainted with his secrets; but the investigation ended without any discovery calculated to gratify the wishes of the minister.†

We must not, in the history of these proceedings, omit the mention of a remarkable incident, by no means favourable to Raleigh's character, and which, accordingly, Mr. Tytler's partiality induces him to view as liable to question. One afternoon, whilst Cecil and others of the council were engaged in the examination of the other prisoners in the Tower, Raleigh made an attempt at suicide—wounding himself rather severely by a stab in the breast. "When we were advertised of it," says Cecil, "we came to him, and found him in some agony, seeming to be unable to endure his misfortunes, and protesting innocence, with carelessness of life."‡ He had often expressed his firm belief, that the administration of the law of treason was such as to enable his enemies to effect his condemnation though innocent; and on this occasion, his proud and lofty spirit seems to have hurried him on to the rash determination to deprive them of the means of achieving such a triumph. A recent publication respecting the reign of King James, furnishes us with a very affecting letter from Raleigh to his wife, written in contemplation of his design. We do not refer to it for evidence of the fact; for that was long ago incontrovertibly established, not only by the above communication by Cecil, but by Beaumont's despatches to his court, and by a contemporary letter published by Sir Toby Matthews. We refer to it as being in itself remarkable, and as showing that the deed which he meditated ought not to be viewed as the act of conscious guilt, but rather as that of ungovernable and despairing pride. "I cannot live," says he, "to think how

* Beaumont, *Dép.* May 12—June 13—July 30, 1603.

† So thought one who was present at his trial.—See Sir Toby Matthews's *Collection of Letters*, published by Dr. Donne, p. 281. Sir Thomas Overbury, who also was present, expresses himself to the same purpose.—*Arraignment of Sir Walter Raleigh*.

* Beaumont—Carte—Overbury.

† Beaumont, *Dép.* August 13.

‡ Letter to Sir Thomas Parry, 4th August, 1603, in *Cayley's Life of Raleigh*.

I shall be derided—to think of the expectation of my enemies—the scorn I shall receive—the cruel words of lawyers—the infamous taunts and despites—to be made a wonder and a spectacle.” His allusions to the sad consequences of his misfortunes to his family, and to the revolting nature of the imputation of plotting with Spain—the enemy he had ever hated and scorned, and sometimes scourged—are strikingly pathetic and indignant;—indicating a lofty consciousness of his own merits and services, now unminded by his country. But there is nothing more worthy of remark in this extraordinary letter (which we regret we cannot extract at full length) than its strongly characteristic touches;—particularly its remarkable display of great warmth of feeling and tenderness of heart, joined with much worldly wisdom and calculating prudence; the one exemplified in his agonizing emotions on taking leave of his wife; the other, in his recommendation to her to marry again, but not for love—“only to avoid poverty;”—and to overlook Cecil’s conduct to himself, “because,” says he, “he must be master of your child, and may have compassion on him.” We shall quit this singular compound of strong emotions and sage counsels, by quoting his ground of hope of forgiveness for the unholy act which he was meditating. “I know,” says he, “that it is forbidden to destroy ourselves; but I trust it is forbidden in this sort—that we destroy not ourselves *despairing of God’s mercy*.”*

After much delay and discussion, it was at last resolved that Raleigh should be brought to trial with the rest. The confessions of most of them had left no doubt either as to their guilt, or the certainty of their condemnation; but, as regarded him, it was the general opinion that there were no grounds for a conviction.† His own opinion was not so sanguine. He dreaded the influence of his enemies, then at the head of affairs; and he entertained the most discouraging ideas of the state of the law in regard to trials for treason. It was under these impressions that he endeavoured, by a letter to the king, to move his favour; but considering the known sentiments of James, who, as Beaumont says, both feared and hated him,‡ it is scarcely to be thought that he could found any strong hopes upon such an appeal. He first of all respectfully alludes to the duty of a good king, “to hear the complaints of his vassals, especially of such as are in misery;” and after entreating his majesty “not to believe any of those who, under pretence of his treason, only sought to work out their own revenge,” he proceeds to make this solemn and comprehensive asseveration: “I protest before the everlasting God, that I never *invented* treason, *consented* to treason, nor *performed* treason; and yet,” he adds with that strong presentiment he ever, since his imprisonment, expressed,—“I know I shall fall into the hands of those from whom there is no escape, unless by your majesty’s gracious compassion I be sustained.”

These touching notes fell upon an ear wholly irresponsive to them. As soon as Aremberg left England, which he did about the end of October, the

trials commenced. They were delayed to his departure from an apprehension that either he might himself be so irritated, or the people so inflamed by the disclosures likely to ensue, as to cause the defeat of those negotiations which James was so passionately desirous to bring to a favourable close. Raleigh, meanwhile, contrived to procure from Cobham a letter, acquitting him in very earnest terms of the treasonable practices with which he had charged him; and being thus possessed of a written disclaimer under the hand of his only accuser, he waited the issue, it may be supposed, with more composure. The prevalence of the plague in London having rendered it prudent that the trials should be proceeded with at some other place, and Winchester being chosen, the prisoners were, towards the middle of November, carried thither. Raleigh was conveyed in his own coach, under the custody of Sir Robert Mansell; and from what befell him on the way, he had reason enough to see, that be his fate what it might, he was not likely to meet with any popular sympathy. “It was almost incredible,”* says a contemporary, “what bitter speeches they exclaimed against him as he went along; which general hatred of the people would be to me worse than death; but he neglected and scorned them, as proceeding from base and rascal people.”

Upon the fifteenth, the two priests, and their principal associates, were tried and condemned upon their own clear and ample confessions. “These,” says Sir Dudley Carleton, who was present, “were set down, under their own hands, with such labour and care to make the matter they undertook seem very feasible, as if they had feared they should not say enough to hang themselves.”† Raleigh’s trial took place two days thereafter. The commission consisted of the great officers of state, some of whom were his known enemies, and four of the ordinary judges. The proceedings commenced at eight in the morning, and ended about seven at night. The main charges of the indictment were—that he had joined Lord Cobham in a conspiracy against the life of the king and his issue; that their purpose was to raise the Lady Arabella Stuart to the throne; and that they had applied to Count Aremberg for money and a Spanish force, to aid them in the execution of their designs. Sir Edward Coke, then attorney-general, was the chief conductor of the trial on the part of the crown; and his management of it was such as Hume—no partial narrator—describes as calculated to leave an indelible stigma not only upon his own character, but in some sort upon that of his age and country. “Traitor, monster, viper, and spider of hell, were the terms,” says the historian, “which he employed against one of the most illustrious men of the kingdom, who was under trial for life and fortune, and who defended himself with surprising temper, eloquence, and courage.”

It was upon Cobham’s accusation that the crown lawyers chiefly rested their case; and in support of it they adduced the testimony of La Renzi, who deposed that Raleigh had been present, and in private with Cobham, when he received letters from and transmitted others to Aremberg. They further ap-

* Bishop Goodman’s *Court of King James*, vol. ii. p. 93.

† Beaumont, *Dép.* 27th October.

‡ *Ibid.* 18th December.

* Letter from Mr. Hicks to the Earl of Shrewsbury. *Lodge’s Illustrations*, vol. iii. p. 217.

† *Hardwicke State Papers*, vol. i. p. 387.

pealed to the fact, that Raleigh, after his own examination, and before Cobham was called in question, wrote "that he had cleared him;" in order, as they alleged, to caution him against making any disclosures. With respect to the first of these allegations, Raleigh contended that La Renzi's testimony only proved his knowledge of the existence of some correspondence between Cobham and the Flemish minister, but not that he knew there was anything treasonable in that correspondence; and as to the other, he stated in explanation, that having had occasion in a matter of business, to inform Cobham that he could not see him as he was under restraint, he indeed added "that he had cleared him;" because, in point of fact, he had observed to Cecil, when conversing with him as to the plot of the priests, that he did not believe Lord Cobham was concerned in it. He further pleaded generally, that it was from Cobham's accusation alone, which had been retracted, that these allegations derived any suspicious colouring; that in no view could they ground any thing against him but presumptions; and that, if presumptions were to be taken into account, those in his favour would far outweigh any that could be urged against him. His reasoning and eloquence were here cogent and persuasive. He appealed to the whole course of his public life, as bearing testimony to his rooted enmity to Spain; and to the fact, that his best hopes lay in the continued prosecution of his designs against her. Nothing, he said, could exceed the improbability of the supposition that he—who had just written a treatise to expose the reduced condition of Spain, as an argument for continuing the war till she should be thoroughly humbled—could for a moment believe her capable of accomplishing so vast a design as that of placing on the throne of England a female, destitute alike of title and support; or that he was likely to embark in a conspiracy having such an object, with no other ally but Lord Cobham—notoriously one of the weakest and least regarded men of his rank in England.

Raleigh's defence was not, however, limited to these topics. He further maintained, that even though Cobham's testimony had not been retracted, or any way damaged, it could not be viewed as sufficient to convict him; because it was provided by a well known statute of Edward the Sixth, that conviction in cases of treason could only take place upon the evidence of two witnesses confronted with the accused. He handled this point with great learning, acuteness, and dexterity; but his argument was met by proofs of a contrary practice, which had long, though improperly, been judicially recognised—upon the supposition that the statute in question had been rendered inoperative by a subsequent law of Philip and Mary. Driven from this ground, he then insisted that he should at least be confronted with his only accuser; boldly declaring that if Cobham, on being examined by himself, should repeat his charges, he would then yield himself to judgment without another word. Cobham was at the time in an adjoining apartment;* but the crown lawyers knew too well what he was, to agree to subject him to Raleigh's searching interrogations; and the judges, on being appealed to, decided that there was nothing

in the law making it imperative that the accuser should be examined in court.

This point being determined, and the proceedings almost exhausted, the attorney-general, after a burst of savage joy, as if now sure of his victim's blood, produced a letter which Cobham had, on the preceding evening, written to the commissioners; in which the infamous changeling of new repeated all his retracted accusations. Upon this, Raleigh in his turn presented the letter which he had procured from Cobham, immediately before their removal from the Tower. It was read by Cecil, one of the commissioners, as being acquainted with his handwriting, and contained these strong asseverations:—"I protest, upon my soul, and before God and his angels, I never was moved by you to the things I heretofore accused you of; and, for any thing I know, you are as innocent and as clear from any treasons against the king as is any subject living!" But this additional retraction does not appear to have effected any change of opinion in his favour; for, immediately after it was read, the jury retired, and returned in a quarter of an hour with a verdict of guilty.†

The Lord Chief Justice Popham, before pronouncing sentence, addressed Raleigh in one of those ungenerous and unwarrantable harangues, in which the elevation and impunity of the judgment-seat have often, in bad times and by unworthy natures, been taken advantage of, to insult the defenceless. In particular, he adverted, in the ranting phraseology peculiar to such places and occasions, to an imputation which Raleigh seems, most unjustly, to have incurred, of being an atheist. "You have been taxed by the world," said this dignified dispenser of justice, "with the defence of the most heathenish and blasphemous opinions, which I list not to repeat, because Christian ears cannot endure to hear them, nor the authors and maintainers of them be suffered to live in any Christian commonwealth. You shall do well, before you go out of this world, to give satisfaction herein; and let not *Harriot or any such doctor*† persuade you there is no eternity in heaven, lest you find an eternity of hell torments." The man thus maligned is the author of some of the most striking observations in the language on the being and attributes of the Deity, the grandeur and immortality of the soul, and the Christian religion generally. The other object of this barbarous attack—the more barbarous as being directed against an absent and unconcerned individual—has left an immortal name in the annals of scientific discovery. Their robed accuser, who was doubtless told by his flatterers that he had acquitted himself nobly in administering such a rebuke, is only remembered by the anecdote hunters of his day as having, in his earlier

* See *State Trials—East's Pleas of the Crown—Sir Thomas Overbury's Arraignment of Sir Walter Raleigh—Jardine's Collection of Criminal Trials*. The last contains the most copious, as well as accurate account of the trial; and is accompanied with an instructive commentary.

† The words in italics are those given in Mr. Jardine's excellent compilation. In the *State Trials* the words are, "Let not any devil persuade you." But Raleigh's well-known connection with Harriot, and the circumstance of the latter having incurred a similar imputation, leave no doubt as to the superior correctness of Mr. Jardine's version.

* Sir Toby Matthews's *Collection of Letters*, p. 323.

years, been a taker of purses, and in those of his judicial life a taker of bribes!* We do not vouch for the truth of these anecdotes; but assuredly his cant and rant does not make them one whit less likely to be true. Raleigh, without deigning to make any remark on what was addressed to him, simply entreated that his answers to the principal charges might be reported to the king; and that his execution, in respect of the employments he had filled, might not be ignominious. He then followed the sheriff out of court "with admirable erection," says Sir Thomas Overbury, "but yet in such a sort as became a man condemned." No occasion of the kind ever drew forth a finer eulogium than these few words.

One triumph Raleigh achieved by this nefarious trial—that of overcoming the general dislike of which he was till then the object. He left the court a condemned man, yet amidst feelings warmed to a high pitch of sympathy and admiration. All contemporary accounts bear witness to this great and immediate change. Sir Dudley Carleton, who was present, tells us that "he conducted himself with that temper, wit, learning, courage, and judgment, that gave that it went with the hazard of his life, this was the happiest day he ever spent." Of two persons who brought the news to the king, "one affirmed that never any man spoke so well in times past, nor would in those to come; the other, that whereas when he saw him first he would have gone a hundred miles to see him hanged, he would, ere he parted, have gone a thousand to save his life."† "In half a day," says another observer, "the mind of all the company was changed from the extremest hate to the greatest pity."

Raleigh, as a condemned man, once more tried, by letter, to move the royal clemency; and no one, as Dr. Southey justly observes, ever sued for life "with a more dignified submission to his fortune." We allude to the letter chiefly on account of the remarkable expressions in which he refers to Cobham's offers. "Lost I am for hearing a vain man, for *hearing only*, and never believing or approving!" Soon after this touching supplication, the bishop of Winchester, at the king's desire, waited upon him to prepare him for death. That termination of his misfortunes he for some time hourly expected; but the decision as to his fate was day by day protracted; and, in the meanwhile, the king occupied himself in getting up for public exhibition the most extraordinary tragi-comedy that ever was performed in the administration of criminal justice. After the execution of the two priests and Brooke, warrants were signed for also carrying into effect the sentences against Lords Grey and Cobham, and Sir Griffin Markham; "the king," as was said, "pretending to forbear Sir Walter Raleigh until Lord Cobham's death should give some light how he would make good his accusations." At an early hour, upon the ninth of December, the day appointed for their exe-

cution, Markham was, first of all, brought upon the scaffold; and having gone through his devotions, was ruefully preparing to lay his neck upon the block, when the sheriff was called aside by a messenger, who came post from the king, and privately communicated his majesty's directions to save the prisoners, after each, in his turn, should have prepared for death. The sheriff accordingly re-conducted Markham into the castle, saying that he would give him another hour to prepare himself.—Grey was then led forth, and after being permitted to make a speech, alike remarkable for boldness and eloquence, was in like manner re-conducted to his prison. Last of all came Cobham, who now, in the immediate prospect of death, averred that all his charges against Raleigh were true. He conducted himself with a fortitude so foreign to his nature, as to lead many to suppose that he had been promised life provided he should renew his accusations against Raleigh; he having, at his own trial, again partially acquitted him. The other two prisoners were again brought back to the scaffold; and the exhibition closed, to the wonder alike of actors and spectators, with a speech from the sheriff, announcing that his majesty, of his princely clemency, had respited the whole.*

Raleigh witnessed this mock tragedy from a window which overlooked the scaffold, and, as Beaumont says, with a mirthful countenance; from which the count was inclined to conclude, that he had by this time received some encouraging intelligence from his friends at court. Until this period, his hopes could not be strong; for the king always replied to the numerous intercessors for his life, that he was firmly resolved to let the law take its course. At one time, Raleigh appears to have had cause to believe that his execution was at hand; for in that belief he wrote to his wife to prepare her for the event. The letter is long and impressive—showing in every line what tender feelings may exist in a breast that had ever been filled with the workings of an ambitious and scheming disposition; and showing, too, how little he merited those imputations of irreligion with which the lord chief justice had aspersed him.—"God is my witness," says he, towards its conclusion, "that it was for you and yours that I sued for life; but it is true, that I disdained myself for begging it; for know it, dear wife, that your son is the son of a true man, and one who, in his own respect, despiseth death, and all his misshapen and ugly forms. May the everlasting and omnipotent God, who is goodness itself, keep thee and thine, have mercy on me, and teach me to forgive my persecutors, and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom."

A few days after the above exhibition, Raleigh like the rest was reprieved, and reconveyed to the Tower, where he was destined to be confined for the long period of thirteen years. This separation from the world, viewed with reference to the use he made of it, was not to be regretted. But there were other results of his illegal sentence from which his family suffered severely. He had some years before seen cause to convey the estate of Sherborne to his eldest

* "For several years he addicted himself but little to the study of the law, but profligate company, and was wont to take a purse with them." "This judge had a noble house, park, and manor, for a bribe to save his life." (The life of one condemned for child-murder.) Aubrey's *Lives*, vol. ii. p. 492-3.

† *Hardwicke State Papers*, vol. i. p. 379.

* Sir D. Carleton's Letter in the *Hardwicke State Papers*. Beaumont, *Dép.* 10th and 18th December.

son; and the life-interest reserved, which was forfeited by his attainder, was, with the rest of his property, allowed by the king to be settled upon trustees for the benefit of his family and creditors. But a slight flaw having been discovered in the conveyance to his son, the estate was solicited, and by the king granted to his rapacious favorite Somerset;—his majesty reserving only eight thousand pounds for Raleigh's family, as a compensation. Their fair inheritance was thus, as the unfortunate father complained in a letter which he addressed to the worthless minion, "lost in the law, for the want of a word." But let us now attend to the questions which his trial and sentence present for our consideration.

The Count de Beaumont, in a very elaborate despatch written after the trial, and after hearing the reports of various persons who were present, as well as after examining various relative documents, gives it as his deliberate opinion, that Raleigh, though not legally condemned, was nevertheless morally guilty. It is only with reference to this distinction, that there is any room for discussion; for there is, and ever has been, an entire unanimity as to the legal view of the case. Much wonder has been expressed how, upon such evidence, a verdict of guilt could be obtained; but it ought to be recollected that Raleigh was extremely disliked both by the sovereign and his ministers; and that in those times the government had no surer engine of destruction than a state prosecution. Juries then formed but a feeble shield against the arm of power; and the fact may serve to show how weak are the securities afforded by the best institutions, when the great body of the people are destitute alike of political consequence and general intelligence. The question as to his actual guilt has been differently viewed by different classes of writers. All his biographers, with more or less confidence, hold that he was innocent; whilst all our general historians, of any name, with a pretty near accordance of sentiment, hold that he was guilty. Our own opinion does not in all respects agree with either class. But it would be useless to go further without first disposing of Mr. Tytler's opinion, that the plot in question had no existence at all—that it was a mere figment or device, employed to cover the criminal designs of Cecil.

Founding upon a most obscure and fantastical letter, supposed to be written by "that dangerous intelligencing man,"* as Lady Anne Bacon described him,†—Lord Henry Howard—Mr. Tytler satisfies himself, by some wire-drawn reasonings which we will confess we do not clearly comprehend, that the charges against Raleigh were the result of a contrivance between Cecil and Lord Henry, to implicate him in an imaginary plot to set up the Lady Arabella Stuart. "The whole story," he asserts, "is idle and ridiculous. Whether Cobham had ever conceived such an idea, cannot now be discovered. No one can maintain that such a conceit, imparted neither to Sir Walter, to the other conspirators, or to the lady herself, nor to Aremberg, who was to advance the money, but kept entirely to

himself, is for an instant entitled to the name of a conspiracy." Mr. Tytler has overlooked, as is not unusual with him, some unquestionable facts, in asserting that the proposal as to the Lady Arabella was the uncommunicated conceit of a single brain. That there was no fixed or extensive conspiracy to raise that lady to the throne, may be admitted; but that such a project was entertained by the malecontents of that day, that it was in progress, and that it was propounded to the archduke and the king of Spain, does not admit of any doubt. Sir John Harrington, a contemporary, and no mean authority, says in express terms, in a letter to the Bishop of Bath and Wells, "that the plot was well nigh accomplished to disturb our peace, and favour Arabella Stuart, the king's cousin." But his testimony forms only a small part of the evidence. Mr. Tytler appears to have been altogether uninformed of the long subsisting intrigues founded upon the supposed claims of that lady. He seems not to have known that the Lady Arabella's title was supported by a considerable section of the English Catholics; that the design of raising her to the throne, on the death of Elizabeth, was favoured by the pope; and that it was the apprehensions thence arising, that caused her being put under restraint immediately on that event taking place. The idea of such a plot was not, therefore, so purely fictitious as he has imagined. The knowledge of the facts alluded to, led the most sagacious of our late historical inquirers to conclude, that the plot in question, though "extremely injudicious," was not so improbable as at first sight appears.*

That the notion of setting up the Lady Arabella existed only in Cobham's brain, uncommunicated to any one, is truly preposterous. It was proved at Raleigh's trial that the design had been discussed between Cobham and Brooke, and that it was hinted to the lady herself by letter; and Beaumont's despatches make it perfectly certain that it was communicated to Aremberg. Beaumont says, in the most pointed manner,† that no man of sense, who had seen the documents which he had examined, could doubt that the design had been proposed to that minister, and by him to the archduke; and he farther states, that there were letters in the possession of the king, which the latter had shown to him, not only proving these communications, but that a large sum of money had been promised to support the design therein developed.‡ Mr. Tytler appeals to a letter from Cecil to Sir Thomas Parry, then ambassador at Paris, in which he represents Cobham's intercourse with Aremberg as having been limited to the forwarding of the peace; and that the money asked and promised was only to gain friends to that measure. Had Mr. Tytler perused the despatches to which we have so often referred, he would not have rested much, we should think, on this paltry piece of state-craft. He would have there seen that the English ministry had been obliged to submit to the meanness of recalling their former statements respecting Aremberg, in consequence of the representations of the Spanish ambassador; who, on his

* Published in the Oxford Edition of *Raleigh's Works*, vol. viii. p. 756.

† Birch's *Elizabeth*, i. p. 227.

* Hallam's *Const. Hist.* i. p. 483.

† Beaumont, *Dép.* 10th August.

‡ *Ibid.* *Dép.* 6th December.—This despatch is highly important.

arrival, found that the reports of Aremberg's participation in Cobham's schemes had excited a degree of indignation that threatened materially to obstruct the pending negotiations. James himself, pusillanimously yielding to this influence, and impelled by his pacific desires, had stooped so low as to try to exculpate Aremberg to Beaumont; even after having shown him intercepted letters from the former, of a criminal purport; and after again and again stating verbally, that he had intermeddled most improperly in Cobham's intrigues. This case thus forms an exception to what generally happens in such circumstances. In general, the representations of those in power respecting persons opposed to them, are liable to the suspicion of exaggeration or misstatement; but here, James and his ministers had found it necessary to extenuate Aremberg's guilt, from the peculiar position in which their wishes and policy had placed them. The obscurity in which the plot is involved, is chiefly owing to this very cause—to a reluctance, generated by a timid and crouching submission to the desires of Spain, to divulge the whole truth respecting the conduct of her representatives.

All this, however, leaves the question as to Raleigh's actual participation in the plot undetermined. We have already mentioned, that Beaumont had no doubt whatever of his guilt; and, considering that he founds his opinion not only upon verbal communications, but upon letters shown to him by the king, and upon corroborative memorials and documents transmitted to his own sovereign,* it cannot but be allowed, that he makes a demand upon our assent which it must be difficult for any impartial mind to resist. But, notwithstanding the credit which is unquestionably due to his testimony, we cannot, though greatly shaken, give up our contrary convictions. The improbability of the conduct ascribed to Raleigh is so very strong—the supposition of it so revolting, from its gross inconsistency with every marked act of his public life, and the prosecution of his favourite designs—that we feel ourselves constrained to resist the belief of his direct participation in any plot, depending for success on Spanish agency;—even when we place before our eyes, and in the clearest light, the proofs of his great discontent and suspicious intrigues; and give all due weight to the observation of Mr. Hallam, that he “never showed a discretion bearing the least proportion to his genius.”† In the melancholy letter to his wife, written in the intention to destroy himself, all the overwhelming emotions of that dark hour could not withdraw his mind from the thought of the amazement it would occasion amongst some of his followers then abroad, to hear that he “was accused of being Spanish!” The ascendancy, in such circumstances, of such a feeling, would have shaken our belief, supposing it had been different from what it ever has been on this part of the case.

But we fairly admit that a great part of history might be set aside, were such evidence as that furnished by Beaumont to be discarded. We do not, however, by any means entirely discard his authority. We, on the contrary, go a great way along with

him; for we are thoroughly convinced that Raleigh must have been aware of Cobham's treason; and we think it farther likely that he may have indulged his own discontent, and mayhap encouraged the schemes of the other, by descanting on the means by which the new settlement might be disturbed, and their enemies humbled. We have not been able to peruse Beaumont's despatches, and to consider their contents in connection with the facts disclosed in La Renzi's examination, and with the admissions made by Raleigh himself, without coming to this conclusion. The presumption of his entire ignorance of Cobham's criminal intrigues, arising from his having voluntarily advised Cecil to question La Renzi—the proceeding which first instigated Cobham to accuse him—must be viewed as more than balanced by the contrary and stronger presumption founded on his secret warning to Cobham, in case he should be examined. Nothing urged at his trial made so strong an impression against him as this fact.

“A privy councillor who was present, did tell me,” says Bishop Goodman, “that, if he had been one of the jury, he would have found him guilty only for the sending of that one note; for he did not think that such a wise man would have sent, at such a time and upon such an occasion, a note to Cobham, if there had not been something amiss.”* We must observe further, that his poignant feelings in recalling, in his letter to the king, the circumstance of his having “*listened only*” to Cobham, can hardly be ascribed to the mere offer of a pension from Spain. The facts disclosed in Beaumont's despatches, may enable us to form some judgment as to the degree in which the political morality of the day was likely to be shocked by such an offer. “Four months have elapsed,” says this ambassador,† “since the pensions and presents which his majesty determined to bestow here were resolved upon; and yet the execution has been delayed, to my disgrace and the prejudice of his majesty's service. This is greatly to the advantage of the Spanish ambassador, who has both *authority and means to offer ten to one*, and knows how to profit by it!”‡ Raleigh, it is true, refers only to the offer of a pension; but as he knew it could be proved that he was present when letters passed between Cobham and Aremberg; and as Beaumont's despatches make it quite certain that these letters contained treasonable matter—we are strongly inclined to ascribe his uneasy emotions to his conscious recollection of these facts. But, whatever there may be in this supposition, it would be a violation of all probable reasoning applicable to human conduct, to hold that two persons so intimately connected as Raleigh and Cobham, could meet privately, when letters were to be received

* *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 65. The same impression was produced upon the writer of a letter in Sir Toby Matthew's Collection, who also was present at the trial, (p. 262.)

† *Dép.* 10th August, 1603.

‡ There is a curious and pointed corroboration in Bishop Goodman's *Memoirs*. “The Spaniard,” says he, “was free of his coin, and spared no rewards for purchasing the peace. One told me that he himself had paid three thousand pounds to one man only for furthering the peace.”

* Beaumont, *Dép.* 6th December, 1603.

† *Const. Hist. of England*, vol. i. p. 483.

from and others returned to the Flemish ambassador, without any communing taking place as to the nature of so remarkable a correspondence. Viewing the facts detailed by Beaumont, it surely would be far more rational to conclude that Raleigh was wholly guilty—that is, a *direct* participator in the designs of Cobham and Brooke—than that he was wholly innocent; that is, wholly uninformed of the nature and objects of the intercourse with Artemberg. To make out this, it must be shown that Cobham carefully concealed its nature from Raleigh, though constantly present, and the only one whose presence was allowed when it was in progress—a conclusion palpably absurd.

Upon the supposition, then, that Raleigh, though not an actual or intended participator, was yet well aware of the nature of the correspondence—the most favourable conclusion for him that the facts will allow—what, it may be asked, could be his object in making himself privy to it, and thereby so far committing himself? All that is known of his character leads to the conclusion that he did propose to himself some ulterior design, by which that knowledge might be turned to account. The thought, that the golden vision of El Dorado was again uppermost in his mind, and that his intention was to possess himself of the means of revisiting Guiana, has frequently occurred to us; but there was another course, which even Cobham's stolidity appears to have divined, and which more than one of his contemporaries believed to be that which he really intended to follow. Aubrey assures us, that he was informed by an intimate friend of the lord treasurer Southampton, that Raleigh's intention really was to inveigle Cobham to Jersey, and then, having got both him and his Spanish treasure in his power, to make terms with the king;* and Bishop Goodman expresses himself confidently to the same purpose—averring that it was “his full intent to discover the plot.”† It was said of Raleigh by one who knew him well, “that he desired to seem to be able to sway all men's fancies—all men's courses;”‡ and perhaps it was this notion of his being able to “sway” others to his own ends, that here entangled him in a net of his own spreading, and implicated him in treasons from which he flattered himself that his superior dexterity would keep him free.

Passing from these dark and unsatisfactory scenes, we are now to attend to Raleigh's occupations in the Tower; and to see the activity and ardour, which had hitherto been exercised in court intrigues, warlike enterprises, and grand projects, transferred to pursuits wholly intellectual; and in which—such was the amazing strength and versatility of his genius—he is allowed, by one of the severest judges of his conduct, to have “surpassed the labours even of the most recluse and sedentary lives.”§ The history of his captivity is identical with the history

of his literary works; for the whole period of its endurance was employed in their composition; and they thus form memorials, of a singularly interesting nature, of this portion of his existence. Independently of the peculiar circumstances in which they were produced, it was to be expected, as a matter of course, that his biographers would fully and carefully examine and characterise them; and this the more, that some decidedly spurious pieces have been conjoined with his name, while the authenticity of others requires to be substantiated. But, strange to say, we have nothing of this sort—nor, if we except a few trivial remarks, any thing critical, in the publications before us. The fact, we verily believe, is unparalleled in the history of letters, that, numerous as are the lives of Raleigh, it is only in the antiquated one by Oldys, written above a century ago, that we find any methodical survey of his writings? That survey contains every thing that far-searching industry could accumulate; but being utterly destitute of critical spirit and general intelligence, it is of no value except as a bibliographical account of his different productions. A sketch of his great work, such as may serve to indicate its structure and more remarkable features, joined with a few observations on his miscellaneous pieces, may probably, therefore, be acceptable to those who are unacquainted with his literary achievements.

It appears from the very remarkable preface to his “History of the World,” that, in selecting a subject for his pen, the history of his own country had first presented itself to his thoughts; and, considering the course of his life, it was natural that it should be so; but the advice of some learned friends, joined with the notion that the ancient world would prove a safer field of inquiry, turned his labours in that direction. So vast a project as a universal history of antiquity, undertaken in such circumstances, betokens a consciousness of intellectual power which cannot but excite admiration. Viewed with reference to our vernacular literature, it constitutes an epoch in its historical department; for though Sir Thomas More—the father of English prose**—composed his fragment on the “History of Richard the Third” a century, and Knolles his “History of the Turks” a few years before the appearance of Raleigh's work, it was indisputably the first extensive attempt of its kind in the English language.

Beginning with the Creation, it comprises the history of the first periods of the human race, and to the four vast monarchies successively established under the Assyrians, the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans; concluding with the second Macedonian war, when the latter were every where triumphant. In the distribution of its parts, there is no observance of any just proportion. Living at a period when the writings of the Fathers and their commentators furnished the prime objects of attention, and the chief repositories of information,—when to amass their opinions upon any given subject constituted the most approved erudition,—he treats at undue length, and invests with undue importance, whatever falls within the sphere of their favourite inquiries. Hence it is, that he allows the history

* Aubrey's *Lives*, vol. iii. p. 516.—We do not place any strong reliance upon Aubrey; but when he refers to respectable names to vouch a not improbable fact, his statements may be viewed as worthy of notice.

† Goodman's *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 65.

‡ Earl of Northumberland's Letter, in Aiken's *Mem. of James*, vol. ii. p. 55.

§ Hume.

* Sir James Mackintosh's *Life of More*.

of the people of Israel to occupy the foreground throughout an unreasonable space. Hence, too, it is, that we find him—a courtier and statesman—seriously and earnestly inquiring whether Paradise was seated in a separate creation near the orb of the moon—whether the Tree of Life was the *Ficus Indicus*—whether the Ark was lighted by a carbuncle—whether the first matter was void of form; and discussing various other similar questions, which, ludicrous as they may seem to us, then possessed an engrossing importance. It is only when he reaches the third of the five books into which the work is divided, and which embraces the period between the destruction of Jerusalem and the rise of Philip of Macedon, that he begins to lose sight of Judea, and to disentangle himself from the multitude of theological and scholastic digressions with which the Jewish or scriptural portion is overlaid. That book, in which all the more brilliant portions of Grecian story are surveyed, closes with the death of Epaminondas, whose great character is so finely and graphically portrayed, that we shall extract his delineation of it as a specimen of his excellence in that style of composition. “So died Epaminondas, the worthiest man that ever was bred in that nation of Greece, and hardly to be matched in any age or country; for he equaled all others in the several virtues which in each of them were singular. His justice and sincerity, his temperance, wisdom, and high magnanimity, were no way inferior to his military virtues; in every part whereof he so excelled, that he could not but properly be called a wary, a valiant, a politic, a bountiful, and a provident captain. Neither was his private conversation unanswerable to those high parts which gave him praise abroad; for he was grave, and yet very affable and courteous; resolute in public business, but in his own particular, easy, and of much mildness; a lover of his people,—bearing with men’s infirmities; witty and pleasant in speech,—far from insolence; master of his own affections, and furnished with all qualities that might win and keep love. To these graces were added great ability of body, and much eloquence, and very deep knowledge in all parts of philosophy and learning; wherewith his mind being enlightened, rested not in the sweetnesses of contemplation, but broke forth into such effects as gave unto Thebes, which had ever been an underling, a dreadful reputation among all people adjoining, and the highest command in Greece.”

The opening of the next book, in which, after glancing at the intestine divisions of the Greeks, he anticipates their subjection to Philip, is alike remarkable for its philosophical spirit and its poetical colouring. “The Greeks,” says he, “grew even then more violent in devouring each other, when the fast growing greatness of such a neighbour king as Philip should, in regard of their own safeties, have served them for a strong argument of union and concord. But the glory of their Persian victories, wherewith they were pampered and made proud, taught them to neglect all nations but themselves; and the rather to value at little the power and purposes of the Macedonians, because those kings and states which sate nearer them than they did, had, in the time of Amyntas, the father of Philip, so much weakened them, and won upon them, that they were not in any one age, (as the Grecians persuaded

themselves) likely to recover their own; much less to work any wonders against their borderers.—And, indeed, it was not in their philosophy to consider that all great alterations are, storm like, sudden and violent; and that it is then overlate to repair the decayed and broken banks when great rivers are once swollen, fast running, and enraged. No; the Greeks did rather employ themselves in breaking down those defences which stood between them and this inundation, than seek to rampire and reinforce their own fields; which, by the level of reason, they might have found to have lain under it.” This passage, which reminds us of some similitudes of a much later day, in the writings of Burke, is far surpassed by that with which he closes his last book; where, looking back to the fallen monarchies whose history he had traced, and forward to the termination of that of Rome, he thus boldly and grandly sketches the outline of the vast historical picture which that far-stretching view presented to his capacious and poetical mind. “By this which we have already set down, is seen the beginning and end of the three first monarchies of the world; whereof the founders and erectors thought that they never would have ended. That of Rome, which made the fourth, was also at this time, almost at the highest. We have left it flourishing in the middle of the field, having rooted up or cut down all that kept it from the eyes and admiration of the world. But, after some continuance, it shall begin to lose the beauty it had; the storms of ambition shall beat her great boughs and branches one against another; her leaves shall fall off; her limbs wither; and a rabble of barbarous nations enter the field and cut her down.”

The foregoing observations and extracts may serve to furnish a general conception of the tenor and structure of this great work. Descending to a more particular survey, we shall find one of its most conspicuous features in those digressions to the multiplicity of which we have already alluded. They occur more frequently in its earlier and more scholastic half; but the classical portion is not by any means free from them; of which we have one amongst sundry instances when this distinguished soldier steps aside from his immediate objects, to discuss the origin and history, and to reprobate the practice of duelling. Viewed with reference to the general laws of historical composition, they constitute a blemish; but it is in them that the richness and beauty of the author’s imagination, and the originality of his thoughts, are most remarkably displayed; so that, when considered with reference to that portion of the work where they are most numerous, we are disposed to hail them as now constituting its chief recommendations. His tendency to digression manifests itself not only in distinct sections, and formal essays, but in a multitude of episodic observations and deductions. In the one or the other, we meet with many fine reflections upon the infelicities and vanities of life,—a topic which always calls forth strains of a singularly but sweetly melancholic and pathetic cast—upon death, another favourite topic—upon the attributes of the Deity—and upon the human soul, and the great powers and virtues with which it is endowed. In the one or the other, too, are scattered some remarkable proofs of his emancipation from the fetters of the schools, and of a near approach, both in respect of metaphysical and ethical science,

to the soundest principles of modern philosophy.—One of the greatest and most candid of our philosophers has himself acknowledged, that a singular anticipation by Raleigh, of his doctrine as to the “fundamental laws of human belief, had been pointed out to him;”—observing “that the coincidence between them in point of *expression*, though curious, is much less wonderful than the coincidence of the *thought* with the soundest logical conclusions of the eighteenth century.”* This is an honourable testimony to a remarkable fact; and the mention of it recalls what appears to us an anticipation of one of the most startling conclusions of Malthus:—“The multitude of people,” says Raleigh, “is such, that if by wars or pestilence they were not sometimes taken off by many thousands, the earth, *with all the industry of man, could not give them food.*”†

But it is to the Greek and Roman story that we would direct the attention of any one wishing to acquaint himself with Raleigh's peculiar merits. The narrative is throughout clear, spirited, and unembarrassed; replete with remarks disclosing the mind of the soldier and the statesman, and largely sprinkled and adorned with original, forcible, and graphic expressions. But this portion of the work has a still more remarkable distinction, when considered as the production of an age not yet formed to any high notions of international morality; namely, its invariable reprehension of wars of ambition, and its entire freedom from those illusions which have so largely biased both historians and their readers in regard to the perfidies and cruelties exhibited in ancient, particularly Roman story. In this he appears to us to stand honourably distinguished from all preceding authors; but while he thus endeavours to moderate our admiration of the Romans, by awakening us to a strong perception of their national crimes, he does not fail to do justice to their manly virtues, their energy of character, and their public affections. This moral and judicial mode of viewing the achievements of the classical nations, and the providential lessons held out by history, joined with a singularly mournful tone of reflection on the instability of fortune, the miseries of humanity, and the ultimate fate of all in death, combine to give the work a character of individuality of the most marked description, and which separates it from all others of the class to which it belongs. Of its style, the fine passages above extracted will partly furnish the means of judging; but it would be necessary to peruse in continuation some considerable portion of the narrative on Grecian and Roman affairs, to have any just conception of its easy and equable flow—its clearness and animation—its sweetness and melody in the plaintive parts, and its general strength and dignity. In the structure of his periods, there was no writer of his day so entirely free from stiffness and pedantry. Against Hume's opinion, that he is the “best model of our ancient style,” there is only, in as far as we know, one contrary voice. It is stated in Spence's “Anecdotes,” that in talking “over the design for a dictionary, Pope rejected Sir Walter Raleigh twice, as *too affected.*” But there must, surely, be some mistake or misconception in this. We cannot imagine that such an opinion proceeded from Pope.—

His animated call for the revival of such “words as wise Bacon and brave Raleigh spoke,” will be recollected by every one; and Mr. Hallam only echoes the general sentiment of the learned, when he says, that Raleigh “is less pedantic than most of his contemporaries, seldom low, and *never affected.*”‡

But what shall be said of the noted discovery, that this memorable work was, after all, only in part the legitimate produce of Raleigh's mind? Mr. D'Israeli has, in his “Curiosities of Literature,” favoured the world with what he calls its secret history; in which he endeavours to show that its materials were contributed by several hands;—“the eloquent, the grand, and the pathetic passages interspersed”—being alone his composition! This piece of “secret history”—alike revolting and preposterous—was well rebutted by Mr. Tytler; but it has more recently been examined, and with signal chastisement given to the winds, in a small publication, little known we suspect, though forming one of the most learned and acute contributions to literary history that has appeared in our day.†

We must observe, however, that Mr. D'Israeli is not the only impugnor of Raleigh's claims to his own workmanship; for, independently of Ben Johnson's assertion, “that the best wits of England assisted in making his history,” we find that another eminent writer had made a similar allegation long before that of Johnson was communicated to the world. We allude to Algernon Sydney, who, in order to disparage Raleigh's authority as a political writer, broadly asserts “that he was so well assisted in his *History of the World*, that an ordinary man, with the same helps, might have performed the same thing.”‡ Passing by the absurdity of the opinion combined with this allegation—an opinion so very absurd as greatly to disqualify the author's testimony—we may observe, that the existence of such a rumour as seems to be implied in it, is, in all probability, to be ascribed to the wonder occasioned by the production, in a state of separation from the world, of a work of such vast extent and erudition; and to the circumstance, that in such a condition of restraint some literary assistance must necessarily be required; That useful assistance of that description might be rendered by Raleigh's friends, yet without giving them any claims to authorship, or subtracting from the exclusiveness of his own, is too evident to require illustration. The supposition that Raleigh's share of the work was limited to such interspersions as Mr. D'Israeli figures, is utterly incapable of proof, and in fact inconceivable; and its absurdity and falsity may, we think, be demonstrated *a priori*, independently of that detailed refutation of his pretended authorities which is contained in the learned and searching publication to which we have referred.

In the first place, we hold it to be demonstrable by a critical examination of the work itself, that it is throughout the composition of a single mind; bearing, as it does in every paragraph, the impress of a unity and identity of literary labour which could only

* Hallam, *Hist. Lit.* vol. iii. p. 658.

† It is entitled, “*Curiosities of Literature*, by J. D'Israeli, Esq., *Illustrated*,” By Bolton Corney, Esq. It was published in 1837.

‡ Sydney on Government, p. 393.

* Stewart's *Philosophy of the Mind*, vol. ii. p. 538

† *Hist. World*, B. I. chap. viii. § 4.

exist in the workmanship of one and the same hand. By no analyses of its structure, sequences, and wording, could it possibly be shown that there are in it any differences of composition, justifying the ascription of passages of one sort or order to Raleigh, and the rest to others. If, therefore, he received any of his materials from others, be they "the best wits of England" or not, they must have been so colligated and amalgamated in the capacious alembick in which he commingled them—so welded and harmonised by the intellectual processes to which he subjected them—as to make them his own, just as much as the information abstracted from the printed authorities he consulted. Thus, if Johnson gave him, as he boasted to Drummond of Hawthornden, a piece on the Punic war, he must have used it just as he used the narratives of Livy and Polybius.

In the second place, let it be well remembered that the "History of the World" was published, with his name, by a man in adversity—a state prisoner—hated by the government—disliked by many—and who, three years after it saw the light, perished on the scaffold; and let it then be asked, whether any man so situate was likely to assume to himself exclusively the glory of an authorship to which he was only partially entitled? or whether, supposing him bold enough and shameless enough to make the venture, the plagiarism would not have soon transpired, and been greedily seized upon to blacken his character, and to swell the list of his impostures, at a time when the sovereign himself found it necessary to try, by that course, to lessen the indignation excited by his unwarrantable execution. Taking the case in either view, we think it impossible for any impartial mind to doubt that the "History of the World" was wholly the composition of its reputed author; and therefore, when we find Dr. Lingard* and Dr. Southey limiting his share of it, but without a syllable of argument or proof, to what is capriciously meted out to him by a collector of anecdotes and compounder of "secret histories," we are constrained to think that they have done so upon very slender authority, and without any adequate acquaintance with the work itself, or consideration of the circumstances in which it appeared. Thus it is that history is made subservient to the dissemination of error. No lenity, surely, is due to those who thus recklessly attempt to rob of his legitimate honours one of the most eminent benefactors of our early literature, and to make the very work which sustains and glorifies his name a mean of disparaging it.

Of Raleigh's other literary productions, none but the account of Sir Richard Granville's immortal action at the Azores, that of his own voyage to Guiana, and some poems, were printed during his life. Most of those attributed to him were published not merely after, but long subsequent to his death. We are, in consequence, left in great uncertainty as to the genuineness of several that bear his name; and even with respect to those of which he was indubitably the author, we have no information as to whether they were printed just as they came from his pen, or were in any respect altered. Four of his pieces were published under the sanction of his grandson: namely, his "Discourse on the Invention of Shipping," his "Relation of the Action at Cadiz," his "Dialogue

between a Jesuit and a Recusant," and the "Apology for his Last Voyage to Guiana." Of his political treatises, two—"The Cabinet Council" and "Maxims of State,"—had the honour of being given to the world by Milton. In an advertisement to the former, the illustrious editor states, that "it was given to him for a true copy, by a learned man at his death;" and he gives it as his opinion, that "it was answerable in style to the works of the eminent author already extant, as far as the subject would permit." We have a similar statement by Dr. Moore, bishop of Ely, respecting another piece ascribed to him, entitled an "Introduction to a Breviary of a History of England, with the reign of William the First;" which was published by that learned prelate. "Whoever has been conversant," says he, "in the works of that accomplished knight, and acquainted with his great genius and spirit, and his manly and unaffected style, will make no doubt but what is now presented to the world was his genuine issue." We have here a remarkable instance of the uncertainty of judging as to authorship by inferences from style merely; for we have ascertained, by a careful comparison, that this tract, instead of being the "genuine issue" of Raleigh, is almost wholly excerpted from a "History of England" by Samuel Daniel, published in 1618. Daniel was an excellent writer, and in some qualities of style, particularly ease and clearness, bore a resemblance to Raleigh, by which the bishop seems to have been misled. Had he collated the piece with the work of Daniel, he could not have failed to discover that the bulk of it was copied, without any alteration whatever, from that publication. Besides the treatises published by Milton, there are several other political pieces ascribed to Raleigh, and perhaps with even better claims to the credit of his name. Of these the most noted is the "Dialogue on the Prerogatives of Parliament." This has been far more frequently referred to than any of his political productions; a distinction which it owes to the support it has been supposed to afford to the favourers of monarchical power, and the high prerogatives claimed for the Stuarts. It has thus been appealed to as an authority both by Filmer and Hume. Mr. Hallam, in alluding to it, observes, that its "dedication to King James contains terrible things; but that we must not suppose Raleigh meant what he said."* In this we fully concur; for though Raleigh, doubtless with a view to propitiate an unrelenting master, sometimes, in his great work, gives a broad, sometimes a qualified support to the doctrine of the divine authority and irresponsibility of kings, he yet more frequently holds a language respecting the ends of government, the duties of sovereigns, and the means necessary to rule happily as well as gloriously, that might recommend him to the disciples of Fénelon rather than to those of Filmer. His real views are clearly enough manifested in the very piece, the dedication of which appears so "terrible:" for it strongly inculcates the doctrine, that the happiness of the people is the great end of government; their good will its best support; and that those kings who governed by parliaments reigned far more prosperously and successful than those who wished to hold sovereign rule without, or in despite of them. But

* *History of England.*

* *Constit. Hist. of England*, vol. i. p. 377.

however disposed Raleigh may have been to set limits to the exercise of regal power, he has nowhere shown the least love of republicanism of any sort; nor has he any where spoken of liberty with enthusiasm. So far was he from cherishing the doctrine of equality in political rights, that he held there were multitudes "whose disability to govern themselves proved them to be naturally slaves." He accordingly viewed with an unfavourable eye the abolition of rural servitude or villanage; ascribing to it social evils of considerable magnitude. "Since our slaves were made free, which were of great use and service, there are grown up," he says, "a rabble of rogues, cut-purses, and other like trades—slaves in nature, though not in law."* He seems always, both in speculation and in life, to have evinced a total want of sympathy with, if not a dislike of, the lower orders; and all authority vested in them was abhorrent alike to his feelings and to his reason. His general sentiments on this head may be collected from a remark in his "History," when, speaking with reference to the people, he says, "there is nothing in any state so terrible as a powerful and authorised ignorance."

The originality and versatility of Raleigh's genius and pursuits, were strikingly exemplified in his acquaintance with the mechanical arts, and his addiction to experimental inquiries. His discourses on shipbuilding, the navy, and naval tactics, are, we believe, the earliest productions of the kind in the English language. We never have been able to account to ourselves for his extraordinary proficiency in nautical skill; for he had no prolonged practical training in seamanship at any period of his life, nor had he made many considerable voyages. His favour at court, his captures at sea, and his brilliant courage, procured him the rank of admiral, and employment as such on several important occasions; for naval rank was not yet regulated by any fixed rules of promotion; but, in point of fact, he rose to a reputation as a seaman not surpassed by any man of his day. After Drake and Hawkins disappeared from the scene, he seems, indeed, to have enjoyed a pre-eminence over all his contemporaries. Strong native predilections, and a wonderfully versatile and pliable mind, can alone explain that extraordinary skill to which he attained in maritime affairs. His small tracts on shipbuilding have often been referred to as evincing great practical knowledge, and as exercising a beneficial influence in this important department of national industry and power; but the most extensive, and probably the most instructive, of his treatises on naval subjects, has unfortunately disappeared. We refer to a discourse on "the Art of War at Sea;"—"a subject," he observes, "which never has been handled by any man, ancient or modern."† This, we believe, was true at the time. It was written for the information of his much-loved patron, Henry Prince of Wales, but it does not appear to have been completed; for, in alluding to it in his "History," he says, "that God had spared him the labour of finishing it, by the death of that brave prince;"—an event which he never ceased to bewail, and characterised as resembling "an eclipse of the sun, whose effects are felt long after." That

a considerable portion of it was written seems certain; and we would fain hope may yet be discovered. Mr. Tytler has printed an outline of its contents, from a manuscript preserved in the British Museum; from which it appears, that it was not limited to the subject of tactics, but included a wide range of topics connected with naval affairs. The vast importance of the navy to a maritime and insular country like Britain, is a favourite subject with Raleigh; who, in his "History," generally seizes every opportunity of digressing upon it; particularly with the view of showing, that to the navy alone can Britain trust for protection from invasion; and that a powerful navy is consequently indispensable; not merely as an instrument of national glory but of national independence.

That strong taste for experimental inquiry, which manifested itself so signally at the close of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century, and imparted a death-blow to the scholastic philosophy, found in Raleigh one of those inquisitive and ardent minds, sure to be roused to active research by the discovery of any new avenue to knowledge. He, like many other ingenious men, had already begun to exercise himself in some empirical attempts in that field which the exhortations and the precepts of Bacon were soon to lead numerous votaries to cultivate with more rational prospects of success. During his confinement in the Tower, he appears to have devoted a considerable portion of his time to chemical and pharmaceutical investigations; and interesting it is to see how his unsubdued spirit enabled him to make the most of his misfortunes, to surmount difficulties, and to turn ordinary things to extraordinary purposes; greatly, no doubt, to the amazement of those about him, who marvelled much to behold the splendid courtier and captain of a happier day, earnestly employing himself with chemical stills and crucibles in a vacant hen-house! He has converted, says Sir William Wade, the lieutenant of the Tower, in a letter to Cecil, "a little hen-house in the garden into a still-house; and here he doth spend his time all the day in distillations." This was written in 1605, probably before Raleigh had entered seriously upon the composition of his "History," which must thereafter have engrossed the better part of his time; but he, indeed, appears to have continued his experimental researches—as a recreation it may be—throughout the whole period of his confinement. Thus, in the recently published "Diary" of the Reverend John Ward, we learn that he had met in 1661 with a very old chemist, named Mr. Sampson, "who was operator to Sir Walter Raleigh twelve years, whilst he was in the Tower, and who told him many things of Sir Walter." What things the old chemist actually recounted, this provoking diarist does not reveal; but as his recitals are generally wholly unworthy of attention, we the less regret his silence as to Raleigh. Some references to his experimental pursuits are made by other writers of the time; particularly by Bishop Hall, who mentions them as amongst the happy results of his separation from the busy world. But, in point of fact, nothing of any utility to mankind resulted from them; a conclusion nowise invalidated by his composition of a "cordial," so famous in his own day as to be administered to the queen and the Prince of Wales, when dangerously ill, and which long continued in great

* *History of the World*, B. V. c. ii. § 4.

† *Ibid.* B. V. c. i. § 6.

repute. Thus Evelyn tells us, in his "Diary," that in 1662, he "accompanied King Charles the Second to Monsieur Febure, his chemist, to see his accurate preparation of Sir Walter Raleigh's cordial;" and an elaborate discourse upon it was, by command of his majesty, written and published by this chemist, who extols it as a signal example of the great advantages which modern pharmacy had reaped from chemical science.*

Of the poetry coupled with Raleigh's name, there is much of the authenticity of which we have no certainty. His fine imagination has left its impress on the pages of his "History," no less than on its more appropriate ground, the productions of his "sweetly tempered muse;"† but its exercise in poetical composition was chiefly, though not entirely, limited to the early part of his life. His reputation, according to Puttenham, was then high in "ditty and amorous odes;"‡ but, from an allusion in one of Spenser's sonnets, and some verses of his own, he appears to have meditated the invocation of a loftier muse—

"The famous acts of worthy Brute to write"—

a design, from the execution of which, if ever seriously entertained, the struggles and turmoils of his ambitious career effectually withdrew him. With his charming answer to Marlow's "Invitation to Love," and the magnificent sonnet on the "Fairy Queen," all readers of English poetry must be acquainted. We should be inclined to hold it impossible for any cultivated mind not to be struck with strong admiration of the felicitous conception and beautiful imagery and expression of this truly noble sonnet. The lyric muse of Italy seems to have here lent her inspiration to a congenial votary. "Milton," says Sir Egerton Brydges, "had deeply studied this sonnet, for, in his compositions of the same class, he has evidently more than once its very rhythm and construction, as well as cast of thought." To this warm but tasteful admirer of Raleigh's poems, we are indebted for a collected edition of them;‡ but he does not appear to have instituted any searching inquiries for the purpose of verifying them; and there are several in the collection, respecting the authenticity of which we are thus left in disagreeable uncertainty.

Much as we have exceeded our limits, we cannot leave the subject of Raleigh's writings without briefly noticing that edition of them—the first aspiring to be complete—which the directors of the Clarendon press have given to the world. It was to Oxford that the public was best entitled to look for such an undertaking; and we heartily wish that the monument she has erected to the memory of her renowned son had been more worthy of his name and her resources.

Long previous to this edition, namely, in 1751, there appeared a collection of Raleigh's miscellaneous pieces, with a new account of his life, by Dr. Birch. Neither as biographer nor editor, can any thing be

said in his commendation. Of the life we have already spoken; of his editorial judgment and care the collection furnishes no traces. He says nothing of the texts used in the reprints, omits printed pieces of unquestionable authenticity, inserts others which are spurious, and is quite silent as to the objects, character, and literary history of the whole. We are sorry to say that his Oxford successors have not, in any very material degree, surpassed him in the miscellaneous portion of their publication. It is indeed augmented with the pieces omitted by him, and one or two others not before printed, and with some letters; but it is equally wanting in critical inquiry and literary illustration, and liable to the same censure of blending what is spurious with what is genuine. Here, accordingly, we find the tract excerpted from the historical work of Samuel Daniel; and here also appears a discourse on "Trade and Commerce with the Hollander and other Nations," falsely ascribed to Raleigh; the real author being, in all probability, an alderman of London, of the name of Cockaigne.* Mr. Tytler has expressed some surprise at their omission of Raleigh's "Journal of his Second Voyage to Guiana," which exists in his handwriting in the British Museum. This omission is not, however, at all censurable; for that journal is so incomplete, and so full of chasms, as to be, in fact, quite unfit for publication. But there does exist another piece on Guiana by Raleigh, with which Mr. Tytler was evidently unacquainted; and which, being entire, and extremely curious, ought unquestionably to have been included in their publication. It is entitled "Considerations on the Voyage to Guiana," and is preserved amongst the manuscripts of Sir Hans Sloane.† This singular production—for the authenticity of which we have the strongest internal evidence—appears to have been written soon after the publication of his celebrated voyage, and to have been intended to remove objections to his plans, and to show that an alliance, highly beneficial to England, might be easily effected with the sovereign of El Dorado! In one respect, Raleigh's Oxford editors deserve commendation,—namely, in returning to the text of the original edition of the "History of the World;" instead of reprinting the edition of Oldys, commonly, but very erroneously, denominated the best. We do not pretend to have perused the work in their edition, and cannot, therefore, say any thing as to its correctness; but we observe that they have noticed several discrepancies between the first and the after editions; and it cannot for a moment be questioned that they have exercised a sound discretion in returning to it, in their reprint. But notwithstanding this recommendation, and even overlooking the truly ludicrous feature of its being encumbered with two obsolete lives, we have said enough to show that the present cannot be viewed as a satisfactory edition, or at all creditable to the university from which it issues. In point even of typographical beauty, it is vastly inferior to many productions of the Clarendon press; and if its directors cannot achieve more, it is much to be wished that they would separate the "History of the World" from its ill-edited accompaniments, and reproduce it by itself in a more worthy form.

* *Discours sur le Grand Cordial de Sir W. Raleigh* Par N. Le Febure. 12mo. 1665.

† "Foll sweetly tempered is that muse of his." Spenser's *Colin Clout*.

‡ Poems of Sir Walter Raleigh, now first collected; with a biographical and critical introduction. 12mo. 1814.

* See Smith's *Memoirs of Wool*, vol. i. p. 144.

† Bibl. Sloan. 1223. Plut. xxi. D.

Bishop Hall has ascribed to Raleigh's long imprisonment, which ended in March, 1615, some moral results which the subsequent events of his life do not bear out. "The court," says he, "had his youthful and freer years; the Tower his latter age. The Tower reformed the courtier in him, and produced those worthy monuments of art and industry which we should have in vain expected from his freedom and jollity." Had his life ended with the production of these "worthy monuments," it might indeed have been thought that seclusion from the world had in reality "reformed the courtier." It might have been believed that those plaintive reflections on the vanities of life, with which his great work is so richly strewn, were really the outpourings of an awakened conscience, and evidences of a great change in the moral habits of the man. But he lived to furnish a humiliating proof of the lamentable inconsistencies of human nature, even in the strongest minds, to show that the same man may, in the closet, reason like a sage on cupidity and ambition, and in active life pursue with avidity the commonest objects of desire—may declaim against gold as "a high and shining idol," with which the great enemy of mankind lures them on to destruction, and yet sacrifice character and life in its pursuit—may condemn death, nay smile upon it in its most revolting form, and yet try to escape from it by the most degrading artifices!

It was neither owing to any inborn feeling of clemency, nor to any merciful sense of the sufficiency of the punishment already inflicted, that King James was induced to consent to Raleigh's liberation. It was owing in part, perhaps, to a newly begotten notion of the possibility of reaping some benefit from Raleigh's mining speculation, if he should be allowed to prosecute it; but more immediately and certainly to bribery;—the grand expedient, in that most venal age, for smoothing the road to royal favour. Applications for his liberation had been made by the queen, by her brother the king of Denmark, and by the prince of Wales, but without success; and even without procuring any material relaxation of the strictness of his confinement; for in a letter to the queen, written in the eighth year of his captivity, we find him complaining that he was as "closely locked up as at the first day." But the death of Cecil, and the disgrace of Somerset, who had been enriched by the gift of his estate, removed some formidable obstacles; and having succeeded in inducing the new secretary of state, Sir Ralph Winwood, to recommend his project—not of searching for El Dorado, for he seems to have abandoned that design—but of opening a mine in Guiana, "as not being a matter in the air, or speculative, but real;" and having, moreover, presented the uncles of the new favourite Buckingham with the sum of fifteen hundred pounds, on condition that they should procure his intercession with the king, the long-closed gates of the Tower were at last opened for his exit. It was many years afterwards stated by his son, that another equal bribe would have procured a full pardon; but that, having consulted Lord Bacon as to whether the commission empowering him to proceed to Guiana did not imply one, and having received an opinion in the affirmative, he dismissed from his thoughts all idea of making such a sacrifice. That such an opinion was given by Bacon, seems as improbable

as it is that James would have acceded to the solicitation. He has himself stated that he had resolved to withhold a pardon, in order the more effectually to hold Raleigh in subjection;* and, as the statement is in accordance with his known cunning and timidity, we cannot doubt that it was true. It would have been well, however, for his character, as the sequel showed, had his kingcraft on this occasion permitted him to assume the appearance, at least, of clemency, by giving his prisoner a pardon when he consented to set him free.

If we are to believe Raleigh himself, it was mainly to obtain the power of revisiting Guiana that liberty was coveted by him. That envied region had never ceased to engage his thoughts. Even when "reasoning high" as to the all-corrupting influence of gold, his heart was fixed upon its imaginary mines. The composition of his great work did not in the least divert his attention from them. He, in fact, maintained a constant correspondence with that country; and he appears to have made frequent applications to the government to listen to proposals for verifying his accounts of its wealth. Something like an agreement appears to have, at one time, been nearly brought about, for enabling Captain Keymis to proceed thither, in order to import as much gold ore as should satisfy the king that they were in the knowledge of a mine in its interior. We have before us a copy of a truly curious document, of the date of 1611, preserved amongst the Harleian manuscripts, and which contains the substance of an agreement, between Raleigh and the government to the above effect.† The following is its principal condition:—"If Keymis, after being guarded to the place, shall fail to bring to England half a ton or as much more as he shall be able to take up, of that *slate gold ore* whereof I have given a sample, then all the charge of the journey shall be laid upon me—by me to be satisfied: but should half a ton be brought home, I am to have my liberty; and in the meantime, my pardon under the great seal is to be lodged in his majesty's hands till the end of the journey." With the publication of this paper, which now takes place for the first time, the disputed question as to Raleigh's belief in the existence of gold mines in Guiana, must be viewed as ended. Here we see him so confident in that belief as to take upon himself a risk which, should failure ensue, would, as the document at its close bears, occasion the ruin of himself and his family! Why this extraordinary agreement—for, considering its nature, its occasion, and its parties, it does appear truly extraordinary—was not further proceeded in, does not appear. It was to its abandonment, in all probability, that Raleigh alludes in the following extract from a letter to the queen, by whom he had always been befriended, written in the ninth year of his imprisonment. "I did lately presume," he says, "to send unto your majesty the copy of a letter‡ to my

* Declaration, published after Raleigh's execution.

† Brit. Mus. Harl. MSS. 39, p. 340. This singular document is in the form of a letter, but is entitled, "Agreement between Sir Walter Raleigh and the Lords, for the Journey to Guiana, to be performed by Captain Keymes in 1611."

‡ The agreement was in the form of a letter.

lord treasurer touching Guiana. That there is nothing done therein I could not but wonder with the world, did not the malice of the world exceed the wisdom thereof.* It is painful to observe his palpable insincerity when, in the sequel, he disclaims all personal interest in the matter; calling the "ever-living God to witness" that he is actuated solely by the desire to "approve his faith to his majesty, and to do him a service such as hath seldom been performed for any king." Yet was Guiana so constant and precious an object of his thoughts and purposes, that he was at a considerably yearly expense, as he himself tells us,† to preserve a communication with that country; not only by sending out vessels, but even by causing some of the natives to be brought to England to confer with him in the Tower, and to carry back to their countrymen assurances of his return. We shall immediately see, besides, how lightly the desire to "approve his faith" sat upon his thoughts, when he was actually upon the eve of revisiting Guiana.

Though it was not a condition of Raleigh's release that he was to proceed thither to open a mine, it was well understood that his liberation took place with reference to that object. The commission which he obtained did not, however, make any mention of that particular region: it referred generally only to such parts of America as were unappropriated by other states—conferring ample powers to search for all such articles and commodities therein as might be useful to commerce. The silence as to Guiana was no doubt thought necessary to exonerate the government, in the event of Raleigh's invasion of any part of it where the Spaniards might have settled. His intention to open a gold mine, in a particular quarter, and the route he intended to follow, were fully explained in letters to the king; in which he also bound himself to abstain from all hostile inroads into any of the settlements of Spain. He afterwards loudly complained of the communication to the king of Spain of his intended route—the Spaniards being thereby enabled, as he alleged, to obstruct his progress; but, in point of fact, they only augmented their means of defence in their own settlements; and it does not appear to us that James acted dishonourably, or otherwise than in consistency with the usages of civilised nations, in making such a communication. The vehement representations of the Spanish ambassador rendered it necessary to satisfy him in this particular; and certainly, as he offered, on the part of Spain, to guarantee Raleigh's safety if his only object was to work a mine in the desert parts of Guiana, there was much force in the allegation that there must be some latent design in his setting out, for such a purpose, with so great an armament as was in preparation. Indeed, considering Raleigh's unscrupulous character, his wasted fortune, and his being bred in a school which viewed the "Spanish Indies" as a fair field of booty, it seems altogether astonishing that James's ministers should have allowed him to sail with a fleet of such magnitude and force as that which he collected. His

repeated asseveration of pacific intentions, and that his being strongly armed was for defence only, joined perhaps with the recollection of some former breaches of the national faith of Spain to British subjects trading to America, seem to have shut their eyes to the consequences but too likely to ensue. Their easy faith was, however, far more surprising than the credulity of those who became sharers in the expense and risks of the adventure. Raleigh's reputation, always great in naval affairs, had been raised to a high pitch for wisdom by the publication of his history.* The belief that he was sincere, and that he could not be deceived either as to the existence of the mine proposed to be opened, or as to the advantages of Guiana as a place of settlement, might not unreasonably be entertained by many; particularly as it was known that he was to embark in the undertaking his whole remaining fortune, as well as that of his wife. It does not, therefore, seem surprising that it should have attracted many eager associates—all in imagination grasping golden returns, whilst some might expect to possess themselves of the means of a profitable commerce.

With whatever hopes or views brought together, a fleet consisting of no less than thirteen vessels was in a few months collected. Some of them were of considerable size, and all carried a proportionable number of cannon. The assembling of such a fleet, so equipped, under so renowned a commander, and for purposes so uncommon, could not fail to excite strong curiosity; and we have one proof of its having done so, in the fact that it was visited by all the ambassadors resident at the British court. Raleigh's own ship, "The Destiny," had been built under his special directions; and in a particular degree engaged the attention of the foreign ministers. But there are circumstances connected with the visits of the French ambassador, which deeply affect Raleigh's honour, and as to which none of his biographers appear to have had any information whatever. Subsequently to his recommitment to the Tower, after his return from this unhappy voyage, he is said to have averred, that though the French ambassador had visited his ship, previous to his sailing, he had done so like the rest, only once, and merely from curiosity; and that nothing of any moment passed between them.† Unfortunately for Raleigh's veracity, as well as loyalty, for which he to his last hour took full credit, the despatches of this very ambassador, Count Desmarets, tell a different tale. We have before us copies, taken from the originals in the French archives, of four despatches written by him to his government; and from which it appears that he had visited the ship, not once merely, but several times. But this is not all, or nearly all. He describes Raleigh as in the highest degree dis-

* Carte, vol. iv. p. 49.

† This averment, to which Mr. Tytler gives full credit, was made to Sir Thomas Wilson, a sort of spy employed by the government. A very curious record of their conversations, kept by this person, is preserved in the state paper office, under the title of "A relation of what hath passed and been observed by me since my coming to Sir Walter Raleigh." Extracts from this paper have been printed both by Mr. Jardine and Mr. Tytler, to which we are indebted for all that we know of its contents.

* This letter, of which we long ago procured a copy from the state paper office, has been printed, with some other valuable documents, in the Appendix to Mrs. Thomson's *Life of Raleigh*, p. 493.

† Apology for his Last Voyage to Guiana.

contented; as representing himself to have been unjustly imprisoned and stripped of his estate—in a word, most tyrannically used; and as having, on that account, *resolved to abandon his country, and to make the king of France the first offer of his services and acquisitions, if his enterprise, from which he confidently expected great results, should succeed.** The ambassador does not appear to have anticipated much from it; but he of course made a courteous reply—assuring Raleigh of a favourable reception from his master, and encouraging him to place himself at his disposal. That the Count Desmarests attributed to Raleigh no sentiments respecting King James but what he really expressed, needs not be doubted; yet we find him afterwards representing this alleged oppressor as an impersonation of “goodness,” and vowing that it was his dearest wish “to die for him”—nay, “to be torn in pieces in his service!” And when we recollect his having, in his letter to the queen, invoked the “everliving God to witness,” that in prosecuting his Guianian project, his main wish was to “approve his faith to his majesty, and to do him a service such as has been but seldom done for any prince,” and find him afterwards proposing to transfer to the king of France all the beneficial results of that very project, it seems impossible to arrive at any conclusion by which to relieve his character from heavy blame. If it should be thought that his only object in making such a tender of his services and acquisitions was to bespeak favour with France, in the event of his being obliged, by failure or otherwise, to seek refuge abroad—which we are inclined to think was the case—this mitigated view of his conduct would still leave him exposed to the imputation of practising deceit in a friendly quarter, and of harbouring sinister designs. If, on the other hand, he is to be taken at his word, and considered as having intimated to the ambassador what he really intended to perform, then must we view him as destitute alike of honesty, loyalty, and patriotism. Melancholy it is that the charity of a better age, looking indulgently upon the unhappy circumstances of his lot, is so often needed to apologize for the moral deflections of this extraordinary man, whom we would fain believe to have possessed these attributes which secure respect, equally with those which command admiration.

From these observations, which press so severely upon his memory, but which the sacred claims of history seem to demand, we pass to the mention of those occurrences connected with the voyage, which have furnished matter of doubt or controversy.—There is, unfortunately, much want of information as to several important particulars; but in as far as regards that catastrophe, which, viewing its consequences, may be said to constitute the principal feature of the expedition—the sacking of St. Thomas—there are tolerably explicit details; and to which we shall be able to add somewhat, by a very plain and unscrupulous letter, not hitherto published, written by one of the officers who was in command on the occasion. Of the Spanish accounts of that and

the connected occurrences, none of Raleigh's biographers, with the exception of Dr. Southey, have made any use; indeed, they do not appear to have been aware of their existence. His accurate acquaintance with the work of Father Simon, has enabled him to impart considerable novelty to this portion of his narrative, by a graphical abstract derived from the historian. We are happy in any opportunity, however unimportant, of commending a performance which, from our respect for the genius and powers of writing possessed by its author, we have been unwilling to censure; but to which duty we have been constrained, on so often finding it so little worthy of either his industry or his talents.

After sundry delays and disasters, Raleigh's fleet reached the coast of Guiana about the middle of November; but he was then so unwell that he could not himself ascend the Orinocco. He therefore appointed his steady follower Captain Keymis, who had visited the country before, and represented himself as well acquainted with the situation of the mine proposed to be opened, to conduct the exploring party, which consisted of five companies of fifty soldiers each. The navigation into the interior occupied a month. On their being disembarked near St. Thomas, a small town erected by the Spaniards on a settlement adjacent to the river, a conflict took place, in which the governor fell, as did Raleigh's eldest son; and the Spaniards having retreated, and been pursued into the town, where they defended themselves by firing from the windows, the English, it being built of wood, set fire to it; when its defenders and inhabitants fled, and were dispersed. Keymis thereafter proceeded, with a small party of gentlemen and soldiers, to search for the mine, which he represented as situate at no great distance; and in this vain quest they spent about twenty days, during which they were frequently fired upon from the woods, and suffered considerable loss. Keymis, at last, thought proper to desist from the search, and fell back upon St. Thomas; from whence the whole body returned to Trinidad, where their disappointed and unhappy commander, still unwell, was lying at anchor.

It appears from the narrative of Father Simon, that the English made anxious inquiries amongst their prisoners as to the gold mines in the neighbourhood;* but he does not, at least in express terms, say that it was for the opening of mines they had ascended the Orinocco. The time employed in sounding it, at various points, joined with their seemingly anxious desire to conciliate the natives, and to excite them to resistance against the Spaniards, led to the belief that their main purpose was to colonise in that neighbourhood.† That colonisation formed a principal part of Raleigh's plans there can be no doubt; and the reception he experienced from the natives, in the intercourse which he held with them upon the coast, satisfied him that they would lend a cordial support to his schemes. He lived so much in their remembrance, that he found, as he wrote to his wife, that he might be a “king amongst them.” This was the only cheering result he experienced from this disastrous voyage; and it seems

* These despatches bear the dates of 12th January, 17th and 30th March, and 24th April, 1617. We regret that we cannot make room for extracts. The words in *Italics* are translated from the last despatch.

* Simon, pp. 643, 662.

† *Ibid.* p. 656.

clear enough that he indulged the hope of being yet able to return and to avail himself of their good-will; but the destruction of St. Thomas, and the occurrences that forced him back to England, made the scaffold the termination of his ill-fated career. With respect to that operation, so momentous in his history, the Spanish accounts themselves bear, that the firing commenced upon their side; but this only because the advance of the English troops left no doubt of their hostile intentions. There can be no question that its capture was, from the first, resolved upon. The following unpublished letter proves that the English disembarked for that express purpose. The ferocious sentiments engendered by disappointment, and the unscrupulous determination which it avows to seek compensation in piracy, are not the least remarkable parts of it. Its writer, Captain Parker, commanded one of the five companies into which the invading force was divided. "We were a month," he says, "going up the Orinocco. At last we landed within a league of St. Thomas, and about one of the clock at night we made an assault, when we lost Captain Raleigh. But he lost himself with his unadvised rashness. The Spaniard was not strong, and mistrusting our potency fled, and lost their governor, with some other captains, who bravely died. When we were possessed of the town, Captain Keymis took divers gentlemen with him to find the mine, and trifled up and down some twenty days, keeping us in hope still of finding it. But at last we found his delays mere illusions; for he was false to all men, and most odious to himself, *loathing to live since he could do no more villany*. I will speak no more of this hateful fellow to God and man. But I will inform you as near as I can what we that stay shall trust to. We have divided ourselves already: Captains Whitney and Wollaston are consorted to look for *homeward-bound men*. The admiral and vice-admiral will for Newfoundland to revictual, and after, to the Western Islands to look for *homeward-bound men*. For my part, by the permission of God, I will make a voyage, or bury myself in the sea."* This letter bears conclusively upon points which directly impeach the rectitude of Raleigh's intentions and proceedings. No one who peruses it can doubt that he had resolved, before leaving England, to take forcible possession of St. Thomas; and, consequently, that all his pacific professions were feigned. Nor, supposing there were no other proofs, could any one who reads it impartially doubt, that the failure as to the mine was followed by a resolution, to which he was a party, to seek indemnification in a piratical onset upon the Spanish colonial shipping. When Gondomar obtained an audience of King James to complain of Raleigh's breach of the peace, he contented himself with thrice exclaiming *piratos!* and then withdrew. Captain Parker's letter shows that this emphatic exclamation was not without warrant; but of this there are other proofs.

The suicide of Keymis, so uncharitably alluded to in this letter, is one of the most striking occurrences

of this unwarrantable enterprise. On rejoining his commander, he endeavoured to justify his abandonment of the search for the mine by stating, that he had not a sufficient force either to enable him to persevere, or to open it to any purpose, though discovered; and, finding that his excuses were not only rejected, but that he was received with continued reproaches as the sole cause of the ruin that was certain to ensue, he passed a few days in sullen abstraction, and then shot himself, by discharging a pistol at his breast. Such was the determination of this unfortunate man, that he had recourse to a knife, which he plunged into his side, on finding that the ball, from having struck upon a rib, did not immediately take effect. The account of his former voyage to Guiana, shows that he was a firm believer in the mineral riches of that region. He was, in short, like his leader, the dupe of those deceptious appearances which had procured for it so fatal a renown; and the curious agreement before recited proves, that Raleigh was ready to stake his fortune and liberty upon Keymis's knowledge of the existence of a gold mine in its interior. The supposition that his suicide was the result of remorse, seems equally absurd and uncharitable. What could a subordinate agent in the adventure gain by feigning a belief which he did not feel? That belief was not the profession of the day, but the creed of his life. That it was counterfeited to advance Raleigh's plans never was insinuated, even in the royal "Declaration." Indeed, it is not upon that supposition conceivable that Keymis would have been so stung by his leader's reproaches as to put himself to death. It may be difficult, if not impossible, to account for any suicide, the motives of which are not authoritatively made known, or in some way exactly ascertained; but the truth with respect to Keymis's would seem to be, that, believing firmly in the existence of a mine in the neighbourhood of St. Thomas, and being awakened by the reproaches of his old commander to a full sense of the ruinous consequences of its non-discovery, he was prompted by a strong feeling of shame and grief, arising from the thought that he had too hastily abandoned the search, to destroy himself. His being uncertain, from the state of Raleigh's health when he left him, whether he should, on his return, find him alive—a fact which he is said to have pleaded in defence of his conduct—renders this the only probable supposition that can be formed.

Raleigh, in one of his letters written at this time, says, that "God had given him a strong heart." But, strong as it was, it sustained some trying blows from the disappointment of the hopes which he had so confidently built upon the mine, the loss of his son, the death by his own hand of one of his most faithful followers, and the angry comments of those who "hungered and thirsted for gold;" the most worthless being, as he said, the most clamorous, and the surest to try to injure him on their return to England. He was not, however, of a temperament to allow these disasters to sink him into inaction. The spirit of the Drakes and the Cavendishes was at work in his thoughts, impelling him to enterprises similar to those which made their names terrible in the American seas. Though still weak from illness, he speedily set sail for Newfoundland, intending there to revictual and refit his ships for the

* "Letter written by Captain Charles Parker, one of Sir W. Raleigh's company, to Captain Alley. An. 1617." Brit. Mus. Granb. MSS. 39, p. 342. We have, for the sake of brevity, omitted one or two sentences of no importance.

prosecution of his ulterior designs. But before he reached that place, most of them seem to have dispersed to follow other fortunes; and, on his arrival, a mutiny took place amongst his own crew, some wishing to continue at sea, the majority to return to England. With the latter he was forced, as is said in the royal "Declaration," to acquiesce and return; his intention being, as is there asserted, very different; whilst he, on the other hand, averred that such was from the first his determination. To us it appears certain that his resolution was, if possible, to keep at sea; and, indeed, the letters which he wrote to several persons in England, before arriving at Newfoundland, leave no room for any doubt as to this. From a careful consideration of some passages in these and other documents, we think it more than probable that it was his intention to make another attempt upon the mines of Guiana; and altogether unquestionable, that he had resolved, in the mean time, to try his fortune at the expense of the Spanish carracks. But the dispersion of his fleet, and the insubordination of his own crew, frustrated both purposes.

That piracy was in his immediate view, it would be vain to deny. Captain Parker's letter only confirms what always appeared to us to be clearly implied in his own letters; in one of which to his wife, he expresses his hope "that God would send him something before his return;" which could only mean something in the way of capture. But there is further and conclusive evidence of the fact. It appears that at one of the meetings of the commission appointed, after his return, to inquire into his conduct, he was examined upon this point, in presence of two of his captains, and constrained to make a confession which settles the question. There is a minute of the proceedings of this commission, in the hand writing of Julius Cæsar, one of the body, which bears that, "on being confronted with Captains St. Leger and Pennington, he confessed that he proposed the taking of the Mexico fleet, if the mine failed."* Mr. Tytler could not have been aware of this decisive admission, otherwise he would not have attempted to discredit the following remarkable anecdote, preserved in Sir Thomas Wilson's report of his conversations with Raleigh:—"This day," says the spy, "he told me what discourse he and my lord chancellor had had about taking the Plate fleet, which he confessed he would have taken had he lighted upon it. To which my lord chancellor said—'Why, you would have been a pirate.' Oh, quoth he, did you ever know of any that were pirates for millions? they only that work for small things are pirates." Looking to the character in which Wilson writes, and unacquainted with Raleigh's admission in presence of the commissioners, Mr. Tytler represents the report of the former as more than suspicious; adding, however, inconsistently enough, that the observation ascribed to Raleigh, "is characteristic." If characteristic, does not that imply authenticity? The observation is indeed strongly stamped with Raleigh's mind and character; and his intentions respecting the Plate fleet being otherwise certain, we cannot for a moment doubt that it was truly reported.

Raleigh returned to Plymouth in July 1618, about

a year after he sailed for Guiana. The want of any publications devoted to contemporary occurrences, leaves us but scantily informed of the opinions then current as to his views and conduct. That the expedition itself attracted considerable notice, abroad as well as at home, is certain. Thus we find the celebrated Peiresc expressing, in a letter to Camden, great commiseration for Raleigh's misfortunes, and an anxious wish to be furnished with any account of his voyage that might be published.* The fullest notices, in as far as we know, of domestic opinions, are those contained in two of Howell's once popular "Letters;"† the one written about the time of Raleigh's return, the other some years later, and more important; as being an answer to a remonstrance from Sir Carew Raleigh, respecting certain statements unfair, as he thought, to his father, contained in the first. From these letters we learn that Raleigh's return, unpardoned as he was, occasioned great and general surprise; and that his representations as to the mine were viewed as "airy and supposititious;"—merely thrown out as a lure to draw adventurers to Guiana, for the purpose of there establishing a colony.

That Raleigh, unsuccessful, unpardoned, and a flagrant breaker of the peace, should have returned voluntarily—thereby, to use words attributed to himself, "to put his neck under the king's girdle,"—appears to us utterly incredible. It is true that he ever asserted, even upon the scaffold, that it was his firm purpose to return, whether successful or not; but it is nevertheless unquestionable, as his own letters before mentioned show, that an immediate return, which certainly did take place, was far enough from his intentions. The recollection, too, of what passed between him and the French ambassador previous to his departure, makes his assertion on this point more and more questionable; and, indeed, renders the consideration of what is due to his dying declaration exceedingly embarrassing and painful. It may have been his intention, perhaps, to return, but only when he could do so enriched or successful; for we have seen what his notions were as to piracy upon the great scale; and it was a maxim of his "that good success admits of no examination."‡ This would enable us to interpret his assertion with reference to some future time; and is, seemingly, the only charitable construction that can be adopted.§ Such are the difficulties which he has

* Camdeni *Epistola*, p. 243.

† Howell, pp. 21, 383, 11th ed.

‡ See his "Apology."

§ In the before-mentioned letter from Sir Carew Raleigh to Mr. Howell, (which, however, was written many years after the event in question, he being then a youth,) it is stated that the Earls of Arundel and Pembroke had become personally bound to the king for Raleigh's return; and that his immediate re-appearance in England was owing to his honourable resolution to release them from that obligation. This explanation is adopted by Mr. Jardine. But that learned writer has himself repudiated Sir Carew's authority in regard to another statement made by him in the same letter; namely, that Lord Bacon had given it as his opinion that the commission to Raleigh implied a pardon; and it is quite inconceivable that Sir Walter himself would not have proudly appealed to such a fact, if true, in his "Apology," and at

* Brit. Mus. Lansdowne MSS. 143, fo. 412.

thrown in the way of any satisfactory reliance upon his veracity and integrity! How mortifying to think that the history of his life so often produces a painful struggle between feeling and reason—between the natural wish to believe him as exalted in moral as in intellectual perfections, and the unwelcome truths which his actual conduct forces upon our convictions!

From the imputation of deceit connected with the mine, we have already, as we think, triumphantly relieved him.* To this topic we only therefore revert, in order to state what transpired in regard to it, at the investigations which took place in presence of the before-mentioned commission. The attorney general, Yelverton, having there alleged that Raleigh did not carry out any miners or instruments for mining, as he would have done had he really intended to open a mine; it was distinctly asserted by him in reply, that he incurred an expense of two thousand pounds in providing both;†—an averment which, if not substantially true, would assuredly have been rebutted by those of the expedition with whom he appears to have been then confronted.

As there was no actual commission of piracy, the only overt act of a criminal description with which Raleigh could be charged, was the invasion and partial destruction of the settlement and town of St. Thomas. These unjustifiable aggressions must have originated in the belief that this small town was in the immediate neighbourhood of gold mines, that it had been erected on account of that proximity, and was probably rich in accumulated ores; and that its possession was, moreover, necessary to the successful prosecution of the intended operations. Inconsiderable in itself, situate at a great distance from the coast, and approachable only by a dangerous navigation, there were no other inducements sufficient to account for Raleigh's hostile proceedings. That these inducements furnished no apology for his conduct, is clear enough. His defence of it, however, as maintained in his "Apology," was dexterous and plausible; and well suited to rouse responsive feelings in the breasts of his countrymen. He strongly urged that he was the original discoverer of Guiana, that he had taken possession of it, in the usual form, in the name of the late queen, that its chiefs had sworn allegiance to her and to England, that the king had himself recognised the rights thence resulting by granting sundry patents of settlement, and by author-

his execution. The story has evidently originated from what passed on the scaffold, where, the Earl of Arundel being present, Raleigh addressing him said, that he had given him his *promise* to return; but without once hinting at his having returned to free him and the Earl of Pembroke from any cautionary pledge.

* The belief in the great metallic wealth of Guiana, and that in El Dorado, form different questions. With respect to the latter, it appears to us as not unlikely that his opinions had undergone some change in the three-and-twenty years that elapsed between his first and his last voyage. Further inquiries or information may have led to this; and it has struck us as remarkable, that he does not once allude to El Dorado in any of his later proposals to the government, or in any document connected with his last voyage.

† See minute of proceedings, in the hand-writing of Sir Julius Caesar. Brit. Mus. Lausdowne MSS. 142, fo. 412.

ising himself to open a mine in it; and that he was therefore entitled to enter it by force, and forcibly to remove any obstacles that prevented the accomplishment of his authorised design. But to all these arguments there was this brief, yet decisive answer,—that, in point of fact, the Spaniards had made a settlement in a particular spot of this vast region; and that he invaded and ravaged it, though bound, as well by his private assurances as by the laws of nations, not to interfere with the possessions of any friendly power. Had he informed the government that there was such a settlement in the quarter where the mine was alleged to be situate, he would not have been permitted, as he was well aware, to approach it; but this he concealed, as was by himself admitted;—a fact which directly impeaches his fairness and sincerity, and obliges us to conclude that his pacific professions were intended merely as blinds for others, not as bonds upon himself. With that success which he doubtless anticipated, he might probably imagine that he should be able—if it really was his intention to return to England—to procure immunity for any hostile trespass; and it cannot well be doubted, that his proceedings would indeed have been viewed with a very different eye, had success been possible and actually attained. In judging of his conduct, in the actual circumstances, we ought, blameable as it must to us appear, to give him the benefit of the opinions of that day; and these, as regarded America, were so peculiar, as to allow nations at peace in Europe to make war upon each other in that quarter of the globe. Hence we find him contending, "that to think the peace could be broken where there was no peace,"‡ was a palpable inconsistency; and hence, too, the plausibility of the pretext with which he hoodwinked the government, that warlike preparations were necessary for his defence. Hume apologises for Raleigh's execution upon the old sentence, by observing, that owing to the above-mentioned notion no jury would have found a verdict against him. But ought we not in charity and in fairness to allow something to the prevalence of such a feeling, in judging of his conduct? And ought it not also to be remembered, that he only practised the lessons of the school in which he was bred—that school which Elizabeth gloried to cherish, and which laid the foundations of the naval sovereignty of England? Still, it is impossible to justify his insincerity and preconceived hostilities; for these apologies could only be fully pleaded in his behalf, in the case of his having sailed from England unfettered by any positive obligations. They somewhat alter the complexion of his conduct, but do not free it from severe censure. There is, in a word, only one redeeming feature in all Raleigh's plans and proceedings connected with Guiana—the reach and constancy of the views which they disclose for promoting colonization and commerce. With his wild proposal in the former reign, to form an alliance with the visionary sovereign of El Dorado, these grand schemes were closely associated; and notwithstanding the miserable failure of his last voyage, they still maintained their ascendancy in his thoughts; thus showing, conformably to the fated inconsistencies of his nature and lot, a genius familiar

* Letter to Lord Carew, appended to his "Apology."

† Apology.

with, and wedded to far nobler objects than those to which both his character and life were sacrificed.

Before arriving at Plymouth, Raleigh learned that a royal proclamation had been issued, strongly condemning his conduct, and calling upon all who could give any information upon the subject to repair to the privy council; and soon after landing, he was put under arrest by Sir Lewis Stukeley, vice-admiral of Devonshire, to whom a warrant for that purpose had been intrusted. He had previously actually gone on board a vessel with the view of escaping to France; but, owing to some unexplained and unaccountable emotion, he returned without making the attempt. His subsequent expedients, prior to his recommitment to the Tower, to gain time for another attempt, or to enable his friends to intercede for him, present a recital so unspeakably degrading, as to make it difficult to believe that we are reading of the hero of Cadiz and Fayal—the moral and dignified historian of the ancient world. In these humiliating proceedings, Stukeley, who was his relation, and a French medical practitioner of the name of Manourie, affected to assist, but secretly betrayed him. Their misdeeds are unworthy of remark; but the artifices of Raleigh, for which, strange to say, Mr. Tytler puts in the claim of *dexterity*, demand notice, as well on account of the extraordinary contrast they exhibit to the great qualities which he unquestionably possessed, as of his having himself vindicated them by a perverted appeal to the authority of scripture. Society, it would seem, was yet in a state when such a man could seriously plead that the madness which he feigned was justified by the example of David, king of Israel!—an example to which, we recollect, his brilliant rival Essex also appealed in excuse for some of his immoralities. It was during this pitiable interval that he composed his "Apology for his last voyage to Guiana"—a pleading both forcible in argument and eloquent in style; and which, considering the depressing circumstances in which it was written—behind the scenes, as it were, of that revolting drama in which he, when in the presence of others, stooped to act so ignominious a part—furnishes a strong proof of his ready command of those intellectual resources with which he was gifted.

Soon after his recommitment to the Tower, the commission of inquiry before mentioned was appointed; and sundry "examinations, re-examinations, and confrontments"* took place at its meetings. He was at the same time, as before mentioned, placed under the immediate inspection of Sir Thomas Wilson, for the purpose chiefly of trying to draw from him, or to discover something regarding his supposed intercourse with France. Le Clere, the French agent, had proffered his assistance towards Raleigh's escape; in consequence, we have no doubt, of what passed with the ambassador previous to his sailing to Guiana; and the offer having been discovered, James became exceedingly jealous of the supposed interference of his brother of France, and proportionably anxious to ascertain its objects. A record of the inquisitorial proceedings to which his apprehensions gave rise, has been preserved in the minutes kept by Wilson. From these it appears, that the sovereign and his agents—the secretary of

state, and the immediate spy—were thoroughly baffled in their expectations; but their objects were pursued at the cost of a most harassing interference with the privacy, quiet, and occupations of the unhappy prisoner. It is impossible to view their ignoble proceedings—descending even to the violation of the letters that passed between him and his wife—without strong indignation; and history will, with difficulty, maintain the necessary decorum of her language in recounting these additional proofs of James's unkingly nature, and his malignant treatment of the illustrious though erring man subjected to his power. The extracts that have been published from these minutes* contain a few remarkable particulars. Suicide appears to have more than once come into discussion between the spy and Raleigh. We recollect that, in his "History of the World," he approves of the conduct of Demosthenes, in taking poison to disappoint his enemies; and Sir Thomas Wilson states that "he one day took occasion to commend the magnanimity of the Romans, who would rather have their deaths by their own hands than endure any that was base or reproachful. To which I answered," says the pious knight, "that they were such as knew not God, nor the danger of their souls to be damned to perpetual torment, for destroying their bodies. To which he said, it was a disputable point; for divers did hold opinion that a man may do it, and yet not desperately despair of God's mercy, but die in his favour." This, it will be remembered, was the opinion expressed in the letter to his wife, written when he was meditating suicide. But the most remarkable piece of information preserved in these extracts, is that which shows his addiction, even in this dark and desperate crisis, to chemical pursuits. The anecdote is not the less deserving of notice for the despicable malignancy of the terms in which it is communicated, but which the generous spy doubtless intended for harmless wit! "The things," says this worthy, "which he seems to make most reckoning of, are his chemical stuffs, amongst which there is so many *spirits*, that I think there is none wanting that I ever heard of, unless it be the *spirit of God*!"

The loud complaints of the Spanish ambassador, and James's eager desire to conclude the pending negotiation for a match between Prince Charles and the Infanta, made the demand of Spain for Raleigh's life but too certain to be complied with. But the novelty, and the extraordinary circumstances of the case, occasioned much difficulty amongst the sages of the law, as to the proper course of proceeding. Being under an unpardoned sentence for treason, it was held that he must be viewed as civilly dead, and consequently not triable for any new offence. It is unfortunate for the law when its refinements place it in conflict with the common sense and common feelings of mankind; and such was the case in a remarkable degree, when, in consequence of this legal subtlety, it was resolved to carry into execution a sentence sixteen years old—iniquitous from the first, and followed by the protracted punishment of thirteen years' imprisonment. Such was the precious result of James's cunning and kingcraft; for had Raleigh been pardoned when he was liberated, he might have been brought to trial in some competent

* *Royal Declaration.*

* See Jardine's *Crim. Trials*, and Tytler's *Life*.

form, and the law would have vindicated itself by maintaining both the reality and the appearance of justice. His execution upon the antiquated sentence, is unquestionably one of the most revolting acts that stains the annals of British criminal procedure. It is so far consolatory to know, that the indignation which it roused reduced even James, the great advocate of irresponsible kingship, to the necessity of appealing to his people in vindication of his conduct; and that his vindictory "Declaration," though aided by the pen of Lord Bacon, produced no favourable effects. A sentence of condemnation, founded upon the inborn and immutable feelings of the human heart, had gone forth against him; and it was rendered irreversible by the general belief that Raleigh's life was sacrificed to gratify the resentment, and to appease the fears of the ancient enemy of his country. The justness of that belief is placed beyond all question by a despatch written upon the occasion to the British ambassador in Spain; and surely, if aught done against his own and his people's honour can consign the memory of a ruler to lasting reprobation, the following admission ought so to dispose of the name of James:—"Let them know," says this despatch, "how able a man Sir Walter Raleigh was to have done his majesty service, if he should have been pleased to employ him; yet to give them content he hath not spared him, when by preserving him he might have given great satisfaction to his subjects, and had at his command as useful a man as served any prince in Christendom."*

Upon the details of Raleigh's execution, which took place in October, 1618, we dare not, tomping as the occasion is, now enter. Few, if any, on a scaffold kindled such a blaze of powerful emotions—of pity, wonder, and admiration. His deportment throughout the prolonged scene, evinced a degree of mental strength, self-possession, calmness, and superiority to the fear of death, that might be described as godlike. His devotion appeared sincere and elevated, and tempered a courage which nothing could shake. "He was," says the bishop of Salisbury, who attended him officially, "the most fearless of death that ever was known, and the most resolute and confident, yet with reverence and conscience."

Of Raleigh's character generally, we have little of any moment to subjoin to the observations thrown out in the course of this long article, as occasions for expressing an opinion arose. We shall merely add one or two notices and remarks which could not so conveniently find a place before.

That which is so necessary to a satisfactory delineation of any great man—the details of his daily and familiar life—we have no means of supplying; but the curiosity which is universally felt in regard to the personal appearance of such men, has not been left ungratified. We have notices of Raleigh's person by Sir Robert Naunton and Sir John Harrington, both of whom knew him well; and by Aubery, whose information was derived from others, to whom also he was well known. Their notices will be read with most interest in their own works. The first tells us that "he had in the outward man a good presence, in a handsome and well-compacted person;"+

the second, in mentioning what he describes as an ominous fall from his horse, by which his face was hurt, says, that it was "thought a very good face;"* and the last particularises his lineaments rather curiously, by stating, that besides being "tall and handsome, he had a most remarkable aspect, an exceeding high forehead, long face, and sour eyelids."† In an age of great magnificence in dress, Raleigh was conspicuous; and particularly for the silver armour in which, as captain of the guard, he rode abroad with the queen. One of his portraits mentioned by Aubery shows him dressed "in a white satin doublet, all embroidered with rich pearls, and a mighty rich chain of great pearls about his neck."

The various qualities which fit men for action and for speculation were conjoined in Raleigh, and by turns displayed, in so eminent a degree, that "he seemed," as Fuller observed, "to be like Cato Uticensis, born to that only which he was about." His mind presents a surprising union of strength and versatility; of intellectual and practical power; and of an observing, reflective, and philosophical, with a highly imaginative or poetical temperament. These diverse faculties and aptitudes, combined in that strong degree in which he possessed them, constitute the grand and individualising features of his mental character. In that rarest, perhaps, of intellectual gifts—that which enables the individual to rise above the acquisitions and modes of thinking of his own, and to anticipate those of times yet to come, he has, and by no incompetent judge assuredly, been thought worthy to be classed with even the immortal founder of the inductive philosophy. "Notwithstanding the diversity of their professional pursuits, and the strong contrast of their characters, these two men," says Mr. Stewart, speaking of Bacon and Raleigh, "exhibit in their capacity of authors some striking features of resemblance. Both of them owed to the force of their own minds their emancipation from the fetters of the schools; and both were eminently distinguished above their contemporaries by the originality and enlargement of their philosophical views."‡ An incidental remark by Cecil, contained in a private letter, has apprised us of his possession of a power scarcely less enviable than original genius itself; and to which the extent of his acquisitions, so surprising in a man of such active pursuits, was no doubt ascribable. "He can toil terribly," were the words of the secretary;§ and the intimation, though brief, furnishes a valuable addition to our knowledge of his character.

Naunton describes him as gifted with "a bold and plausible tongue." The same author, who was any thing rather than partial, adds, that Queen Elizabeth was much "taken with his elocution, loved to hear his reasons, and took him for a kind or oracle." But the strongest proof of his attraction in this way was, that even Essex preferred his conversation to that of most of his own friends. "I have often observed," said Sir Arthur Gorges, speaking of Essex, "that

* *Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. ii. p. 125.

† Aubery's *Lives*, vol. ii. p. 511.

‡ *Dissert. on the Hist. of Met. and Eth. Philosophy*.

§ See Appendix to Mrs. Thomson's *Life of Raleigh*, in which this letter—otherwise valuable, as showing that he was beloved by his immediate dependents—was first printed.

* Rushworth's *Hist. Coll.* vol. i.

† *Frag. Regalia*.—Art. Raleigh.

both in his greatest actions of service, and in his times of cheerfulest recreations, he would ever accept of his (Raleigh's) counsel and company, before many others that thought themselves more in his favour.* Yet, notwithstanding those powers of elocution that so captivated Elizabeth, and won Essex, his pronunciation—if we are to rely on Aubrey—ever continued to betray the accent of his native province. "I have," says this writer, "heard old Sir Thomas Mallet, who knew Sir Walter, say, that he spoke broad Devonshire to his dying day."

From the imputation of impiety with which Raleigh was so unjustly aspersed, his character was relieved by the publication of his "History of the World." Originating, apparently, in his freely expressed opinions respecting some doctrines of the schools,† it owed its dissemination to a libellous attack on the chief courtiers of Queen Elizabeth, written by Father Parsons, the noted Jesuit. He does not appear to have ever made any direct reply to the charge; but those of his friends with whom he was in the habit of conversing upon such subjects, knew that it was unfounded; and the publication of his great work made his opinions advantageously known to all the world. But, with respect to his moral character, we can find little that is favourable in the sentiments of his contemporaries. Though unquestionably possessed of friendly dispositions, kindly affections, and much tenderness of heart; and though all his opinions and feelings, as expressed in his writings, were strongly on "virtue's side," he never was considered as a man whose conduct was steadily regulated by either truth or probity. Even where his aims appeared great and worthy, they were believed to be contaminated by the admixture of an impure and grasping ambition. Though always "gazed at as a star,"‡ the feelings with which his path was viewed were far from those of love, confidence, or reverence. But the grand and devout demeanour displayed at his execution, made men unwilling to dwell upon his faults, and threw all unpleasing recollections into the shade. Had James been a worthy and magnanimous, instead of a mean and pusillanimous prince, the name of Raleigh, though it would have, no doubt, been recorded amongst with the other conspicuous characters of his time, would not have descended to us with that halo of literary and martyr-like glory which surrounds it, and will, in all probability, accompany it to a far more distant posterity.

* Gorges's *Relation of the Island Voyages*, in Purchas.

† Osborne's *Miscellany of Essays and Paradoxes*.

‡ The words of the attorney-general, Yelverton, at the mock judicial process employed to give a colour of legality to the order for executing the old sentence.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

TURN THE BLUE BONNET WHA CAN.

Tune—"Turn the Blue Bonnet."

By norlan' knowes and by lawlan' howes,
Atween the Mull and John-o'-Groats,
There wons a race, unkent to disgrace,
My bauld, my leal, and my kindly Scots.
They are the men, that ance and again
For country and king has bled in the van;
Gie them a plea, and fair let it be,
Then, turn the blue bonnets wha can, wha can.

Wha on the earth, o'er its hale braid girth,
But kens that the Scot is gallant and brave?
Gie him fair play, and gang where he may,
He will speel ere lang abune a' the lave.
Ne'er did he stint, or ance look ahint,
In his onward way for the face o' man,
Let him but brace his thewes for the race,
Then, turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can.

In peace or in war, at hame or afar,
It's a' the same to the manly Scot;
He plays his part wi' a dauntless heart,
And fights till he wins or fa's on the spot.
Mony may strive, but few will thrive,
That cross him where fame's the prize to be wan;
Show him a cause, and his sword he draws,
Then, turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Written on seeing the Monument to the Memory of David Hume, at Edinburgh.

I never look upon the tomb
Erected there to DAVID HUME,
Without reflecting: Did not he,
With all his deep philosophy,
Deliberately try to load
The minds of men with doubts of God;
To poison, at the fountain's source,
The stream of life, throughout its course;
To dash from suffering mortal's lip,
The cup of comfort he would sip;
To substitute, for future life,
A present scene of anxious strife;
To tell us the oblivious wave
Will roll upon the new-made grave;
To steal from man those brilliant hopes
Which through life's darkness sweetly shine,
Exalting our imperfect state
Into a character divine?
He did; and, with his latest breath,
Proclaimed an everlasting death!
Like Eden's serpent, would destroy
What he, himself, could not enjoy.
Yet, strange to say, that very HUME
Was honoured with a splendid tomb.

From the Quarterly Review.

Medical Notes and Reflections. By Henry Holland, M.D. F.R.S. Physician Extraordinary to the Queen, &c. &c. London. 8vo. 1839.

THIS book is one of a class extremely puzzling to us reviewers. It is, in fact, a collection of thirty-five reviews, many of them capital ones, upon as many topics, almost all of them exceedingly important and interesting. Such chapters, being already the summaries of subjects, are found to trench on our craft, rendering an analysis of the essence of an essence not unlikely to end in the conversion of substantial fact and vigorous reasoning into thin and airy speculation.

The accomplished author informs us that he has been accustomed, during twenty years of practice in London, to preserve not merely memoranda of particular cases, but also of such general reflections as were suggested to him by actual observation. Twenty years is indeed a large portion of that span of existence over which we are all hastening; but twenty years of sight and insight expended on society, in all its multifarious working, as exhibited in this huge metropolis, is a privilege of which few can boast; and woe to him who, possessing so precious a talent, shall have let the winged hours speed away, leaving no permanent fruits of benefit for mankind!

Dr. Holland appears to have so conducted his methods of inquiry as to keep out of view the tedious apparatus of minute facts, from which he has deduced the principles with which his work is filled; and this, perhaps, constitutes no small part of its worth; for while the examples quoted are salient, and to the point, all that a well educated physician may be supposed to know is not ostentatiously dragged forth. So far the volume is strictly addressed to the profession; but the subjects discussed are in many instances such as appeal to the curiosity of all intelligent persons; and, for the most part, merely technical phraseology has been abstained from. For the reader who delights to fathom the "*mare magnum*" of metaphysics there is scope enough in the essays "On Time as an Element of Thought in Mental Functions,"—"On the Nervous System,"—"On Phrenology,"—"On Sleep,"—"On Dreaming, Insanity, and Intoxication,"—"On the Brain as a double Organ,"—"On the Effects of Mental Attention on Bodily Organs." The valetudinarian or the medical dilettante, may see, in the chapter "On the abuse of Purgative Medicines," some of the risks he runs; or he may fortify his privilege of hampering his doctor by adding to the judicious enumeration of the essay "On Points where a Patient may judge for himself," all the points where he ought not. Much curious information he may cull from the discussion "On the Influence of Weather in relation to Disease." Both patients and physicians will find an abundant supply of material for thought in the masterly chapter on gout. Scarcely less excellent are those entitled "Bleeding in Affections of the Brain,"—"The Connection of Certain Diseases,"—"The Use of Opium,"—"Of Diluents,"—"Of Emetics." Such is the variety of subjects handled with more or less of detail, that few readers, professional or non-professional, can fail to be arrested by
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trains of observation and reflection which they will be happy to pursue under the guidance of so fall and able a master as Dr. Holland. Throughout, we may add, they will find a high tone of moral sentiment, worthy of his noble profession—a generous contempt of all mean practices and compliances—the dignity of a philosopher combined with the graceful illustration and extensive sympathy of a scholar and gentleman.

Not wishing to mock our readers with a *catalogue raisonné* of so many multifarious essays, we select for examination that entitled "Diet and Disorders of Digestion,"—the rather because many of the topics, to which the author has allotted a separate head of discussion, readily find a place under the one we have chosen. There are few faculties of body or mind on which the influence of the nutritive process is not marked and incessant.

We are well pleased to quote in the outset such a passage as the following:—

"The habits of society among the higher classes, and the influence of dyspeptic complaints on the mind, render the treatment of such disorders a matter of great interest, even in a moral point of view. They unhappily furnish an arena on which all the worst parts of medical practice find their readiest display. Fraud, intrepid in its ignorance, here wins an easy triumph. Seconded on every side by prejudices, fashions and foibles, and taking advantage of the mind and body in their weakest mood, it deals out precepts and drugs with a pernicious facility; sometimes altogether at random; sometimes, and even more injuriously, with one common scheme of treatment applied to the most variable and incongruous symptoms.

"These abuses, indeed, in their worst form, exist only on the outskirts of the profession. But, it will be admitted by all who have candour and experience, that there is no part of medical practice where knowledge and good faith are put to equal trial as in the management of dyspeptic complaints. Even the effect of the disorder in obscuring the judgment, and rendering impotent the will of the patient, becomes an embarrassment to the physician. If his own judgment be slow and wavering, he is deprived of aid; if hasty and rash, of that control from the opinion of his patient which is frequently needful. The mind of the dyspeptic is uncertain and fickle. He interprets falsely his own sensations, and the effects of the treatment employed; is unduly confident at one moment and under a new remedy; at another time as irrationally desponding: prone, moreover, to change his medical adviser, and to resort to any person or remedy where there is largest profession of relief.

"All these things, familiar in practice in this country, make the situation and conduct of the physician in cases of dyspepsia hardly less difficult than in acute and dangerous diseases. Though the symptoms before him are not so critical in kind, they need sound moral management, as well as discreet methods of medical treatment. Forbearance and firmness are both required; and, together with these, integrity and good faith. The admirable precepts as to uprightness in practice, which came down to us under the great name of Hippocrates, obtain here their closest application; and may well be impressed upon all who are entering on a medical life. The mind must be fashioned early and strongly in these professional principles, as they are rarely attained afterwards, and even with difficulty preserved, amidst the many difficulties which beset the conduct of the physician."—pp. 340, 341.

The father of dyspeptic medicine is undoubtedly

John Abernethy; for, prior to his time, the cure of local disease by constitutional, that is, general treatment, was either little understood or little regarded. He professed, however, to derive all his principles from his master and idol, the great John Hunter. The singular felicity possessed by the pupil, of bringing to light all the treasures which lay hidden in the obscure depths of such an intellect as that of his early instructor, soon rendered the system of dyspeptic medicine so popular, as to put aside almost every other mode of medical investigation. The principles which Abernethy brought into vogue were so simple, that few could fail in comprehending them; they were so universal, as to be shut out, in their application, from no disease, whether mental or corporeal, hereditary or accidental. And lastly, they were enforced by a sum of personal qualities which carried away all who had the happiness of hearing this most original of lecturers. He awakened attention by the flow and breadth of the richest *Doric*, and he fixed it not more by the intrinsic worth of his statement than by his very uncommon dramatic and mimetic powers. His illustrations were never trivial; often profound, yet without ostentation or mysticism. The anecdotes with which his lectures abound (he almost always deduced his principles from examples) were usually not only very appropriate but exceedingly picturesque, for he was a great master of the art of "word painting." They teemed with knowledge of the heart; so that, besides the point of scientific interest which was prominently set forth, there was a large margin for thought in his comments on human character and opinions, as seen in action or recorded in books; to three or four of which, and those of the highest order, he confined his reading. "I go to Sterne," he used to say, "for the feelings of human nature, Fielding for its vices, Johnson for a knowledge of the workings of its powers, and Shakspeare for every thing." Though a keen observer on the humorous side of our foibles, which, however, he set down with nought of malice, he possessed, like most men of a similar cast of mind, much of the pathos, as well as the irritable humour of that species of muse, of which Jacques is the ideal.*

This rare union of qualities gave weight to opinions, which it would appear Abernethy had formed very early in his professional life, and which he retained

without much addition or diminution to its end. These were one-sided and exclusive in this respect, that he did not himself follow up the improvements of his age—while his diets, in as far as they made practical medicine dependent on a few simple physiological principles, and blue-pill—repressed inquiry in others. But his success in tracing the influence of disordered digestive functions on all diseases produced a cloud of works, and a host of imitators; some of whom forgot to imitate his sense, when they affected his singularities; while others thought they were adding to the value and number of his principles, by reducing them to vulgar fractions. It is not very long since the minutest trifles were gravely expected to be written down for the guidance of those who seemed to have lost, with facility of digestion, every faculty of mind. The result was, that it afforded a fine field for all who knew and could take advantage of that feverish state of alarm induced by undue attention to trivial corporeal sensations. To those who would trace the effect of mental attention on the bodily organs, we recommend the 5th chapter of Dr. Holland, where they will not only find the rationale, but the example of this pernicious habit, as affecting most of the vital organs of our frame, one and all of which will soon transmit diseased sensations to that brain, which is predetermined to harp on them.

"A direction of consciousness to the region of the stomach creates in this part a sense of weight, oppression, or other less definite uneasiness; and, when the stomach is full, appears greatly to disturb the due digestion of the food. It is remarkable how instantly, under such circumstances, the effect comes on; a fact readily attested by experiment, which every one may make for himself. The symptoms of the dyspeptic patient are doubtless much aggravated by the constant and earnest direction of the mind to the digestive organs, and the functions going on in them. Feelings of nausea may be produced, or greatly increased, in this way; and are often suddenly relieved by the attention being diverted to other objects."—p. 66.

It is to avoid the injurious effects of incessant watching over such symptoms, that Dr. Holland advises the dyspeptic to dine from a simple and discreet table at regular hours; but he well adds, that "if this rule should bring him to a solitary meal set apart for himself, more of ill than of good results."

* Lawrence's portrait gives one phase of Abernethy's aspect very happily; but who can paint anything of the manner which set off such a seemingly common little matter-of-fact as that told in these words?—"Local injury or irritation frequently produces a state of delirium, in which a man is utterly unconscious of his situation; he goes on imagining things, as in a dream, and acting in consequence of such imaginations. Delirium often takes place in consequence of an accident of no very momentous kind; it may occur without fever, or it may be accompanied with that irritative sympathetic which I described to you in the last lecture, and which is often the last stage of all, that closes the sad eventful history of a compound fracture. Delirium seems to be a very curious affection; in this state a man is quite unconscious of his disease; he will give rational answers to any questions you put to him, when you rouse him; but, as I said before, he relapses into a state of wandering, and his actions correspond with his dreaming. People who are delirious and suffer pain have generally uneasy dreams;

but delirious patients seem often to have undisturbed and even pleasant dreams. I remember a man with compound fracture in this hospital, whose leg was in a horrible state of sloughing, and who had delirium in this state. I have roused him, and said, 'Thomas what is the matter with you? how do you do?' He would reply, 'Pretty hearty, thank ye, nothing is the matter with me; how do you do?' He would then go on dreaming of one thing or another. I have listened at his bedside, and I am sure his dreams were often of a pleasant kind. He met old acquaintances in his dreams; people of whom he remembered 'lang syne,' his former companions, his kindred and relations, and he expressed his delight at seeing them. He would exclaim every now and then, 'That's a good one,' 'Well, I never heard a better joke,' and so on. It is a curious circumstance, that all consciousness of suffering is thus cut off, as it were, from the body; and it cannot but be regarded as a very benevolent effect of nature's operations, that extremity of suffering should thus bring with it its antidote."—*Abernethy's Lectures*, p. 20.

When the stomach is full, the less the mind has to do with it the better—a lesson on which all who endeavour to digest at the same time tough chops and mental food of equal resistance, in the shape of reports legal and parliamentary, should ponder. There are few individuals more dyspeptic than those who pursue day after day the above regimen, and fewer who are not surprised at the effect of “only two mutton chops and regular hours.”

“For the guidance of patients themselves, those rules of course are best which are most promptly and safely applied; neither harassing the mind by anxieties of choice, nor the body by encouraging wayward fancies as to methods of prevention or cure. If, for example, I were to specify any general maxims as to food, preferable to others from distinctness and easy application, and serving as a foundation for lesser injunctions, they would be the following:—

“*First*, that the stomach should never be filled to a sense of uneasy repletion. *Secondly*, that the rate of eating should always be slow enough to allow thorough mastication, and to obviate that uneasiness which follows food hastily swallowed. *Thirdly*, that there should be no urgent exercise, either of body or mind, immediately after a full meal.

“The simplicity and familiarity of these rules may lessen their seeming value; but in practice they will be found to include, directly or indirectly, a great proportion of the cases and questions which come before us. And many such cases, as, for example, those which relate to different qualities of food, would lose great part of their difficulty were these maxims successfully enforced.—When the quantity taken does not exceed the just limit; when it comes to the stomach rightly prepared by mastication, and by admixture with the secretions of the glands which aid the first stage of digestion; and when no extraneous interruption exists to the proper functions of the stomach in this stage; the capacity of digestion is really extended as respects varieties of food, and tables of relative digestibility lose much of their value.”—p. 344.

Latterly, a very remarkable opportunity has been afforded of verifying on the human subject much that was conjectural or incomplete in the doctrines and facts relative to digestion; and as we shall have to refer more than once to the results, we may as well sketch the extraordinary story of Alexis St. Martin.

Dr. Beaumont, a physician in the army of the United States, while serving in the Michigan territory, was called to see a robust youth of eighteen, who half an hour before had been desperately wounded by the accidental discharge of a gun, the contents of which entered the chest and passed in an oblique direction into the stomach, and out through the neighbouring integuments. There were therefore two perforations; an upper, from which a portion of the lung, and a lower, from which a part of the stomach, protruded. The cure was protracted during a year, at the end of which time the orifice in the chest was completely cicatrised, while that in the stomach remained open to the extent of two and a half inches in circumference, permitting the food to escape unless prevented from so doing by the application of a pad and bandage. In another year (the spring of 1824), nature remedied this defect by a species of valve formed of the inner lining of the stomach itself, which, by jutting over the aperture, closed it, by simple apposition without adhesion; so that it could be readily pushed aside whenever Dr.

Beaumont wished to have ocular demonstration of the process of digestion in a living man, or when he chose to insert directly into the stomach any of the articles of food.

In 1825 experiments were commenced; but as St. Martin decamped without his master's leave or knowledge, we must suppose that they were, we will not say unpalatable, but not agreeable, to St. Martin. Four years elapsed ere he was heard of, during which period he had laboured hard for his livelihood, had married, and become the father of two children. It being by chance ascertained that he was in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, Dr. Beaumont, with most laudable zeal, succeeded, at great expense, in having the man and his family transported to him a distance of 2000 miles. St. Martin's health was perfectly good, although the aperture into the stomach remained pervious. A series of experiments were now tried on him, from August, 1829, to March, 1831, during the whole of which time he continued to perform the duties of a common servant in Dr. Beaumont's family. He then asked and obtained leave to go back to Canada, but once more returned in 1832, under the express stipulation of twelve months' further experimentation. The details have now been published by Beaumont, and commented on, among others, by Dr. Holland.

On pressing back the valve over the orifice into the stomach, the internal surface of that organ could be seen for the space of six inches, and the food could be perceived not only at the moment of its entrance, but during the whole period that it remained there; so that all the mechanism of a vital action hitherto known by indirect means alone was exposed to the senses. The time and circumstances under which the secretion of gastric juice took place, the motion of the stomach, the temperature necessary for the digestive process, the appearance in health and in disease of the mucous membrane lining the organ, and many other states and facts, were definitely made out by the accident of which Dr. Beaumont made such good use. His experiments were painless, and we add with much pleasure that they appear to have been conducted with a discretion which does not always accord with the zeal displayed in the pursuit of knowledge. In no instance do we find that he infringed on the ties of humanity, or subjected his patient to any trials which could have impaired his frame. In this respect the man himself, by his excesses in drinking, his irregularities in diet, and his occasional ebullitions of temper, solved many a question, for the sake of which a conscientious inquirer would not have tempted his poverty.

Most physicians agree with Dr. Holland, that there is more danger in relation to the *quantity* than to the quality of the food, in the former of which it is our author's opinion that the higher classes of this country, and perhaps of all highly-civilised countries, exceed. For example, Dr. Abercrombie, in his admirable work on the diseases of the stomach, says:—

“Much certainly is to be done in dyspeptic cases by attention to the quality of the articles that are taken, but I am satisfied much more depends on the quantity; and I am even disposed to say that the dyspeptic might be almost independent of any attention to the quality of his diet, if he rigidly observed the necessary restrictions as to quantity.”

Baglivi, the celebrated Roman physician, mentions that in Italy an unusually large proportion of the sick recover during lent, in consequence of the lower diet which is then observed as a part of religious duty. We may take the liberty of adding that the discipline of our own church, were it inculcated and practised more strictly, would leave little for the fashionable physician to do. Scarcely any combination of circumstances can be conceived more unfavourable to general health than that afforded by the dissipations of a London life during the season least propitious to it, namely, lent, or, as the word itself signifies, the spring.

Many dietists have attempted to fix the quantity which may be consumed with benefit. Cornaro took twelve ounces of solid food and fourteen of (*Italian*) wine daily. Dr. Cheyne states, that for a healthy man following a laborious employment, eight ounces of meat, twelve of bread and vegetables, and a pint of wine in the twenty-four hours is the just allowance; but that a reduction in this quantity must be resorted to by those who are sedentary or engaged in intellectual pursuits. For this latter class, Sir John Sinclair proposes the following dietary:—for breakfast, four ounces of bread and eight of tea; for dinner, four ounces of bread, eight of meat, as much of water, and twelve of wine; and for supper, eight ounces of liquid food, making in all three pounds four ounces per diem. This quantity may, he adds, be increased one-third for those who take moderate, and one-half for those who take violent exercise. Thus Captain Barclay, when engaged in his great feat of walking 1000 miles in 1000 successive hours, took daily from five to six pounds of animal food alone, besides bread and vegetables, while the proportion of liquids, such as porter, wine, tea, and ale, was not less abundant. But we are of opinion that both Sinclair and Cheyne's rules are applicable to those only who go on the "generous moderation" system, which differs from excess as a chronic malady does from an acute—it is too full, and, moreover, too unvaried. Moderation and monotony should not be confounded. Of the two modes of injurious living, namely, the irregular, consisting of excessive feasting and fasting, and the regular, or sustained and full, though not excessive feeding, we suspect the latter to be the most hurtful.

A keen observer of society has some apt observations on the habits of those engaged in political life.

"It has been observed that men of great abilities are generally of a large and vigorous animal nature. I have heard it remarked by a statesman of high reputation that most great men have died of over-eating themselves; and without absolutely subscribing to this remark, I would say that it points to a principal peril in the life of such men, namely, the violent craving for one kind of excitement which is left as in a void by the flames of another. If a statesman would live long, he must pay a jealous and watchful attention to his diet. A patient in the feverward of an hospital scarcely requires to be more carefully regulated in this particular; and he should observe that there are two false appetites to which he is liable—the one an appetite resulting from intellectual labour, which though not altogether morbid is not to be relied upon for digestion in the same degree as that which results from bodily exercise; the other, proceeding from nervous irritability, which is purely fallacious. Those to whom pub-

lic speaking is much of an effort (and it tries the nerves of most men even after they have been accustomed to it for years) should, if possible, dine lightly at least an hour before they are called upon to speak, and should resist the propensity which they will feel to eat soon after they have spoken."—*The Statesman*, by Henry Taylor, Esq. p. 280.

There is little to be added to these remarks. A long and tranquil life is scarcely to be expected as the result of political agonistics, in which intellect and passion are alike overtaxed, and which require some more natural sources of repose than are to be found in debates lengthened through the nights of a six months' session, or in the pure air of St. Stephen's, or the round of party and cabinet feasting.

Contrasted with those classes supplied with too abundant nourishment are the poor, who, in most countries, are overtaken and underfed.

There is a curious essay of M. Villermé, published in the "*Annales d'Hygiène*," where that gentleman endeavours to investigate the mortality among the various classes of Paris, and the broad result he obtains is, that neither air, nor space, nor water, nor density of population, nor elevation, nor any appreciable condition of a similar kind, influences it so much as "easy circumstances." In many of the poorer districts the mortality was double that of the richer. Taking the whole of France, he found that the expectation of life for a child born of rich parents was 42½ years, while that for one born of poor parents was only 30.

Over or under-feeding, it would appear then, are equally injurious; and most modern dietitians have given over the attempt to measure moderation by scales and weights, investing, however, the stomach itself with certain sensations which they would rank as a corporal conscience and sufficient guide. Thus Dr. Beaumont says:—

"There appears to be a sense of perfect intelligence conveyed from the stomach to the encephalic centre, which, in health, invariably dictates what quantity of aliment (responding to the sense of hunger, and its due satisfaction) is naturally required for the purposes of life, and which, if noticed and properly attended to, would prove the most salutary monitor of health, and effectual preventive of and restorative from disease. It is not the sense of *satiety*, for this is beyond the point of *healthful* indulgence, and is nature's earliest indication of an *abuse* and *overburthen* of her powers to replenish the system. It occurs immediately previous to this, and may be known by the pleasurable sensation of *perfect satisfaction, ease, and quiescence of body and mind*. It is when the stomach says *enough*, and is distinguished from satiety by the difference of the sensations—the former feeling *enough*, the latter *too much*. The first is produced by the timely reception into the stomach of proper aliment in exact proportion to the requirements of nature, for the perfect digestion of which a definite quantity of gastric juice is furnished by the proper gastric apparatus. But to effect this most agreeable of all sensations and conditions—the real Elysian satisfaction of the *reasonable* epicure—timely attention must be paid to the preliminary processes, such as thorough mastication, and moderate or slow deglutition. These are indispensable to the due and natural supply of the stomach at the stated periods of alimentation; for if food be swallowed too fast, and pass into the stomach imperfectly masticated, too much is received in a short time and in too imperfect a state of preparation to be disposed of by the gastric juice."

Dr. Beaumont, as we see, believes that only a definite quantity of the gastric juice, exactly apportioned to the actual wants of the body, is furnished; so that if more food is thrust into the stomach than the juice alone can solve, the surplus remains as an irritant; and then to the unhappy gourmand will apply Abernethy's lashing description:—

"Suppose a glutton to overcharge his stomach with all the cursed mixtures which a vitiated appetite can invent, what can he expect but the constant production of an irritable material from the fermentation of the vegetable matter, and from the animal matter becoming rancid?"

In fevers, and febrile illnesses, it not only is a vulgar error, but a dangerous one, to endeavour to restore health by nourishment. Beaumont remarked that in similar predicaments no gastric juice was furnished by the stomach, the inner coat of which was dry, red, and readily ulcerable. It is evident that the instinctive loathing against all aliment entertained by the fever patient for days, nay weeks, is his safeguard against the officiousness of nurses and housekeepers; while the craving for fluids is as excessive as the coolness of the beverage is wholesome and refreshing. Dr. Beaumont remarks that the western Indian, after long fasting, will devour not only without injury, but with benefit, enough to have gorged any civilised being to death. After the emaciation of fever, especially in the advancing stage of convalescence, the appetite is much increased; so, also, is it greater in childhood than in after life, where no demands exist for material to build up the frame. But, finally, to come to actual experiment, Dr. Beaumont found, that if he wanted to obtain from St. Martin much gastric juice, he had only to enjoin a severe fast; he then, by gently rubbing the inner membrane of the stomach with the smooth bulb of a thermometer, could obtain a larger quantity than when the patient had been allowed to have his ordinary meals. In these experiments it was curious to remark that those sensations so well known to the dyspeptic, namely, the sense of sinking, heart-burn, headache, vertigo, and many others, depended on the various conditions of the stomach, and could be produced at the will of the manipulator.

Another important fact was observed by Dr. Beaumont. He remarked that the gastric juice was not contained ready effused in the stomach, as in a reservoir; consequently, that the popular notion of the sense of hunger being dependent on the actual presence of this irritating fluid is erroneous. He examined the coats of the living stomach with a lens, and actually saw the gastric juice exude from innumerable small points scattered over the surface of the organ, when solicited by the contact of food, or by other stimuli. When St. Martin was in health, the liquid was clear, inodorous, and contained muriatic acid. It is probable that a little acetic acid enters into its composition, together with slight portions of the phosphates and muriates of soda, magnesia and potash. This fluid is an almost universal solvent of animal matter, though incapable of acting, except in a very slight degree, on inorganic substances. Whatever be the kind of food, various as it is in the various countries inhabited by man, still, through the agency of this solvent, a simple milk-like nutrient, devoid of all the peculiarities of the ingesta, is ultimately extracted for the wants of the frame.

The antiseptic powers of the juice are very great, so that the process of putrefaction is speedily stopped by it; thus permitting the well-cased epicure to indulge in game in which the "*haut gout*" has reached the verge of toleration. The quantity given out at each meal varies, but probably is, like that of all other secretions, more dependent on the nature of its stimulus than on any exact law such as that assumed by Dr. Beaumont, for

"Increase of appetite doth grow
By what it feeds on."

And it is certain that Wordsworth's

"Rosey man of purple cheer,
An oily man right plump to see,"

elaborates gastric juice enough to chymify food very little demanded by "the wants of his system."

The quantity is probably always considerable. Beaumont often extracted one or two ounces for the purpose of testing its solvent powers out of the body. And in one instance, where St. Martin had taken no fluid with his meal, still the stomach appeared as full of liquid as if he had drunk his usual quantum. When thus exuded it penetrates every portion of the food; hence, the absolute necessity of due mastication, it having been ascertained that large lumps of food, by affording much less surface for action, are much less quickly digested. Various kinds of substances have different degrees of digestibility, and, though they may be all under the influence of the gastric fluid at the same time, those which are termed most digestible are the quickest to disappear. The devotees of venison will rejoice to hear that they have been eating up to the principles of the latest scientific discoveries. The worshippers of game, with its full aroma, may also plead in their favour the tenderness and consequent digestibility of the fibre. The "*haut gout*," however, must not be excessive, as in some instances it has been known to produce disease. Soups are, on the whole, much less digestible than solids; and, indeed, to digest them at all, the stomach is compelled to solidify their contents by an absorption of the fluid part. But we are anticipating.

It would seem that the food is not kept in the stomach until all parts of it are reduced to the pulpy state called, technically, "*chyme*," but that portions soonest fitted for the body find their way first to the upper part of the intestinal canal, where, with the assistance of the secretions of the liver and pancreas, that milk-like fluid to which we alluded, termed *chyle*, is separated and conveyed speedily into the veins. Besides the solvent powers of gastric juice, chymification is furthered by a churning motion given to the contents of the stomach by its fibres, and this is again aided by the temperature of that organ, which, during digestion, is 100° Fah. Thus the nutritive function is at once chemical, mechanical, and *vital*—for no subtle process, chemical or mechanical, but of the living body, can elaborate a simple fluid like chyle, from such a variety of ingredients as form the food of man, especially a Frenchman.

Various accessories have been gravely signalled by the learned as furthering digestion. Thus, Hufeland lauds the wisdom of our forefathers in patronis-

ing the "fool," whose quips and cranks were wont to keep the table in a roar; for, adds the expositor of the art of prolonging life, "Laughter is one of the greatest helps to digestion with which I am acquainted; what nourishment one receives amidst mirth and jollity will certainly produce good blood;" and Combe, who makes the quotation, expatiates on the text, as to the effect of agitation of the diaphragm, in laughter, on the trituration of the food, and the diminution of the vivacity and extent of the respiratory movement which always attends despondency and grief, as one source of enfeebled digestion.

Dr. Caldwell, in his *Thoughts on Physical Education*, says that dyspepsia commences as often in the brain as in the stomach, probably oftener. According to this gentleman, among the husbandmen of England who steadily pursue "their tranquil mode of life, regardless of the fluctuations of stock, the fate of political measures, the bickerings of party, dyspepsia is almost a stranger. Merchants, manufacturers, and mechanics, who are engaged in a regular and well-established business, have good digestions and bear the marks of it." On the other hand, "dyspepsia is the torment of literary men, officers of state, dealers in scrip, daring adventurers, anxious and ambitious projectors of improvements; they exhibit deep traces of it in their haggard countenances." Dr. Combe appends to this, "that there is no situation in which digestion goes on so favourably as during the cheerful play of sentiment in the after-dinner small-talk of a well-assorted circle."

Dr. Caldwell's able division of the human species into fat and lean may, perhaps, be caviled at by many officers of state, and dealers of scrip, and daring adventurers, as too exclusive, since just claims may be made by several such to the laudable obesity with which the doctor endows the merchant, the mechanic, and the husbandman. We rejoice, however, at this well marked division of the "genus homo," and no less at the exposition of the scientific uses of laughter and "small talk," as furnished by Hufeland and Combe. The value of the intellectual play of ancient and modern symposiasts will now have received the sanction of science by a process of subtle inquiry, which Horatio stamped as too curious, when Hamlet traced the noble dust of Alexander till he found it stopping a beer-barrel.

The sum of all these erudite lucubrations is, that the nervous system has great influence on the process of digestion; so great that Abernethy resolved all of what he termed the "complicated madness of the human race," into "gormandising, and fidgeting about what cannot be helped." Dr. Beaumont repeatedly observes that digestion was impeded, and the stomach disordered, by the ebullitions of temper which overcame St. Martin.

The following extracts will give to the reader a vivid picture of what he may make his organs suffer by infringing the golden rule of moderation:—

"July 14, nine o'clock P. M.—Temperature of stomach 102°. St. Martin has been in the woods all day, picking whortleberries, and has eaten no food since seven o'clock in the morning till eight at evening. Stomach full of berries and chymifying aliment, frothing and foaming like fermenting beer or cider: appears to have been drinking liquors too freely."

"July 28, nine o'clock P. M.—Stomach empty—not

healthy—some erythema and aphthous patches on the mucous surface. St. Martin has been drinking ardent spirits pretty freely for eight or ten days past—complains of no pain, nor shows symptoms of any general indisposition—says he feels well, and has a good appetite."

"Aug. 2, eight o'clock A. M.—Extracted one ounce of gastric fluids, consisting of unusual proportions of vitiated mucus, saliva, and some bile, tinged slightly with blood, appearing to exude from the surface of the erythema and aphthous patches, which were tenderer and more irritable than usual. St. Martin complains of no sense of pain, symptoms of indisposition, or even of impaired appetite. Temperature of stomach 101°."

"Aug. 3, seven o'clock A. M.—Inner membrane of stomach unusually morbid; the erythematous appearance more extensive, and spots more livid than usual; from the surface of some of which exuded small drops of grumous blood; the aphthous patches larger and more numerous; the mucus covering thicker than common, and the gastric secretions much more vitiated. The gastric fluids extracted this morning were mixed with a large proportion of thick ropy mucus, and considerable muco-purulent matter, slightly tinged with blood. Notwithstanding this diseased appearance of the stomach, no very essential aberration of its functions was manifested. St. Martin complains of no symptoms indicating any general derangement of the system, except an uneasy sensation, and a tenderness at the pit of the stomach, and some vertigo, with dimness and yellowness of vision in stooping down and rising again; has a thin, yellowish-brown coat on his tongue, and his countenance is rather sallow; pulse uniform and regular; appetite good; rests quietly, and sleeps as well as usual."

Now, let those who tax their stomachs at the commands of an insatiable appetite, ponder well on these facts of Beaumont, from which it is evident that our sensations are but poor criteria of the presence of disease in this the most important organ of the animal economy. The surface of this viscus may be inflamed, nay, even ulcerated, without influencing perceptibly our feelings as to general health; nevertheless the secretions become altered, not only in the stomach, but in other organs. If this be sudden and excessive, the usual signs of acute dyspepsia are manifested; but if, as is generally the case, the stomach is constantly over-stimulated in a *slight degree*, a chronic ailment is produced by the sustained effects of moderate excess, and the foundations of impaired general health are inevitably and firmly fixed. From this prolific source spring gout, the tendency to rheumatism, gravel and dyspeptic phthisis, not to mention that distressing host of ailments and illnesses which arise from over-excited vessels and irritated nerves,—hypochondria and determination of blood to the head. Overcharged as the picture may seem, it is, nevertheless, under the mark, as those who suffer from dyspepsia well know, or as those who wish to trace out the ramifications of malady may learn, by a perusal of the works especially devoted to this subject by Dr. James Johnson,† Dr. Paris, Mr. Abernethy, and others.

* "Experiments on the Gastric Juice, &c. By Wm. Beaumont, M. D. Boston, 1834"—pp. 236-238.

† Dr. Holland has mentioned with praise the works of these gentlemen among others. Dr. James Johnson's have been long before the public; and have had very considerable favour, as repeated editions testify. He is a quaint humorist, but has nevertheless set down a great number of valuable facts and hints.

We have hitherto commented on some of the mere conditions of the function of digestion. We must not pass over the very profound work of Dr. Prout, which develops the doctrines of modern alimentary philosophy. Mankind may go on eating for ever; but unless the third book of this distinguished author's *Bridgewater Treatise* be read, they will remain as ignorant of what they are daily doing, as M. Jourdain in the "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*." The mode, no doubt, in which the doctor has made use of his researches in illustration of the argument is often painfully startling; and indeed we have some misgivings, whether, as a whole, the *Bridgewater Treatises* have not lowered the high and sacred theme handled with such consummate ability by Paley.

However, under the head of "Alimentary Substances," Dr. Prout expatiates on what he terms, "The system of universal voracity" (p. 472); the existence of which as a phenomenon he makes use of as indicative of design. To render this intelligible, we must premise that the infinite diversity visible in the composition of organic bodies, whether vegetable or animal, is not owing to an infinite variety of different substances, but to the modifications of a few primary substances. Thus the chemist finds that the vegetable kingdom in general is composed especially of only three elements, namely, hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon; while animal bodies involve a fourth, azote. There are, however, many vegetable substances containing azote, while certain animal substances are devoid of it.

In addition to these "essential principles," there are others entering into the composition of organised bodies in very minute quantities, and these are termed by Dr. Prout "incidental." They are, sulphur, phosphorus, chlorine, fluorine, iron, potassium, sodium, calcium, magnesium, and probably a few more. These, according to this author, play a most important part in modifying structure; for it is they which are the chief instruments, producing those remarkable differences observed in bodies having the same essential composition; a theory which is illustrated by many striking facts and very original views.

The combination of these ultimate elements with one another, according to certain laws, produces what the chemist terms the immediate or proximate elements of living bodies, such as sugar, oil, albumen, &c., which themselves are readily modified, and assume the different aspects of organic life. As an instance of what an extreme change is made by a simple alteration of the proportions of the same ingredients, we may notice, that the antagonism between sweet and sour, as observed in sugar and vinegar, is owing only to a little more or a little less of carbon and water. Thus, if in one hundred parts about forty-two be carbon, and the rest be water, we shall have sugar; but if forty-seven parts be carbon, and the rest water, we shall have vinegar.

The essence of Dr. Prout's "system of universal voracity" therefore is this: the lower organisms convert those elements denominated by him "essential," into certain substances which, however various in appearance and in accidental qualities, are reducible to a few "proximate principles." The organisms higher than these, by preying on those below them in the scale of life, find a material already assimilated

to that of their own structure, and are therefore saved the trouble of forming these proximate principles out of the elemental. There results, therefore, a great saving in the machinery of digestion. The more perfect animals, being exonerated from the toil of initial assimilation of the material composing their frames, do not require that complicated apparatus which those below them needed—the elements on which they feed being already in the order which is best adapted to fill up the waste of their bodies. "We could form," says Dr. Prout, "some conception of the complication that would be required, if such an animal as man were destined, like a plant, to feed on carbonic acid gas." In this view, or, as it is called, "this beautiful arrangement in the mode of nutrition," the lower animals must be looked on as a *cuisine obligée* for the wants of the higher—which, Dr. Prout adds, "almost invariably prey on those that are inferior to themselves in magnitude, in organisation, or intelligence."—(p. 470.) But "almost invariably" is scarcely a sufficient qualification of his bold theory of the final cause of the "system of universal voracity." Other generalisers, with scarcely less boldness, have asserted that the final object of this very system is the development of intellect! since it is only by the exhibition of the most curious stratagems that most animals can obtain their prey. We confess that we have some misgivings about the security of the higher organisms from the rapacity of the lower, and doubt much whether the lion does not consider man as his natural food. At all events, the question may admit of litigation as to the negro, who in Southern Africa leaves the field and the forest to his lordly opponent, while he betakes himself to his hut, perched on the tall bole of some tree, whence he can view the glaring eyes moving like meteors in the darkness, and hear the interrupted thunder of that voice break up the silence of the wilderness. The sagacious elephant seems to have a very serious dread of the stupid tiger; and we believe the crocodile—one of the lower organisms—appears to pay very little deference to the higher orders which come to slake their thirst in the stream on whose oozy banks he lies concealed. In short, this system of universal voracity is a very obscure one in the economy of nature; and though its final cause is probably inscrutable, we thankfully acknowledge that no one has exemplified some of its uses more genially than the gifted author of the eighth *Bridgewater Treatise*.

However varied the sensible qualities of food may be, there are, according to Dr. Prout, but three "great staminal principles from which all organised bodies are essentially constituted:" viz. the saccharine, the oleaginous, and the albuminous. The first is the especial characteristic of plants; the second exists both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms; the albuminous exists in the flesh and blood of animals, and, in a modified form, in all other textures. These three staminal principles are capable of passing into, and combining with, each other. Further, they are transmutable into new principles under certain laws; thus the saccharine principle is readily convertible, as we have seen, into acid termed oxalic; or, under certain circumstances, into a modification of the oleaginous principle—alcohol. The consequence of the higher animal feeding on the lower is therefore that their food must consist of one

or more of the above staminal principles. "A diet, to be complete, must contain more or less of all the three."—(p. 477.)

Dr. Prout was led to take this comprehensive view of the essence of aliment by reflecting that the only substance actually prepared by Nature herself for food, and for nothing else, is *milk*. In this, then, he thought we must expect to find a model of what a true alimentary substance should be—a sort of prototype or pattern of nutritive material; and accordingly the analysis of every known kind of milk discovers it to be a compound of the three staminal principles enumerated, in admixture of various proportions. Hence, then, we fairly come to this conclusion, that, eat what we may, we but consume the "saccharine, the oleaginous, and the albuminous principles;" and that the art of cookery, however it may impose on the palate in disguising or in varying them, does not long delude the archæus presiding over the digestive functions.

The contrast presented between the poetical and the philosophical description of a banquet is a psychological curiosity:—

"In ample space, under the broadest shade,
A table richly spread in regal mode,
With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
And savour: beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,
Gris-amber-steamed: all fish from sea or shore,
Freshet or purling brook, or shell, or fin,
And exquisitest name, for which was drained
Pontus and Lucrine Bay, and Afric coast.
And at a stately sideboard, by the wine
That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymede or Hylas: distant more
Under the trees now tripped, now solemn stood,
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades,
With fruits and flowers from Amalthæa's horn;
And all the while harmonious airs were heard
Of chiming strings or charming pipes; and winds
Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fanned
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells."*

Alas! this exquisite variety of sensuous impression—this quintessence of the material eliminated by poetical alchemy—is, by a process scarcely less subtle, crystallised into three staminal principles! Hear Dr. Prout—

"With regard to the nature and the choice of aliments, and the modes of their culinary preparation, it follows from the observations we have offered, that, under similar circumstances, those articles of food which are the least organised must be the most difficult to be assimilated, consequently that the assimilation of crystallised, or very pure substances, must be more difficult than the assimilation of any others. Thus, pure sugar, pure alcohol, and pure oil, are much less easy to be assimilated than substances purely amylaceous; or than that peculiar condition or mixture of alcohol existing in natural wines, or than butter. In these forms, the assimilation of the saccharine and the oleaginous principles is comparatively easy. Of all crystallised matters, pure sugar is perhaps the most easily assimilated; but every one is taught by experience, that much less can be eaten of articles composed of sugar than of those composed of amylaceous matters. In some forms of dyspepsia, the effect of pure

sugar is most pernicious—perhaps fully as pernicious as that of pure alcohol.

"Nature has not furnished either pure sugar or pure starch; and these substances are always the results of artificial processes more or less elaborate, in which, as in many of the processes of cookery, man has been over-officious, and has studied the gratification of his palate rather than followed the dictates of his reason. In many dyspeptic individuals, the assimilating and preservative powers of the system are already so much weakened as to be unable to resist the crystallisation of a portion of their fluids. Thus in gouty invalids, how often do we see chalk-stones formed in every joint? Now, with so little control over their own fluids, how can they reasonably hope to assimilate extraneous crystallisations? If, therefore, such an invalid, on sitting down to a luxurious modern banquet, composed of sugar, and oil, and albumen, in every state and combination, except those best adapted for food, would pause a moment, and ask himself the question, 'Is this debilitated and troublesome stomach of mine endowed with the alchemy requisite for the conversion of all these things into wholesome flesh and blood?' he would probably adopt a simpler repast, and would thus save himself from such uneasiness. The truth is, that many of the elaborate dishes of our ingenious continental neighbours are scarcely nutritious, or designed to be so. They are mere vehicles for different stimuli—different ways, in short, of gratifying that low animal propensity by which so many are urged to the use of ardent spirits, or of various narcotics. In one respect, indeed—namely, that of reducing to a state of pulp those refractory substances which we have before mentioned—the culinary processes of our neighbours are much superior to ours; but in nearly every other respect, and most of all in the general use of pure sugar and pure oil, their cookery is eminently injurious to all persons who have weak digestion. On the other hand, in this country, we do not in general pay sufficient attention to the reducing processes of the culinary art. Every thing is firm and crude; and though the mode of preparation be less captivating, the quantity of indigestible aliment is quite as great in our culinary productions as in those of France.

"Providence has gifted man with reason; to his reason, therefore, is left the choice of food and drink, and not to instinct, as among the lower animals. It thus becomes his duty to apply his reason to that object; to shun excess in quantity, and what is noxious in quality; to adhere, in short, to the simple and the natural, among which the bounty of his Maker has afforded him an ample selection, and beyond which, if he deviates, sooner or later he will suffer the penalty."—Prout, pp. 507—510.

Nevertheless, it would be a sad blunder to suppose that variety is unwholesome; and that any, or all of the staminal principles, in their concentrated form, ought to be the daily food of man. So far from this, it is proved, beyond a doubt, that nothing can be more pernicious than highly nutritious matters compressed in a small bulk. Majendie fed dogs on broths, sugar, or gum; they at first thrived, but soon perished. Dr. Paris observes, that the Kamtschadales, in order to make their fish oil digestible, mix it into a paste with sawdust. Dr. Stark's experiments on himself, coarse as they are, prove—if they prove any thing—how soon a diet of an unmixed kind, or of a highly nutritious nature, will put an end to "a person six feet high, twenty-eight years old," previously in perfect health; for in the short space of seven months, he appears to have brought on a scorbutic state of blood and ulceration of the bowels.

* Paradise Regained, b. ii.

The stomach requires, therefore, the stimulus of variety, though not a variety of stimulants—a certain dilution, if we may so express ourselves, of concentrated nourishment, and great care in what Dr. Holland has termed the manner of taking food, viz. in duly masticating it. Beaumont saw the stomach close on the bole of food as each mouthful descended, and about fifty to eighty seconds elapsed before it relaxed its hold to admit a second portion. At least this time, then, should be given to the due breaking up of the food to fit it for infiltration by the gastric juice. Beaumont seems to despise, however, Dr. Paris's dictum, "that insalivation is as essential as mastication;" fortifying his dissent by facts, of which he, of course, must have had ample experience:—

"I have known," he says, "many persons spit freely and constantly, whose appetites and digestions were perfect. They who smoke tobacco are constantly discharging large quantities of saliva, and yet I am not aware that dyspepsia is more common with them than with others."

We now present Dr. Beaumont's elaborate table of digestibility; premising, however, that wholesomeness of any article of food has a double reference, first to the thing itself, and secondly to the person; and that the latter is influenced by a hundred causes; by weather, by passion, by intemperance, by exhaustion, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

Table showing the Mean Time of Digestion of the different articles of Diet.

Articles of Diet.	Mode of Preparation.	Time required for Digestion.	
		H.	M.
Rice	Boiled	1	
Sago	Do.	1	45
Tapioca	Do.	2	
Barley	Do.	2	
Milk	Do.	2	
Ditto	Raw	2	15
Gelatine	Boiled	2	30
Pig's feet, soured	Do.	1	
Tripe, soured	Do.	1	
Brains	Do.	1	45
Venison steak	Boiled	1	35
Spinal marrow	Boiled	2	40
Turkey, domestic	Roasted	2	30
Do. do.	Boiled	2	25
Turkey, wild	Roasted	2	18
Goose	Do.	2	30
Pig, sucking	Do.	2	30
Liver, beef's, fresh	Boiled	2	
Lamb, fresh	Fried	2	30
Chicken, full grown	Fricassee	2	45
Eggs, fresh	Hard boiled	3	30
Do. do.	Soft do.	3	
Do. do.	Fried	3	30
Do. do.	Roasted	2	15
Do. do.	Raw		
Do. whipped	Do.	1	30
Custard	Baked	2	45
Codfish, cured, dry	Boiled	2	
Trout, Salmon, fresh	Do.	1	30
Do. do.	Fried	1	30
Bass, striped, fresh	Boiled	3	
Flounder, do.	Fried	3	30
Catfish, do.	Do.	3	30
Salmon, salted	Boiled	4	
Oysters, fresh	Raw	2	55
Do. do.	Roasted	3	15
Do. do.	Stewed	3	30
Beef, fresh, lean, rare	Roasted	3	
Do. do. dry	Do.	3	30
Do. steak	Boiled	3	
Do. with salt only	Boiled	2	45
Do. with mustard, &c.	Do.	3	30
Do. fresh, lean	Fried	4	
Do. old, hard, salted	Boiled	4	15
Pork-steak	Boiled	3	15
Pork, fat and lean	Roasted	5	15
Do. recently salted	Boiled	4	30
Do. do.	Fried	4	15
Do. do.	Boiled	3	15
Do. do.	Raw	3	
Do. do.	Stewed	3	
Mutton, fresh	Roasted	3	15
Do. do.	Boiled	3	
Do. do.	Boiled	3	
Veal, fresh	Boiled	4	
Do. do.	Fried	4	30
Fowls, domestic	Boiled	4	
Do. do.	Roasted	4	
Ducks, do.	Do.	4	
Do. wild	Do.	4	30
Suet, beef, fresh	Boiled	5	3
Do. mutton	Do.	4	30
Butter	Melted	3	30
Cheese, old, strong	Raw	3	30
Soup, beef, vegetables, and bread	Boiled	4	
Soup, marrow bones	Do.	4	15
Do. beans	Do.	3	
Do. barley	Do.	1	30
Do. mutton	Do.	3	30
Green corn and beans	Do.	3	45
Chicken soup	Do.	3	
Oyster soup	Do.	3	30
Hash, meat and vegetables	Warmed	2	30
Sausage, fresh	Boiled	3	20
Heart, animal	Fried	4	
Tendon	Boiled	5	30
Cartilage	Do.	4	15
Aponeurosis	Do.	3	
Beans, pod	Do.	2	30
Bread, wheaten, fresh	Baked	3	30
Do. corn	Do.	3	15
Cake do.	Do.	3	
Do. sponge	Do.	2	30
Dumpling, apple	Boiled	3	
Apples, sour and hard	Raw	2	50
Do. do. mellow	Do.	2	
Do. sweet do.	Do.	1	30
Paranips	Boiled	2	30
Carrot, orange	Do.	3	15
Beet	Do.	3	45
Turnips, flat	Do.	3	30
Potatoes, Irish	Do.	3	30
Do. do.	Roasted	2	30
Do. do.	Baked	2	30
Cabbage, head	Raw	2	30
Do. with vinegar	Do.	2	
Do. do.	Boiled	4	30

The American physician draws from these details fifty-one "inferences," some of which we have anticipated, and others are not exactly suited to this place. Among the most important are these:—

"That stimulating condiments are injurious to the healthy stomach.

"That the use of ardent spirits always produces disease of the stomach, if persevered in.

"That the quantity of food generally taken is more than the wants of the system require; and that such excess, if persevered in, generally produces not only functional aberration, but disease of the coats of the stomach.

"That bulk as well as nutriment is necessary to the articles of diet.

"That the digestibility of aliment does not depend upon the quantity of nutrient principles that it contains.

"That gentle exercise facilitates the digestion of food.

"That the time required for that purpose is various, depending upon the quantity and quality of the food, state of the stomach, &c.; but that the time ordinarily required for the disposal of a moderate meal of the fibrous parts of meat, with bread, &c. is from three to three and a half hours."—*Observations, &c.* p. 173.

The reader will now appreciate the third rule of Dr. Holland, thus clearly and elegantly illustrated:

"There should be no sudden or urgent exertion soon after a full meal, nor immediately before it; for the same general reason applies to both cases. The stomach requires (as does every organ) for its appropriate function a sufficient supply of nervous power, whenever derived, and a proportionate increase of blood in its circulation, to minister to the actions of which digestion is the result. It may be a physiological fact that these two conditions are identical, or that one involves the other. But whether so or not, it is equally certain that both the nervous power, and the blood needful to digestion, are diminished and disturbed by strong exercise immediately before or after a meal; and this, independently of the effects of mechanical agitation in the latter case, which is no doubt often concerned in disturbing the process.—The proofs of these facts are furnished by constant experience, and are familiar to us amongst other animals; yet is attention not sufficiently given to them either in the habitual directions of physicians, or in the rules which men apply themselves to the management of their diet. Hard exercise and fatigue are often understood as a sanction for immediate and ample food, without regard to the expenditure of power that has taken place, or to the direction which the circulation has got towards the muscles and capillaries of the skin. Those who are exposed to the necessity of long and fatiguing journeys speedily learn the error of this. But experience of such kind is generally needed to teach it; nor is this always sufficient against the force of early impressions and the faulty habits of society."—*Notes, &c.* pp. 349–351.

We wish we could enter more largely into the value and use of exercise for the feeble of all ages, or could trace out the great benefits which a judicious training of the muscular system has, not only on general health, but on the brain and nervous system. It is not to the games and gambols of childhood, but to gymnastics as a regimen that we allude; the object of which is to bring out the defective portions to a level with the symmetry of other parts. A narrow chest is soon expanded, and, with the increased play for the lungs thus acquired, a more efficient

vitalisation of the blood is produced, which speedily tells both on the bulk and the energy of the higher organs. This kind of exercise requires, however, judgment both as to the when and the how far it should be used, and cannot be confided to the ordinary professors of fencing and gymnastics. To one, however, M. Hamon, of Jermyn street, we make an exception. The series of safe and judicious exercises introduced by that gentleman have, we know, been of great utility to weakly children, and even to sedentary dyspeptics of all ages.

Our limits do not permit our discussing the regimen fittest for the various stages of life; we must specially refer the reader, however, to Dr. Holland's chapter "On the Medical Treatment of Old Age." We are compelled also to avoid all but the slightest comment on the regulation of Dr. Caldwell's two divisions of man—the fat and the lean. The *juste milieu*, it is confessed, being the most difficult of all points to hit—we fear, nay, we know, that few troubled with obesity will do any thing to disencumber themselves of the load, although we would gladly relax for their sakes Abernethy's stoical cure of "living on sixpence a day, and earning it." Of the three essentials, moderation in eating, moderation in sleeping, and vigorous exercise, rarely more than two are complied with. In vain are sundry "stout gentlemen" seen steaming round the parks on a summer's morning, qualifying themselves by thus casting off the fumes of the *hesterna cœna* for a repetition of the excess to-day. All that can possibly be gained by this deceptive toil is a few years respite from the ills that *flesh* is heir to—the apoplexies, wheezing, asthma, dropsies, and ulcerated leg; while that darling aspiration of middle-aged, middle-sized conservatives, who have turned twelve stone, of limiting the figure within the seemly lines of the majestic, must be *ex cathedra* pronounced chimerical.

Men who have a constitutional tendency to obesity, and are tied to a sedentary profession, should exercise stern watch over appetite and sleep. They should learn by observation and meditation what substances create bulk; and should shun all which are highly oleaginous, or saccharine, or farinaceous, but especially such as unite these three conditions. It is not easy to fatten the carnivora even in captivity, nor even herbivorous animals, unless they are nourished by oil-cake, or other mixture of farina and oil. Excess, therefore, in all farinaceous substances—bread, potato, pastry of all kinds, and puddings, which unite the oily egg with sugar and farina, are to be most sedulously shunned. Beer, too, which, as to its incrustating powers, must be looked on as a liquid farina, should be banished. All rich thick soups and *purées*, and many other compounds, are to be excluded by those who are penetrated with the importance of the anti-obesic principles laid down. With all these omissions, enough and more will be left in the animal and vegetable kingdom, to satisfy even a luxurious palate. While we throw out these hints, we at the same time warn those who will listen to them not to tamper with such an instrument of health and disease as is diet, without the sanction of some better opinion than their own. It will be sufficient to state, that as obesity clings to two opposite kinds of constitution, the weak and sluggish, and the robust and plethoric, so two opposite modes of treatment are required, and of either of these the

patient himself is no judge. We believe that many states of ill health are induced by the selection of, and a forced adherence to, certain kinds of diet. Every habit of the body has attached to it peculiar maladies; and it is a question the uninitiated cannot resolve, whether the tendencies they would counteract on their own theories by their new regimen are indeed worse than those they may superinduce.

Fashion has interfered in many cases with the doctrines as to the preservation of health, and Dr. Holland has done wisely in selecting some of these for animadversion:—

"Of late years, for example, this fashion has directed itself against vegetable food—an erroneous prejudice in many, perhaps in the majority of cases. Allowing, what is partly proved, that vegetable matters are carried indigested to a lower part of the alimentary canal than animal food, and admitting that more flatulence is usually produced from them, it still is the fact that a feeble digestion suffers no less, though it may be in different ways, from an exclusively animal diet. Morbid products are alike evolved; and some of these affecting not only the alimentary canal, but disturbing other organs and functions through changes produced in the blood.

"I know the case of a gentleman, having the calculous diathesis strongly marked, in whom animal food, taken for three or four days, even in moderate quantity, invariably brings on discharge of lithic acid, as sand or gravel; suspended upon return to vegetable diet. This is a particular instance; but experience in gouty cases furnishes frequent and striking instances of the same general fact; thus indicating a large class of disorders, having much kindred with dyspepsia, in which excess in animal food rapidly becomes a source of mischief not merely by overloading the alimentary canal, but by introducing morbid matters into the system at large. A persevering abstinence from any such excess may be reckoned amongst the most effectual preventives of gout in all its forms.

"The rule of health being obviously that of blending the two kinds of food, I believe the exception more frequently required to be that of limiting the animal part in proportion to the other. The fashion of the day sets it down otherwise; and this is one of the subjects where loose or partial opinions easily get the force of precepts with the world at large."—p. 353.

It is especially with regard to gout that these observations are of weight; and we may once more say, that the author's separate chapter on "Gout and the use of Colchicum," is of very high value. Indeed we do not know any treatise in which so enlarged a view of this important subject has been taken. The reader will gather from its perusal what every practical physician well knows, that gout is not a local, but a general or constitutional malady; that the external swelling and redness are but the outworks of a disease pervading the blood, and often giving, during a life-time, a peculiar character to the habits, feelings, and ailments of those whom it affects: thus many forms of dyspepsia are simply gout; many disorders of the chest also are derivatives of gouty irritation; and not a few asthmas and diseases of the heart, bleedings from the lungs, &c. &c., are better treated by attention to the general than to the local state.

Dr. Holland has some excellent observations as to the use and abuse of wine (pp. 358, &c.). He concurs in the maxim of Celsus, so far as wine is concerned, that intemperance in eating is generally

more noxious than excess in drinking.* He seems to lean to the opinion that the immediate symptoms of excess in wine are excitement of the brain, or a tendency to somnolence and stupor, according as in particular frames the action of the *renes* is or is not quickened by the indulgence. He appears to treat as of no significance the results of all attempts to classify different wines in a sanatory point of view, and hints at the self-delusion of *bon vivants* who think that by abstaining from a glass or two of champagne they purchase a right to an extra bottle of sherry or claret. We advise all wine-bibbers on whatever scale to meditate his various statements and reflections, and last, not least, this parting prescription:—

"It is the part of every wise man, once at least in life, to make trial of the effects of leaving off wine altogether, and this even without the suggestion of actual malady. The point is one of interest enough in the economy of health to call for such an experiment; and the results can seldom be so wholly negative as to render it a fruitless one. To obtain them fairly, however, the abandonment must be complete for a time; a measure of no risk, even where the change is greatest; and illustrating, moreover, other points of temperament and particular function, which it is important to every man to know, for the right guidance of his habits of life."

From the Quarterly Review.

Introduction to the Literature of Europe, &c.
By Henry Hallam, Esq. Vols. ii. iii. iv. London, 1839.

Mr. Hallam has completed his work with the same industry, the same solid and masculine good sense, which distinguished his first volume. There is an obvious objection to the successful execution of such an undertaking as a general and comprehensive view of literature, during two or three of its most fertile centuries, by a single writer; that it would have been better to have left each department of science and letters to some individual who has made it his especial study. This, however, is met, we conceive, and counterbalanced, by some important advantages. Unless we are prepared to encounter the utmost length and minuteness, to which the ardent and exclusive votary might be disposed to follow out his own science or branch of literature, there must at last have been some supreme and dictatorial power to compress the whole into a limited space—to re-trench, to re-cast, to re-model, to decide summarily on the jealousies and conflicting claims of each contributor, as to the importance of his favourite subject; to proscribe the invasion of a neighbouring province; and above all, to trace the mutual relation which the various branches of intellectual study bear to each other. On this plan we might have had several useful works, with some sort of mutual connection; but we should have had no whole, no general and harmonious summary of the proceedings of the human intellect during a definite period. The example of the *Bridgewater Treatises* is not without significance. Though we might be

* "Sæpe, si quæ intemperantia subest, tutior est in potione quam in esca."

disinclined to submit the volumes of Whewell or Buckland to the supremacy of some one perhaps far less profoundly versed in astronomy or geology; though the more minute and subtle investigations of Roget might lose much, both of interest and usefulness, by compression or retrenchment; yet who, on surveying the long array of volumes on this high and solemn, yet after all simple, argument, does not wish that some strong and masterly hand had been employed to mould them into one great "Natural Theology," with a separate chapter, by Mr. Babbage's liberal permission, for the ninth? So in the literary history of these centuries, if we should gain in fulness and in authority by this division of literary labour, there is much, on the other hand, in its unity and coherence—in its being woven, as it were, in one woof, or cast in one mould, by the finest and most complicated piece of mechanism which nature, or rather the God of Nature, has wrought in his omnific bounty,—a commanding and comprehensive understanding.

Mr. Hallam, like Kehama, treads with firm step and secure footing at once his various paths of literature; and it is one of the most remarkable characteristics of this work, that the most elaborate, and, as we are of opinion, most successful passages, treat about writers on such various subjects, and of such different character. We would instance the view of the philosophy of Descartes, of Spinoza, and of Hobbes, and in general the progress of metaphysical inquiry; as contrasted with the unaffected originality and acuteness of some of the observations on what might be considered the exhausted merits of Shakspeare and Cervantes.

While we survey, in Mr. Hallam's pages, the literary history of a period, so long, so prolific, and so various, we cannot but yield to the temptation of inquiring whether we can trace any primary and simple laws of the intellectual development of man; whether there are any conditions of our religious, political, or social being peculiarly favourable, or strikingly adverse, to letters in general, or to any particular branch of letters; under what circumstances the imagination pours forth her richest treasures, or severe reason unfolds the mysteries of the external world, and of the human mind; where poetry is best quickened into life, or oratory endowed with the power of agitating the soul; where history registers, in undying language, the acts of men and the events of the world; where political science sheds its brightest light on human affairs, or philosophy either stoops to our practical duties, or soars to the first principles of things; or even where religion, or religious literature, exalts and purifies the heart, while it disdains not the alliance of man's highest reason. In a word, is there any uniformity or regularity in the progress of mental improvement?—or do great intellects break out casually, and, if we may so say, accidentally triumph, by the force of genius and intellectual energy, over all impediments and difficulties, and force an unprepared and uncongenial age to their acceptance, and to admiration!

At first sight, on these points, all is perplexity, confusion, and contradiction. Dante is born amid the fierce conflicts and the civil animosities of the free Italian republics; Ariosto and Tasso flourish at the courts of petty princes, or under the magnificent

despotism of the papacy during that glorious age of art and letters. The Reformation appears either to exhaust or to blast the intellect of Germany to barrenness, or at least to extinguish her vernacular literature—(from Luther's bible to Lessing and Herder there is little more than a dull blank)—while it seems to summon into life our Elizabethan poets and philosophers—our Spensers, Shakspeares, Hookers, Bacons. The revival of Roman Catholicism is almost contemporaneous, and no doubt part of the inspiration of the splendid, though brief period of Spanish literature, the age of Lope, Cervantes, and Calderon: it produced its vivifying effects on Italy; but southern Germany remained lifeless and unawakened. Free institutions have in general fostered the noblest products of the mind: but for her more perfect prose and her best poetry, France must yet look back to the gorgeous days of the court of Louis XIV., to Bossuet, Pascal, Corneille, and Racine. While the literature of some countries springs up at once to full height and stature—a Minerva from the head of Jove—in others it is slowly and progressively matured; while in some lands it seems to exhaust all its creative energies in one brilliant summer, in others it has a succession of productive seasons, and its prolific power seems to increase with the richness of its produce. One language seems destined to succeed in one branch of intellectual study: its poetical style, for instance, is perfect—while it never, or rarely, attains to eloquent or harmonious prose: in another, the higher poetry seems to want congenial words to express its thoughts. Here letters, arts, and philosophy seem to prosper from the concentration, as it were, of the nation in one large capital; there by its diffusion among a number of smaller and rival cities.

All this is unquestionable; and it may be safely assumed, that no age, no combination of political or social circumstances, no particular state of the human mind, will, of itself, call forth a great poet or a great philosopher. True genius springs up we know not from what quarter, what station, what parentage; it is heaven's lightning, which shines from the east to the west, yet no one knows whence it cometh or whither it goeth. In Tasso it may be considered (but how rare is this) in some degree an hereditary appanage. Torquato may be considered as cradled in poetry, by the example of his father Bernardo, who, however, did not much encourage the child that was so completely to eclipse his own name. It suddenly breaks out in one of a parcel of deer-stealing youths, of undistinguished name and parentage, in a rural county in England: it seizes on Burns at his plough. Philosophy emerges from the cell of a monk—descends from the woollack of Great Britain—visits with its subtlest, if not its soundest, spirit of inquiry, the humble dwelling of a Jew of Amsterdam—or works itself into fame and usefulness, from the cottage of a poor artisan. Yet it is remarkable how admirably timed almost every great writer appears to be; the man is born who is wanted for his age; in general, exactly the circumstances congenial to his peculiar genius conspire to develope his powers. Had Shakspeare been born before the stage had taken its form under Elizabeth, what would he have been? If Roger Bacon, or even the Marquis of Worcester, had been reserved for a later period, might they not have contributed most effectively and

usefully to the advancement of science—have vied with the Newtons, Cuviers, or Watts?

There can be no doubt that there are many premature births in the mental world; and Gray is not far wrong when he thinks that many mute inglorious Miltons may have been buried in village obscurity. Nature, no doubt, in her boundless and untraceable prodigality, allows much of her noblest creation—the inventive and intelligent mind of man—to run to waste. The whole analogy of created things indicates this. The most powerful intellect, just as it arrives at maturity, sinks into the grave; and the baffled hopes of those who have watched the precocious promise of genius and wisdom are surely not always fond illusions. But it should seem, on the other hand, that, if we may so speak, there is always a vast floating capital of invention and intellect, which only requires to be directed into the proper channels to multiply a hundred fold. Great occasions seem always to call forth great minds; and that great mind which is best adapted to the necessities and to the character of the age springs at once to the first rank. Wherever any important question has arisen, some bold intellect has arisen to grapple with it; and it is this happy coincidence between the character and powers of the commanding mind, and the intellectual or social necessities of the time, which brings to maturity all the noblest and the sempiternal works of human genius. Here and there some solitary individual may be discovered,

"Whose soul is like a star, and dwells apart,"

who is far in advance—an unintelligible mystery to his own times, but whose prophetic oracles are read with wonder and reverence by late posterity. But these exceptions prove rather than call in question the general law; and the fact, that they were perfectly obscure to their own generation, and are read not without difficulty, as is almost always the case, by later ages, shows that there has been still something wanting to their full and perfect development.

Nothing, perhaps, (excepting of course the invention of printing) has so powerfully contributed to the richness of modern literature as the infinite variety, the constant vicissitudes in the political and social state of the different nations of Europe. In the literature of each land, as in a mirror, we behold these perpetual changes—the intervals of excitement and repose—of restless activity and torpid stagnation—of vigorous exertion and the lassitude of exhaustion—the succession of more imaginative or more severely reasoning periods. As one nation, or one language, after maintaining the lead for a short time, drops behind in the glorious race, another starts to the front, sometimes springs far ahead of its wondering contemporaries, or, severely pressed by the emulation of others, hardly keeps its ground.

In general, we think it may be assumed, not indeed as an universal law, but as the usual course of things, that it is *after* the first violent impulse produced by the introduction of a new tone of opinion and sentiment; *after* a period of agitation and excitement, from a sudden or gradual change in the political or social state of the country, that the individual arises who, in poetry or prose, in imaginative excellence or in philosophy, becomes the organ and the representative of the new state of things. There is a scattering of the clouds, a stirring of the stag-

nant waters, a manifest yearning after something undefined; many unsuccessful efforts to satisfy the cravings of the human mind; failures which show the way to success, imperfect outlines and rude designs, the pangs and throes of a great but yet immature birth. At length, the individual appears who comprehends at once his own power and the character of his times, or at least intuitively feels himself in harmony with the demands of the stirring and yet dissatisfied age; and in one great work, or series of works, concentrates the invention, the knowledge, the poetry, sometimes not of one nation alone, but of the republic of letters. He feels his divine mission, and his mission is acknowledged.

At the period at which Mr. Hallam's second volume commences, the latter half of the sixteenth century, the strong and governing impulses of the European intellect were the yet imperfect, or at least far from general, revival of classical learning, the Reformation, and the vigorous reaction of Roman Catholicism in southern Europe. Italy was the acknowledged parent both of the poetry and the general literature of Christendom; Dante, Petrarch, and Ariosto, stood almost alone as the vernacular poets of Europe—(the Nibelungen of the Germans, and the Cid of Spain, belonged to a past age, and our own Chaucer, with all his inimitable humour, invention, and sweetness, was fettered in his influence by the yet rude and imperfect state of the English language). In the revival of letters, Italy had asserted the same priority, if not pre-eminence, with her Ficinus, Politian, and other well-known names. But in this latter department, the more polished, and gradually servilising, Italy began to shrink from her bold Platonic reveries, and that ardent homage to classical literature, which for a short period was her religion, and, in fact, set itself above her Christianity; she began to stoop to the cultivation of mere style, to limit her tinid ambition to purity of diction, and harmony of Latin period. In the mean time, the more masculine and independent transalpine mind followed up the study of the classics with unwearied industry. Even in Latin style, perhaps, after all, Muretus, and the other finished scholars of this period in Italy, never reached the ease and idiomatic, if perhaps less rigidly correct, flow of Erasmus; while, in the more solid attainments of scholarship, they fall far below the Casaubons and Scaligers of northern Europe.

It is remarkable that, while thus in the vain cultivation of a pure Latin style, Italy was retiring from the foremost rank of European scholars, from the loss of her independence, the enforced submission to petty domestic or to mightier foreign tyrannies, the growth of her vernacular prose seemed stifled in its birth. Has it ever, even in later times, equalled the nerve, the preciseness, the perspicuity of Machiavelli? Excellent as are some of her historians in many of the highest qualifications of their calling—although we cannot read Davila, Guicciardini, or even, perhaps the best in style, Sarpi; in later days Giannone, and we are disposed to add Galluzzi, without the highest admiration of their powers—yet more or less the same interminable and intricate prolixity of sentence, the same want of vivid perspicuity, of ease, of natural pause and emphasis, the same elaborately unfinished and inharmonious periods, chill our delight in reading them into a duty and a task. Ma-

ny of their admirable political and philosophical treatises labour under the same defect. Galileo stands almost alone, not merely in the matter, but in the manner of his composition. We should at once decide that political independence, with its constant practical intercourse of man and man, its collisions of intellect, and its absolute necessity of commanding the popular mind by clear, and intelligible, and striking language, was absolutely indispensable to the formation of a good prose style, if we were not suddenly arrested in our sentence by the thought of the great writers of France under Louis XIV. But, notwithstanding the enormous pedantry of her lawyers, and the utter want of taste in the more formal and elaborate writings of the period, we are inclined to think that the more terse and animated and perspicuous form of French prose was at least commenced in the previous time of political faction and tumult.—Many of the pamphlets addressed to the people speak a rude perhaps, but popular, and therefore direct and intelligible style. Montaigne, no doubt, with his unwrought, yet lucid language, contributed greatly to this result. And, as we shall hereafter attempt to show, the concentration of France in the capital; the manners of the court, profound in nothing, but aspiring to be brilliant in every thing; the pulpit, which to its kingly or aristocratical audience could not speak but in a pure and polished diction, accomplished that which in many other countries has not yet come to maturity, in our own has been formed no doubt by the concurrent influences of parliamentary speaking, the bar, and the periodical press.

But Italy had not completed her triumvirate, if we include Petrarch, her great quaternion of poets. Tasso was yet to fulfil his mission, and take his place in the highest constellation of modern poetic literature. We have just received a very pleasing and judicious essay by Ranke, the historian of the popes, on the history of Italian poetry ("Zur Geschichte der Italiänischen Poesie,") in which we rejoice to find a close coincidence with our own views of the influence which gave its peculiar form and character to the "Jerusalem Delivered." Though Mr. Hallam has not looked upon it quite from the same point of view, his general sentiment is to a great degree in accordance with our own and with that of Ranke.

"The Jerusalem," observes Mr. Hallam, "is the great epic poem, in the strict sense, of modern times. It was justly observed by Voltaire, that in the choice of his subject Tasso is superior to Homer. Whatever interest tradition might have attached among the Greeks to the wrath of Achilles and the death of Hector, was slight to those genuine recollections which were associated with the first crusade. It was not the theme of a single people, but of Europe; not a fluctuating tradition, but certain history; yet history so far remote from the poet's time, as to adapt itself to his purpose with almost the flexibility of fable. Nor could the subject have been chosen so well in another age or country; it was still the holy war, and the sympathies of his readers were easily excited for religious chivalry; but, in Italy, this was no longer an absorbing sentiment; and the stern tone of bigotry, which perhaps might still have been required from a Castilian poet, would have been dissonant amidst the soft notes that charmed the court of Ferrara."—Vol. ii. pp. 268, 269.

This great poem arose from the union of the dominant classical taste with the lingering love of ro-

mance or chivalry, blended, as it were, and harmonised by the strong religious feeling which had arisen out of the reviving Roman Catholicism. Tasso himself is the irrefragable authority for his own design of harmonising in one poem the nobler characteristics of the modern romance and the ancient epic; the richness and variety of the one, with the symmetry and unity of the other. Mr. Hallam has not noticed (we think they deserve a place in the history of literature) either the prose works, or the very sweet and graceful minor poems of Tasso. In his prose writings, the author of the Jerusalem has himself explained the philosophy of his poem. The tender and sensitive temperament of Tasso, which turned away in unconquerable repugnance from the study of the law, applied itself with the severest study to the principles of poetical criticism. An epic poet at the age of eighteen; his Rinaldo had already something of the union of chivalrous interest and adventure with a simpler fable. But in his discourse on heroic poetry, which M. Ranke assigns to the twenty-first year of his age (A. D. 1564),* Tasso developed the whole theory of his poetical design. After an eloquent description of the variety and unity of the world, he proceeds, "So do I conceive that by an excellent poet, who is called *divine* for no reason but because he resembles in his work the Supreme Artificer, a poem might be formed, in which, as in a little world, might be read, here the array of armies; here battles by land and sea, sieges, skirmishes, single combats, joustings; here descriptions of famine and of drought, tempests, conflagrations, prodigies; there might be found the councils of celestial and infernal beings, seditions, wanderings, chances, enchantments; there deeds of cruelty, of daring, of courtesy, of generosity; there love adventures, happy or unhappy, joyous or melancholy; yet, nevertheless, the poem which comprehends this variety might be one, one in form and spirit; and that all these things should be arranged in such a manner as to have a mutual relation and correspondence, a dependence either of necessity or of verisimilitude upon each other, so that one part either taken away, or changed in its position, would destroy the unity of the whole." Throughout this discourse and the next, on the art of poetry, the two standing examples, to which Tasso appeals, are the Orlando of Ariosto and the Italia Liberata of Trissino; and he constantly argues that it is not the irregularity of the former, but its inexhaustible interest, its vivid delineation of character, its unfailing poetry, that forms its lasting and irresistible charm—while the total failure of the other is attributable to the ill-chosen subject, the servile imitation of Homer, the want of life, originality, and truth, not to the more simple and classical construction of the fable.

* There appears to us some difficulty as to the date of the "Discorso." M. Ranke observes that Tasso was the first productive genius who set out from a mature and perfect theory to its accomplishment in a great poem. Yet there are some expressions at the beginning of the "Discorso" which appear to intimate that it was written after the poem had been begun. It was published much later, but Tasso asserts that he had made few additions to his original treatise:—"Laquale io composi in pochi giorni—e molti anni prima che io ripigliassi il poema tralasciato nel terzo e nel quarto canto." (Opere di Tasso, t. xii. p. 8. edit. 1823.)

The subject chosen by Tasso for his great poem, combined with singular felicity the truth of history with the richest fiction. It lay in a period in which history itself was romance; in which the wildest adventures of chivalry mingled with the vivid realities of life; its scene was placed in that marvelous East, independent of its sacred associations, so fertile in wonder—in which the imagination of Europe had long wandered—among the courts of gorgeous satraps and sultans—in battle fields where the turbaned and misbelieving hosts swarmed in myriads—the realms of boundless wealth, of pride, of magic, of seductive beauty, and of valour which made its chieftains worthy antagonists of the noblest chivalry: above all, it was a war of religion, it was Christendom arrayed against Mohammedanism, the cross against the crescent, the worshipper of Christ against, as he was strangely called, the heathen and idolatrous Saracen. It was in this severe and solemn spirit, which the revival of Roman Catholicism had spread almost throughout Italy, that Tasso conceived and accomplished his poem. The age would no longer have endured, the strengthened church would have sternly proscribed, had it not already been in possession of the popular mind, the free and mocking irony of Pulci—or even that from which it was too late to disenchant the enamoured ear, the gayer, more voluptuous Ariosto. It was, in fact, this earnest religious feeling which was the inspiration of Tasso, and working to excess upon his morbid and distempered spirit, darkened the noonday of his life with the deepest misery. Tasso had been educated in a school of the Jesuits, that order which was now in the first outbreak of its fervent piety and zealous intolerance. He had received the sacrament at nine years old, and though comprehending little of the mystic significance of that holy rite, his heart had been profoundly impressed by the majesty of the scene and of the place, the preparation, the visible emotion of the communicants, who stood around with deep suppressed murmurs, or beating their breasts with their hands. The hatred of unbelief and heresy, mingled up with all this deep religious sentiment, found its free vent in a holy war against the infidels: while the exquisite tenderness of Tasso's own disposition, his amorous sensibilities, which—however we dismiss the tale of his passionate and fatal attachment to the royal Leonora—* breathe throughout his youthful sonnets and madrigals, constantly relieved the ferocity of barbarous war, and the terrors of diabolic enchantment, by gentle and pathetic touches. The Sophronia, the Erminia, the Gildippe, and even Clorinda in her last hours, are the creations of a mind sensitively awake to all that is pure, gentle and exquisite in woman; even over Armida herself, before he parts with her, the tender spirit of Tasso cannot help throwing some pathetic interest. It is this earnest religious sentiment which appears to harmonise the wild and incongruous materials, assembled by Tasso in his poem.

* There is a *Saggio sugli Amori di Torquato Tasso, e sulle cause della sua Prigionia*, by G. Rosini, in the recent Pisa edition of his works. It revives the theory of the passion for the Princess Eleonora: we have read it, we confess, without conviction, and with serious doubts of the authenticity of certain poems, which have recently appeared as from the pen of Tasso.

em. No great poet, perhaps scarcely Virgil himself, has imitated so copiously as Tasso: M. Ranke has indicated the original of Armida in a continuation of the romance of Amadis. The classical reader is perpetually awakened to reminiscences of the whole cycle of the Latin poets; but it is all blended and fused together; it is become completely his own; his sustained style, of which almost the sole variation is from stately dignity to, sometimes perhaps luscious, sweetness—in which the grandeur not seldom soars into pomp, the softness melts into conceit—nevertheless appropriates, as it were, and incorporates all these foreign thoughts, images, and sentiments.

That which was the inspiration of his poem, this high-wrought religious feeling, was fatal to his peace. It is clear that it was no hopeless passion, but a morbid dread of religious error, which is the key to his domestic tragedy. He was haunted with the consciousness that his mind was constantly dallying with unlawful thoughts and proscribed opinions. His terror, as was the natural consequence, deepened his doubts—his doubts aggravated his terror. The Jesuit vigilance, he was aware, was prying into the secrets of all hearts; the Inquisition was tracing the very thoughts, the unuttered, the rejected, yet still present thoughts, to their inmost sanctuary. Self-convicted, he offered himself in his agony to their scrutiny; he subjected himself to their inquiries, and their solemn acquittal could alone give rest to his perturbed spirit. "First," as M. Ranke truly states the distressing case, "he appeared voluntarily before the inquisitor at Bologna, who dismissed him with good advice. Soon after he presented himself before the inquisitor at Ferrara; he too gave him absolution. Yet even this did not content him. It appeared to him that the investigation had not been sufficiently searching, and that the absolution was not sufficiently full and authoritative; he wrote letters to the tribunal of the Inquisition at Rome, to the great inquisitor himself, to obtain a more ample absolution." All this with the degrading sense of his servile and dependent state at the court of Ferrara, the consciousness of great powers and great poetic achievements, which seemed unrequited or unhonoured; the envy of his enemies, which appeared to justify his mistrust of all mankind; his ill-judged, if not ill-intentioned treatment by his royal patrons, who, while they were proud of the fame which he reflected on their court, at one moment seem to have pampered him with misdirected kindness, the next irritated him by contemptuous harshness—all this, embittering and exasperating the religious doubts which he would shake off, but which clung to him—overthrew at length the beautiful harmony of his soul; and seemed to call for that restraint which, if he was not already mad, must inevitably make him so.

Mr. Hallam declines the personal history of Tasso as not belonging to his plan; we shall pursue it no farther than as thus inseparably connected with his great work. His poetic mind never recovered this fearful trial. In his more sober mood, he laid his desperate hands on his own immortal poem, which was happily already too deeply stamped on the hearts of the people; the music of its high-wrought stanzas was already on the lips of the peasant or the gondolier, where it is still heard; the poem had been

far too widely disseminated to submit to the chilling process of reformation, to which he dedicated some unprofitable years. It is well for us that Tasso's youthful poetical sin (as he esteemed it) was irretrievable. It is curious to examine the cold and pedantic Giudizio, in which he establishes the principles on which he chilled down the bright and youthful Gerusalemme Liberata to the lifeless Gerusalemme Conquistata. All the romance has withered away; the variety, the grandeur, the tenderness, now find no responsive chord in his heart; the balance is destroyed; it drags down its heavy weight all on one side; the classical regularity and the historic truth of the fable, or the religious orthodoxy of the sentiments, are the exclusive points on which he dwells. He boasts that every one of the characters in the Iliad finds a parallel in his poem, and that almost all the incidents are counterparts of his great model. In all that relates to the Deity, or the preter-human world, it is his sole study to prove his rigid orthodoxy; he quotes the authority of St. Jerome, St. Thomas, and that strange work which exercised such unbounded influence on the imagination of the dark ages, and, attributed to St. Dionysius the Areopagite, became the indisputable authority with regard to the monarchy of Heaven, the names, nature, and offices of all the hosts of the angels. If it could be read by any one familiar with the exquisite original, the "Conquistata" would be the most melancholy book in any language. We must pass away, however, from this inexhaustible subject of interest.

One thing was now indispensable to the originality and independence of European letters. The classical taste which had reasserted its dominion had an insuperable tendency to degenerate into servile imitation of classical form, without regard to the primary principles of the noble and the beautiful, out of which those forms had arisen. The ecclesiastical spirit which was now embodied in the Jesuit system of education, while it seemed to enlarge, drew a more stern and impassable circle around the intellect of man. That which was wanting was the creation of a poetic and intellectually vigorous Teutonic literature. It has not been generally observed how completely the Reformation was a Teutonic movement; all the nations of Roman descent, or of which the Latin was the dominant element in the language, settled down under the papal yoke. But though the renewed activity of the religious orders, especially the Jesuits, uniting with the unprincipled and sanguinary despotism of the government, won back southern Germany, the Austrian and Bavarian dominions, into allegiance to the see of Rome, almost all the rest of the Teutonic race remained faithful to Protestantism under some of its forms; while all the nations whose languages sprung from the Latin, reverted at the end to the supremacy of the pope. Germany, however, was doomed to a long period of anarchy and desolation, to be succeeded, it should seem, by the lassitude of exhaustion. First, the wars of the peasants, and then the armies of Tilly and Wallenstein on one side, and Gustavus Adolphus on the other, laid waste her suffering provinces; her few brief intervals of repose were almost as unfavourable, from many circumstances, for literary activity, at least for the formation of a native literature, as those of war and confusion. There was no central point, no capital to encourage, no concentration

of men of letters, or of those political employments which lead to the development of letters. There was no one dialect completely dominant; and either as cause or consequence, no *German* writers in the proper sense. All her great men, her Leibnitzs, even down to Mosheim, wrote in Latin. Since the bible of Luther, there was no vigorous impulse to her copious, pliant, and, as it has since proved, both imaginative and philosophical vernacular language, till very modern days.

England, on the other hand, appeared under circumstances singularly favourable for this great intellectual movement. From the accession of Elizabeth to the civil wars, England enjoyed a period of unbroken internal peace; but this peace had nothing of the languor of exhaustion or the dreary repose of a tyrannic rule. The spent wave of the Reformation had left a strong and tumultuous swell. The land had burst her bonds, and rejoiced in the fresh and conscious strength of her emancipation. There was a splendid court under a female sovereign, which could not but retain something of a chivalrous and romantic tone. There was a nobility, enriched with the spoils of the monasteries, with its adventurous spirit kept sufficiently alive by the still menaced feuds of foreign war and of Spanish invasion; yet with much idle time, some of which, among those of high attainments, could not but betake itself to the cultivation and patronage of letters. There was a church, which still retained some magnificence, and, though triumphant, was yet in too unsafe and unsettled a state to sink into the torpor of an ancient establishment; it was rather in constant agitation, on one side, from the restless spirit of the Roman Catholics, with all their busy array of missionary priests and jesuits; on the other, against the brooding spirit of ecclesiastical democracy, among the Mar-prelates, the first religious ancestors of the puritans. There were the earliest efforts of our commerce; the wild and adventurous exploits of our Drakes and Fro-bishers in the Spanish main; the El Dorado fictions of Raleigh. Throughout the whole moral, social, intellectual, and religious being of man, there was a strong excitement, an intense agitation, but nothing of the confusion of disorder, the desolation of internal war, the furious and absorbing collision of hostile factions. It was, if we may use the expression, the motion of a creative spirit on stirring chaos; there was quiet enough to allow that which sprung to life to develop itself to its full maturity; and throughout this whole period, England, as it gradually advanced to that height of internal prosperity described by Clarendon in the first splendid pages of his history, developed with still more rapid and unchecked growth her intellectual energy and riches. It was natural that where so many poetic elements mingled themselves with human life, the first impulse should throw itself off, as it were, in poetic creation. The classical movement, the admiration of the writers of Greece and Rome, was not unfelt in England, but it was kept in subordination to the native, the Teutonic, according to the language of modern criticism, the *romantic* character of the new poetry. The poets, either in their happy ignorance, or in their disdainful freedom, paid no attention to the forms and rules of antiquity. They acted on their own intuitive perception of the forms which were adapted to their own unshackled inventions. Their own sense

of the noble, the moving, the beautiful, was their law: where they borrowed and naturalised, they were the fair shapes and lofty impersonations, the mythologic fables of paganism, which they mingled up with the Christian imagery of the middle ages, so that the Grecian polytheism assumed with them a romantic character, and even the ancient history of Greece and Rome retained something of the legendary tone with which it had been invested during the dark ages.

Spenser, allowing all proper honour to the author of part of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, was the first creative spirit of this new Teutonic poetry. Mr. Hallam has dwelt with a profound feeling for his beauty, yet with something of rigid discrimination, of which we deny not the justice, on Spenser; in the first paragraph, which we extract, he has shown how strongly, even in the fanciful Spenser, the religious impressions of the age maintain their pre-dominance.

"The first book of the *Faery Queen* is a complete poem, and, far from requiring any continuation, is rather injured by the useless re-appearance of its hero in the second. It is generally admitted to be the finest of the *fix*. In no other is the allegory so clearly conceived by the poet, or so steadily preserved, yet with a disguise so delicate, that no one is offended by that servile setting forth of a moral meaning we frequently meet with in allegorical poems: and the reader has the gratification that good writing in works of fiction always produces, that of exercising his own ingenuity without perplexing it. That the red cross knight, designates the militant Christian, whom Una, the true church, loves, whom Duessa, the type of popery, seduces, who is reduced almost to despair, but rescued by the intervention of Una, and the assistance of Faith, Hope, and Charity, is what no one feels any difficulty in acknowledging, but what every one may easily read the poem without perceiving or remembering. In an allegory conducted with such propriety, and concealed or revealed with so much art, there can surely be nothing to repel our taste; and those who read the first book of the *Faery Queen* without pleasure, must seek (what others perhaps will be at no loss to discover for them) a different cause for their indifference, than the tediousness or insipidity of allegorical poetry. Every canto of this book teems with the choicest beauties of imagination; he came to it in the freshness of his genius, which shines throughout with a uniformity it does not always afterwards maintain, un-sullied by flattery, unobstructed by pedantry, and unquenched by languor."—Vol. ii. p. 323, 324.

"It has been justly observed by a living writer of the most ardent and enthusiastic genius, whose eloquence is as the rush of mighty waters, and has left it for others almost as invidious to praise in terms of less rapture, as to censure what he has borne along in the stream of unhesitating eulogy, that "no poet has ever had a more exquisite sense of the beautiful than Spenser."* In Virgil and Tasso this was not less powerful; but even they, even the latter himself, do not hang with such a tenderness of delight, with such a forgetful delay, over the fair creations of their fancy. Spenser is not averse to images that jar on the mind by exciting horror or disgust, and sometimes his touches are rather too strong; but it is on love and beauty, on holiness and virtue, that he reposes with all the sympathy of his soul. The slowly sliding

motion of his stanza, 'with many a bout of linked sweetness long drawn out,' beautifully corresponds to the dreamy enchantment of his description, when Una, or Belphebe, or Florimel, or Amoret, are present to his mind. In this varied delineation of female perfectness, no earlier poet had equalled him; nor, excepting Shakespeare, has he had, perhaps, any later rival.

"Spenser is naturally compared with Ariosto. 'Fierce wars and faithful loves did moralise the song' of both poets. But in the constitution of their minds, in the character of their poetry, they were almost the reverse of each other. The Italian is gay, rapid, ardent; his pictures shift like the hues of heaven; even while diffuse, he seems to leave in an instant what he touches, and is prolix by the number, not the duration, of his images. Spenser is habitually serious; his slow stanza seems to suit the temper of his genius; he loves to dwell on the sweetness and beauty which his fancy portrays. The ideal of chivalry, rather derived from its didactic theory, than from the precedents of romance, is always before him; his morality is pure and even stern, with nothing of the libertine tone of Ariosto. He worked with far worse tools than the bard of Ferrara, with a language not quite formed, and into which he rather injudiciously poured an unnecessary archaism, while the style of his contemporaries was undergoing a rapid change in the opposite direction. His stanza of nine lines is particularly inconvenient and languid in narration, where the Italian octave is sprightly and vigorous; though even this becomes ultimately monotonous by regularity, a fault from which only the ancient hexameter and our blank verse are exempt.

"Spenser may be justly said to excel Ariosto in originality of invention, in force and variety of character, in strength and vividness of conception, in depth of reflection, in fertility of imagination, and, above all, in that exclusively poetical cast of feeling, which discerns in every thing what common minds do not perceive. In the construction and arrangement of their fable neither deserved much praise; but the siege of Paris gives the Orlando Furioso, spite of its perpetual shiftings of the scene, rather more unity in the reader's apprehension than belongs to the *Faery Queen*. Spenser is, no doubt, decidedly inferior in ease and liveliness of narration, as well as clearness and felicity of language. But, upon thus comparing the two poets, we have little reason to blush for our countryman. Yet the fame of Ariosto is spread through Europe, while Spenser is almost unknown out of England; and even in this age, when much of our literature is so widely diffused, I have not observed proofs of much acquaintance with him on the continent."—Vol. ii. pp. 325—326.

But that part of Spenser's poetic mission to which we would chiefly direct the reader's attention is his development of the capacities of the English language. Conceding to Mr. Hallam all the faults of his diction, his affectation of archaisms, his feeble expletives, and his alliterations; admitting that the peculiar form and complicated construction of his stanza is not well adapted for poetic narrative, yet to Spenser we are indebted for the first display of the latent riches and harmony of our native tongue. Though there is something singularly, if we may so say, prematurely English in Chaucer's painting of manners; though in this respect no later poet, not even Crabbe, has been more true, native, or vernacular, yet his language, it cannot be denied, was rude and imperfect, hovering between a Saxon and a Norman pronunciation. The other native poets, the authors of "*Piers Ploughman*," and Skelton, might

* Mr. Hallam alludes to a series of papers on Spenser in "*Blackwood's Magazine*," evidently from the pen of Professor Wilson.

show something of its nervous and homely power; but to unlock the hidden cells of its harmony, to show its infinite variety, picturesqueness, and flexibility, remained for the poet of the "Faery Queen." In all his fantastic prodigality of invention, Spenser is never restrained by the want of adequate language. His endless train of images array themselves instantaneously in varied and harmonious words; if his eye is sensitive to every form of beauty, so is his ear to every sound of music: the very difficulty and complexity of his stanza shows at once his unlimited command of poetic language, and that language falls at once, with rare instances of effort or artificial skill, into flowing and easy verse. His very faults seem to rise out of the wanton redundancy of power, rather than from the constraint of insufficient or inflexible diction. Whatever English poetic language may have gained in vigour, in perspicuity, or in precision, almost its earliest poet seems to have discovered and exhausted its fertility, its pliancy, and its melody.

Yet there might be some danger, lest, from the impulse of Spenser's exquisite fancy and music of diction, a peculiar and exclusive poetic dialect and tone of versification should be formed, as in Italy, which might refuse to approximate to real life, and to the common and familiar vocabulary of man. Lest this should be the case, lest poetry should cease to be popular, idiomatic, and vernacular, arose the Elizabethan drama. There appeared at once another form of this various art of poetry, which, however it might deal in bold and copious metaphor, and soar occasionally to the utmost height of invention, yet, as addressed to the general ear, must speak a language generally intelligible to the many. While Spenser, on the shores of Mulla, environed by a population which spoke another, and to his ears most barbarous and inharmonious language, far removed not merely from the capital, but from the shores of England, was, nevertheless, in this romantic seclusion, carrying the language to its height of perfection—Shakspeare and his brother dramatists, living with men of all ranks and degrees, from the Southampton and Pembroke, and the jovial crew at the Mitre, to the Clowns and the Dogberrys (too faithfully described not to have been drawn directly from real life), set our poetic language free again, and made it the living and variable expression of human life. The diction of Shakspeare's juvenile poems was imaginative, if we may so say, Spenserian; and in some of his early plays this over-fanciful, luscious, and unfamiliar tone is struggling, as it were, with the more vigorous vernacular of the comic and less poetic scenes: it is only in his later plays that he has those occasional passages of over-wrought metaphysical diction, which hardens into obscurity (on which Mr. Hallam animadverts with his usual fearless freedom, vol. iii. p. 577). It might almost seem that Shakspeare, astonished at his own wonderful success in embodying his conceptions in that language which started up unbidden to his lips, began to mistrust his own inexplicable facility, and to suppose that with strong effort he might attain even greater things. Shakspeare is never not great and happy except when he strives to be peculiarly so. But in his ordinary, in his happier vein, Shakspeare, independent of all his other unspeakable claims upon our admiration and gratitude, has that of showing that our language is not merely capable

of supplying the retired and unworldly fancy of the poet, who stands aloof from common life, with an inexhaustible profusion of bright and harmonious words, but likewise of bringing poetry, as it were, into the busy stir of men, into courts and cities, into the agitated palaces of the great, and the humbler households of the poor; and in this respect, and in this alone, he is worthily followed, and almost rivalled, by his prolific school, by Fletcher, Massinger, and even some of the inferior dramatists. We should not do Mr. Hallam justice if we did not direct our reader's attention to some of his observations on Shakspeare, which appear to us both just and original. We must take for this purpose a desperate leap over more than half his third volume—an inconvenience, perhaps, inseparable from his arrangement of literary history into periods of half a century, but which interposes so long a space between the earlier and the later plays of Shakspeare:—

"If originality of invention did not so much stamp almost every play of Shakspeare—that to name one as the most original seems a disparagement to others, we might say that this great prerogative of genius was exercised above all in *Lear*. It diverges more from the model of regular tragedy than *Macbeth* or *Othello*, and even more than *Hamlet*; but the fable is better constructed than in the last of these, and it displays full as much of the almost super-human inspiration of the poet as the other two. *Lear* himself is, perhaps, the most wonderful of dramatic conceptions, ideal to satisfy the most romantic imagination, yet idealised from the reality of nature. In preparing us for the most intense sympathy with this old man, he first abuses him to the ground; it is not *Œdipus* against whose respected age the gods themselves have conspired; it is not *Orestes*, noble minded and affectionate, whose crime has been virtue; it is a headstrong, feeble, and selfish being, whom, in the first act of the tragedy, nothing seems capable of redeeming in our eyes; nothing but what follows, intense woe, unnatural wrong. Then comes on that splendid madness, not absurdly sudden as in some tragedies, but in which the strings that keep his reasoning power together give way one after the other in the frenzy of rage and grief. Then it is that we find what in life may sometimes be seen, the intellectual energies grow stronger in calamity, and especially under wrong. An awful eloquence belongs to unmerited suffering. Thoughts burst out, more profound than *Lear* in his prosperous hour could ever have conceived; inconsequent, for such is the condition of madness, but in themselves fragments of coherent truth, the reason of an unreasonable mind.

"*Timon* of Athens is cast, as it were, in the same mould as *Lear*; it is the same essential character, the same generosity, more from wanton ostentation than love of others, the same fierce rage under the smart of ingratitude, the same rousing up, in that tempest, of powers that had slumbered unsuspected in some deep recess of the soul; for had *Timon* or *Lear* known that philosophy of human nature in their calmer moments which fury brought forth, they would never have had such terrible occasion to display it. The thoughtless confidence of *Lear* in his children has something in it far more touching than the self-beggary of *Timon*; though both one and the other have prototypes enough in real life. And as we give the old king more of our pity, so a more intense abhorrence accompanies his daughters and the worse characters of that drama than we spare for the miserable sycophants of the Athenian. Their thanklessness is anticipated, and springs from the very nature of their calling; it verges on the beaten road of comedy. In this play there is neither a female personage, except two

courtezans, who hardly speak, nor any prominent character (the honest steward is not such), redeemed by virtue enough to be estimable; for the cynic Apemantus is but a cynic, and ill replaces the noble Kent of the other drama. The fable, if fable it can be called, is so extraordinarily deficient in action, a fault of which Shakspeare is not guilty in any other instance, that we may wonder a little how he should have seen in the single delineation of Timon a counterbalance for the manifold objections to this subject. But there seems to have been a period of Shakspeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world or his own conscience; the memory of hours misspent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worse nature, which intercourse with ill-chosen associates, by choice or circumstance, peculiarly teaches; these, as they sank down into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of Lear and Timon, but that of one primary character, the censor of mankind. This type is first seen in the philosophic melancholy of Jaques, gazing with an undiminished serenity, and with a gaiety of fancy, though not of manners, on the follies of the world. It assumes a graver cast in the exiled duke of the same play, and next one rather more severe in the duke of Measure for Measure. In all these, however, it is merely contemplative philosophy. In Hamlet this is mingled with the impulses of a perturbed heart under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances; it shines no longer, as in the former characters, with a steady light, but plays in fitful corruscations amidst feigned gaiety and extravagance. In Lear it is the flash of sudden inspiration across the incongruous imagery of madness; in Timon it is obscured by the exaggerations of misanthropy. These plays all belong to nearly the same period: As you Like It being usually referred to 1600, Hamlet, in its altered form, to about 1602, Timon to the same year, Measure for Measure to 1603, and Lear to 1604. In the later plays of Shakspeare, especially in Macbeth and the Tempest, much of moral speculation will be found, but he has never returned to this type of character in the personages. Timon is less read and less pleasing than the great majority of Shakspeare's plays; but it abounds with signs of his genius. Schlegel observes that of all his works it is that which has most satire; comic in representation of the parasites, indignant and Juvenalian in the bursts of Timon himself."—Vol. iii. pp. 566-569.

We are inclined to add these observations on Coriolanus:—

"This fault" (that of too close an adherence to history, or rather, perhaps, to Plutarch, which may be observed in Julius Cæsar and Anthony and Cleopatra,) "is by no means discerned in the third Roman tragedy of Shakspeare, Coriolanus. He luckily found an intrinsic historical unity which he could not have destroyed, and which his magnificent delineation of the chief personage has thoroughly maintained. Coriolanus himself has the grandeur of sculpture; his proportions are colossal, nor would less than this transcendent superiority by which he towers over his fellow-citizens warrant, or seem for the moment to warrant, his haughtiness and their pusillanimity. The surprising judgment of Shakspeare is visible in this. A dramatist of the second class, a Corneille, a Schiller, or an Alfieri, would not have lost the occasion of representing the plebeian form of courage and patriotism. A tribune would have been made to utter noble speeches, and some critics would have extolled the balance and contrast of the antagonist principles. And this might have degenerated into the general saws of ethics and politics which philosophical tragedians love to pour forth. But Shakspeare instinctively perceived that to render the arrogance of Coriolanus endurable to

the spectator, or dramatically probable, he must debase the plebeians to a contemptible populace. The sacrifice of historic truth is often necessary for the truth of poetry. The citizens of early Rome, '*rusticorum mascula militum proles*,' are indeed calumniated in his scenes, and might almost pass for bourgeois of Stratford; but the unity of emotion is not dissipated by contradictory energies. Coriolanus is less rich in poetical style than the other two, but the comic parts are full of humour. In these three tragedies it is manifest that Roman character, and still more Roman manners, are not exhibited with the precision of a scholar; yet there is something that distinguishes them from the rest, something of a *grandiosità* in the sentiments and language, which shows us that Shakspeare had not read that history without entering into its spirit."—Vol. iii. pp. 572, 573.

But it was not only the imagination of man, the creative poetic faculty, which was thus set free, and, during this period, if we may so say, of quiescent agitation, of general mental excitement, yet of civil repose, spoke to the awakened passions and stirring thoughts of men; in England was first formed a vigorous and comprehensive Teutonic literature in prose. The first active and violent conflicts of the Reformation could scarcely perhaps be considered a literary strife; as far as it was promoted or retarded by published writings, it was a war of religious pamphlets, none of which can be adduced as a model of good English. However striking and pithy as are some of the rude and homely sentences of Latimer; however some of the earlier documents of the church—the first set of homilies—are plain, perspicuous, and masculine in their diction, yet till the latter half of Elizabeth's reign we cannot date the development of anything like good English prose. There is one writer whom Mr. Hallam does not notice in this character, who, we think, deserves some mention—Father Parsons, the Jesuit, whose religious, even more than his political writings, as to style, might find a place in a history of literature. Both Hooker and Bacon, as far as the latter ventured to deviate from the established usage of publishing philosophical disquisitions in Latin, were, in some degree, what Spenser and Shakspeare were to Teutonic poetry. The "*Ecclesiastical Polity*" was the first great work which showed the depth, the fulness, the precision, to a certain point, the harmony of English prose composition. The nature of its subject, nevertheless, confined it to a peculiar and theological dialect, almost at times swelling out into poetry; and it was on the whole too solemn, as it were, for the practical and every-day business of life. The language of Bacon, particularly in his *Essays*, instinct as it is with imagery, delighting, and at times perplexing, the reader with the happiest and sometimes with remote and whimsical analogies, approaches more nearly to that of ordinary persons: it has still, even on the highest subjects, more of the tone of the man of the world than of the secluded and meditative divine. It gave a presage, at least, of what English might become as the language of a free, a reasoning, and a practical people.

The Reformation, or rather, perhaps, to ascend to the primary and moving cause of the Reformation itself, the invention of printing, had set loose all the great questions not merely of theological but of political science and speculative philosophy. Throughout Europe, wherever there was a period of cessation

from actual war or civil contention, men of different degrees of strength, sagacity, and subtlety encountered those problems, some of which were within the sphere, some stretched far beyond the limits of human knowledge. At first the boundaries of the several branches of inquiry were vague and uncertain. Mr. Hallam must have experienced some difficulty in assigning the more distinguished and universal writers to their proper sphere. Speculative philosophy was straining to throw off the long established yoke of theology; theology struggled to maintain its supremacy, not over metaphysics alone, but over physical science. In the south of Europe, the re-established power and vigilance of the church, the strict uniformity of the Jesuit system of education, though it could not entirely suppress the struggles of the rebellious intellect, yet succeeded in taming it to more complete, though not such manifest, subjection. Mr. Hallam, following M. Ranke, (we venture to refer to our own articles on M. Ranke's history,) has done ample justice to the influence of the Jesuit order. But the very merits of the Jesuit education were its most dangerous influences. It raised the general level of instruction, and thereby seemed to acquire a right to keep down every thing which could aspire above it. Paradoxical as it may sound, we suspect that nothing would tend so much as a universal, regular, and uniform education, to suppress genius, originality, and invention. What really great mind, which has advanced human knowledge in any one of its more important branches, arose out of the Jesuit schools, those schools which, no doubt, to a certain extent, encouraged and disseminated letters and philosophy? Descartes, it must be remembered, though educated in a Jesuit school, before he began to philosophise had retired beyond their influence, into the free atmosphere of Holland. In our admiration of Galileo, and our indignant sympathy in his persecution, we cannot but consider what Galileo might have been, if his lot had been cast in a northern country. It is impossible to calculate the unseen and impalpable weight of popish despotism in depressing the free and aspiring intellect. The consciousness of restraint, the constant balancing between the value and importance of a discovery, and the risk and odium of offending the established rule by publishing it, the natural desire of peace, which is so necessary to calm and meditative inquiry, hold down by their own imperceptible chains the strongest and most courageous spirit. The Italian mind seems never to have been wanting in philosophical invention and subtlety, (the geologists, we believe, look to Italy for the legitimate parents of their science), but their motions have been too jealously watched, their progress so much impeded by the resistance of educational and ecclesiastical prejudices, that they have contributed in a less degree than might have been expected to the advancement of human knowledge. Even in letters, Sarpi was safe only under the protection of his Venetian countrymen, who steadily maintained their independence against the papal see; but at a much later period, the persecution of Giannone showed that history could not speak with freedom on subjects connected with the conflicting powers of the church and the state. The natural consequence of this has been, that in Italy, when bolder and more irregular minds have burst their bondage, they have

plunged desperately forward, and rushed into the most extreme opinions. In religion, this was the case with those reformers who were prudent or fortunate enough to escape beyond the frontiers of Italy, the Socini, and, among others, Aconcio, the first writer, as Mr. Hallam justly observes, who limited the fundamental articles of Christianity to a small number, (Aconcio himself was, probably, an Arian, and included the Trinity among the disputable points,) and anticipated that broad principle of toleration, which was afterwards asserted by the Arminians of Holland, and by Jeremy Taylor, in his celebrated "Treatise on the Liberty of Prophecy." In speculative philosophy, they went wandering on, in the seclusion of their own souls, and might almost seem to take delight in tampering with forbidden thoughts. Mr. Hallam has given a very lucid view of the pantheistic tenets of Telesio, of Jordano Bruno, and, at a later period, of the singularly fanciful hypothesis of Campanella. On these writers, however, we must content ourselves with a reference to his volumes. The extreme political theories were in general the growth of countries, in which men's minds had, as in France, been wrought up by fierce factions and civil wars to the most violent oppugnancy; or where on one side the Reformation principle asserted the supremacy of the state, the reviving Roman Catholicism that of the church, with the most uncompromising and unlimited vehemence. The oppressions of the governments, which were enough "to drive a wise man mad"—the classical studies, which offered the republics of Greece and Rome for models of public liberty—the fanaticism which sought its only precedents in the Jewish polity—the asserted power of the church over heretical or apostate sovereigns—wrought together in strange accordance to develop and promulgate the doctrines of tyrannicide: the Scotch republican, the English churchman, the French leaguer, and the Spanish Jesuit—Buchanan, Poyntet, Rose and Boucher, and Mariana—met together by different roads on this perilous point. Mr. Hallam, at the close of this part of his subject, introduces a luminous vindication of the right of Bodin (the author of the "Republic") to an eminent rank among political writers.

But the higher philosophy of the mind and of the material world required men of more commanding intellects, and placed in more favourable circumstances, to enable her to burst at once the shackles of scholasticism, and of the great authority of scholasticism, Aristotle. It is obviously impossible for us to compress farther the compressed summary, for which we are indebted to Mr. Hallam, of the weight and influence of the great liberators of the mind of man, Bacon, Gassendi, and Descartes. Yet, here again, we find that the stirring repose of the later part of Elizabeth's, and the yet partially agitated commencement of James's reign, gave ample room for Bacon to construct his new system of philosophy; while Descartes might appear to retire, not merely from the all-watchful vigilance of the church, but likewise from the tumults which had scarcely ceased to desolate his country, to the more peaceful dominion of Holland. In one respect, if uninterrupted meditative retirement, if repose, and freedom of thought and speech, were his objects, Descartes had mistaken the place chosen for his sanctuary.—The dominant Calvinism of Holland was at least as

jealous and searching in its vigilance, as narrow in its prejudices, and as virulent in its hatred of enlarged philosophy, as the Sorbonne or the severest school of the Jesuits. Bacon was happier in his position, and his philosophy came less into contact with theological questions. We might indeed wish that his moral had been as much above suspicion as his religious orthodoxy seems to have been. Mr. Hallam's object throughout these profound, and sometimes abstruse, discussions, appears to be, to award with rigid impartiality his fair meed of originality and invention to each of these great labourers in the fabric of human knowledge; he is strictly just, as well to those whose names we are accustomed to hear with reverence and gratitude, as to others who bear a much less popular sound, as Hobbes, and, at a later period, Spinoza. We extract a passage on the much debated question of the popularity and influence of Bacon's writings:—

"What has been the fame of Bacon, 'the wisest, greatest, of mankind,' it is needless to say. What has been his real influence over mankind, how much of our enlarged and exact knowledge may be attributed to his inductive method, what of this again has been due to a thorough study of his writings, and what to an indirect and secondary acquaintance with them, are questions of another kind, and less easily solved. Stewart, the philosopher, who has dwelt most on the praises of Bacon, while he conceives him to have exercised a considerable influence over the English men of science in the seventeenth century, supposes, on the authority of Montucla, that he did not 'command the general admiration of Europe,' till the publication of the preliminary discourse to the French Encyclopædia by Diderot and D'Alembert. This, however, is by much too precipitate a conclusion. He became almost immediately known on the continent.—Gassendi was one of his most ardent admirers. Descartes mentions him, I believe, once only, in a letter to Mersenne in 1632; but he was of all men the most unwilling to praise a contemporary. It may be said that these were philosophers, and that their testimony does not imply the admiration of mankind. But writers of a very different character mention him in a familiar manner. Richelieu is said to have highly esteemed Lord Bacon. And it may in some measure be due to this, that in the *Sentimens de l'Académie Française sur le Cid*, he is alluded to, simply by the name Bacon, as one well known. Voiture, in a letter to Costar, about the same time, bestows high eulogy on some passages of Bacon which his correspondent had sent to him, and observes that Horace would have been astonished to hear a barbarian Briton discourse in such a style. The treatise *De Augmentis* was republished in France in 1624, the year after its appearance in England. It was translated into French as early as 1632; no great proofs of neglect. Editions came out in Holland, 1645, 1652, and 1662.—Even the *Novum Organum*, which, as has been said, never became so popular as his other writings, was thrice printed in Holland, in 1645, 1650, and 1660. Leibnitz and Puffendorf are loud in their expressions of admiration, the former ascribing to him the revival of true philosophy as fully as we can at present. I should be more inclined to doubt whether he were adequately valued by his countrymen in his own time, or in the immediately subsequent period. Under the first Stuarts, there was little taste among studious men but for theology, and chiefly for a theology which, proceeding with an extreme deference to authority, could not but generate a disposition of mind, even upon other subjects, alien to the progressive and inquisitive spirit of the inductive philosophy.

The institution of the Royal Society, or rather, the love of physical sciences out of which that institution arose, in the second part of the seventeenth century, made England resound with the name of her illustrious chancellor. Few now spoke of him without a kind of homage that only the greatest men receive. Yet still it was by natural philosophers alone that the writings of Bacon were much studied. The editions of his works, except the *Essays*, were few; the *Novum Organum* never came separately from the English press. They were not even much quoted; for I believe it will be found that the fashion of referring to the brilliant passages of the *De Augmentis* and the *Novum Organum*, at least in books designed for the general reader, is not much older than the close of the last century. Scotland has the merit of having led the way; Reid, Stewart, Robison, and Playfair turned that which had been a blind veneration into a rational worship; and I should suspect that more have read Lord Bacon within these thirty years than in the two preceding centuries. It may be an usual consequence of the enthusiastic panegyrics lately poured upon his name, that a more positive efficacy has sometimes been attributed to his philosophical writings than they really possessed, and it might be asked whether Italy, where he was probably not much known, were not the true school of experimental philosophy in Europe, whether his methods of investigation were not chiefly such as men of sagacity and lovers of truth might simultaneously have devised. But, whatever may have been the case with respect to actual discoveries in science, we must give to written wisdom its proper meed; no books prior to those of Lord Bacon carried mankind so far on the road to truth; none have obtained so thorough a triumph over arrogant usurpation without seeking to substitute another; and he may be compared with those liberators of nations, who have given them laws by which they might govern themselves, and retained no homage but their gratitude."—Vol. iii. pp. 223–228.

Yet, after all which has been written by eloquent men, in earlier or in modern days, especially by a living writer to whom Mr. Hallam alludes, is there any thing so fine, so true, or so discriminating, as old Cowley's lines, which, though, as inscribed to the Royal Society, they may appear chiefly addressed to the natural philosophers of his day, yet, as poetry, may perhaps be considered the expression of a more general sentiment? The lines are well known; but will bear repeating:—

"Bacon at last, a mighty man, arose,
Whom a wise king and Nature chose
Lord Chancellor of both their laws,
And boldly undertook the injur'd Pupils' cause."

Authority which did a body boast,
Though 'twas but air condens'd, and stalk'd about
Like some old giant's more gigantic ghost,
To terrify the learned rout,
With the plain magic of true Reason's light
He chased out of her sight.

From these and all long errors of the way,
In which our wandering predecessors went,
And, like th' old Hebrews, many years did stray
In deserts of but small extent,
Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last;
The barren wilderness he past,
Did on the very border stand
Of the blest promise'd land
And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit
Saw it himself, and show'd us it.

But life did never to one man allow
Time to discover worlds, and conquer too;
Nor can so short a line sufficient be
To fathom the vast depths of Nature's sea.
The work he did we ought t' admire,
And were unjust if we should more require
From his few years, divided 'twixt th' excess
Of low afflictions and high happiness:
'For who on things remote can fix his sight
Who's always in a triumph or a fight?'

Though the resuscitation of Roman Catholicism, its vigorous reorganisation, as the dominant feeling or passion of southern Europe, and the authority which it assumed over the education of mankind, might restrain the intellectual advancement which was hastening onward to its more perfect development in Protestant countries, and to a certain extent in France, it gave birth to a new outburst of poetry, as we have already observed, in Italy, but more manifestly in Spain. The age of literature in Spain was the shortest of any country which has attained to any distinction. It is almost comprehended in the period of Lope de Vega, Cervantes, and Calderon, which likewise includes its better historians. The religious excitement met with other causes which stirred the stately solemnity of the Spanish mind into activity. Her military glories, the adventurous conquests in America, the wars against the Moors, which, though they soon degenerated into fierce and intolerant persecutions, at first retained some tinge of romance and chivalry—all the best part of her drama, her *Don Quixote*, her historians, perhaps even the best of her ballads, belong to the century which lies between 1550 and 1650. Mr. Hallam speaks with less confidence, and leans more on the authority of others, in his survey of Spanish literature, than in any other part of his undertaking. Of some of her historians, many of whom have at least the merit of great animation and picturesqueness, and a lofty Spanish dignity, not without some of the more solid qualifications of historic art, he takes, as far as we remember, no notice, except of Mariana, Mendoza, and De Solis. The Spaniards, in their lyric poetry, seemed at one time in danger of yielding to the dominant classical taste of Italy, of stooping to be imitative of an imitative school. Herrera and Luis de Leon, though Horatian, yet in a higher tone than mere copyists, and Villegas, not so much from the form and matter as from the exuberant life and playfulness of his poetry, asserted their title to originality. To us the great interest in the *Araucana* of Ercilla is that the author himself was engaged in the wild warfare which is the subject of his poem. Spain alone has her warrior poets. The adventures of Cervantes are well known; and however wearisome the episodes of the *Araucana*—however we are perplexed by a sudden interruption of our Indian war by a long vindication of the virtue of Queen Dido against the slanderous anachronisms of Virgil

* As we may not have another opportunity of noticing Cowley in the course of our review, we would say that we fully agree with Mr. Hallam in his estimate of his faults, yet we appreciate, we think, rather more favourably his beauties. There can be no doubt that Mr. Hallam is right in preferring the *Complaint*, and, as we also think, the *Elegy on Mr. Hervey* to that on *Crashaw* the poet, which Johnson considers his finest piece.

—for once poetry seems to be heightened by an apparent accordance with historical truth; and there is an air of reality about the *Caulpolican* and the *Lautaro* of the *Araucana* which compensates for the want of many higher poetic qualities. But the poetic fame of Spain rests upon her drama, from which the theatres of other countries were long content to borrow, either in ungrateful silence, or with a kind of contemptuous gratitude. The imitators seemed to admit that the rude ore was dug from the mine of Spanish invention, but to imply that its whole value and beauty depended on the foreign workmanship. The German critics were the first discoverers of the real poetic merits, especially of Calderon, whom they sometimes place on the same level with Shakespeare; just as other discoverers, when a *Tinian* or *Juan Fernandez* has unexpectedly burst upon their sight, have heightened them into an earthly Paradise. Mr. Hallam has done us the honour of subscribing to our estimate of Calderon which appeared many years ago in this Journal, and which still appears to us to be just and true. However far the drama of Spain might recede from the pure morals of Christianity in its complicated amorous adventures, the tricks and subterfuges of its *Graciosos*, and in the general appeal to the laws of Castilian honour and ancestral pride, rather than to the simpler and more Christian precepts of right and wrong, there can be no doubt that its primary and indeed its unflinching inspiration was religion. Independent of the *Autos Sacramentales*, which form a class apart, of purely sacred dramas, represented in the festivals of the church with the solemnities of religion, many of the nobler plays of Calderon, especially the celebrated *Devocion de la Cruz*, were strictly religious tragedies. And it was a religion still fertile in miracle, believing with fond fidelity every wild legend. The hagiography of the church was to Lope and Calderon what the Grecian mythology was to *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*. It was a religion of which the first principle was hatred of the heretic and the infidel—a religion fortified in this fierce intolerance by the long wars with the Moors; which was in no fear of the Inquisition, so genially instinct was it with the same spirit, and, like the Inquisition, in strict accordance with the dominant sentiment. No wonder that where the *Auto de Fè* was a popular exhibition, the milder yet not less fervid fanaticism of Calderon should find the poet's strong encouragement, the response of the human heart to his language and to his opinions.

On one book, however, and that the most important in Spanish literature, our readers will have anticipated, *Don Quixote*, Mr. Hallam has some observations at the same time so original and so worthy of consideration, that we should neither do justice to our readers nor to our author if we should not invite their judgment.

Mr. Hallam first states the theory of "*Don Quixote*," which has been adopted and followed out with great ingenuity by M. Sismondi.

"According to these writers, the primary idea is that of a man of elevated character, excited by heroic and enthusiastic feelings to the extravagant pitch of wishing to restore the age of chivalry; nor is it possible to form a more mistaken notion of this work than by considering it merely as a satire, intended by the author to ridicule

the absurd passion for reading old romances.* "The fundamental idea of Don Quixote," says Sismondi, "is the eternal contrast between the spirit of poetry and that of prose. Men of an elevated soul propose to themselves as the object of life to be the defenders of the weak, the support of the oppressed, the champions of justice and innocence. Like Don Quixote, they find on every side the image of the virtues they worship; they believe that disinterestedness, nobleness, courage—in short, knight errantry—are still prevalent; and with no calculation of their own powers, they expose themselves for an ungrateful world, they offer themselves as a sacrifice to the laws and rules of an imaginary state of society."†—Vol. iii. pp. 667, 668.

Hence the inference that "Don Quixote" is a most melancholy—some even have gone so far as to add, as destroying the generous poetry of life, a most immoral book. Mr. Hallam begins by observing, that as "the mere enthusiasm of doing good if excited by vanity, and not accompanied by common sense, is seldom very serviceable to mankind . . . ; or, as the world might be much the worse for such heroes, it might not be immoral, notwithstanding their benevolent enthusiasm, to put them out of countenance by a little ridicule."

"This, however, is not, as I conceive, the primary aim of Cervantes; nor do I think that the exhibition of one great truth, as the predominant, but concealed, moral of a long work, is in the spirit of his age. He possessed a very thoughtful mind, and a profound knowledge of humanity; yet the generalisation which the hypothesis of Bouterwek and Sismondi requires for the leading conception of Don Quixote, besides its being a little inconsistent with the valorous and romantic character of its author, belongs to a more advanced period of philosophy than his own.

"In the first chapter of this romance, Cervantes, with a few strokes of a great master, sets before us the pauper gentleman, an early riser and keen sportsman, who, 'when he was idle, which was most part of the year,' gave himself up to reading books of chivalry till he lost his wits. The events that follow are in every one's recollection; his lunacy consists no doubt only in one idea, but this is so absorbing that it perverts the evidence of his senses, and predominates in all his language. It is to be observed, therefore, in relation to the nobleness of soul ascribed to Don Quixote, that every sentiment he utters is borrowed, with a punctilious rigour, from the romances of his library; he resorts to them on every occasion for precedents; if he is intrepidly brave, it is because his madness and vanity have made him believe himself unconquerable; if he bestows kingdoms, it is because Amadis would have done the same; if he is honourable, courteous, a redresser of wrongs, it is in pursuance of those prototypes from whom, except that he seems rather more scrupulous in chastity, it is his only boast not to diverge. Those who talk of the exalted character of Don Quixote seem really to forget that, on these subjects, he has no character at all; he is the echo of romance; and to praise him is merely to say that the tone of chivalry, which these productions studied to keep up, and, in the hands of inferior artists, foolishly exaggerated, was full of moral dignity, and has, in a subdued degree of force, modelled the character of a man of honour in the present day. But throughout the first two volumes of Don Quixote, though in a few unimportant passages he talks rationally, I cannot find more than two in which

he displays any other knowledge or strength of mind than the original delusion of the character would lead us to expect.

"The case is much altered in the last two volumes. Cervantes had acquired an immense popularity, and perceived the opportunity, of which he had already availed himself, that this romance gave for displaying his own mind. He had become attached to a hero who had made him illustrious, and suffered himself to lose sight of the clear outline he had once traced for Quixote's personality. Hence we find, in all this second part, that although the lunacy as to knights errant remains unabated, he is, on all other subjects, not only rational in the low sense of the word, but clear, acute, profound, sarcastic, cool-headed. His philosophy is elevated, but not enthusiastic; his imagination is poetical, but it is restrained by strong sense. There are, in fact, two Don Quixotes: one whom Cervantes first designed to draw, the foolish gentleman of La Mancha, whose foolishness had made him frantic; the other a highly-gifted, accomplished model of the best chivalry, trained in all the court, the camp, or the college could impart, but scathed in one portion of his mind by an inexplicable visitation of monomania. One is inclined to ask why this Don Quixote, who is Cervantes, should have been more likely to lose his intellects by reading romances than Cervantes himself. As a matter of bodily disease, such an event is doubtless possible; but nothing can be conceived more improper for fiction, nothing more incapable of affording a moral lesson, than the insanity which arises wholly from disease. Insanity is, in no point of view, a theme for ridicule; and this is an inherent fault of the romance (for those who have imagined that Cervantes has not rendered Quixote ridiculous have a strange notion of the word); but the thoughtlessness of mankind, rather than their insensibility, for they do not connect madness with misery, furnishes some apology for the first two volumes. In proportion as we perceive below the veil of mental delusion a noble intellect, we feel a painful sympathy with its humiliation; the character becomes more complicated and interesting, but has less truth and naturalness—an objection which might also be made, comparatively speaking, to the incidents in the latter volumes, wherein I do not find the admirable probability that reigns through the former. But this contrast of wisdom and virtue with insanity, in the same subject, would have been repulsive in the primary delineation, as I think any one may judge by supposing that Cervantes had, in the first chapter, drawn such a picture of Quixote as Bouterwek and Sismondi have drawn for him."—Vol. iii. pp. 669-674.

Mr. Hallam adheres, therefore, to the judgment of two centuries as to the aim of Cervantes in "Don Quixote," and thus sums up his impartial testimony to the merit of this wonderful work:—

"Cervantes stands on an eminence below which we must place the best of his successors. We have only to compare him with Le Sage or Fielding, to judge of his vast superiority. To Scott indeed he must yield in the variety of his power; but in the line of comic romance, we should hardly think Scott his equal."—Vol. iii. p. 674.

While Spain was thus, as it were, exhausting its whole intellect in one brief era of poetry, France was more gradually yet rapidly maturing at once her short age of poetic excellence, and that perfection of her prose, which, if she has maintained, she has assuredly not surpassed. We are not very partial to the old and misapplied phrase, "the Augustan era of letters;" but that of France—which began under

* Bouterwek, p. 334.

† *Littérature du Midi*, vol. iii. p. 339.

the monarchy, we presume to say, of Richelieu, and reached its height under Louis XIV.—bears sufficient analogy, in its character and the principles of its formation, to that of imperial Rome, to justify its use. It seems to have arisen, like that of Virgil and Horace, out of the peace of despotism which followed, and was still heaving, as it were, with the motion of the religious wars. Its marked characteristic was, that it was the literature of a court, the influence of which spread through a capital in which all France began to be concentrated. It was a literature of society, not in its narrow sense of a coterie, or even of an academy, but that of men constantly in contact with each other, exercising a perpetual—at times a refining and tasteful, at others a repressive and contracting—authority over its development. It fed on public applause; it lived on the immediate sympathy of those to whom it was addressed. Hence its purity, its perspicuity, its popularity, in the highest sense—an aristocratical popularity, indeed, but that of an aristocracy which comprehended the better part of France, or rather, we should say, of Paris. Montaigne, indeed, to whom France and Europe are indebted for bringing many difficult and abstruse subjects within the range of popular thought, happily for himself and for his fame as an author, lived in his country retirement, and there followed out in peace all his desultory but delightful speculations on his own nature and on that of man. Even during the exclusive dominion over French literature, exercised by the court and the capital, some of the more profound thinkers of France dwelt aloof, either in foreign countries, like Descartes, or in the retired sanctuary of their own imagination, like Malebranche; or, like Pascal, if we may so say, in the gloomy hermitage of a melancholy mind. Yet, though Pascal, when he brooded over his sublime "Thoughts," secluded himself, if not from the society, from the intellectual intercourse of men, when he would effect his great moral purpose, the extirpation of the low Jesuit morality—when he would expose that subtle casuistry which, working outward from the confessional, was perplexing the moral sense of man, and substituting captious and subtle rules for the broad and vigorous principles which can alone guide or satisfy the conscience—Pascal himself felt the necessity of becoming popular, if we may so say, Parisian. The French language had never been written in a higher style of refinement, or spoke so vividly to the general ear, as in the "Provincial Letters." The fine sarcasm, the subtle irony, the graceful turn of expression, the poignant hint which cannot be mistaken, the suggestion which reckons, in some degree, on the quickness of the reader, the simplicity of statement which makes every one suppose that they are at once at the bottom of the profoundest subject, the quiet coolness with which the most monstrous tenets of his adversaries are at times illustrated—these consummate arts of writing, in which the art is concealed, would have been addressed in vain to a ruder age, or a more agitated society. Whether Pascal is occasionally unfair in his quotations, or uncandidly general in his inferences from insulated sentences, was, we suspect, as little inquired by the readers of the "Provincial Letters" in Paris as it is by posterity. The style, the inimitable style, carried all before it; the most fastidious taste might learn a lesson from the purity

and clearness of Pascal; and even now, when the questions which they agitate, and the passions to which they appeal, are obsolete and dead, we revert to the "Provincial Letters" as to the perfection of composition. How much Voltaire was indebted to this extraordinary work for his own brilliancy of style, he acknowledges as fully as could be expected from his vanity. The keen and furnished weapons which Pascal had forged with such skill for the defence of the best interests of religion, were turned against it in the next age. We do not make this observation, however, to the disparagement of Pascal: that evil lay deeper than in the influence, the adventitious and unintentional influence, of any one man.

As might be expected in the literature which adapted itself to such a state of things, many of its cleverest writers were writers for society—shrewd and brilliant painters of the manners around them—such as La Bruyère and Rochefoucault in prose, and that model of the light and graceful in verse—whose elegance, wit, and taste, compensate for all the higher qualities of poetry—La Fontaine. But the two great spheres in which French poetry and French prose expanded themselves to maturity were those in which an idle, and, as it would be supposed, a cultivated aristocracy, whose atmosphere of life was public spectacle and amusement, were (let not our readers be shocked at the juxtaposition) the stage and the pulpit. No one will deny that there was something more than oratorical, something dramatic, (we use the word in no invidious sense,) in those splendid displays of eloquence which fell from the lips of Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and, at a later period, of Massillon, and which powerfully contributed to form the vivid and humorous character of French prose. These sermons were by no means a part of a general system of instruction; they were great exhibitions, to which the king and all his nobles crowded at peculiar seasons of the year, in advent and in lent. Not merely a particular preacher, but a particular sermon, was commanded by royal authority. The funeral orations were more peculiarly a kind of aristocratical religious spectacle, accompanied with all the impressive circumstances so well understood by the Roman Catholic church, and no doubt for a time producing strong religious impressions. The year might indeed appear divided—not, in truth, in equal portions—between these solemn religious exhibitions and the profaner diversions of the drama. In lent, the king turned off his mistresses, the theatres were closed; and nothing was seen but the outward signs of penitence, and humiliation, and propriety; nothing was listened to by the court but the grave arguments of Bourdaloue, or the magnificent rhetoric of Bossuet. But lent gone by, the old familiarities were again renewed; all Paris, at least the court, streamed again to the doors of the theatre, and Corneille and Racine resumed their empire. At length, when the last (as the doting old monarch himself perhaps fondly supposed) more legitimate *liaison* with the devout Maintenon was established, a still closer approximation took place between the religious and the theatrical passion; and by his pleasing "Esther" and his noble "Athalie," Racine blended, as it might seem to some, the two incongruous characters—that of a dramatic writer for public representations, and a religious teacher.

Mr. Hallam, though so ardent a Shaksperian, as we have already shown, does not think it necessary to deny himself the enjoyment of the excellencies of the French drama. Bigotry in taste, like bigotry in religion, is its own punishment; the victim of the one who from mistaken rigour forbids himself the free use of the lavish bounties of Divine Providence, and thus seals his heart against many of the most delightful and blameless enjoyments of life, is an object of compassion to the wise and charitable Christian; the rigourist in taste may in the same manner be pitied for the narrow spirit with which he proscribes many works of genius and beauty, because they are not in harmony with his established theories, and thus shuts himself out, as it were, from half the world of letters. The French drama certainly appears to arise out of two singularly incongruous elements, the classical form of the simple old Greek republics, and the gallantry, which descended from the chivalry of the middle ages upon the luxurious courts of modern Europe. Nothing in fact can be less classical, or less Grecian, in its tone of sentiment, which is almost the vital energy of the drama. Yet even these discordant elements are wrought up in the best of the French dramas with such singular felicity; the construction of the drama is sometimes so skilful, the diction so pure and noble, the whole effect so unbrokenly solemn, dignified, and impressive, that even as works of consummate art, if not of creative genius and of truth, they cannot but demand our high admiration. Even if the serious drama, the Roman and Grecian tragedy of France, seems to belong to a peculiar state of society, and after all, may seem domiciliated by a forcible transplantation, rather than native and congenial to the region, still a brilliant court, and an actively idle capital, was the soil, of all others, adapted to the comedy of character and manners. The great mistake in Schlegel's Lectures on the Drama, the evidence that theory will mislead even a mind so sagacious, profound and discriminating as his, appears to us his depreciation of Molière. That Molière has not the poetry of comedy which animates the gay and fantastic scenes of Aristophanes, is unquestionable; but of all forms of poetry, comedy, we should conceive, is least to be limited by abstract theory, and without abandoning any one of its essential principles, may approximate the most closely to real life. And though the best French comedy falls far short of the Shaksperian in variety and richness of humour, we can only express our unfeigned commiseration for those who are insensible to the fine wit, the delicate satire, the inimitable truth of its delineation of character in its higher department, and its broader but still easy and playful mirth, its inexhaustible gaiety, its brilliant epigram, the fun of its exposure of the lighter follies and pretensions in the *Précieuses Ridicules* and the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

We must not, however, linger on these points, nor extract, either for the purpose of expressing our difference, as we might in some cases, or, as would more often be the case, our accordance with Mr. Hallam, in the analysis which he has given of many of the best French dramas; we have dwelt so almost exclusively on questions of taste, that we are conscious that we should do injustice to a work of such various and comprehensive character, if we did not

likewise show the author's manner of treating more profound and solemn subjects. We are constrained to pass over, as less suited to the general reader, the chapters which trace the progress of classical learning and general scholarship, and those which follow out the discoveries of physical science; but we must not so hastily dismiss the abstruse indeed, but grave and all-interesting subjects of religion and speculative philosophy. France certainly owes, if not entirely, in great part, the brilliancy, life and eloquence of her prose to her ecclesiastical writers. However Religion might seem to stoop in some degree from her elevated position to assume the theatric manner required by the state of society, yet from this condescension to popularity she unquestionably derived great and lasting advantages. Religion was at this period one of the great dominant impulses of the French mind; the wars of the league had left a violent agitation in the heart of man; a burning zeal, darkening into intolerance, which all the gentleness of Fenelon could not allay, and of which he himself was the victim, still actuated the courtly bishops, who administered religious flatteries, or at least condescended to make their solemn admonitions acceptable to the royal ear, by their dazzled and obsequious homage to his sovereignty. The unexhausted controversy with the protestants, which was terminated by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, fatally, indeed, for the Gallican church, by allowing it to relapse into indolent security, as well as for the faith, justice, and humanity of Louis XIV.; the strife with Jansenism, and even the controversy about Quietism, kept the intellect of the higher French clergy in a state of fertile excitement. Nor can it be doubted that their constant habit of preaching for effect acted with a powerful influence on their polemic writings. It was as the practised orator of the pulpit, addressing a refined and fastidious audience, that the greatest controversialist of modern times, Bossuet, acquired that force, pregnancy and rapidity of style, that perspicuity when treating on the abstrusest topics—that power of sweeping the mind along with an irresistible torrent, as it seems, while we are borne away upon it, of unanswerable argument; of awing and confounding the intellect till it dares not, or is almost too much paralysed to venture on examination. The training in this same school of popular eloquence enabled the eagle of Meaux to cast that clear, and rapid, and comprehensive survey over ancient universal history. However, it may not satisfy either by its depth or its accuracy the demands of philosophic history, though it is the view of a strictly Romish ecclesiastic, and clearly shows from what position it is taken; yet as a composition, this work of Bossuet's may be considered among the imperishable records of human genius. We must return, however, to our author, and will select his observations on another great, though unfinished, work of this period, the *Pensées*, which Mr. Hallam criticises with the boldness of an independent mind, yet with all the respect due to the character and genius of Pascal. We have already spoken of Pascal as a controversialist—it is curious to contrast him in this respect with Bossuet, and to remark with what skill, or rather, perhaps, from what conscious congeniality of their own character with their style, these eloquent men used such different weapons, though in some degree forged in the

same furnace, to encounter such different antagonists. They are alike, indeed, in purity and perspicuity of style; while the overwhelming vehemence of Bossuet would have recoiled, if we can suppose it employed against it, from the hard and impassive ice which had formed over the Jesuit mind; on the other hand, the fine and cutting irony, the latent sarcasm, the wit and the elegance of the Provincial Letters, would have been repelled by the ruder yet severer reasonings of the Protestants, and produced no effect on their stubborn and earnest, if we may so say, their homely piety. But we return to the Thoughts of Pascal. After having observed their unsystematic and fragmentary character, Mr. Hallam proceeds:—

"Among those who sustained the truth of Christianity by argument rather than authority, the first place both in order of time and of excellence is due to Pascal, though his Thoughts were not published till 1670, some years after his death, and, in the first edition, not without suppressions. They have been supposed to be fragments of a more systematic work that he had planned, or perhaps only reflections committed to paper, with no design of publication in their actual form. But, as is generally the case with works of genius, we do not easily persuade ourselves that they could have been improved by any such alteration as would have destroyed their type. They are at present bound together by a real coherence through the predominant character of the reasonings and sentiments, and give us every thing that we could desire in a more regular treatise without the tedious verbosity which regularity is apt to produce. The style is not so polished as in the Provincial Letters, and the sentences are sometimes ill constructed and elliptical. Passages almost transcribed from Montaigne have been published by careless editors as Pascal's.

"But the Thoughts of Pascal are to be ranked, as a monument of his genius, above the Provincial Letters, though some have asserted the contrary. They burn with an intense light: condensed in expression, sublime, energetic, rapid, they hurry away the reader till he is scarcely able or willing to distinguish the sophisms from the truth they contain. For that many of them are incapable of bearing a calm scrutiny is very manifest to those who apply such a test. The notes of Voltaire, though always intended to detract, are sometimes unanswerable; but the splendour of Pascal's eloquence absolutely annihilates, in effect on the general reader, even this antagonist.

"Pascal had probably not read very largely, which has given an ampler sweep to his genius. Except the Bible and the writings of Augustin, the book that seems most to have attracted him was the Essays of Montaigne. Yet no men could be more unlike in personal disposition and in the cast of their intellect. But Pascal, though abhorring the religious and moral carelessness of Montaigne, found much that fell in with his own reflections in the contempt of human opinions, the perpetual humbling of human reason, which runs through the bold and original work of his predecessor. He quotes no book so frequently; and indeed, except Epictetus, and once or twice Descartes, he hardly quotes any other at all. Pascal was too acute a geometer, and too sincere a lover of truth, to countenance the sophisms of mere Pyrrhonism; but like many theological writers, in exalting faith he does not always give reason her value, and furnishes weapons which the sceptic might employ against himself. It has been said that he denies the validity of the proofs of natural religion. This seems to be in some measure an error, founded on mistaking the objections he puts into the mouths of unbelievers for his own. But it must, I think, be admitted that his arguments for the

being of a God are too often a *tutior*, that it is the safer side to take.

"But the leading principle of Pascal's theology, that from which he deduces the necessary truth of revelation, is the fallen nature of mankind; dwelling less upon scriptural proofs, which he takes for granted, than on the evidence which he supposes man himself to supply. Nothing, however, can be more dissimilar than his beautiful visions to the vulgar Calvinism of the pulpit. It is not the sordid, grovelling, degraded Caliban of that school, but the ruined archangel that he delights to paint. Man is so great, that his greatness is manifest even in his knowledge of his own misery. A tree does not know itself to be miserable. It is true that to know we are miserable is misery; but still it is greatness to know it. All his misery proves his greatness; it is the misery of a great lord, of a king, dispossessed of their own. Man is the feeblest branch of nature, but it is a branch that thinks. He requires not the universe to crush him. He may be killed by a vapour, by a drop of water. But if the whole universe should crush him, he would be nobler than that which causes his death, because he knows that he is dying, and the universe would not know its power over him. This is very evidently sophistical and declamatory; but it is the sophistry of a fine imagination. It would be easy, however, to find better passages. The dominant idea recurs in almost every page of Pascal. His melancholy genius plays in wild and rapid flashes, like lightning round the scathed oak, about the fallen greatness of man. He perceives every characteristic quality of his nature under these conditions. They are the solution of every problem, the clearing up of every inconsistency that perplexes us. 'Man,' he says very finely, 'has a secret instinct that leads him to seek diversion and employment from without; which springs from the sense of his continued misery. And he has another secret instinct, remaining from the greatness of his original nature, which teaches him that happiness can only exist in repose. And from these two contrary instincts there arises in him an obscure propensity, concealed in his soul, which prompts him to seek repose through agitation, and even to fancy that the contentment he does not enjoy will be found, if by struggling yet a little longer he can open a door to rest.'

"It can hardly be conceived that any one would think the worse of human nature or of himself by reading these magnificent lamentations of Pascal. He adorns and ennobles the degeneracy he exaggerates. The ruined aqueduct, the broken column, the desolated city, suggests no ideas but of dignity and reverence. No one is ashamed of a misery which bears witness to its grandeur. If we should persuade a labourer that the blood of princes flows in his veins, we might spoil his contentment with the only lot he has drawn, but scarcely kill in him the seeds of pride."—Vol. iv. pp. 156–160.

We have no space for Mr. Hallam's observations on the profound and difficult problem which is here forced upon the consideration, the origin of evil in man, but we can recommend them as worthy the serious consideration of all who are disposed to such grave inquiries. To the Christian, after all, this must be a question of pure revelation. Experience, observation, reason, may show what man *is*, but whether man ever existed in a higher state can only be known, and, therefore, can only be communicated by an intelligence anterior to, and cognizant of, that pre-existent or paradisaical state. All the noble contrasts between the dignity and insignificance, the power and weakness, the crimes and virtues of man prove nothing, beyond the actual condition of humanity, which, for aught we can know from reason,

may have been created for wise purposes in this imperfect state; and genius, like Pascal's, ranging through creation, might, no doubt, find a close analogy, at least in the intervening links, if not through the whole infinite series of created things. All beyond our actual world, we repeat, must rest on revelation.

While France was thus proceeding undisturbed in her peculiar course of intellectual development, the civil wars made a violent breach and interruption in the literary progress of England. Not that there was any complete cessation of intellectual activity; as the collision arose out of the conflict of great religious and political principles, the warfare was waged by the pen as well as by the sword; the press poured forth its desultory myriads as the land its armed legions. Bear witness the huge tones of puritan divinity and the countless quartos of pamphlets; but, as is always the case, the publications were too hasty, too temporary, too much coloured by the violent passions of the time, to have any lasting influence, as literary productions, on the history of the human mind. Poetry, indeed, shrunk into silence amid the polemic strife, the noise and agitation of actual war. Here and there romantic loyalty, or even stern republicanism, struck out a few short notes, which rose above the tumult, and showed that poetry was not yet extinct in the heart of man; we allude to the two or three exquisite songs of Lovelace, and to some of Milton's sonnets. But, in general, verse aspired no higher than the political song, the roaring bacchanal of the cavalier, or the quaint hymn of the conventicler. The stage was proscribed; the Shaksperian drama had uttered her last strains in the feebleness though still lively, the comparatively unimpassioned though not unimaginative plays, of Shirley. The sweet promise of George Wither's early verse was soured into the acrid harshness of puritanical satire. With the few exceptions above alluded to, there was a comparatively dreary period of sublime, occasionally, but harsh, polemical, and political prose, which intervened between the unrivalled melody of Milton's youthful poems, the "Allegro" and "Penseroso," the "Comus" and the "Lycidas," and the solemn, mature, meditative grandeur of the "Paradise Lost." In some, indeed, of the state papers, those on the royal side which were written by Clarendon, and in some fragments which remain of the parliamentary and judicial eloquence, there is a grave dignity and force, as yet, perhaps, scarcely ever attained by English prose. For terseness, fine irony, and biting sarcasm, the singular pamphlet, "Killing no Murder," was unrivalled till the days of Junius. But our general literature must look back to the age of Elizabeth and James, or forward beyond the restoration, for any of the great productions of the human intellect. Never, perhaps, was a great cause more unworthily pleaded than in the "Arraignment and Defence of the People of England for the Execution of Charles the First." Milton could not write for a long time without flashes of his nobility of thought and language; but, in general, his victory over his antagonist Salmasius is obtained solely by his more perfect command of Latin Billingsgate. The controversy is more like that of two schoolmasters quarrelling about points of grammar and expression, and lashing each other into the coarsest personalities,

than the advocates of two great conflicting principles debating a solemn question before astonished Europe.

But when the fury of the storm was over, men's minds, more temperately agitated, had leisure, and had still a strong impulse towards intellectual study and productiveness; as they gradually cooled down to more sober reasoning, without altogether quenching the vivifying fire within, they grappled with all the great questions which had been set afloat during the period of turbulence. In poverty, and neglect, and blindness, the fierce gladiator, who had struggled with stern energy against prelacy and monarchy, isolated from the world around in his religious no less than in his political sentiments, came forth the poet of "Paradise Lost." The stage revived, but, unhappily, foreign influences had streamed in at the restoration; our drama began to imitate the versification of the French and the wild extravagance of the Spanish, without the dignity and eloquence of the former, or the inexhaustible invention of the latter,—if not without a native vigour of language and much sparkling wit, with a deeply-rooted immorality of tone and profligacy of language entirely our own. The period of Charles the Second is that to which we may look with the greatest shame upon our more popular literature—the literature, that is, of our court and capital; and in no respect so much as in the comparative waste of him, whom we may yet call, "Glorious John." What might Dryden have been in better days? There are few lines to us more melancholy than those in which he deplores his fatal subservience to a "lubrique and adulterous age." Dryden was, perhaps, the first, and the greatest, of the writers for bread—the actors on the stage of literature, who, in old Johnson's phrase, "as they live to please, must please to live." We mean not those who, by partial compliance with the spirit of their age, command it; who, by seeming obedience, direct it to better things; but those who throw themselves headlong into the current, and yield to its impulse wherever it may bear them. To please the age of Dryden, unhappily, it was necessary to be pompous and inflated in tragedy, coarse and filthy in comedy, and, with a reluctant and mournful heart, Dryden stooped to the service by which he lived. Yet though we deplore the waste of high talents and of powers which, if they had girt themselves up to some great task, might have obtained a permanent rank in literature; perhaps those poets whose poverty, if not their will, consents to sacrifice lasting fame for ephemeral influence and popularity, are not without use in their generation. If they vulgarise they likewise popularise literature; they are constrained to speak in a more intelligible and colloquial tone, (except in short periods where the fashion enforces some peculiar affectation), in order to address the many; they give a certain elevation to, even in some cases they scatter something like poetry over, the events of the day; they bring down literature from its heights, they draw it forth from its meditative hermitage to converse with man, and thus, by a kind of self-sacrifice without dignity, by an unintentional assertion of their own superiority to the mass, they diffuse literary tastes, and extend the empire of mind over classes which have been long excluded from its operation. Except the "Fables," all Dryden's works may be considered as written on

occasional and temporary subjects. "Alexander's Feast" was composed for music on St. Cecilia's day; "Absalom and Achitophel" is, as every one knows, a political satire. The prefaces to his plays, and the "Essay on Dramatic Poetry" were dashed off to serve immediate purposes;* and, perhaps, all their faults, and some of their beauties arose from these circumstances of their composition. English prose, in the hands of Dryden, threw off that still somewhat scholastic and unfamiliar tone which it had retained even in the great writers of the former period. Hooker might still appear to address divines, Bacon philosophers, at least, thinking and accomplished minds; in Dryden, the literary language first approached to the plain, the idiomatic, the vernacular. The pedantry of quotation, the endless illustration, the quaint metaphor seemed to fall off as cumbersome or superfluous. It had all the faults, on the other hand, of haste. It was, doubtless, too frequently coarse, careless, not merely unpolished, but unfinished; as it drew nearer to the conversation of educated and intelligent men, it was too apt to degenerate into the cant and fashionable terms and phrases which prevail at every period. The poetry of Dryden partook in these merits and defects. As it usually treated on subjects in themselves less essentially poetical, so it could not speak in anything like a poetical vocabulary. Approaching nearer to common life, it used something far more like common language; it was distinguished by its vigour, its pregnancy, its solidity, rather than by its imaginative or suggestive richness and grace: it was language which, stripped of its rhyme and cadence, of its poetic form, might have been employed at the bar or in the senate.

But happily the court circle, even London itself, was not England. There were great minds far removed from the contagion of the metropolis, who, either in academic retirement, or in other places more favourable to study, as well as to independent dignity of intellect, maintained the native character of English literature, and employed themselves in the solution of those problems on which the age required satisfaction. During the political and religious agitations of the civil wars, the mind of man had broke loose from all its ancient moorings; every question of social or spiritual interest was in a floating and unsettled state—every established opinion had been rudely shaken, or torn up by the roots—men were wildly rushing from one extreme to another—the most opposite doctrines met and embraced; servility in political theory reconciled itself to more than freedom in religious creed; while enthusiastic religion threw off, or attempted to supersede, all civil control. Profound and commanding minds were imperiously required to restore anything like peace to the intellect, as the restoration had, to a certain extent, to the state of England: and they were not found wanting. The impulse of the great movement was still working, and with its most powerful influence, on minds which were either repelled by, or kept aloof from, the degrading intrigues and debauchery of the court. Clarendon, in exile, composed that immortal history, which, if written under

great disadvantages, from memory alone, and at a distance from those documents, which can alone insure minute accuracy in the historian, had still a faithfulness more impressive and more valuable. If the memory of Clarendon had let fall some petty circumstances, dates and names, it had preserved the impression, the actual being and presence of his times, as it appeared to, and left its indelible stamp upon, his mind. No one is better qualified to appreciate, and no one can praise, moreover, with greater freedom and justice, than Mr. Hallam, the consummate skill with which Clarendon draws the characters of men; but there has always appeared to us, besides this, to a peculiar degree, this faithfulness of impression—this power of realising the scenes and events of the period, with their workings on the minds of men, which is among the highest and rarest functions of a great historian. We read not merely the barren facts, and learn the names, and become acquainted with the characters, of the principal actors, but the whole tragic drama, with the emotions it excited, its fears, its hopes, its passions, its vicissitudes, passes before us, in all the energy and movement of life.

But history, however nobly written, still less history written by the acknowledged hand of a partisan, could not decide, even had it been published at that time, any of those solemn questions, of which the impatient mind of man demanded the settlement. The very depths of metaphysical, ethical, and theological speculation were to be sounded, not by men obstinately wedded to one theory, but by patient and impartial reasoners, still, in some cases, sufficiently impassioned to follow out their inquiries with unexhausted perseverance, and to present its results in a vivid and earnest tone, but with the passion subordinate to the reason, or lingering only in the more fervid or metaphoric diction. Some, indeed, were of still severer temperament. Neither the political nor the religious theories of Hobbes are likely to find too much favour with Mr. Hallam; but he does ample justice to the singular acuteness and metaphysical originality, to the yet unrivalled pregnancy, perspicuity, and precision of language, in the philosopher of Malmesbury. Chillingworth was likewise among the more austere and sternly logical writers. This great man, with Jeremy Taylor, in his *Liberty of Prophecy*, and the admirable John Hales of Eton, first established in this country that which had already been developed by the Arminians of Holland—the true principles of Protestant toleration. We must not venture at any length upon Taylor. This extraordinary man was endowed to excess with all the gifts of a great writer, but, instead of balancing and correcting each other, each seems to seize upon him in turn, and hurry him away in unresisted mastery. His consummate reasoning powers are perpetually betraying him into refinements and subtleties; he is not merely a casuist in his professed book on *Casuistry*, his *Ductor Dubitantium*, but in many other parts of his works. In the *Ductor* he is often cool, analytical, and runs as near the wind on moral points, as a Jesuit. Pascal, with but little unfairness, might have found rich scope, even in this last of the vast tomes of casuistry, for his satire. The inexhaustible learning of Taylor is uncritical beyond his time; passages from every quarter are heaped up with indiscriminate profusion—loose,

* "Cousin Swift" puts it coarsely:—

— "Merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling."

fragmentary, of all ages, of every shade of authority. His poetic imagination is not merely redundant of the richest and most various imagery, but works out every image and illustration to the most remote and fanciful analogies. His very command of language seems to involve him in intricate and endless sentences, in order that he may show his wonderful power of evolving himself with apparent ease, and of giving a kind of rhythm and harmony, a cadence sometimes sweet to the ear, to this long drawn succession of words and images.* Even the virtues, which breathe throughout all his works, are of this exuberant character. His piety soars, at times, into mysticism; his practical earnestness becomes ascetic: even his charity—though, for our own parts, we find the excess of that virtue so rare, that perhaps we had rather err with Taylor, than be right with some sterner dogmatists—has been thought, in its strong recoil from the harshness of Calvinism, to approximate to the other extreme. But, on the whole, Taylor was of inestimable service to the religion of England; he softened the asperity and mitigated the sternness which it had assumed during the long and angry strife; he showed that a more expansive and less rigidly dogmatic tone was consistent with the most angelic piety.

To the other great divine of this period, the greatest, we had almost ventured to say, of English divines, Mr. Hallam does not appear to us to have assigned quite his proper position. He has seized the main characteristics of Barrow's mind and manner, with his usual discrimination; but we should be inclined, both as to the actual merit of his writings and his influence on his age, to claim a more separate and elevated rank for this solid thinker and unrivaled master of the English language. The sermons of Barrow, with his *Treatise on the Pope's Supremacy*, include the whole domain of theology and of morals. There is scarcely a question which is not exhausted, and, by his inimitable copiousness of language, placed in every point of view, and examined with the most conscientious accuracy. Barrow is high above indifference or Pyrrhonism, but his commanding reason can venture to give every fair advantage to the arguments of his adversaries. He is not, indeed, so much a polemic writer as an honest, though devout, investigator of truth. With Barrow we are not haunted with the apprehension that we are following out a partial or imperfect theory; it is all before us in its boundless range and its infinite variety; and it is not till we have received the amplest satisfaction that our assent is demanded to the inevitable conclusion. For this, indeed, and

the firm, we trust, inseparable reunion of religion and the highest morality, which had been forced asunder in the reckless contests of fanaticism in all its various forms, we are more indebted to this great divine than to any other single writer. Barrow gave its character of strong sense, solidity, and completeness to English theology. To some of us he will appear, no doubt, insufferably prolix, and unnecessarily multifarious in his divisions. The well known speech of Charles II., that *he was not a fair man—he left nothing to be said by any one who came after him*, was no doubt true; and perhaps we, being accustomed to a more rapid and effective style, may feel some of the impatience of the merry monarch; yet we think the station to be adjudged both to his intellectual powers and the influence which those powers have exercised on English literature and English thinking, must set him far apart from most of the writers either of his own or of any other period.

In our examination of Mr. Hallam's work, we are conscious that we have dwelt almost exclusively on what may be called the high places of literature, while much of the merit of such a summary must depend on the judgment with which the inferior writers are admitted into the company of the "gods and demi-gods," and the skill with which the more feeble and undistinguished lineaments of their literary character are caught and painted. We might, no doubt, if captiously disposed, have found much debatable matter on these minor subjects; we might have complained of the exclusion of some, and protested against the freedom of the literary republic being granted to others. The bibliographers, again, who are apt to judge of the merits of a writer from the rarity of his book, will complain, that volumes over which the hammer of Mr. Evans has been suspended for many minutes of breathless anxiety, have received no more notice from Mr. Hallam than from their own age, which allowed them to sink into undisturbed obscurity; but bibliography, we apprehend, was not the object of our author. The searchers of our recondite treasures of the Bodleian and British Museum will look in vain, perhaps, to this work for its guidance in unearthing or undusting writers, not without merit or influence in their day, who were either unknown, or have been forgotten or disregarded by Mr. Hallam. But neither was this case, we conceive, contemplated in his design. We must remember that this is the first great general map or chart of the intellectual world attempted in this country. To all lovers of literature it will be acceptable; to the young, we conceive, invaluable. We almost wish that we could renew our own youth, in order to profit by its instructions; it would have prevented us from reading a vast number of very bad books, and induced us, perhaps, to read some good ones. The more extensive the surface of literature, the more we are inclined not to rest in the narrow circle of our native libraries, but to consider Europe as one literary republic; the greater therefore becomes the necessity of introductions to literary history. We have dwelt much on the adaptation of intellectual studies to the necessities of each age; nothing was perhaps more imperatively demanded by our own than that which we now possess in the work of Mr. Hallam—a systematic, comprehensive, and trustworthy Retrospective Review.

* We are rather surprised, in Mr. Hallam's comparison of Taylor and Bishop Hall, to read this sentence—"These two great divines resemble each other, on the whole, so much, that we might, for a short time, not discover which we were reading."—Vol. iii. p. 127. They are like each other, to our judgment, only in the fervour of their devotion. The fancy of Hall is barren in comparison to that of Taylor. There is almost a perpetual quaintness; and in almost all his works he continues to affect a brevity of period, with which Milton taunted him in their controversy about Episcopacy:—"To be girded by one who makes sentences by the statute, as if all above three inches long were confiscate." This is very different from Taylor's redundant flow.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HISTORY OF EUROPE.*

The volumes which Mr. Alison has already contributed to the history of the last quarter of a century, have given unquestionable evidence of his qualities for his important task. A striking command of language, manly and constitutional principles, a conception at once clear and glowing, and a judgment at once chastised and elevated by religion, place him in the first rank of those who have recorded the wonders of the French Revolution.

France has not been without her describers of this most extraordinary time; but she has still to accomplish the achievement of producing a historian. Her triumph is in animated anecdote, her writers are matchless *conteurs*, and her best modern histories are "*mémoires pour servir*." The national genius seems hostile to the comprehensive views and majestic strength of history. Nothing can surpass the finish and force of her pictures of the individual actors in her great public events, and to this extent the labours of the later French writers must have a value: they are exact, spirited, and brilliant; the great historian, like the great painter, will avail himself of their physiognomies, but he will form his groups from other recollections. He will shape the general action from loftier knowledge and by the application of broader principles, and the creative power which belongs to genius alone, will give the world that canvass which alone contains the mind of the age.

We have read Mr. Alison's previous volumes with a degree of pleasure which has certainly been unfelt by us in any other historical work. It has beguiled us from chapter to chapter with all the captivation of a noble romance, while its sound principles and its extensive information have given that romance the still stronger charm of the most magnificent of realities. The whole French Revolution was a drama. It had the beginning, middle, and end, and all within a period not too brief for human interest, nor too extended for human life. It was comprehended within a single generation. It had all the complexity, yet the clearness, the general design, yet the individual objects, the long alternations of hope and fear, the intricate adventure, and the dazzling and stupendous catastrophe. Living remembrance had seen nothing that resembled it. It brought a new race of impulses into being. Kingly ambition, popular rage, the mysterious and haughty severities of superstition, the wild revenge of ignorance inflamed by a sense of wrong—all had passed over the surface of European history in their succession, and all had vanished. But at the moment when mankind had begun to ridicule the disturbances and the disturbers, as the work of ages when the world lay in darkness and the ghost and the robber held equal sway over the night, other and still more startling influences were let loose. Shapes of evil that had scarcely been dreamed of in the excited imagination of the past sprang up before the present. The disturbance spread over nations, the disturber stood

before us in the broad day of European intelligence. The revolution wore a visage of fierceness and power to which history had seen nothing equal. A tyranny more sullen than superstition, and more savage than despotism—mingling infidelity with treason, and giving a new force to its hostility against human laws by its insults to heaven—exhibited itself to the world, less breaking down than blasting all resistance; trampling on every army and crown of the continent; and alike in its desperate designs, and its irresistible successes, displaying the splendour, the subtlety, and the remorseless havoc of a fiend.

The present volume embraces the period from 1809 to the close of 1812; the "fourth act" of the drama, when all the scattered causes were beginning to ripen, the leading characters to grow distinct, and the conclusion to shape itself, though still remotely and in clouds, to the general eye.

The variety and multiplicity of the events is actually astonishing; and, compared with those of any equal duration in European annals, throws the tumults of the past totally into the shade. Whatever may be the perverse vigour of public disturbance among our posterity, it will not have the power of reproaching our age with inactivity in point of political convulsion.

These four years include the most important crisis of the war in the Peninsula:—Wellington's daring plans and successes in the central provinces, and the disastrous struggles of the native armies on the eastern coast—the singular changes of the Mohammedan world—the reforms of Mahmood, and the Russian war in Turkey—the Russian and French war: the succession of sanguinary encounters at Borodino, Moscow, &c.—and the memorable retreat and the general resumption of arms by the vassals of France, preparatory to the overthrow of the tyrant who had so long trampled upon them all.

The volume commences with a brief but animated view of the mental condition of Europe during the age of George the Third. Of the immorality arising from the French literature of the day, it speaks with equal truth and eloquence:

"In no age of the world has the degrading effect of long continued prosperity, and the regenerating influence of difficulty and suffering on human thought, been more clearly evinced. The latter part of the eighteenth century, the reign of Louis XV., the Regent Orleans, and Louis XVI., were characterised by a flood of selfishness and corruption, the sure forerunners in the annals of nations of external disaster or internal ruin. Fancy was applied only to give variety to the passions—genius to inflame, by the intermixture of sentiment, the seductions of the senses—talent to obscure the creator from whom it sprang. The great powers of Voltaire, capable, as his tragedies demonstrate, of the most exalted as well as varied efforts, were perverted by the spirit of the age in which he lived. He wrote for individual celebrity, not eternal truth; and he obtained, in consequence, the natural reward of such conduct, unbounded present fame, and in some respects undeserved permanent neglect. The ardent and more elevated, but unsteady mind of Rousseau disdained such degrading bondage. The bow, bent too far one way, recoiled too far another; and the votaries of fashion, in an artificial age and a corrupted capital, were amused by the eloquent declamations of the recluse of Meillerie on the pristine equality of mankind, the social contract, and the original dignity of the savage character. Raynal, deducing the principles of humanity

* History of Europe, from the commencement of the French Revolution in 1789, to the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815. By Archibald Alison, F. R. S. E., Advocate. Vol. VIII.

from the wrong source, traced with persuasive fervour, but with no prophetic foresight, the establishments of the European in the two hemispheres; and, blind to the mighty change which they were destined to effect in the condition of the species, diffused those pernicious dogmas which have now blasted the happiness of the negro race both in the French and English colonies; and sought to deduce, from the commencement of the vast change destined to spread the Christian faith over the wilderness of nature, arguments against its celestial origin. Every department of thought, save one, was tainted by the general wickedness, and blindness to all but present objects, which prevailed. Man's connection with his Maker was broken by the French apostles of freedom; for they declared there was no God, in whom to trust in the great struggle for liberty. 'Human immortality,' says Channing, 'that truth which is the seed of all greatness, they derided. To their philosophy man was a creature of chance, a compound of matter, a worm soon to rot and perish for ever. France failed in her attempts for freedom, through the want of that moral preparation for liberty, without which the blessing cannot be secured. Liberty was tainted by their touch, polluted by their breath; and yet we trusted it was to rise in health and glory from their embrace.' In the exact sciences alone, dependent upon intellect only, the native dignity of the human mind was asserted; and the names of D'Alembert, La Grange, and La Place, will remain to the end of the world among those who, in the loftiest subjects of inquiry, have extended and enlarged the boundaries of knowledge.

"But more animating times were approaching fast: corruption had produced its inevitable fruits; and adversity, with its renovating influence, was about to pass over the moral world. The revolution came with its disasters and its passions; its overthrow of thrones and destruction of altars; its woes, its blood, and its suffering. In the general deluge thus suddenly falling on a sinful world, the mass of mankind in all ranks still clung to their former vices. They were, as of old, marrying and giving in marriage, when the waters burst upon them. But the ark of salvation had been prepared by more than mortal hands. The hand writing on the wall was perceived by the gifted few to whom Providence had unlocked the fountains of original thought; and in the highest class of intellect was soon to be discerned the elevating influence of trial and suffering on the human mind."

We are glad to find the historian pausing on his way to more showy and tumultuous themes, to do honour, which was but to do justice, to the memory of George the Third. The faction which that honest and high principled monarch excluded from the means of public mischief during his reign, have taken the base revenge of calumny since his decease; and it is only the duty of history, which will live when pamphleteering bitterness, and the hedge-firing hostility of reviews, are sunk in contemptuous oblivion, to pay the national tribute to the most *English* sovereign that ever sat upon the throne.

"No monarch was ever better adapted for the arduous and momentous duty to which he was called, or possessed qualities more peculiarly fitted for the difficulties with which, during his long reign, he had to contend. Born and bred in England, he gloried, as he himself said, in the name of Briton. Educated in the principles of the Protestant religion, he looked to their maintenance not only as his first duty, but as the only safeguard of his throne. Simple in his habits, moderate in his desires, unostentatious in his tastes, he preferred, amidst the seductions of a palace, the purity and virtues of domestic

life. His education had been neglected—his information was not extensive; but he possessed, in a very high degree, that native sagacity and just discrimination, for the want of which no intellectual cultivation can afford any compensation, and which are so often found more than adequate to supply the place of the most brilliant and even solid acquisitions. He inherited from his father the hereditary courage and firmness of his race. On repeated occasions, when his life was attempted, he evinced a rare and personal intrepidity; and when he proposed, during the dreadful riots of 1780, to ride at the head of his guards into the midst of the fires of his capital, he did no more than what his simple heart told him was his duty, but what, nevertheless, bespoke the monarch fitted to quench the conflagration of Europe. Though quick in conversation, as kings generally are, he could not be said to have an acute mind; and yet the native strength of his intellect enabled him to detect at once any sophistry which interfered with the just sense he always entertained of his public or religious duties. When Mr. Dundas, in the course of conversation on the Catholic claims, previous to Mr. Pitt's retirement on that ground in 1800, urged the often repeated argument, that the coronation oath was taken by him only in relation to his executive duties, he at once replied, 'Come, come, Mr. Dundas, let us have none of your *Scotch metaphysics*.'

The firmness which he exhibited on occasion of the run upon the Bank and the mutiny of the *Nore*, in 1797, brought the nation safely through the most dangerous crisis of recent times. His inflexible determination, in 1807, to admit no compromise with the Catholics regarding the coronation oath, averted for twenty years that loosening of the constitution in church and state, under which the nation has since so grievously laboured. When resisting, almost alone, Mr. Fox's India bill in 1783, he expressed his determination rather to resign his crown, and retire to Hanover, than permit it to become a law; and the result has proved both that he had correctly scanned on that occasion the feelings of the English people, and rightly appreciated the probable effect of the proposed measure on our eastern empire, and the balance of the constitution in this country.

His determination to admit no accommodation with the American insurgents, prolonged that unhappy contest for years after even his own ministers had become aware that it was hopeless; yet even such a resolution had something magnanimous in its character. It is now well known, that, but for the incapacity of the generals in command of his armies, his firmness would have been rewarded with success; and all must admit, that his first words to the American minister who came to his court after the peace—"I was the last man in my dominions to acknowledge your independence; but I will be the first to support it, now that it has been granted,"—were worthy of the sovereign of a great empire, whose moral resolution misfortune could not subdue, and whose sense of honour prosperity could not weaken.

"Selecting, out of the innumerable arts which flourished in his dominions, that on which all others were dependent, he concentrated the rays of royal favour on the simple labours of the husbandman. Equalling Henry IV. in the benevolence of his wish, and outstripping both him and his own age in the justice of his discrimination, he said he hoped to live to see the day, not when all his subjects could merely read, but 'when every man in his dominions should have his *Bible* in his pocket.'

In his remarks on the situation of public affairs under the regency, and especially on the death of the lamented Mr. Perceval, the historian presses

with equal force and feeling on the perils of the contingency from which England and Europe just then escaped. The calamitous period of the war was passing away; but, if the dreaded contingency had been realised, the true calamity would only then have been beginning. The whigs were in negotiation with the regent; nothing but a petty dispute about three officers of the household impeded their possession of power. If they had been ministers of England, they were pledged instantly to have changed the policy of England, to have reversed all the measures of defiance and defence by which England had hitherto been kept in safety, and the result must have been the secure supremacy of Napoleon, and the inevitable ruin of the British cause. The peril came so close to the point that the escape was scarcely less than providential.

"The negotiation with the whigs was broken off on the 6th of June. On the 13th of the same month, Wellington crossed the Portuguese frontier, and commenced the campaign of Salamanca; while, on the 23d, Napoleon passed the Niemen, and threw his crown and his life on the precarious issue of a Russian invasion. The expulsion of the French from the Peninsula, the catastrophe of Moscow, the resurrection of Europe were on the eve of commencing, when the continued fidelity of England to the cause of freedom hung on the doubtful balance of household appointments.

"If a change of ministry had taken place at that time, the destinies of the world would probably have been changed. The whigs, fettered by their continued protestations against the war, could not, with any regard to consistency, have prosecuted it with vigour. Their unvarying prophecies of disaster from the Peninsular contest, would have paralysed all the national efforts in support of Wellington; their continued declamations on the necessity of peace, would have led them to embrace the first opportunity of coming to an accommodation with Napoleon. Alexander, mindful of their refusal of succour after the battle of Eylau, would have been shaken in his resolution after the battle of Borodino. Sweden, unsupported by English subsidies, would not have ventured to swerve from the French alliance. The occupation of Moscow would have led to a submission destructive of the liberties of Europe; or the retreat, unthreatened, from the north, would have spared half its horrors; at latest, peace would have been concluded with the French emperor at Prague. Wellington would have been withdrawn with barren laurels from the Peninsula, Europe yet groaning under the yoke of military power, and the dynasty of Napoleon still upon the throne. In contemplating the intimate connection of such marvellous results with the apparently trivial question of household appointments in the royal palace of Great Britain, the reflecting observer, according to the temper of his mind, will indulge in the vein of pleasantry or the sentiment of thankfulness. The disciples of Voltaire, recollecting how a similar court intrigue arrested the course of Marlborough's victories in one age, and prolonged the popular rule in Great Britain in another, will inveigh against the subjection of human affairs to the direction of chance, the caprice of sovereigns, or the arts of courtiers; while the Christian philosopher, impressed with the direction of all earthly things by an Almighty hand, will discern in these apparently trivial events the unobserved springs of supreme intelligence; and conclude, that as much as royal partialities may be the unconscious instruments of reward to an upright and strenuous, they may be the ministers of retribution to a selfish and corrupted age."

But what were the men, and what must be the faction, whose principles were thus equivalent to the subversion of the national success, and whose power would have been equivalent to the inevitable triumph of the enemies of the country? These were the whigs, the remnant of the Foxites in that day; but, if the remnant of a faction, degraded from even the hollow patriotism to the avowed and unquestioned bitterness of Lord Grey, could then have endangered the empire, what must be its peril under the remnant of the Grey faction—divested of the small portion of dignity, manliness, and firmness possessed by it in either of its original forms, and now as signally destitute of political ability as either of its predecessors was of constitutional principle? We have seen whiggism in the worst form in which it has yet stood before the country: allying itself with every popular passion for the sake of popular support; submitting to be the slave of popery for the emoluments of office; exercising power without dignity; living in favouritism, and taking refuge from the national rejection among the women of the bedchamber.

Mr. Alison agreeably varies his narrative by sketches of the chief characters of the period. Among these is the late Sir Samuel Romilly; and the especial ground of his fame is stated to be his exertions, as a lawyer, in humanizing the course of law. We have great respect for Mr. Alison's impartiality, and we fully admit that an historian ought to speak with reserve of all public men; yet Sir Samuel Romilly was a whig; and with us that simple fact sufficiently explains the unsubstantial nature of his reforms, and their feeble motives, and their utter failure. Every whig enters on public life with professions of boundless liberality. All is virtue in his projects, and all is to be change in his progress. No matter what the subject, the whig enlists himself at once on the side of change. Nothing is so high-sounding as harangues against all restraint, and nothing is so cheap as pledges which cost nothing but an harangue.

The slave trade, the criminal law, and the restrictions on popery—the professional patriotism of every whig aspirant adopted them all; and, if they had been ten times the number, would have adopted the whole at once. They were the stock questions of party, the stamped badge of political beggary, the vocabulary of imposture. The whigs at length succeeded in carrying them. The ears of a country grow weary of any din when it is rung in them for twenty years together. The legislature was tired out—the folly of concession had its way—and every one of the measures is now discovered to have been as absurdly executed as it was hypocritically conceived; and, instead of abating, to have desperately increased the evil in question, or hazarded the safety of the nation. No man doubts the fitness of putting an end to the horrors of the slave trade. But what has been the result of the whig operations? They have swelled these horrors tenfold by their rashness, their incompetence; and in their eagerness to sacrifice all discretion to the dashing effect of abolition by a word, they have tripled the trade, and doubled the misery, the vice, and the loss of life.

Of the "atrocious" popish bill of 1829 we are now tasting the fruits; and they are poison to the Protestant, and intoxication to the papist. But what

has been the result of Romilly's labours in the criminal law! Setting aside the fact, that his personal efforts produced scarcely any effect, and that whatever has been actually brought into use was the work of those who followed him; is it not true that crimes have signally accumulated! that a more atrocious spirit has exhibited itself among the people! that stabbing has become common! that forgery has increased to an extraordinary degree, and that riot and rebellion have become the common shapes in which popular discontent displays itself!—all encouraged by a sense of impunity! We have as strong an aversion to cruelty and punishment as any whig that ever talked of principle, and violated it. But laws are made for the protection, not of villains, but of honest men; and it is not the extinction of penalty, but the extinction of crime, that should be the praise of a legislator. By the whig code, all discretion is taken out of the hands of the judge, with the virtual effect of enabling the felon to calculate the strong temptation against the feeble punishment. On this principle, we every day see murder softened down to manslaughter, and assault to accident. The highest penalty, with a few exceptions, is transportation, which is regarded only as an amusing change of scene—or a brief confinement in a penitentiary, where the incarceration is accepted as a clever exchange for the labour of procuring bread by the sweat of the brow. Such are whig reformers: always useless, because always insincere—always rash, because always unprincipled—and always pushed to the verge of national danger, because nothing is easier than to be equally loud and hollow in the cause of a pretended humanity.

The charge of severity in the administration of the law in its present state, is tolerably well answered by the fact, that—though death was the appointed penalty for the larger number of 600 different offences—"out of 1873 persons, capitally convicted at the Old Bailey in the seven years from 1803 to 1810, only *one* had been executed." We think that Sir Samuel Romilly could not have had much to complain of in the cruelty of this administration of the law; and the habits of the people would, undoubtedly, have resisted any unnecessary recurrence to cruelty, if the judges had been so inclined. Still the friends of humanity—the philanthropists *par excellence*—the whig monopolisers of all humane feeling must chant their song; and the very men who applauded every step of France, when every step was knee-deep in gore, and who had no language abject enough to express their homage to the bloodiest tyrant that even France ever saw, were all thrown into attitudes of tragic agony at the whipping of a felon for housebreaking, or the hanging of a ruffian for a forgery that broke the fortunes and hearts of an honest family. Mr. Alison justly observes, that with the diminution of its sanguinary enactments, the English criminal law has felt the difficulty of secondary penalties. The multitude of the convicts who require transportation has caused the evils and sufferings of the penal settlements to increase in an alarming degree; the flood of juvenile delinquency is producing similar alarms at home. And we are to remember that all this increase is in the teeth of the most powerful exertions to give a moral education to the people, in the presence of a highly improved police, and, what is of very high consideration, in a

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period when a tone of virtue and piety among the leading ranks of the country is more general than at any other time since the Reformation. Yet crime has remarkably accumulated. And what other source can be discovered but the whig encroachments on the ancient code! We say this in illustration of our fixed belief, that *no* reform proceeding from whiggism can be worth the paper on which it is written; that, with the whig, humanity is a party cry, and honour an artifice; that his primary object is office, and that in his progress he is ready to go all lengths:—in one word, that self is every thing with the whole faction; and that until the faction is stripped of all power, as it is naked of all truth, the country is in perpetual peril. Sir Samuel Romilly's memoirs, lately published, settle the question of his merits. He was a successful lawyer, and a laborious partisan, and no more; a boaster of independence, yet a struggler for place; an ostentatious patriot who effected nothing for his country; and an oratorical champion of the constitution, clinging to the skirts of Fox, by whom it was corrupted, until transferred to the skirts of his followers, by whom it was overthrown.

It is no pleasure of ours to pursue the mingled absurdities and braveries which constitute the "public spirit" of faction; but facts force the consideration on us. And if ridicule could disconnect itself from disgust on the high questions of imperial safety, we know nothing more ridiculous than the predictions of whiggism in the great war which decided the fate of Europe. We have but to listen to the ominous declarations of the whole party, and wonder at the patience of parliament in 1810 and 1811. We are to remember, also, that those predictions were confidently made at a time when Wellington had proved the gallantry of the British soldiers in Spain, when Russia was writhing with indignation at those chains which she was preparing to burst, and when the whole continent was either bleeding with intolerable oppression, or putting up secret prayers for the downfall of European thraldom. What then was the conduct of the faction? We find those "high-priests of liberty all round the globe" heaping new incense on the altar of the despot; those champions of the negro joining in the abject cry of submission to the great slave-master of Europe; those clamourers for popular resistance to all legitimate authority at home, deprecating all resistance to the universal oppressor, depressing the noble spirit which bore the nation full against the fury of France; and, as far as words could go, counselling a base surrender, to a people whose only safety was in the determination to conquer or die. This was their recorded and undeniable language in the senate.

"Is there any one who in his conscience believes, that even the sacrifice of the whole British army would secure the defence of Portugal? If such a man there be, it may with confidence be affirmed, not only that he is unfit to be intrusted with the government of the country, but even incapable of transacting public business in any deliberative assembly.

"In a financial point of view, the cause of the Peninsula is utterly hopeless. Can any man who looks at our immense exertions for the last seventeen years, assert that the annual expenditure of from three to four millions in its defence, has not been absolutely lost to Spain, fruitless to Portugal, and of no advantage whatever to

this country? In fact, so utterly hopeless is the cause, that nothing short of a divine miracle can render it effectual to its proposed object. But there are higher considerations than those of mere finance, which call upon us instantly to abandon this sanguinary and unprofitable struggle. The utter impossibility of defending Portugal with the British army, aided by the Portuguese levies, is so apparent, that it is a mockery of common understanding to argue on the subject. Is there any man bold enough to assert that the British army in Portugal, aided by the native force, maintained by our subsidies, will be sufficient to resist an attack? What reliance can be placed on this subsidiary force, unpractised in the operations of war, and wholly ignorant of military discipline, except what they pick up from their British officers? That Portugal can be defended by such a force, is a thing absolutely impossible; if our troops do not take refuge in their ships, before six months is over, not a British soldier will remain in the Peninsula except as a prisoner of war."

These oracles next decide on the fate of the Portuguese army. They are chaff before the wind of whig wisdom.

"The Portuguese levies, upon whom so much reliance is placed, might in time, perhaps, hereafter become good soldiers, and be capable of acting with regular troops. But when the corruption, weakness, and imbecility of the government are taken into view, every one must be convinced of the total impossibility of obtaining any native force capable of active co-operation with the British army. What assistance have we ever obtained from the Spanish armies, notwithstanding the high-sounding promises with which they have deluded the English troops into their territories? To expect any thing better from the Portuguese, is to put all experience at defiance. They may be useful as light troops, but cannot act with regular soldiers. Portugal, instead of being defensible from its mountains, is perhaps the most indefensible country in Europe. The experience not merely of the last seventeen years, but of the last few months, has amply demonstrated the total inefficacy of mountain ranges as a barrier against the vast forces and bold tactics of modern war. What defence has the Sierra Morena proved against the invasion of Soult? It is not by any such defence that Portugal is to be saved from the fate which has overtaken all the military monarchies of Europe. Disguise it as you will, the real question at issue is, whether the army at this moment in Portugal is to be sacrificed, as those under Sir John Moore and Lord Chatham have been; and unless the house intervenes from a just sense of its own duty not less than of the national honour, disasters yet greater than either of these, and probably irreparable, await the British empire.

"Our victories are perpetually held up as monuments of our eternal glory; and Maida, Corunna, Vimiera, and Talavera, are everlastingly referred to as the theme of undying congratulation. But what have any of these boasted triumphs done for the people of the country where they were won, or for the general issue of the war? Maida handed over the Neapolitans to the tender mercies of an irritated and cruel enemy; Corunna sacrificed Moore only to deliver over Galicia to the Gallic armies; Vimiera was immediately followed by the disgraceful convention of Cintra; and Talavera was at best but an exhibition of rash confidence and victorious temerity. Honours have been conferred upon Sir Arthur Wellesley, for whom and for his country it would have been much more honourable if he had never changed his name. His conduct in Spain seemed the result of infatuation. After defeating Soult, he re-crossed the Douro

to form a junction with Cuesta, and when that was effected he remained unaccountably inactive till Soult was so far recovered as to be able to paralyse all his efforts, by descending into his rear after the battle of Talavera; and when forced to retreat, he retired to an unhealthy province at an unhealthy season, where he remained some months till his army had lost a third of its amount from malaria fever. If these are the consequences of your triumphs, what may be anticipated from your defeats?"

This now sounds like the language of idiots, but it was not fatuity. The men who used it were as well acquainted with the true state of things as the men who refuted their arguments, exposed their absurdities, and, by excluding them from all power, rescued the honour of the empire. Whigism knew perfectly well, that the British troops had beaten every enemy whom they encountered in Spain; that the Spanish population abhorred the invader, and that the last hope of Europe hung on the war. At the moment when they were deriding the allied strength in the Peninsula, they knew that Wellington had under his command a British force of nearly 30,000 of the finest troops in the world; with 35,000 Portuguese, commanded by British officers, and growing hourly into excellent soldiers. Their common knowledge of the resources at home, told them, that within the compass of the British islands, there were upwards of 640,000 soldiers in the national pay, with a population which but a few years before had furnished 600,000 volunteers on the first threat of invasion; that England engrossed the commerce of the world, that her domestic wealth was enormous, and her credit so powerful that she had only to speak the word, and see pouring into her treasury every ounce of gold in the world. The motives which actuated faction we do not condescend to develop; it is enough for us to remember and to rejoice, that whigism gained nothing by its labour of prophecy but scorn; that it was thrown into deeper disgrace by every increase of national honour; and that the common feelings of the nation not merely flung it hopelessly from its height, but trampled on it, at every step of its advance to victory. The historian with equal truth and eloquence observes, that if opposition might find a partial apology, in the earlier periods of the war, in their ignorance, "this only showed, that they were not gifted with the highest political quality, that of seeing futurity through the shadows of present events." Yet their subsequent conduct showed that they could not shelter themselves, even under this broad covering of the foolish or the indolent.

"When the tide had obviously turned—when success had in a durable way crowned the British arms, and the waves of Gallic ambition had permanently receded from the rocks of Torres Vedras—their conduct was of a more reprehensible cast; it became the fit subject of moral censure. With slow and unwilling steps they receded from their favourite position, as to the impossibility of defending Portugal: they still heaped abuse upon ministers for their conduct in the contest, although it was chiefly blamable in time past from having been too much framed on their advice; it was a cold and reluctant assent which they yielded even to the merits of Wellington himself. This insensibility to national glory, when it interfered with party ambition—this jealousy of individual greatness, when it obscured party renown—proved fatal to

their hopes of accession to power during the lifetime of the generation which had grown up to manhood in the revolutionary war. Doubtless it is the highest effort of patriotic virtue to exult at successes which are to confirm an adverse party in power,—doubtless no small share of magnanimity is required to concede merit to an opponent who is withering the hopes of individual elevation: but nations, from men acting on the great theatre of the world, have a right to expect such disinterestedness; it is the wisest course in the end even for themselves; and experience has proved that in every age really generous hearts are capable of such conduct."

It is now even interesting, as a record of the resources which England has in her bosom for the day of danger, to give a slight recapitulation of the means exerted by a country which faction at that moment declared to have no hope but in submission, to be utterly exhausted, and as much sunk in spirit as undone in finance. The parliament of this bankrupt nation voted the following astonishing amount in men and money for the year 1811:—

"No less than £19,540,000 was voted for the navy, and £23,860,000 for the army, besides £4,555,000 for the ordnance, and £2,700,000 for the support of the Portuguese forces. The permanent taxes amounted to £38,232,000, and the war yielded above £25,000,000, and the loan was £16,636,000, including £4,500,000 for the service of Ireland. The total ways and means raised on account of Great Britain were £80,600,000, and £10,309,000 on account of Ireland—in all £90,901,000. This income, immense as it was, fell short of the expenditure of the United Kingdom, which that year reached £92,194,000. The army numbered 220,000 soldiers in the regular forces, 81,000 militia, besides 340,000 local militia; and the navy exhibited 107 ships of the line in commission, besides 119 frigates. The total vessels of war belonging to the United Kingdom were 1019, of which no less than 240 were of the line.

"The supplies voted for the succeeding year, 1812, were still greater. The net produce of the permanent taxes in that year was no less than £40,000,000, of the war £26,000,000, in all £66,000,000, and £29,268,000 was raised by loan, including £4,500,000 for the service of Ireland, and £2,500,000 for that of the East India Company, guaranteed by government. For the navy £20,500,000, for the army £25,000,000, besides £4,252,000 for the ordnance: the loans to Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Sicily, and Russia, £5,315,000, the interest of the national debt, £23,124,000; and still no less than £13,482,000 was applied to the sinking fund. The navy, during this year, consisted of 978 ships of all sizes, of which 236 were of the line, and 192 line-of-battle ships, and 131 frigates in commission. The army numbered 217,000 regular soldiers, besides 76,000 regular and 335,000 local militia. It seemed as if, as the contest continued, and the scale on which it was conducted was enlarged, the resources of the empire, so far from declining, widely expanded."

In addition to this palpable evidence of wilful disregard of the actual condition of the public resources, it was proved that the population had been increasing since the beginning of the century, at an annual rate of thirteen per cent.; the censuses of 1811 giving an increase of a million and a half since 1801; a rate which has since gone on even increasing, and which, notwithstanding immense drains by emigration and settlement on the continent, now gives a number for Great Britain alone, of nearly eighteen millions. Such was the country, whose resources faction declared to

be unequal to the sustenance of a war of *two years*; and such the spirit of a people whom their miserable avarice and worthless avidity for place would have sunk into the vassalage of Napoleon.

We turn gladly to other things. The commencement of 1810 found the French possession of Spain far advanced; a French king in Madrid, the native armies dissolved, the guerillas worn out, the nation despairing, and 300,000 of the finest troops of France in command of all the cities and fortresses, with perhaps the single exception of Cadiz. To fight the battle of the land there was but one army, Wellington's, consisting only of 50,000 in the field, and those harassed by the effort to defend Portugal while they watched over Spain. But great as were the services of their commander, it is cheering to find that the true source of the British successes was in the British heart, and that wherever the soldier of England was to be seen, he equally exhibited the indomitable character of his country. A single trait of the defence of Cadiz offers an admirable illustration. The Cortes had taken refuge in Cadiz, the last relic of the government; the army under Albuquerque, by a rapid and fortunate exertion, had anticipated the march of the French, and entered the city, the last relic of the native army. The French had been close on their steps, and had thrown up batteries. General Stuart was instantly dispatched with 2000 troops from Gibraltar to assist in the defence, and his first effort was judiciously directed to repelling the enemy's artillery to a distance from which their fire should be ineffectual. Nothing could be more opportune than the British general's arrival; for, though the brave inhabitants were found, as at all times, ardent in the national cause, and furious against the French, all was alarm, convulsion, and confusion.

Such was the ignorance of the Spanish engineers at this period, that, while they had abandoned the strongholds of Matagorda and the Trocadero, from which the enemy's shells could reach the city, they had pushed their advanced posts into a situation where an attack must have overwhelmed them, and in its consequences endangered the chief defences of the Isle of Leon.

"The first care of General Stuart after his arrival was to regain Fort Matagorda, where batteries were already constructing to bombard Cadiz. This important service was successfully performed by Captain M'Lean, at the head of 150 seamen and marines. Its dismantled works were hastily restored, and guns planted on the ramparts, which not only silenced the field pieces of the enemy directed against them, but severely galled their advancing works on the Trocadero Point. The whole efforts of the French were therefore directed to regain possession of this fort on the mainland; and with such vigour were operations conducted, and such resources for a siege did they find in the arsenal of Seville, that, in a few weeks, they had fifty pieces of heavy cannon placed in battery against its walls: while a Spanish seventy-four and armed flotilla, which had hitherto co-operated in the defence, were obliged, by a tempest of red-hot shot, to slip their cables and move across to Cadiz. The feeble rampart soon gave way before this tremendous weight of metal; but though the walls were ruined, and the enemy's balls flew so thick that a flag-staff bearing the Spanish colours was broken six times in an hour, and at last they could be kept flying only by being nailed to the corner of the

rampart, yet the heroic little garrison, with their dauntless commander, Captain McLean, still maintained their ground, and from the midst of the ruins kept up an unquenchable fire on the besiegers. For six-and-thirty hours this marvelous resistance was prolonged, till at length General Graham, who had succeeded in the command of the British troops in the Isle, seeing that half of the band were killed or wounded, withdrew them in boats to the opposite side, and the bastions, after being blown up, were abandoned to the enemy.*

"The brave resistance of this little band of heroes proved the salvation of Cadiz, and eventually exercised a material influence on that of the civilised world. For fifty-five days they had held the post on the enemy's side, and in the midst of his batteries; and by simply maintaining it they had prevented any attack being made in other quarters. During this important interval the panic had subsided in Cadiz; the British troops had been augmented to 8000 men by reinforcements from Lisbon and Gibraltar; six millions of dollars, recently arrived from Mexico, had replenished the public treasury; heavy taxes on houses within, and imports into Cadiz, furnished a small permanent revenue: the Spanish garrison was considerably augmented by volunteer battalions raised in the city, and numerous detachments brought by sea from different points on the coast; the whole ships of war had been brought round from Ferrol: and thirty thousand men in arms within the walls, supported by a fleet of twenty-three ships of the line, of which four were British, and twelve frigates, were in a condition not only to defy any attack, but to menace the enemy in the lines which they were constructing round the bay. Victor, who was at the head of the blockading force, had not above 20,000 men under his command, so widely had the vast French force which burst into Andalusia been dispersed to compel obedience and levy contributions over its widely extended territory. Despairing, therefore, of carrying the place by open force, he resolved to turn the siege into a blockade."

This is all gallantly told—the brilliant narrative of a brilliant incident. We give another, though of a more painful nature, from the Catalonian war. The countries on the eastern coast of Spain, in 1811, had become the scene of campaigns distinguished alike by remarkable adventure on the part of the native troops, and remarkable cruelties on that of the invaders. Climate is perhaps the great source of national character, and the Spanish border of the Mediterranean exhibits a race moulded on the model which seems to shape all the Mediterranean nations. Singular elasticity of frame with singular fondness for enjoyment; elegance of taste combined with violence of passion; a feeling of luxury approaching to the sensual, and an elevation of spirit approaching to the sublime. The Italian, the Greek, and the eastern Spaniard form a separate, and, if the vices of their governments would permit, a splendid class of mankind. Even the barbarism of Africa softens as it touches the waters of that loveliest of all seas, and

* "A memorable instance of female heroism occurred at the siege. A sergeant's wife named Retson was in a casemate with the wounded men, when a drummer boy was ordered to fetch water from the well of the fort. On going out the boy faltered under the severity of the fire, upon which she took the vessel from him; and although a shot cut the bucket-cord when in her hand, she braved the terrible cannonade, and brought the water in safety to the wounded men."—*NARRATIVE*, iii. 181; and *Sketch of a Soldier's Life in Ireland*, 72.

the Moor has the love of romance, the faculty of song, and the delight in ornament which distinguish the dwellers on its shores. The Mediterranean is the fount of cool waters in the fiery centre of Europe, tempering the glow of the sky, and not more refreshing the soil than softening the native fervours of the people. That there is still much to be done is beyond question; and ages of tranquil government may be required before the settlement of the volcanic and angry vividness of the public mind into tranquil vigour. But the characteristics are still prominent; even the physical influence of the fresh breeze and the sky-coloured surge may soften the spirit that it cannot subdue, and have a powerful share in converting those

"Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,"

into the inventors of all that constitutes the elegance of life, and masters of all the arts which captivate and cheer society; yet to take a greater part in the coming of happier and purer times, and realise their early and broken promise to be the statesmen, the heroes, and perhaps the saints of a reviving world.

Catalonia, the finest of those eastern provinces, had been among the first invaded; but the year 1811 saw the attention of the French government for the first time strongly turned to its conquest. A vast force under Marshal Macdonald and Suchet was thrown across its frontier, and the struggle began with appalling violence.

"Macdonald was engaged during these operations in northern Catalonia in an enterprise which has left an enduring stain on his memory. After the departure of Suchet for Saragossa, consequent on the fall of Tortosa, the marshal had set out from Lerida for Barcelona, not by the direct road of Igualada, which was occupied in force by Sarsfield, but by the circuitous route of Manresa. Sarsfield, apprised of his intention, lay in the rocky heights in the neighbourhood of Mount Serat, to assail him in the march. The Italians, who formed the head of the column, encountered a severe opposition at the bridge of Manresa, which was strongly barricaded; but having forced their way through, they, with wanton barbarity, set fire to the town, though it had made no resistance and was almost entirely deserted by its inhabitants, and even tore the wounded Spaniards from the hospital. The flames spreading with frightful rapidity, soon reduced 700 houses to ashes, among which were two orphan hospitals, and several other noble establishments both of industry and beneficence. Macdonald, who witnessed the conflagration from the heights of Culla, at a short distance, made no attempt to extinguish the flames; but, resuming his march on the following morning, left the smoking ruins to attest where a French marshal's army had passed the night. But the wanton act of barbarity was quickly and condignly avenged. The inhabitants of all the neighbouring hills, struck by the prodigious light which, through the whole night, illuminated the heavens, hastened at daybreak to the scene of devastation, and, wrought up to the highest pitch by the sight of the burning dwellings, fell with irresistible fury on the French rear-guard as it was defiling out of the town, while Sarsfield himself assailed the long column of march in flank, when scattered over several leagues of woody and rocky defiles, and before Macdonald reached Barcelona he had sustained a loss of 1000 men. The hideous cruelty of this conflagration excited the utmost indigna-

tion, not only in Catalonia, but throughout the whole of Spain. The war assumed a character of vengeful atrocity, hitherto unequalled even in that sea of blood; and the Spanish generals, justly indignant at such a wanton violation alike of the usages of war, and the convention hitherto observed in Catalonia, issued a proclamation directing no quarter to be given to the French troops in the neighbourhood of any town which should be delivered over to the flames."

One of the peculiar sources of our interest in these annals, is their constant reference to principles above man. The almost universal fault of civil history is its utter forgetfulness of the mighty hand that controls all. There can be no more injurious error, even if historic effect were the only purpose of the writer. It degrades history into a mere phantasmagoria, a giddy and irregular display of events, following each other without a purpose, amusing us by their various colourings, or eccentric novelty, but, after all, only the amusement of children. History ought to have nobler aims, and true history has a nobler nature.—It is an attempt to light up the winding and intricate course of human things by an illumination from a fount of lustre alike permanent and pure; no fantastic plan of human invention, but a splendour which we know to exist, to be perpetually radiating upon earth, and, whether visible or invisible, to be the true sustaining influence of the whole vitality of the world. We are fully aware that the pursuit of this principle may be urged beyond the limits of the human understanding—that fanaticism may exaggerate and superstition appal—that a wise man will be cautious of mistaking the dream for the reality, and a religious man will approach with awe the spot where the visible presence is revealed. But, like the prophet of the desert, the Christian philosopher will not the less reverence the light which the Deity inhabits before his gaze, because he is commanded to put off his shoes, and do homage to the holiness of the ground.

Nothing, too, can be more important to sustain the energies of a great people, nor to encourage them in fighting the battle of principle, if evil times should come once more, than the recollection that their past triumphs were not matters of chance. To have had Providence for our protector, is to have obtained an honour superior to all that is named among men, and, not less, obtained a security of success for all the future, while we retain the same principles. That the hand of Providence guided England through the war of the French revolution, we think, is as capable of proof, as that it guided the Israelites into the possession of the promised land. The delays and disappointments, the slowness of Europe, and the tardiness of British victory, disheartening as they were at the period, are now seen to have been essential to the ripening of that high and consummate catastrophe which was at once to vindicate Divine justice, and to liberate insulted human nature. Even in the peninsula, if either the Spanish armies had repulsed the French across the frontier in the first campaign, or Wellington had been placed at the head of a force corresponding to the strength of England and the importance of the contest, Napoleon might have been master of Europe at this hour. We can now see, that it was the alternation of success and failure which at once tempted him to con-

tinue the peninsular war, and England to persevere in the struggle. Sudden and total defeat in Spain would have made Napoleon shrink from a war which tempted him to an hourly waste of strength, encouraged the latent hostility of the continent, enfeebled the renown of his soldiery, and, when the moment of continental outbreak came, divided his gigantic host, and left him to pace the walk of the civilised world, with a thousand miles between the wings of his army. He himself felt that there his ruin lay. At St. Helena, he spoke of it as "his ulcer," the decay that sapped his throne, the cloud that hung upon his star. His sagacity had long before seen it to be his especial peril; but he was unable to resist its temptation until it fell upon him as his fate. If there be a due indulgence to the sense of justice in the pangs of ambition, it probably could have no keener feast than in many a night, when Napoleon, in the midst of sycophancies, and after a levee of kings, at the Tuilleries, spent the hours till dawn over a map of the Peninsula.

On this subject we entirely coincide with Mr. Alison's striking and forcible conclusions. After describing the conquest of Suchet in the east of Spain, as apparently menacing the last hopes of the Spaniards, he observes,—

"So little can even the greatest sagacity or the strongest intellect foresee the ultimate results of human actions, and so strangely does Providence work out its mysterious designs by the intervention of free agents, and the passions often of a diametrically opposite tendency of mankind, that if there are any circumstances more than others to which the immediate catastrophe which occasioned the fall of Napoleon is to be ascribed, it is the unbroken triumphs of Suchet in the east, and the strenuous efforts of the English opposition to magnify the dangers, and underrate the powers of Wellington in the west of the Peninsula. Being accustomed to measure the chances of success in a military contest by the achievements of the regular troops employed, and an entire stranger to the passions and actions of parties in a free community, he not unreasonably concluded, when the last army of Spain capitulated in Valencia, and the whole country, from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar, had, with the exception of a few mountain districts, submitted to his authority, that the contest in the Peninsula was at an end, so far as the Spaniards were concerned: and when he beheld the party in Great Britain, who had all along denounced the war there as utterly hopeless and irrational on the part of this country, and some of whom, in their zeal against its continuance and to demonstrate its absurdity, had actually corresponded with himself, even at the crisis of the contest, on the eve of getting possession of the reins of power in London; he was naturally led to believe that no cause for disquiet existed, in consequence of the future efforts of England in Spain. He was thus tempted to prosecute, without hesitation, his preparations for the Russian war; and, before finishing the conflict in the Peninsula, plunges into the perils of the Moscow campaign, and the double strain it was, as he himself told us, which proved fatal to the empire. Had he been less successful in the east of Spain—had the English opposition less strenuously asserted the impolicy and hopelessness of British resistance in the west, he would probably have cleared his rear before engaging with a new enemy in front. Neither could have withstood his whole force if directed against itself alone; and the concentration of all his military power against Wellington in the first instance, would have chilled all hopes of success in Russia, and extinguished, perhaps for ever, the hopes of Europe."

freedom. So manifestly does Supreme power make the passions and desires of men the instruments by which it carries into effect its inscrutable purposes, that the very events which vice most strenuously contends for, are made the ultimate causes of its ruin; and those which virtue had most earnestly deprecated when they occurred, are afterwards found to have been the unseen steps which led to its salvation."

But we have now reached the period when the delay was to be turned into rapidity, and the disappointments were to be known no more. The campaign of 1811 was the true commencement of British victory in the Peninsula. The battles fought in the earlier years of the war had exhibited the incomparable qualities of the British soldier, and given him the military confidence which belongs to successful trials of strength; but the facility of pouring troops across the Pyrenees gave France a singular power of robbing British victory of its fruits. The proudest triumph over the French armies in the field was baffled by a new influx of battalions and squadrons, and for three years the British army stood, like the Spartans at Thermopylæ, fighting the multitudes of the invaders,—less to gain final victory than to exhibit the powers of gallant resistance; less to save the depressed and divided nations than to give them time to recover from their alarm, and to show them the use of the weapons which command human glory.

Independently of those perpetual succours, the state of the French forces south of the Pyrenees was one which might have repelled all hope of resistance. Their muster-rolls reckoned no less than 370,000 men, of whom 40,000 were cavalry, and those not tumultuary levies, but disciplined soldiers, headed by the first officers of the age. A part of those were in garrison, but 280,000 were in the field. It is true, that this force had all Spain to cover. But its masses were enormous. Soult's army in Andalusia amounted to 88,000 men, of whom 10,000 were cavalry. Marmont, in Leon, had 61,000 men; and Bessières, in the north, commanded 102,000, with all the deductions for detachments and sick; one hundred and forty thousand men were capable of being brought against Wellington. To meet this tremendous accumulation of force, organised too by the first military science, and directed by a man uniting in himself unlimited power, determined ambition, and genius almost without a rival, Wellington could bring into the field scarcely 50,000 British and Portuguese. An extraordinary degree of sickness prevailed among the troops; the hot season sent 19,000 British into the hospital, and of the 30,000 Portuguese in pay but 14,000 could be found on parade. That such fearful disparity of force could be even faced by the English general, is among the most extraordinary instances in the recollections of soldiiership. Mr. Alison proceeds to account for it by three circumstances:—The central position of Wellington, which gave him either of the French armies in his front, while his rear rested on the sea:—The supplies furnished by the British ships, and the facility of conveying them up the country by the rivers which intersected the British cantonments, while the French supplies of both provisions and ammunition must be brought from a distance of some hundred miles, and by land:—The

hatred of the people inclining them to interrupt the French communications, from guerilla parties convey constant intelligence to the English, and in every possible way embarrass and destroy the enemy.

The French system of rendering the generals independent of each other, and of the Spanish king, while it engendered jealousy among the leaders and their armies, likewise rendered all combination of plan difficult. The marshals lived like sovereigns at the head of provinces as large as kingdoms, and each secretly rejoiced at the disasters of the others, and despised the authority of Joseph, who, though neither a soldier nor a statesman, was, by the mere relationship, placed on the mockery of a throne, at the head of men who regarded themselves as the pillars of the empire.

Those were palpable advantages, but they were advantages only in detail, altogether too minute to meet the tremendous disparity of force, and too gradual in their operation to avert the rapid movements of that mighty column of force which Napoleon was directing from the summits of the Pyrenees. We think that a still more powerful advantage was to be found in that public opinion of England which has always acted with so deep an impulse on the British army. The nation had made up its mind to fight out the Peninsular war, and nothing but the most decisive defeat could have influenced it to forgive a retreating army, or a reluctant general. The army was brave, the general as brave as the army; no defeat had been suffered; the French force rolled on in their sight, but rolled like the ocean in sight of the green sward on the shore; a turn of the swell might sweep it over the land which seemed so open to its career, but it still rolled on. Neither the British nation nor the British soldier anticipates defeat: neither is to be beaten by calculation. The French army rolled on like the surge, and the English general and his troops were not the men to shrink from a ruin which had not yet come, and which might never come.

The war unexpectedly degenerated into a series of manœuvres. Vast French armies suddenly moved across the Peninsula, gathering like thunder-clouds, menacing every quarter of the horizon for a while, and then as suddenly dissolved, but without the flash and the roar. Wellington remained unshaken. He had two prizes in his view which he was steadily resolved on seizing: the great fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz. Nothing could exceed the dexterity which concealed his design, except the daring, the almost desperate intrepidity, which finally accomplished the achievement. Among the numerous minor affairs which occurred during this period, was one gallant repulse of the enemy's overwhelming cavalry:—

"When the French army approached the British, it was at first uncertain on which point they would direct their attack; but after some hesitation, Monbrun, with fourteen battalions and thirty-five squadrons of splendid horsemen, crossed the Agueda by the bridge of Rodrigo and adjacent fords, and pouring rapidly along the road, soon reached the heights of El Bodon. The British, at this point of their position, were not prepared for so sudden an onset; and while Wellington sent to Guinaldo for a brigade of the 4th division, Major-General Colville, the officer in command, was directed to draw up his little force, consisting of the 5th and 77th British regiments

and 21st Portuguese, with eight Portuguese guns and five squadrons of Alten's German dragoons, on the summit of the height which was convex towards the enemy, and secured on either flank by deep and rugged ravines. On came Monbrun's cuirassiers like a whirlwind, in spite of all the fire of the guns which tore their masses in a fearful way, and dividing into two bodies when they reached the front of the hill, rode up the rugged sides of the ravines on either side with the utmost fury, and were only checked by the steady fire of the guns and devoted intrepidity of the German horsemen at the summit, who, for three mortal hours, charged the heads of the squadrons as they ascended, and hurled them not less than twenty times, men and horses rolling over each other, back into the hollows. Monbrun, however, was resolute. His cavalry were numerous and daring; and by repeated charges and extreme gallantry, they at length got a footing on the top, and captured two of the guns, cutting down the brave Portuguese at their pieces; but the 5th regiment instantly rushed forward, though in line, into the midst of the horsemen, and retook the guns, which quickly renewed their fire; and at the same time the 77th and 21st Portuguese hurled the horsemen down the steep on the other side. But though this phalanx of heroes thus made good their post, the advance of the enemy rendered it no longer tenable. A French division was rapidly approaching the only road by which they could rejoin the remainder of the centre at Fuente Guinaldo; and, despite all the peril of the movement, Wellington ordered them to descend the hill and cross the plain, six miles broad, to Fuente Guinaldo."

But the hazard of this brave detachment was scarcely more than beginning. A plain of six miles was to be crossed in the face of the mass of French cavalry. The small force of German dragoons was driven under cover of the infantry, and the 5th and 77th regiments formed square. The French charged; but the heavy fire of the square repulsed them. At length Picton, always gallant and indefatigable, who, on the first tidings of the attack, had hastened forward, came up with his brigade, and the whole moved in unbroken order, though constantly enveloped in the enemy's horse, until they reached the camp. A note gives a trait of the admirable conduct of this favourite officer:—

"Picton, during his retreat, conducted himself with his accustomed coolness. He remained on the left flank of the column, and repeatedly cautioned the different battalions to mind the quarter-distance and the telling-off. 'Your safety,' said he, 'my credit, and the honour of the army are at stake. All rests with you at this moment.' We had reached to within a mile of the entrenched camp, when Monbrun, impatient lest we should escape from his grasp, ordered his troopers to bring up their left shoulders, and incline towards our columns. The movement was not exactly bringing his squadron into line, but it was the next thing to it, and at this time they were within *half-pistol-shot* of us. Picton took off his hat, and holding it over his eyes as a shade from the sun, looked sternly but anxiously at the French. The clatter of the horses and the clanking of the scabbards, were so great when the right half squadron moved up, that many thought it was the forerunner of a general charge, and some of the mounted officers called out, 'Had we not better form square?' 'No,' replied Picton, 'it is but a ruse to frighten us, but it won't do.' And so in effect it proved. Each battalion in its turn formed the rearguard to stop the advance of the enemy, and having given them a volley, they fell back at double quick time behind the battalion formed in their rear."—*Reminiscences of a Sulterian*, 182, and *Picton's Memoirs*, ii. 37, 39.

The close of this year was the commencement of the fall of Napoleon. He had embroiled himself with Russia in the prospect of speedily concluding the conquest of Spain. But his northern armament compelled him to weaken his armament in the south: and, thus involved in two tremendous contests at once, he devoted himself to ruin. Two spirited successes, which diversified the closing months of the campaign, should have taught him the perils of leaving the British army behind him, when he sought a new antagonist in the colossal strength of Russia entrenched in the winter of the pole. The first of these was the defeat of General Girard by Lord Hill, at Aroyo de Molinos, in October. The British reached the enemy, consisting of nearly 3000 infantry, at two in the morning, and the surprise was complete:—

"Favoured by a thick mist and deluge of rain, the troops entered the town, with drums suddenly beating and loud cheers, so unexpectedly, that the cavalry pickets were rushed upon before they had time to mount; and the infantry who were under arms, beginning to muster, were so confounded that, after a desultory struggle, they fled precipitately out of the town, leaving a great many of their number prisoners. Once outside, however, they formed two squares, and endeavoured to resist, but while a brisk fire was going on between their rear and Stuart's men pressing on in pursuit, Howard's column suddenly appeared directly in their rear on the great road to Truxillo, and no alternative remained but to surrender, or break and seek safety by climbing the steep and rugged sides of the Sierra on their flank. Girard, however, who was a gallant officer as well as skilful, though surprised on this occasion, for some time made a brave resistance; but seeing his guns taken by the 15th dragoons, and his hussars dispersed with great slaughter by the 9th dragoons and German hussars, he saw that his situation was desperate, and gave the word to disperse. Instantly the squares broke, and all the men, throwing away their arms, ran towards the most rugged and inaccessible part of the Sierra. Swiftly as they fled, however, the allies pursued as quickly; the Highlanders, at home among the rocks and scurs, secured prisoners at every step; the 28th and 34th followed rapidly on the footsteps of the flying mass; the 39th turned them by the Truxillo road; and Girard escaped only by throwing himself into rugged cliffs, where the British, encumbered with their arms, could not follow him. He joined Drouet, by devious mountain paths, at Orellano on the 9th November, with only six hundred followers without arms and in woful plight, the poor remains of three thousand superb troops, who were round his eagles at Aroyo de Molinos, and who were esteemed the best brigade in Spain. General Brun and Prince D'Arenberg, with thirteen hundred prisoners, three guns, and the whole baggage of the enemy, fell into the hands of the victors.

"This brilliant success was achieved with the loss only of twenty killed and wounded."

The next exploit was the defence of Tarifa. It is an old observation that peasantry and all undisciplined levies fight better behind old walls than the best fortifications. Whether it is that they depend more on themselves where they have little besides to depend on; or that the contempt of a disciplined enemy for any thing short of regular fortifications, exposes them to the rude bravery of the people; but Tarifa exhibited an instance of the gallantry of troops, so highly disciplined as the British, behind

the mouldering defences of a half-deserted Spanish town.

Soult, in order to extinguish Spanish insurrection in the south, had sent General Laval with 7000 men, followed by 6000 more, to take possession of Tarifa. But Skerret, a brave and active officer, had already taken post there with 1800 British, and 700 Spaniards. The French battered the walls until, by the 30th of December, the breach was sixty feet wide, and the assault was ordered:—

"Little aware of the quality of the antagonists with whom they had to deal, a column of 2000 French commenced the assault at daylight on the 31st. Soch, however, was the vigour of the fire kept up upon them from every part of the rampart where a musket or gun could be brought to bear on the mass, that it broke before reaching the wall, and the troops arrived at the foot of the breach in great disorder. Part tried to force their way up, part glided down the bed of the stream which flowed through the town, and a few brave men reached the bars of the portcullis which barred entrance above the waters. But the British soldiers now sent down such a crashing volley on the throng at the iron grate, and at the foot of the breach, that they dispersed to the right and left, seeking refuge from the fire under any projecting ground. The combat continued for some time longer, the French, with their usual gallantry, keeping up a quick irregular discharge on the walls; but the ramparts streamed forth fire with such violence, and the old tower sent such a tempest of grape through their ranks, that after sustaining a dreadful loss, they were forced to retreat while a shout of victory passed round the walls of the town. This bloody repulse suspended for some days the operations of the besiegers, who confined themselves to a cannonade, and meanwhile the ruin fell in such torrents, and sickness made such ravages in their ranks, that, according to their own admission, 'the total dissolution of their army was anticipated.' Laval persevered some days longer, against his own judgment, in obedience to the positive injunctions of Victor, and the breach was so wide from the continued fire that a fresh assault was anticipated; but on the 4th he raised the siege, and retreated in dreadful weather, having first drowned his powder, and buried his heavy artillery. In this expedition the French lost all their cavalry and artillery horses, and about five hundred men by the sword, besides an equal number by sickness and starvation, while the total loss of the allies did not exceed one hundred and fifty."

A new era was now about to open, and the days of Napoleon were thenceforth numbered. The historian thus strikingly and truly gives a parting view at this year of struggle:—

"It was upon Russia and the north of Europe that the whole attention of the emperor was now fixed. The war in Portugal he regarded as a useful auxiliary, which might exhaust the English resources, engross their military force, and prevent them from sending any effectual aid, in either men or money, to the decisive point on the banks of the Niemen. In this view the balanced success of the campaign of 1811, the constant predictions of the opposition party in England, that Great Britain must finally succumb in the Peninsular struggle, and the brilliant career of Marshal Suchet in Valencia at the same period, were eminently conducive to the ultimate deliverance of Europe, by inspiring the French emperor with the belief that all danger was now over in that quarter, or would speedily be removed by the accession of the whigs to office on the termination of the regency

restrictions, and, consequently, that he might safely pursue the phantom of universal empire even to the edge of the Russian snows."

The final shock was now at hand! and while the French emperor was inundating the north with his armies, and counting on the conquest of the world, the blow was preparing in the British camp which was to reach the heart of his power at once. On the 9th of January, the British army crossed the Agueda, and made the first step of that magnificent march, whose halting places were to be marked by victories, and which was finally to pause only over the fallen dynasty of France. The enterprise of the British general was instantly directed to Ciudad Rodrigo. The removal of the French armies from its neighbourhood had left it to its own resources, and the opportunity was incomparably seized. First baffling the boasted sagacity of the French by a demonstration against Badajoz, which set all Soult's troops in Andalusia in motion, he suddenly turned on the frontier fortress, brought up the powerful hattering train, which he had prepared with such dexterous secrecy some months before, and opened his fire on the ramparts. After four days of this iron shower, the breach was declared practicable, and the order, equally brief and expressive, was issued, "Ciudad Rodrigo must be carried by assault this evening at seven o'clock." The evening was calm, the moon in her first quarter. All was quiet in the camp and on the ramparts, and the troops filled the trenches without noise. The tolling of the cathedral clock converted all this scene of tranquillity into the wildest violence of war. The troops sprang to the breach, the ramparts were crowded with the French, and a storm of fire and steel filled earth and air. The description of this terrible encounter is admirably given.

"M'Kinnon's division crossed the open space between the trenches and the rampart under a tempest of grape and musketry from the walls, and in a few minutes reached the counterscarp, which was found to be *eleven feet deep*. The sappers, however, instantly threw down their bags of hay, which soon diminished the depth by one-half, and the men, hastily leaping down, arrived at the foot of the great breach; but there a most serious opposition awaited them. The shells, rolled down from the top, burst amidst the throng. Every shot of the close ranks of infantry at the top told with effect on the dense mass below; and when, forcing their way up the slope, the British bayonets at length reached the summit, they were torn in pieces by a terrific discharge of grape from the heavy guns within a few yards distance on either side. Before they could be reloaded, however, those immediately behind pushed up, and won the ascent of the faussebraye, and at its top met two battalions which had mounted the perpendicular of the faussebraye by escalade, and together they crowded up the breach of the rampart, which was speedily carried. But just as, in the tumult of victory, they were striving to penetrate the interior retrenchments which the besieged had constructed to bar their farther entrance, the mine which had been worked under their feet was suddenly exploded, and the bravest and most forward, among whom was the gallant M'Kinnon, were blown into the air. Still the column which had won the great breach held the ground they had gained; and finding it impossible to penetrate farther into the town, from the obstacle of the inner retrenchment, they established themselves among the ruins

to await the result of the other attacks, and the scarlet uniforms came pouring in on every side.

"In the meanwhile the light division under Crawford, and the Portuguese under Pack, were still more successful. The former had three hundred yards of glacis to cross before they reached its crest; but this distance was swiftly passed, though the gallant Crawford received a fatal wound during the rush; the counterscarp, eleven feet deep, was leaped down in the face of a dreadful fire of grape and musketry; and the lesser breach reached. It proved, however, to be extremely steep and narrow; and when two-thirds of the ascent had been won, the struggle was so violent that the men paused, and every musket in the crowd was snapt under the instinct of self-defence, though not one was loaded. Major Napier, however, who was at this moment struck down by a grape-shot, called to the troops to trust to their bayonets. The officers all at once sprung to the front, and the summit was won. Then arose a loud shout from every quarter; for Pack's Portuguese at the same moment had escaladed the walls on the opposite side. The light division now pushed on in great numbers, and, not forgetting their orders, turned sharp to the right, and with loud cheers assaulted in flank the intrenchment at the great breach, where the third division had been arrested; and by a mighty effort of both united, the barriers were burst through, and the troops rushed in."

This capture was an extraordinary triumph: a success of much higher order than the fall of a fortress—it was a victory over the precautions, the opinion, and the arms of the French empire. No success of the whole war was more calculated to sting imperial vanity, or acquaint the world with the great fact, that the French might be mastered alike in council, tactics, and arms, and that the British army was the noble instrument by which this was to be done. The value of Ciudad Rodrigo had been always regarded by Napoleon as incalculable, and all the movements of his troops between it and the Pyrenees, had been directed with a view to its preservation. It was now taken before his face. The preparations for this great operation had been conducted with such skill, that the batteries had opened their fire before the enemy, though only a few marches distant, had heard of the British advance; and the place was taken before they could put a single soldier in motion. Its capture, too, even when garrisoned only by Spaniards, had cost Massena six weeks, at the head of 80,000 men, and in the finest season of the year. It was taken from a French garrison by the British general, at the head of but 40,000 men, in *twelve days*, in the depth of winter, and by assault. Its immediate results were important: it threw into the conqueror's hands 150 guns, including Marmont's whole battering train. But the more remote and loftier results were, its transfer of the palm from France to England, and its announcement to Europe that the invincibility of Napoleon was no more.

The wrath of the emperor showed how keenly he felt the loss of Ciudad Rodrigo: and the letters of his war-minister to Marmont are full of the bitterest reproaches. "The emperor is highly displeased at the negligence which you have evinced in the affair of Ciudad Rodrigo. Why had you not advices from it twice a week? What were you doing with the five divisions of Souham? This is a strange mode of carrying on war; and the emperor makes no secret of his opinion that the *disgrace* of this disaster at-

taches to you. The fall of Ciudad Rodrigo is an *affront* to you,"—&c. &c. But a still heavier affront, because a repetition on a bolder and more difficult scale, and involving the character of the most distinguished soldier of France next to the emperor himself, was immediately offered. Soult was now to be the sufferer, and this, too, when his vigilance was necessarily awakened by the disgrace of Marmont, and when the British general's rapid facility of taking fortresses had awakened it especially for the safety of the great fortress on which his communications with France chiefly depended. The eye of the British general had been turned on Badajoz from the beginning of the campaign: and his preparations for its capture began instantly from the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo. Cannon, provisions, ammunition, were all to be transported almost in the presence of the French, yet without exciting their suspicions. All this was effected with such matchless skill, that Napoleon and his marshal were equally led astray, the emperor himself being the chief dupe. Even this was not without remonstrance, for Marmont, warned by his late disaster, urgently stated his fears for Badajoz. Napoleon's answer, through Berthier, was, "You must suppose the English mad to imagine that they will march upon Badajoz, leaving you at Salamanca."

I repeat it, then; the instructions of the emperor are precise. You are not to quit Salamanca; you are even to re-occupy the Asturias. Let your headquarters be at Salamanca, and never cease to menace the English from that point." We recognise the peremptory style of one who thought himself superior to the possibility of deception. Yet never was man more completely and contemptuously deceived. We can imagine no more pungent subject for the ridicule of a Swift or a Cervantes than the feelings of this human oracle, when it was told him by some pallid and faltering minister that the whole British army was in full march for Badajoz, or perhaps no finer subject for the pencil of some great master of the human passions, than Napoleon's powerful and foreboding countenance as he stood, with the despatch in his hand, announcing its fall, and measuring in it the declining course of his own stricken star.

Yet the strength of Badajoz might have been some justification of imperial security, if any thing were to be regarded as safe in war, in the presence of British troops. The fortress was commanded by Philippon, already distinguished for its defence. Its garrison amounted to 5000 troops of the line. It was amply provisioned, and six months had been employed in completing its defences to the highest point of art. Perhaps no siege was ever undertaken under greater difficulties. Marmont might be expected to pour down on one flank, and Soult was known to be advancing from Andalusia on another. The season was singularly inclement, and the trenches were flooded, while the same cause filled the ditches of the place with water. The French garrison, animated by their governor, and determined not to share the disgrace of Ciudad Rodrigo, fought well, made sorties, and caused the defence of a single outwork to cost the assailants 350 men. The rapidity of the siege was unexampled but by those of the British themselves in the Peninsula. Ground was first broken on the 17th of March; but a tempest stopped all operations for four days. On the

night of the 24th, the great outwork, La Picurina, was stormed; and on the night of the 27th, the British in four divisions, under Picton, Leith, Colville, and Bernard, gallant names, long to be remembered in the annals of the brave, rushed to the assault. We turn from the narrative of the central storm, excellently told as it is, to the progress of the single column which first mastered the rampart, the troops under Picton. The general assault had been fixed for ten o'clock at night; but a shell bursting in front of Picton's battalions disclosed their line, and made their instant advance necessary. Moving half an hour before the assault on the breach, and crossing a stream, which compelled them to move in single file exposed to a perpetual fire from the ramparts, they still pushed on, though the light of the guns and combustibles showed every man as clear as day.

"Forming on the other side, they rushed quickly up the rugged steep to the foot of the castle wall. There Kempt, who had hitherto headed the assault, was struck down, and Picton was left alone to conduct the column. To the soul of a hero, however, he united the skill of a general; and well were both tried on that eventful night. Soon the palisades were burst through, and in ran Picton followed by his men: but when they got through and reached the foot of the wall, the fire almost perpendicularly down was so violent, that the troops wavered; in an instant the loud voice of their chief was heard above the din, calling on them to advance, and they rushed in, bearing on their shoulders the ponderous scaling ladders, which were immediately raised up against the wall. Down in an instant, with a frightful crash, came huge logs of wood, heavy stones, shells, and hand-grenades, while the musketry with deadly effect was plied from above, and the burning projectiles, illuminating the whole battlements, enabled the enemy to take aim with unerring accuracy. Several of the ladders were broken by the weight of the throng who pressed up them; and the men falling from a great height were transfixed on the bayonets of their comrades below, and died miserably. Still fresh assailants swarmed round the foot of the ladders. Macpherson of the 45th, and Packenham, now Sir Edward Packenham, reached the top of the rampart, but were instantly and severely wounded and thrown down. Picton, though wounded, called to his men that they had never been defeated, and that now was the time to conquer or die. '*If we cannot win the castle,*' said he, '*let us die upon the walls.*' Animated by his voice, they again rushed forward, but again all the bravest were struck down. Picton himself was badly wounded, and his men, despite all their valour, were obliged to recoil, and take shelter under a projection of the hill.

"The attack seemed hopeless, when the reviving voice of Picton again summoned the soldiers to the attack, and he directed it a little to the right of the former assault, where the wall was somewhat lower, and an embrasure promised some facility for entrance. There was a young hero, Colonel Ridge of the 45th, who had already distinguished himself at Ciudad Rodrigo, sprang forward, and, calling on the men to follow, himself mounted the first ladder."

The castle was won. A brigade under Walker soon after made their way in an opposite quarter, the troops joined in the centre of the fortress, and Badajoz was in the hands of the British general. This was one of the most desperate struggles in military history. The slaughter in Turkish fortresses has been greater, but there it was the slaughter of fugitives. Here the slaughter was bayonet to bayonet,

and bullet for bullet; the long, persevering, and resolute effort of bravery, that nothing could quell on either side but wounds and death. The storm cost the British the unexampled number of 3500 killed and wounded in the breach! But Badajoz was taken. The war had never before exhibited such a prize: 170 heavy guns; 3800 soldiers, with their governor, prisoners; and, most important of all, the reputation of France, which was its power, shaken by an additional and mortal blow, on the eve of a war with all Northern Europe. The loss of Ciudad Rodrigo had broken one wing of the imperial eagle, the loss of Badajoz now broke the other; and from this moment it never rose from the ground in Spain.

We must now, and it is with reluctance, close our sketch of this important performance. We have seen no work more adapted to interest the existing generation, or more secure of being valued by the future. Its subject unites the vivid and breathless excitement of romance, with the solid and solemn grandeur of history; and its style is perfectly suited to the strongly defined character of its subject, simple where plain things are to be told, and eloquent and imaginative where the subject demands a loftier wing. Though Mr. Alison frequently gives the precedence to Colonel Napier in his military pictures, we think his own much better; and gladly turn from the melo-dramatic colouring of the gallant colonel, to the natural hues and classic outline of his own pencil.

The remainder, about one half of the volume, is occupied with the Russian war of 1812, which it brings down to the retreat from Moscow. The writer is to be greatly envied who has the opportunity and the powers to treat such a subject. The vastness of the contest, the rapid and consummate nature of the collision, and the unlimited consequences to the earth, make it almost a subject of awe. The hand of a mightier disposer than man never was so visibly disclosed since the fall of the Roman empire.

In turning from the monotonous and trifling transactions of our day to the majestic events of those pages, we feel not unlike the explorers of some of the great Egyptian catacombs, leaving all above sand and sunshine, palpable and arid, to plunge into silence and shade, yet surrounded with the relics of the mighty, the monuments of warriors and kings; the dust of men before whom the world bowed down in reverence or in terror; all long since passed away, yet still sepulchred and enshrined; forgotten by the idle world above, but administering recollections of illustrious memory to the thoughtful, and lessons of solemn wisdom to the wise.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE ROD AND THE GUN.

BY JAMES WILSON, F. R. S. E.*

THE great Christopher North may be pardoned if he wince for a second or two under some passing twinge of a feeling for the author of "The Rod and

* Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh; pp. 449, with a variety of plates and wood-cuts of game, fishes, &c. &c.

the Gun" akin to the jealousy with which a famed beauty, somewhat *passé*, or a very popular actor, upon the wane, regards a new, if inferior competitor, in that scene in which trophies were gathered and conquests made.

"The Rod and the Gun"—a most felicitous title in this present month of August—is, out and out, a work of the North school; a brilliant and, we should imagine, likely to be a successful one. To its pages, the right pleasant Tom Oakleigh, to whom, on his first appearance, we introduced our readers, contributes not a little information, new and old, and in his most fascinating manner; leaving it doubtful, all the while, from the strong family resemblance, whether Tom be not a younger brother of Kit, masquerading under the fine old English name of Oakleigh. However the real authorship, and the claims of the respective contributors to this sylvan code, may be adjusted by impartial posterity, is of little consequence to the living world of sportsmen, anglers, and lounging readers, who will be perfectly contented to have got hold of an instructive, and, above all, an entertaining work, teeming with fine imagery and poetical association, and filled with well-executed pictures of beautiful scenery, throughout the wide regions of mountain and lake, forest and river; wherever the angler's line is thrown or the sportsman's gun loaded.

Mr. James Wilson, taking precedence of Tom Oakleigh, leads off with a panegyric upon the angler's craft and its most celebrated professors. He starts a novel heresy on that mystery of the art involved in fancy fly-dressing—*Scottice*, the *busking* of artificial flies; very plainly intimating that fly-fishing, as generally practised, is a piece of sheer humbug; and that trouts, graylings, and other fishes, are by no means such gudgeons as the fisher generally takes them for. What the hungry fishes want is, neither gaudy feathers, flos silk, nor spangles; but some living thing, however plain in hue, which promises, at least, a *snack*, where they cannot obtain a full and substantial meal; and, in short, that they are always betrayed by their voracious propensities, and never by their eye for the gaudy or even the beautiful handiworks of their captors. This may be quite just, and indeed, Mr. Wilson's reasoning on the point is altogether conclusive; yet strip an amateur fisher of his abominable imitations of beautiful insects, his stock of artificial flies, to attire which, gives him apparently as much pleasure as a little girl receives from dressing and undressing her doll, and you inevitably lessen the enjoyment he finds in his favourite recreation. But every angler of any pretension is an original inventor in this fanciful department of the art; and so, even while slighting it, is Mr. Wilson. His Professor, so named in honour of the inventor, Professor Wilson—not him of Glasgow, nor yet him of Oxford, but *The Professor*, him of the *Modern Athens*, and the definite article—is a wonderful effort of ingenuity, and so also are his *Sam Slick* and his *Long Tom*; which three flies, probably for trout fishing, constitute the whole of Mr. James Wilson's really useful artificial stock in trade, though he gives ample directions for manufacturing myriads of gaudy or sober-suited mock insects. We must copy out the form and manner of *The Professor*, who generally sweeps mere and river in company, we find, with *Sam Slick* and *Long Tom*.

The Professor has his wings usually composed of a mallard wing, barred by nature in the usual way, and varied in the ground-colour by being dyed by art, lighter or darker, as may be deemed advisable. His body is formed of Paisley yellow flos silk, its texture rather tight, and slim its form. It is not always advisable to try to hackle him, although he may sometimes be so slightly, either with red or black about the shoulders: but his prevailing character is that of clearness, quickness, liveliness, and originality of composition, with a good deal of sarcastic sharpness about the barb, especially to bunglers who don't understand the nature of the Kirby bend.

Wo to the luckless trout, whether bull, *salmon*, lake, or burn, who gets *The Professor* fairly fixed in his gullet; for it is all over with him for this world. Suppose he is this gallant young fellow, a native, probably, of Loch Craggie, or some other of the Sutherland lochs, who figures at full length in "*The Rod and the Gun*."

The trout, of every locality, is among the handsomest of fishes; and, for many excellent reasons, the angler's prime favourite. The only question is, the most easy and agreeable mode of killing what we admire.

Mr. Wilson, like every other man, has frequently met with fishers who never, by any accident, killed a trout below a pound weight, at the very least; though their average take was three-pounders, and immense hauls of them. A good few dozens, more or less, taken before breakfast, in the easy toothpick way, is but a common occurrence among such anglers. Indeed, we never knew one of them in doubt, on any point whatever; save one remarkably candid brother of the angle, who confessed that he was at a loss to determine whether some of his miraculous take were three year olds or ill-thriven four year olds. Among the greatest feats in fishing of which we have lately heard, was nine dozen trouts and three salmon, killed, in the Tweed, upon the general assembly's last fast-day, while the angler lay all the while snug in bed, until evening, when he fished a rizzared haddock and some odd number of tumblers of whiskey-toddy, not less than three, nor more than eleven, with a friend of ours. Mr. Wilson is somewhat over-severe upon such harmless draughts of trouts, and exercises of imagination; as if a man inspired by the rod or the gun in his hand, and bent upon a little relaxation from dry, professional duty, were as strictly upon soul and conscience as if drawing a brief, or writing a prescription, or an invoice; when, of course, all is done according to the letter. Lying, if the ugly word must be used, we hold to be among the best, as it is the most ancient, of the privileges of the amateur angler, and one which we should be sorry to see invaded.

Anglers, if apt innocently to exaggerate, from the days of Mark Anthony, or a much older date, are universally either romantic and sentimental, or poetical and pious. If a little cruelty—the merest *souppçon*—gives zest and piquancy to their pastime, they seem, in general, quite as unconscious of it as the cook who took lightly the skinning of the live eels,

[* We are sorry we cannot get the wood-cuts of this article for our readers.—*Museum*.]

because they were used to it. We have not a doubt that the author of "The Rod and the Gun" is perfectly eligible as a member of the Edinburgh Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals; yet a flavour of that pleasure which must of necessity "arise from another's pain" is perceptible in many of the most beautiful descriptive passages of his volume. But the reader shall judge. The extracts we select are, at all events, fine specimens of the author's manner, and of the ideal of the angler's art.

We have many a time and oft in early life, (even in maturer manhood,) whether in smooth expanded lake, or the still stretches of some goodly river, when a sudden lull of wind has fallen upon the waters, and every gray gigantic stone or craggy rock, or old fantastic tree with silvery stem, was seen reflected in the liquid mirror; when radiant clouds of snow reposed their castellated glory 'mid the cerulean depth of the inverted sky (yet gazing with grateful heart on that far beaming splendour, which we almost feared to break by word or notion, and of which ourself, a sinful creature, was momentarily made a meet partaker,) we have then proceeded with our work, as follows. Instead of dragging the cast of flies rapidly and continuously along the surface, as is our wont when breezy winds are blowing, and pool or lake

With pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils,

we throw as long a line as we are able—the reader may well suppose it long—and allow it to lie for several seconds, as if in grim repose. We then point our top towards the water, lowering it to within a foot or two of the surface, and next with slow but sure alternate jerks, somewhat after the mode of salmon fishing, still keeping the point down, we bring the lure towards us. The entire tackle being under water, no disturbance takes place except the gentle *prowing* of the line, just where it emerges near the rod; the flies themselves being far away, and at some depth beneath the surface. Any slight alarm caused by their first descent upon the breezeless water has now subsided, and as they—three favourite flies which we are now to name—do hold the even tenor of their way towards the unrippled shore,—“Sam Slick” leading “The Professor” midway, and “Long Tom” at the lag end, all as it were hastening homeward with rapid strides,—no marvel that the attention of some magnificent three pounder, lying in wait below, is suddenly excited:—he rises upwards, at first sedately like a king in court, then the broad pectorals are expanded, as quickly closed, the deep rudder is waved from side to side with powerful sway, a rapid dart ensues, a single pectoral is again protruded for a moment, a slight and instantaneous turn takes place, the jagged jaws are closed, he has seized The Professor, and goes down head foremost with a most indignant flourish of the tail! Now he may certainly do what he likes with his own: but, gentle reader, the *tackle* is either yours or mine. For the sake of illustration, let us suppose it yours. Up then with the tip of your rod, which, owing to the dreamlike calm already so well described, and for reasons just assigned, is pointing downwards, and almost in a continuous direction

with the line—a most dangerous posture, seeing that the tag of war then rests entirely on the latter,—so up with your rod—which action also serves to strike the fish—and let the reel ring out as it may. Down he continues to go, Sam Slick beat by a couple of lengths, The Professor engulfed, and invisible even to kelpie's eye, and Long Tom also diving downwards, *volens volens*, at a fearful rate, but wondering greatly what to make of such a sudden change from softly shaded light to dingy darkness. Our spotted friend now pauses for a moment, the line slackens, and your heart, though a bold one, beats with fear, for you think him gone for ever; but no, the tightened line and trilling reel reassures your doubting grasp, and away he goes again, launching lake-ward, as if he really thought of crossing over. Now this freak won't suit you if you are wishing only to wade, have no boat, and can't swim; so (but not ungently) try to check his speed, or wheel him round, and as one good turn deserves another, he may have his own way on the gridiron towards night. Neatly done, youngster. Now he goes onwards right or left, perhaps comes pretty quickly towards you, as if to inquire by whom has been disturbed his solitary reign (reel up, and keep no slack upon your line)—give way again, for behold another burst of virtuous indignation, followed by a sudden spring of at least a yard into the air. Never mind,—you have proved a tenacious hold,—he begins to *peck*, and will soon be mollified to your content. He now takes a quiet and rather disagreeable kind of tugging range along the shore, perhaps with no bad intention, nor any definite object in view, but really looking at times as if he were in sober search of some quiet landing place. Do you the same. Behold how sweet a harbour close at hand,—small gravelly stones, and sand, and broken shells, a fairy haunted haven, the shelving neither sudden nor much prolonged, the bank—“small by degrees and beautifully less.” What would ye more! so lead him gently inwards. By Jupiter! he makes another run and tries to *dig*, but can't. Alas! poor Yorick! His movements are now heavy, as if his fins were lead, his mouth is opened wide (see how the fierce Professor, with deep sunk barb, doth hang upon his tongue), languid and sore distressed he wavers to and fro, as if some thickening haze suffused his sight,—he shows his broadening side, blazoned with pearls and gold. How beautiful he looks, as nearing the pebbly shore, his dorsal fin dimples the shallower depths,—no creature swims so softly as a fish. Give him the option now, once more, of land or water. Shorten your line to the utmost, but take care of the top knot, for it does no good within the ring; now he enters the hoped for haven,—lead away, my hearty,—he turns on one side (oh! goodly gut be strong), his head is out of water, his gills heave, there is a suspicious looking movement of the pectoral fins, but your hand has grasped his body just above the tail, and, in another moment, you are sitting together on the greensward, as if you had known each other all your lives. *Sic transit gloria truttae*.

Again, we are told that

Some fish become very sulky, and will lie, after being hooked, for a long time motionless near the bottom. In this case also the pebbles must be had

recourse to, for the more a fish is kept in motion the sooner he becomes exhausted. When he begins to show his side; and exhibits other unequivocal symptoms of exhaustion, a favourable landing-place should be looked for; and, when the proper time arrives, which can only be learned by the (sometimes dearly bought) lessons of experience, then is he to be drawn by degrees to the bank or shore, and secured either by means of the gaff, or a firm grasp above the tail.

Now, in our hearts, we can no more blame the sulkiness of a trout, in these delicate circumstances, than the sulkiness of the feathered "Chief of Congo," crimped, and borne over the seas in a slave ship; though it is quite right that the rightful owners should know how to deal with contumacy in both. Here, again, in what follows, our author luxuriates over delights best thrown into the shade, and tasted silently, and with modesty. He is describing lake fishing with a redundancy of fine imagery, when he proceeds, in less pure taste:—

But above all—especially towards evening, or when

Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair,

steal silently with muffled oar within a few yards of the tinkling mouth of every tiny rill which dances from the side of barren mountain, or creeps insidiously from shadowy wood,—for there your pounders—one lib., two lib., three lib.,—lie unseen, waving their pliant fins, and swallowing each innocent immergent thing which "enters the bosom of the quiet lake,"—and there you may raise and hook, and play them pleasantly, and deftly dip your landing-net beneath them, and then uplift them handsomely into your coracle, their strong curved sinewy tails essaying all in vain an upward spring from that same cunning soft reticulation, which yielding to the pressure from within, admits no more of any bright rebounding, and knows not in all its points a *point d'appui*. Now give him a sharp, but not a crashing tap upon the head with any little bit of stick about you, to "still his pantings of dismay," and prevent the probability of his jumping over the gunnel of the boat, and telling every fish he meets with "in coral cave, or clear translucent fountain," that you are an "abominable inhuman" *Anglus sed non Angelus*,—as the man in the south country said of Milton when he saw him sleeping.

N. B.—Remember that when angling from a boat, and after hooking, reeling in, and being about to lift upwards a goodly trout which has firmly fixed himself on your drag-fly, the very worst thing yourself (or assistant and unsuccesor) can possibly do, is to make a lounge with the landing-net, miss the by-no-means-exhausted receiver, but master the drop-fly by securely hooking it among the meshes. The fish is sure to fill with virtuous indignation at the unlooked-for aggression of "two to one." He will probably plunge directly downwards, or make a sudden run beneath the boat, and you have then the unpleasant, and by no means productive option, of either allowing him to break your line, or of trying whether your net, with its iron-encircled rim, is fond of floating,—for be sure your trout can never make the lower cir-

cuit with your drag in his mouth, while yourself, an inhabitant of upper air, are holding on by the drop, and absurdly shouting—"On, Stanley, on," at the very moment that you are acting the part of an obstructive, by preventing the member for Finsbury from visiting his constituents.

The salmon is commonly called the king of fishes; a title of which the legitimacy will not be disputed in Europe at any rate. Turn over the page, and there he lies, as seen in Mr. Wilson's book, a good specimen—neither an overgrown magnificent monster, nor yet a limber *kelt* or kipper—no seventy-pounder, which the salmon is sometimes found, nor yet a bouncer of fifty pounds—but a respectable fish, of an average ten pound qualification weight, though he may weigh twice or three times ten.

To the natural history of the salmon little remains to be added by any writer; but here we find ample directions for taking him with the rod; and we see one has actually been so killed in Scotland, weighing fifty-four and a half pounds. What a weaver's beam of a rod it must have been. The proper implement

Ought not to be less than 15 feet in length. Fish, —by which, of course, we mean salmon, which is the angler's fish, *par excellence*,—may be killed easily enough with a light rod, but a heavier one gives increased facility and power. The reel ought to be sufficiently large to contain 80 or 90 yards, so as to admit of abundance of line being given out when required; for many fish, when struck, run out to a great distance, and with such immense rapidity as to prevent the possibility of the angler's moving in the proper direction with sufficient quickness. A salmon, for the most part, darts violently up the stream; and, as the desired command is more easily kept with a short than a long line, it is advisable to prevent his getting too far ahead, by keeping the rod well up, 45° and more, and by running towards him along the margin. On gaining the head of the current, he frequently throws himself several times out of the water, on which occasions the angler must yield him freely a little of the line; but, during his general and less violent manœuvring, he will, of course, be the sooner exhausted the more firmly he is held. When he appears to be making for some safe haunt or secret sheltering place, the great object is to turn him towards safer ground, either by relying on the soundness of the tackle, or, if he proves very powerful as well as very obstinate, then a pebble or two may be thrown so as to fall a little in advance of his position, and he will probably turn himself round.

When the river water is either too much discoloured for the use of the artificial fly, or, running into the opposite extreme, becomes in dry weather too clear and bright, salmon may be successfully angled for with the worm. The worm is also an approved bait in cold or winter weather, when fish don't care to rise towards the surface. In these cases trolling tackle is sometimes used.

In trolling with minnow, or other small fish, the foot lengths ought to be about three yards long, and furnished with one or two swivels, to prevent the line from twisting, as well as to enable the bait to play freely. A lead or shot proportioned to the strength of the stream should be fastened to the line,

about a foot above the bait. The top of the rod should be stiffer than that used for fly fishing; and, when the hook is baited, it ought to be thrown first across, and then drawn up the stream. But why prolong our precept?

That learned controversy about the young of the salmon—which, with many such, greatly shakes the general confidence in the infallibility of the philosophers, and throws the world back upon *fact* and experiment—is very pleasantly and candidly noticed by Mr. Wilson. “What is a *parr*?” ask the learned theorists; and plain sense and experience answer, by the lips of Mr. Shaw, “Gentlemen, there is no such fish.” Our readers may already, from our own pages, have learned this fact, which took the learned in salmon so much by surprise; but they will still relish our author’s candid admissions, especially as he also is a *savan*, and was deep in the scrape himself:—

It is pleasant to see Sir William Jardine and Dr. Cox, Mr. Selby and Dr. Fleming, Mr. James Wilson (a brother of Professor Wilson’s) and Dr. Richardson, not exactly puzzling their brains about this vexed question, for the question seemed quite happy, and so assuredly were they, good easy men, but resting satisfied in the assurance that they understood its bearings in every possible point, and could “box the compass” on the subject, to the clear conviction of each rational being in the three kingdoms and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed. But, as it is now known to the world in general—and we hope admitted by themselves in particular—that these gentlemen knew nothing at all about the matter, we may be here allowed to pass from their *opinions* and report the actual *facts* as proved by Mr. Shaw.

As in a former number we gave a detail of Mr. Shaw’s curious, accurate, and most satisfactory experiments, we need not repeat them here; it is enough to the public that *parr* are the young of the salmon, whatever scientific naturalists may choose to make of them. Nor is it wonderful to find our Scotch *savans* mistaken on a few points, when we find the great Cuvier mistaking a black fish for a distinct species, to which he gives the name *Salmo hamatus*.

So difficult may it sometimes be for a philosopher in a great city to acquire the knowledge of a fact, elsewhere known familiarly from boyhood, by lonely herdsmen on ten thousand hills. How the Ettrick Shepherd would have marvelled that such a thing could be! Yet James Hogg himself was not seldom a marvellous man in his narrations.

We have said that Christopher North may be pardoned if he entertain a very little jealousy of this new rival; but so may the anonymous editors of the *Comic Almanac*, and the *Charivari*, so fond is he and so well skilled in the smaller art of punning and playing upon words; sometimes rather happily, though not always with the happy ease evinced by the old Scotch salmon, which, when asked, by the plaided poacher who had just transfixed him, how he did, quaintly replied, “Nane the better o’ your *speerin*.”

Two imagined species of salmon-trout are, according to Mr. Wilson and other good authorities, the

same fish in different stages of growth. This elegant and beautifully-coloured trout comes next in general estimation, for the table, to the salmon; and, by some, and good judges too, is even esteemed before it. At particular seasons, the salmon-trout is found in annoying numbers—a complaint in which we regret that we have no occasion to join. Mr. Wilson has, with a friend, sometimes killed above seventy in a few hours, in addition to salmon and grilse, which is surely good fishing. From 500 to 1000 of them are sometimes taken at one haul of the sweep net. These trout are often sent to the Edinburgh market in January and February, in a very unfit condition for the table, (if they be not positively unwholesome,) intercepted in their passage down the rivers Forth and Tay to the sea. It is not easy to distinguish at all times between the sea-trout and the young salmon. Both prove troublesome customers to inexperienced anglers, of whom, were there writers among the fishes, we make no doubt that they could tell some very amusing stories.

A sea-trout, says our author, when first he feels the barb, is so exceedingly astonished, that he flings himself repeatedly head foremost into the air, and flounders about upon or near the surface of the water in a most lively versatile manner (as the delighted angler deems:) but then he soon succumbs to fate, and after a few more impetuous bounds, and fine vivacious unsuccessful splashes, a well-sized fish may very speedily be drawn to land. But your river trout, even your simple two-pounder, though much surprised, is also greatly enraged, and will make repeated runs in every direction rather than run ashore; he will take perhaps a single spring or so, as if to ascertain exactly what has happened; he will dig his way towards “the bottom of the nether world;” he will try the diagonal dimensions of a deep and sombre pool; he will go helter skelter down a rocky rapid; he will run continuously along a lengthened smooth expanse, and make a mighty flourish with his tail at the end of it; he will seek to hide himself (and break the line even of the imperial guard) among the tangled roots of old fantastic trees, or will sneak beneath gloomy overhanging banks, like a “demmd demp disagreeable body” ashamed of being seen. It may easily be conceived that with this pertinacity and determination of character, the capture of a large river-trout is by no means easy; and it often happens, that in spite of all the angler’s art, the said trout is seen waddling away with his tongue in one cheek and the fly in the other, while the line, like a “knotless thread,” comes sneaking back towards its master.

Lake trout are sometimes found from twenty to thirty pounds; but the general size ranges from three to ten or twelve. Very large trouts are killed in Loch Awe, which noble lake has latterly attracted fishers from England, and where trout have been occasionally killed weighing twenty and twenty-five pounds.

The ordinary method of fishing for this king of trouts is with a powerful rod, from a boat rowing at the rate of from three to four miles an hour, the lure, a common trout from three to eight inches in length, baited upon six or eight salmon hooks, tied back to back upon stout gimp, assisted by two swivels, and

the wheel-line strong whip-cord. Yet all this, in the first impetuous efforts of the fish to regain its liberty, is frequently carried away for ever into the crystal depths of Loch Awe!

Mr. Wilson throws new light on this species, the *Salmo ferox*.

We find the following characteristic anecdote under the section *char* fishing; the scene was a small lake in Ross-shire:—

We fished it for half a day with more skill than success. Our movements were steadily watched the whole time by a south-country shepherd, who, rolled up in his plaid, his dog Yarrow close beside him, and both beneath the cosy shelter of a whin dike, seemed curious to ascertain how long we would continue our attempt at sport. When at last, despairingly, we turned us homewards,—a hospitable and most pleasing home was Mrs. Scobie's,—and neared our pastoral friends couched in their "sunny lair," the "human" without moving either head or heel, drawled out as follows: "Ye'll no hae killed mony trouts there?" "No, we've had no sport at all." "Na, na, it's weel kent there was never a trout in that loch frae the beginnin' o' the creation." He thus possessed the key to our discomfiture; but, from some unknown silential principle, on which we have since deeply pondered but failed to ascertain, he had declined, or at least delayed, to reveal the secrets of that dark abyss.

Now, the motive to silence was evidently the same which made Mr. Wilson continue his unsuccessful sport—excitement, namely, the love of pleasure, the desire of getting *a rise*, which the shepherd, no doubt, found, in witnessing the gentlemen's persevering attempts, well knowing that they were wholly fruitless. The shepherd would, doubtless, gaily relate the tale that same night to the south-country dairy-maid, and will probably tell it with glee to his dying day. *Char*, by the way, save *potted*, of which there is somehow always plenty, seem to be very scarce every where.

Whatever may be our sympathy with trouts of all kindreds and degrees, we have none whatever for that voracious, ill-conditioned monster, the pike; which, we are happy to say, is not indigenous to the British waters. There the villain lies; looking not so ugly as he ought, yet with the marks of the beast upon him. The pike is an instance of the ideal value, which, among the great vulgar, rarity and luxury give to commodities. It originally sold higher than salmon, and ten times higher than far better fish—cod and turbot. The latter has now taken its place, as a greatly over-rated fish, precisely from the same causes which made the pike so high-priced. The best thing about a pike is the pleasure of killing him. He is a universal tyrant; a cruel, indiscriminating devourer and evil-doer. The pike lives to an immense age, if all stories may be believed; and pike certainly attain a great size; though we have grave doubts about one taken in a lake in Swabia, which, by a brass ring attached to it, was ascertained to be 267 years of age, and measured nineteen feet in length, and weighed 350 pounds.

which, so far as *sport* is concerned—and as exclusive of that game at which foolish subjects have too often indulged their rulers in playing, from having too keen a relish for the royal pastime themselves—we consider far the nobler or the least obnoxious instrument. In the very nick of time, out, too, comes Yarrell's Account of the Grouse Tribes, and of the other birds which engage the attention of sportsmen from the 12th of August, when grouse-shooting commences, until March, when all winged creatures, by the laws of the land, or of honour, are permitted to enjoy a temporary respite during their breeding season. In the parts of Mr. Yarrell's work allotted to the grouse tribes, and to the pheasants and partridges, quails, bustards, and other victims of sport, the woodcuts are, as usual, exquisite. That of the *capercailie*, or cock of the wood, the lord of the forest—as is the eagle the prince of the rock, "the monarch of all he surveys"—is magnificent. These parts are, besides, embellished with several hybrids of the grouse species—all individual portraits, and finely executed. No work on ornithology owes so much to the artist as this of Mr. Yarrell. Its general excellence seems to be more and more recognised, as we perceive, from the variety of curious original information communicated to the author from all parts of the country; as if British naturalists and sportsmen felt an interest in having the work made perfect.

The noblest of the sportsmen's feathered favourites, which, from the leveling of the Scottish pine forests, has been extinct, in the British islands, for nearly a century, is likely to become once more a denizen of its old haunts in the central Highlands. The Earl of Fife received a pair or two of the capercailie from Norway, ten or a dozen years since, with the object of stocking the noble forest of Braemar. They were believed to have bred there; but they do not seem to have increased, and have, too probably, fallen under *trustees*; for nothing more is known of them. But in the end of 1838, and the beginning of 1839, the Marquis of Breadalbane received from Sweden—the munificent gift of Mr. Fowell Buxton—forty-four birds, of which two-thirds were females. This interesting colony has hitherto thriven admirably, both in the open forest and the aviary. At the marquis's seat of Taymouth, the eggs have been successfully hatched under the grey hen, the female of the black grouse. The Duchess of Athole is also attempting to rear this noble bird at Blair.

The capercailie is easily domesticated, and breeds in confinement. It is found in great plenty over all the Scandinavian peninsula, though in the southern provinces of Sweden it becomes more scarce. It lives in the pine forests; its principal and favourite food being the tender leaves and shoots of the Scotch fir, and the wild berries usually found in high latitudes. The young feed much like pheasants, on ants, worms, and insects. The capercailie, like the black grouse, is polygamous. Early in spring, the cock stations himself on a tall pine, and commences his call or love-song, called, by the Swedish peasants, his play, to gather the hens about him. The arts of courtship of the gallant feathered king of the forest figure in old Gaelic poetry. In "Lloyd's Field Sports of the North of Europe," which was written during the residence of the author in Sweden and Norway, the habits of the capercailie are fully de-

From the Rod we turn with pleasure to the Gun,

scribed. His time of courtship is from the first peep of dawn to sunrise; or, from a little after sunset until it is quite dark, the *gloamin'* hour. "During his play," says Mr. Lloyd, "the neck of the capercailie is stretched out, his tail is raised and spread like a fan, his wings droop, his feathers are ruffled up, and, in short, he much resembles an angry turkey-cock. He begins his play with a call something resembling the words *pellor, pellor, pellor*. These sounds he repeats at first at some little intervals; but, as he proceeds, they increase in rapidity, until at last, and after perhaps the lapse of a minute or so, he makes a sort of gulp in his throat, and finishes by drawing in his breath. . . . On hearing the call of the cock, the hens assemble from all parts of the surrounding forest. . . . The capercailie has his certain stations, which may be called his playing grounds. These, however, are of some little extent. Here, unless very much persecuted, the song of these birds may be heard in the spring for years together."

On these playing grounds, several capercailie may occasionally be heard playing at the same time. Old ones will not permit the young ones, or those of the preceding season, to play. Should the old ones, however, be killed, the young ones, in the course of a day or two, usually open their pipes. Combats, as may be supposed, not unfrequently take place on these occasions. The capercailie are easily domesticated, and are supposed to be long-lived. Their size, like that of many other creatures, varies with the latitudes they inhabit. In the south of Sweden they will weigh seventeen pounds, and in Lapland dwindle to nine or ten. The females, as in the black grouse, are about half the size of the males. In very severe weather this bird is said to bury itself in the snow. The capercailie and black grouse frequently breed together. The produce is generally males. This splendid bird is somewhat larger than the largest cock pheasant. Whole hosts of them, with other game, are now sent over from Norway to London, and the other great markets of Liverpool, Hull, &c. &c. We may guess at the scale upon which the English game markets are supplied, when we learn that a single Norwegian boor will snare from 500 to 1000 ptarmigan in a winter. In one parish—a roomy one—in Lapland, 60,000 birds were killed in one winter. The birds of all kinds are kept in a frozen state, until the dealers arrive; of whom one will purchase and dispose of 50,000 ptarmigan in a season. This looks marvellous; but if we consider the numbers that come to England alone, the statement becomes quite credible. The birds are sent over by the same boats that, from the ports on the west coast of Norway, supply London with that great Cockney delicacy, lobsters; and Mr. Yarrell states that, "on one occasion, late in the spring of 1839, one dealer shipped 6,000 ptarmigan for London, 2,000 for Hull, and 2,000 for Liverpool; and that this spring, (1840,) one salesman, in Leadenhall market, received 15,000 ptarmigan that had been consigned to him; and, during the same week, another received 700 capercailie, and 560 black grouse. A capercailie, which sells for 2s. in Drammen or Drontheim, sells for 10s. in London; and a black cock sells for 8d., which, in London, brings 3s. 6d., and, we think, in other markets, as much as 5s. and 6s.

Red grouse, the *Tetrax Scoticus*, which are as national as are *comfort* and *plum pudding*, are, of course, unknown in these northern countries. The range of the red grouse tribe is from the Orkneys and Caithness—for they have not reached Shetland—to the northern counties of England. Red grouse are also found in Wales and in Ireland. The quantity of red grouse sent to the London market, from the second week of August to the first week of March, must be very great, as the supply is constant. We should not, however, be very much surprised if both Scottish and Norwegian ptarmigan occasionally figured on London dinner tables as red grouse. Yet their numbers are certainly great; and the increasing slaughter of every new season does not appear to diminish them; at least if we may believe the accounts of those *bagged* in the newspapers. Mr. Yarrell's fifty brace in a day in Inverness-shire, in 1801, and forty brace killed for a wager, still in a day, more recently, on the Yorkshire moors, by the Earl of Strathmore's gamekeeper, were great feats in their way, but they may still be matched. The red grouse of Wales are said to be the largest, those of Yorkshire the smallest known; though, every where, individuals vary in size. On the eastern coast of Scotland, they are darker in colour, as well as larger, than on the western coast, where they breed somewhat earlier, probably from the greater mildness of the climate.

The ptarmigan is the smallest of the grouse tribes: it is found only in the highest range of the mountains of Scotland, and in the Scottish isles, though it was formerly found in the mountain ridges of "rocky Cumberland" and in Westmoreland. The habits of these mountain birds are curious and interesting. They are much less shy and wary than the red grouse; having less experience of the arts of their foe. The ptarmigan, unlike the red grouse, is found on most of the elevated mountain ranges of the Continent. In Spain it is called the *white partridge*. It is also found in Russia, and as far north as any of our exploratory expeditions have penetrated.

In Norway, as we have seen, ptarmigan abound. They are caught there by what, in Scotland, is called a *gin*, or *girn*—a custom practised at home; and Mr. Yarrell has found the horse-hair round their necks, in the London market, by which they were noosed in their native places. Of late years, he has observed the same evidence of unfair play on the necks of red grouse, probably caught in the same way that birds are snared by the Norwegian peasants; that is, by sliding-loops of horse-hair set across their path or runs in the heather.

The partridge falls more under ordinary observation than the grouse tribes; and many beautiful instances are given by Mr. Yarrell of their parental instincts, or affections, in which a high degree of intelligence is apparent. Besides the murderous *battues*, which mark the relapse of the higher orders of England into barbarism, and poaching, which equally marks the misery and vitiated state of the lower orders; very large numbers of partridges are killed in the unexceptionable manner of fair sport. For a wager of 200 sovereigns a side, a nephew of Mr. Coke, (now the Earl of Leicester,) in one day, shot, in Norfolk, on his uncle's estate, eighty brace and a half; and, on a subsequent day, eighty-eight

brace and five pheasants. The birds were beat up for him; and, as far as possible, driven into his hands. His opponent, Lord Kennedy, shot on the estate of Monreith, in Scotland, and, on the first day, bagged fifty, and, on the second day, eighty two brace. This was great work for Scotland, which, for partridges, is not yet quite a Norfolk.

Mr. Yarrell never ventures a word about the injury done to the farmers by pheasants and partridges, nor of the heartburnings, the crime, and misery, of which they are made the innocent cause, though it lay quite in his way.

The red-legged partridge is comparatively little known in Britain, and it is less esteemed than the common sort, either by sportsmen, who find it difficult to shoot, or for the table. It is not an indigenous bird, though occasionally found in the southern east-coast counties. The red-legged partridge is found in the Channel Islands, and in the south of France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy. During the Peninsular war, shooting red-legged partridges was the frequent amusement of Wellington and his officers.

The great bustard is another of Mr. Yarrell's birds. It is now become so rare in England, as to be carried about in menageries for exhibition. It is interesting from its size, habits, and rarity. Since wild birds' eggs became an article of luxury and traffic, this bird, with other species, has nearly disappeared. The bustard used to be hunted with pointers and greyhounds. In the 16th century, they were equally esteemed, at solemn banquets, with the swan and the crane. The flesh is still highly esteemed. In Germany, the bustard is hunted with rifles; the sportsmen, as the bird is very difficult to approach, pursuing it somewhat in the cautious manner of hunters stalking deer. In winter, bustards form into flocks of from forty to two hundred—a formidable number, when their great size is considered. The length of the male bird figured in Yarrell's page, which is considered a very fine specimen, is forty-five inches. The female is nine inches shorter.—She wants the lateral plumes on the chin or *moustache* of the male, though with age they grow. She wants also the pouch, which has commonly been set down as the bustard's water-flask, though its use is not yet fully ascertained. The lesser bustard is only an occasional winter visitor with us, and its nest or eggs have never been found. It is rare over nearly all Europe, and only found in great numbers at the foot of the Caucasus, and near the shores of the Caspian.

To return from birds to Oakleigh's modes of shooting them, which, in the passing month, is of more interest: These he introduces by an entertaining preface, discoursing on Archery, Falconry, the Forest laws, the Forest itself, the Chase, and the Park. Some consider the old forest laws of our Norman conquerors rather more tyrannical than the game laws of our modern aristocratic legislators, as executed by the squirearchy in quarter sessions assembled; but much may be said on both sides. Were any one to say to us the constitution of Great Britain is essentially democratic, we should be contented to reply, "Look at the game laws."

Look, too, at the change of times and opinions since the young Shakespeare, to whom every bird that flew and fish that swam was free, was tempted

to have a sly shot at the fallow deer of the Lucy. To the game laws of France, and the *battue* propensities of its noblesse, the Revolution has been ascribed; of which their cruel and insulting severity had certainly prepared one wild element, in the mad-dened passions of the alienated and embittered peasantry. But the game laws of Great Britain are doubly stringent and irritating to what they were at the epoch of the French Revolution. These are things to be pondered; and also the difference of the old times, when a peasant might have a shot any where, save in those tabooed places—the forest, the chase, and the park, and the present, in which to have a gun in his possession is assumed as a proof of crime.

There are killers of birds and beasts in all parts of the world, and *battue* shooters both in England and Scotland; but still Great Britain alone is the native land of *sportsmen*, whence they carry their love of this species of recreation into all countries. Oakleigh, accordingly, gives Englishmen some useful general rules for pursuing their amusements in India and in the new southern colonies.

Of home sports with the gun, the noblest are deer-stalking and grouse-shooting. Shooting fallow deer—though knowledge and practice are required properly to single out the victim and secure him, without injuring his companions—is, when compared with deer-stalking, like shooting chickens in a farm-yard, instead of shooting woodcock. The surest and least cruel aim is through the neck. He is shot with the rifle; and, when wounded and separated from the herd, the dogs are slipped. There he lies, his family around him in serene repose, in his lordly park, under the shadow of the old patrician trees, as little dreaming of rifles as of the election dinners or city feasts that demand his haunches.

The stag, or red deer, is now found only in the Highlands of Scotland and in Ireland. He is taller than the tame-looking fallow deer; measuring from seven to eight feet from the ground to the tip of his antlers. His colour is a dark reddish brown. The red deer is stalked with the rifle. Harts of ripe age, when a choice is obtainable, are, of course, preferred to hinds and to young harts, which are allowed to escape; but, as venison must be had, and hinds come into season as harts go out, their evil day also arrives. Oakleigh, who has no personal experience of deer-stalking, has made good but fair use of the treatise of Mr. Scrope; who, again, learned much of his knowledge from old Highland foresters and poachers—if we may degrade a Celtic hunter by the ignominious Saxon epithet. Deer stalking is the only species of shooting still enjoyed in its pristine purity; fowling having become, even in the Highlands, a comparatively vulgarized sport. Let us then see Oakleigh's well digested account of the manner of stalking the red deer in the forests of Athole or Braemar:—

Red deer usually move up wind; their acute sense of smell thus giving them notice of danger. It is by taking advantage of the wind that the deer-stalker's success in a great measure depends. In a mountainous country they can be driven in any required direction by skilful foresters. On wide plains red deer are inaccessible.

The deer-stalker's dogs, which are always held

in leash until a wounded animal is detached from the herd, should, so far as practicable, combine the nose of the bloodhound with the speed of the greyhound, and run mute.

The deer-stalker has recourse to a thousand manœuvres to approach a herd or solitary stag. The animals are usually descried at a long distance, either by the naked eye, or by the aid of an achromatic telescope, and the mode of approaching them entirely depends upon the situation in which they are discovered. Should it seem impracticable to steal upon them while at rest, the stalkers, armed with rifles, wait in the defiles through which the deers are expected to pass, whilst the attendants make a circuitous movement to get beyond the deer, and drive them in the direction required. The deer-stalker, besides being an excellent shot, should have good judgment of ground and a hardy frame, combined with the patience and power to undergo extreme fatigue and privation.

When the red deer is fired at, he is usually at a considerable distance, and perhaps bounding away at full speed. Behind the shoulder, therefore, is the favourite mark. "In killing deer," says Mr. Maxwell, "it is necessary to select the head, or aim directly behind the shoulder. A body wound may eventually destroy the animal, but the chances are that he will carry off the ball." Mr. Scrope, whose experience and success in deer-stalking render his remarks valuable, says, "The most perfect shots and celebrated sportsmen never succeed in killing deer without practice; indeed, at first, they are quite sure to miss the fairest running shots. This arises, I think, from their firing at distances to which they have been wholly unaccustomed, and is no reflection upon their skill. It is seldom that you fire at a less distance than a hundred yards, and this is as near as you would wish to get. The usual range will be between this and two hundred yards, beyond which, as a general rule, I never think it prudent to fire, lest I should hit the wrong animal, though deer may be killed at a much greater distance. Now the sportsman who has been accustomed to shot guns, is apt to fire with the same sort of aim that he takes at a grouse or any other common game: thus he invariably fires behind the quarry; for he does not consider that the ball, having three, four, or perhaps five times the distance to travel that his shot has, will not arrive at its destination nearly so soon: consequently, in a cross shot he must keep his rifle more in advance. The exact degree, as he well knows, will depend upon the pace and remoteness of the object. Deer go much faster than they appear to do, and their pace is not uniform, like the flying of a bird; but they pitch in running, and this pitch must be calculated upon."

Although the red deer has not

The dreadful plunge of the concealed tiger, nor charges he like the maimed lion, or elephant, or buffalo at bay, he possesses qualities which render his death as difficult to achieve as that of any of the foregoing quadrupeds; since to the gracefulness of an antelope he unites the agility of a chamois, the eye of a lynx, the nose of a vulture, the ear of a hare, the vigilance of a bustard, the cunning of a fox. He can swim like a sea fowl—in speed he will outstrip the race horse—and in the height and length of his

leap "none but himself can be his parallel!" The anxiety attending this sport must be as intense as the pursuit is laborious. After climbing for hours the mountain side, with the torrent thundering down the granite crags above him, and fearful chasms yawning beneath him,* the stalker, with his glass, at length descries, in some remote valley, a herd too distant for the naked eye. He now descends into the tremendous glen beneath, fords the stream, wades the morass, and by a circuitous route threads the most intricate ravines to avoid giving the deer the wind. Having arrived near the brow of the hill, on the other side of which he believes them to be, he approaches on hands and knees, or rather vermicularly, and his attendant, with a spare rifle, does the same. A moment of painful suspense ensues. He may be within shot of the herd, or they may be many miles distant, for he has not had a glimpse of them since he first discovered them an hour ago. His videttes on the distant hills have hitherto telegraphed no signal of his proximity to deer; but now a white handkerchief is raised, the meaning of which cannot be mistaken; with redoubled caution he crawls breathlessly along till the antlers appear; another moment and he has a view of the herd; they are within distance. He selects a hart with well-tipped, wide spreading horns. Still on the ground, and resting his rifle on the heather, he takes a cool aim. His victim—shot through the heart—leaps in the air and dies. The rest of the herd bound away; a ball from another barrel follows, the "smack" is distinctly heard, and the glass tells that another noble hart must fall, for the herd have paused, and the hinds are licking his wound. They again seek safety in flight, but their companion cannot keep pace with them. He has changed his course; the dogs are slipped and put upon the scent, and are out of sight in a moment. The stalker follows; he again climbs a considerable way up the heights; he applies the telescope, but nothing of life can be behold, except his few followers on the knolls around him. With his ear to the ground he listens, and amidst the roar of innumerable torrents, faintly hears the dogs baying the quarry, but sees them not; he moves on from hill to hill towards the sound, and eventually another shot makes the hart his own. The deer are then bled and gralloched, and partially covered with peat; the horns are left upright, and a handkerchief is tied to them to mark the spot, that the hill man may find them at the close of the day. Let the reader imagine how much the interest of all this is enhanced by the majestic scenery of an immense, trackless, treeless forest—to which domesticated life is a stranger—where mountain, corrie, cairn, and glen, thrown promiscuously together, present the grandest of savage landscapes, and as the field of wild adventure, cast into shade what Mr. Scrope not unaptly designates "the tame and hedge-bound country of the South."

Telescopes are, of course, a late Saxon innovation, and we should think hardly fair in forest law. They, moreover, too much resemble the train-bands review—

* An idea of the height and steepness of some of the forest mountains may be formed by the fact, that from a dozen to twenty deer are sometimes destroyed at once by a fall of an avalanche, in winter.

ed in a shower under a canopy of umbrellas; or a Highlander carrying the same modern invention over his Lochaber axe.

Roe-deer shooting is conducted in the same manner as shooting hares in covert.

While the covers are beaten, the shooters, placed at certain points, fire at the roes as they dash past them, with large buck shot. They are mostly seen in pairs, or beves of five, six, or seven. The red deer is sometimes unharboured in cover; but for the most part his lair is on the plain or mountain side; his horns seem to unfit him for making way through thickets. The roe beds in the woods; it is essentially the deer of the woods, being seldom found so much as three miles from cover. It does much mischief to young trees, and the labours of the agriculturist. When discovered in growing corn, it is usually shot with a rifle. In cultivated districts, interspersed with wood and rock, the roe abounds, and it is looked upon by the farmer as a greater nuisance than the rabbit is in the south.

The roe-buck has in general three points to each horn, sometimes four or even more, and sometimes only one.

In August, the buck chases the doe, for the purpose, as is supposed, of making her give up suckling her kids; and so determined are the bucks on their object, that they will chase a doe for several hours without intermission round some favourite "knowe."

We should have some slight doubt of the buck and doe limiting themselves so closely to one particular "*knowe*," in pursuing the evening game of the southern lads and lasses, of "*Bogie about the stacks*," which is here exactly described. However, here the roe bounds on some wild quest or other.

Oakleigh is learned in the structure and powers of guns, and the qualities of powder and shot; so, for the benefit of some of the late arrivals at Dalwhinnie, Fort Augustus, and the other great stations, we shall at once TAKE AIM.

When the dog points, or when birds rise near to the shooter, he should immediately draw back both hammers with the right thumb; but should the birds rise at a considerable distance, to save time, he need only cock one barrel, as in this case he has only to fire once. He should never be in haste. It is more prudent to let the bird escape than to fire hastily. If on open ground, he should not fire until the bird is more than twenty yards distant. He should be deliberate in bringing up the piece to his shoulder, and in making it to bear on the object, but the moment he has brought it to bear, the finger should act in co-operation with the eye, the eye being kept open the while, so that the shooter may see whether the bird falls, or feathers fall from it; for if he does not see it distinctly at the moment of firing, there is something defective in his system of taking aim.

The shooter, when learning, should never aim directly at the body of a hare on foot, or of a bird on the wing. This precaution is scarcely necessary when the motion of the object is slow, but by habituating himself to it on all occasions, he will the sooner become an adept. His mark should be the head, the legs, or a wing, if within twenty yards. When further off, he should make some allowance, according to the distance and speed of the object moving.

His aim should be at the head of a bird rising or crossing—the legs of a bird flushed on an eminence and moving downwards from him—the wing of a bird flying from him in an oblique direction. His aim should be at the head of a hare, in whatever way she may be moving. The same rules apply when the object is more than twenty paces distant from the shooter, making allowance for the speed. Thus, for a partridge crossing, the allowance of aim before it with a detonator, at twenty paces, will be one inch—at thirty paces two inches—at fifty paces five inches—at fifty-five paces seven inches. Half this allowance will be proper when the bird moves in an oblique direction. When an object moves directly from the shooter, at more than twenty paces distance, he should fire a little above it. When a bird or hare approaches the shooter directly, he should not aim at it until it has passed him, or has turned aside. The moment it has altered its course the gun should be brought up, and no time should be lost in firing. It is not easy at all times to form a correct idea of the distance of a bird from the gun.

It is amusing sometimes to hear persons talk, after they have been *watched*, of the distances at which they have effected their shots; they ever think the game so much farther off than it really was. The sportsman who has not convinced himself by actual measurement, often seems to be labouring under a species of hallucination when speaking of his distances.

If the sportsman will take aim alternately at objects on his right, on his left, on the ground, and in the air, without moving his body or taking his gun from the shoulder, he will at once see the difficulty of keeping his eye directly behind the breech. To be a proficient in shooting, he must in some way be able to do that mechanically; for, when aiming at a moving object, his attention can only be paid to placing the end of the gun on that object. When bringing up a gun to the shoulder in a gunmaker's shop, it is easy to bend the head down to the exact spot for looking along the sight plate; but it is very different when shooting at birds on the wing. The best way to prove whether a stock suits, or, in other words, whether the user of it can bring it up, as it were mechanically and without an effort, to the proper place, is to fire hastily, on a dark night, at a lighted candle placed against a wall, about forty paces distance.

The main point, then, in taking aim, is to *keep the head down to the stock, and the eye low behind the breech*. The sportsman who, from habit or practice, can invariably bring his eye down to the same place, and keep it steadily there, so that he may always take aim from the same starting point, will distance all competitors.

This we fully believe, as well as that generally in shooting, as in many other things, "an ounce of mother-wit, is worth a pound of clergy." In wild-fowl shooting, Oakleigh's great authority is Col. Hawker; and one of his many merits is the sagacity and freedom with which he seizes and turns to popular account the knowledge of others, on subjects with which personally he has not much experience. From a foreign source he has gained the following summary of canine education, which may, we think,

be found valuable to the teachers of infant and Irish schools.

The first lesson, and the one on which the breaker's success chiefly depends, is that of teaching the dog to drop at the word "*down*;" this must be done before he is taken into the field. Tie a strong cord to his neck, about eighteen yards long, and peg one end into the ground. Then make the dog crouch down, with his nose between his front feet, calling out in a loud voice "*down*." As often as he attempts to rise, pull him to the ground, and repeat the word "*down*" each time. When he lies perfectly quiet while you are standing by him, walk away, and if he attempt to follow you, walk back, and make him "*down*" again, giving him a cut or two with the whip. This lesson must be repeated very often, and will take some trouble before it is properly inculcated. When once learned it is never forgotten, and if properly taught in the beginning, will save an infinity of trouble in the end. He ought never to be suffered to rise until touched by the hand. This lesson should be practised before his meals, and he will perform it much better as he expects his food; and never feed him till you are perfectly satisfied with his performance. After you have been flogging him, always part friends, and never let him escape while you are chastising him, at least, if he does, do not pursue him; as if he sees (which he soon will) that he is the quicker runner of the two, all discipline will be at an end.

When he has become tolerably steady, and learned to come in to the call, and to drop to the hand, he must be taught to range and quarter his ground; a thing which is seldom seen in perfection. On some good brisk morning, choose a nice piece of ground, where you are likely to find. Take care to give him the wind, *i. e.* to let him have the wind blowing in his face: wave your hand with "*Hey, on good dog*," and let him run off to the right hand to the distance of about eighty yards. (We suggest thirty.) Call him in, and, by another wave of the hand, let him go off to the same distance to the left. Walk straight forward with your eye always on him. Go on and let him keep crossing you from right to left, and *vice versa*, calling him in when at the limit of his range. This is a difficult lesson, and requires great nicety in teaching. Never let him hunt the same ground twice over. Always have your eye on him, and watch every motion.

On partridge shooting we shall cite only one hint, for the benefit of all whom it may concern; namely, those who must maintain, but who dare not shoot, the birds.

The most certain method of driving partridges from a farm is, to disturb them night after night at their jucking-place; which is usually in a meadow, where the aftermath is suffered to grow, or in a field rough with rushes, fern, thistles, or heather, adjoining to a corn-field.

Their jucking-place means the resting-place of the covey during the night, called the roosting-place of birds that perch on trees.

Pheasant, hare, rabbit, snipe, and woodcock shooting follow in sequence; which last pastime has been greatly shorn of its difficulty and glory by the modern improvements of the fowling-piece; but grouse-shooting, were it but for its rarity, the season in which it begins, and, above all, the scenery amidst which it is pursued, eclipses all other kinds of fowling.

Grouse ought to be remarkably plentiful this year, as

the winter was mild; and the spring, the time of hatching, was the driest and finest that is remembered; nor is the subsequently cold and wet summer likely to have given that degree of vigour to the young birds, which in warm and dry seasons renders them too strong in their fight for the inexperienced sportsman. The present year will therefore be peculiarly favourable to young sportsmen in the Highlands. Yet, of grouse-shooting, the Scottish maxim eminently holds, that "*Stickin does not go by strength, but by the guiding of the gully*," that, in short, experience, and the facility of long practice, are the chief elements of the sportsman's good fortune. Oakleigh lays down one rule, which we specify, as it ensures what we conceive the main charm of fowling, at least to the emancipated serfs of colleges, clubs, courts of law, and benches of legislation, and of the bustle and tumult of city life. This is the bliss of solitude, absolute loneliness; a taste of which occasionally is as necessary to the mind as salt to animal health. The Highland moors thus become the *licking-places* of those sportsmen to whom shooting is a relaxation and pleasure, and not a mere trade. Oakleigh's rule, which embraces our condition, is, that

Grouse-shooters should separate and range singly; and have no noisy attendants, nor any dogs that require rating. The sport cannot be carried on too quietly. If the shooter throws off before eight o'clock, which it is not prudent to do unless there are many guns on the moors, or foul weather is expected in the afternoon, he should run *only one dog as long as the heather is wet*, afterwards two, and in the afternoon three dogs. In wet weather, one dog is quite sufficient. If hot weather, we advise rest from eleven to two. If the shooter have not exhausted himself during the middle of the day, he will best fill his bag in the afternoon; he may not indeed, then find so many, but those he does find will be dispersed birds that will almost lie to be trodden on. An old shooter thus, on a dry afternoon following a wet morning, will sometimes load himself or his attendant, after the less experienced have left the moor, disgusted, with scarcely a bird in their possession.

The flight of grouse is generally about half a mile. A grouse will drop suddenly, when out of sight of the shooter, on some hill side, perhaps forty or fifty yards from the highest part. Nine times out of ten the grouse alights on a hill side slanting from the shooter, or, in other words, on that side of the hill, or ridge, or sloping ground, which is farthest from the shooter. It is useless to attempt to range the whole of a moor; the sportsman's time will be much better occupied in traversing the same ground over again and again, assuming he knew how to choose his ground. When ranging a moor with which he is totally unacquainted, the best thing he can do is to walk along the brow or side of a hill, (for nearly all moors are either mountainous or broken uneven ground,) keeping about forty or fifty yards from the summit of any rising ground: not only broods but single birds alight more frequently in such a situation than in any other, especially after being disturbed. Much time is lost in ranging flats and the extreme heights of hills and ridges. The side, under the wind, of these lesser hills, which on nearly all moors is intersected by rivulets, and which has a pretty good covering of young heather, is the very best line of range that can be recommended, care being taken to keep within fifty yards from where the declivity commences. By winding round the hills in this manner, the shooter does not fatigue himself near so much as by continually crossing the ravines and climbing directly up the hills.

When the grouse-shooter throws off on an extensive moor, on which, or on the moors adjoining, there are numerous parties of shooters, we would direct him, whenever the wind is high, to make for the leeward side of the moor. Grouse do not fly with wind on all occasions: but whenever they happen to do so, their flights are longer than when they face it; and, when going across wind, their flight has ever a tendency to the lee side. Thus, when every brood has been flushed several times, the windward side of the moors becomes deserted, and the leeward side the resort of both game and shooters. Whatsoever species of game he is in pursuit of, the shooter will do well to keep on that side of the hill which is protected from the wind. The most unlikely place in the world to find any kind of game is a hill side on which the wind plays. But in stormy weather the hill-top and the plain should be equally shunned: a narrow valley, or the steep hill side sheltered from the wind, are then the usual places of resort.

The favourite haunts of grouse, when undisturbed, are those patches of ground where the young heather is most luxuriant. They avoid rocks, and bare places where the heather has been recently burnt; at any rate they are not to be approached in such places. It is in young heather that grouse most frequently feed. They are seldom found in the very long thick heather that clothes some part of the hills, until driven there for shelter by shooters or others. It is early in the morning and towards evening that grouse are to be found in young heather. During the middle of the day, the shooter should range the sunny side of the hill, and avoid plains.

Grouse do not always rise in the same manner. They either mount, like pheasants, about five yards high, and then fly off, or else they skim along quietly, almost touching the ground. When the grouse flies low, its flight is somewhat like that of the blackbird. When it rises in the manner of a pheasant, the best time to fire at it is immediately as it arrives at its height, just as it is about to make off; at that point of time when it has performed its vertical and is commencing its horizontal flight. To shoot sooner, unless the aim be taken above the bird, is to lose a chance. But, when the grouse scarcely rises out of the heather, and glides away from the shooter, as a blackbird flies, no time is to be lost, or it will be out of reach. It is generally when the shooter is near birds as they rise, that they mount like pheasants; and when he is at a distance from them as they rise, that they fly off low. When they rise perpendicularly, they make some noise with their wings, and the cock sometimes crows, and the hen cackles. On the contrary, when they flit away, scarcely clearing the *heathpeeps*, they make no noise whatever. When grouse are wild and fly low, it is quite requisite to keep a constant look-out, or they will gain a dozen yards before they are seen. Their being the same colour as the heather favours their escape.

It is usual for one party of sportsmen to give another party notice of the approach of birds by crying "mark!" The shooters whom the birds approach stand still, and the birds will not veer from their intended course; the birds are suffered to pass before a gun is brought to the shoulder. It is difficult to drop a bird approaching.

As the sportsman, in grouse-shooting, has an opportunity of choosing his own distance when birds rise near to him, he will be more certain of killing if he let the birds fly twenty-five yards from him before he fires the first barrel; when, if he have both barrels cocked, he will have ample time to throw in the reserve barrel while the birds are within reasonable distance. In nothing is the

superiority of the detonating over the flint lock more apparent, than in its allowing the shooter to fire the second so soon after the first barrel.

No species of shooting requires the aid of good dogs more than grouse-shooting, and in no sport does so much annoyance result from the use of bad ones. The best dog, perhaps, for the moors, is a well bred pointer, not more than five years old, which has been well tutored,—young in years, but a veteran in experience. The setter is occasionally used with success, but we prefer the pointer. The latter has unquestionably the advantage when the moors are dry, as it not unfrequently happens that they are, in August. If a setter cannot find water wherein to wet his feet every half hour, he will not be able to undergo much fatigue. Some sportsmen will hunt a couple of mute spaniels, for grouse-shooting, in preference to any other team of dogs. Of course, when this method is pursued, the birds are never pointed; and the shooter must ever be on the look-out, for the game is generally sprung very near to the gun.

When birds are plentiful, Oakleigh considers *markers* a nuisance. We should consider them so at all times; markers, be it understood, being the name for the scouts who watch the birds, and, in short, assist the sportsman in every thing save firing his gun. But if a marker must be had, a shepherd lad, who knows the ground and the business, is recommended as the best one. He should be one

Whose proficiency may be guessed at by the knowing cunning which glitters in his eye when he is told that his services are required. A youth of this description will lie down when a bird rises, put up his hands to his face, like the blinders of a waggon-horse, and mark a bird down to an *inch*, a mile off! These youths have an unaccommodating knack of slipping wounded birds into their own proper pockets unseen; or of hiding them in *peat-holes*, so that neither Turk, Tiger, nor Spaniard, the retrievers, can find them! Retrievers are seldom used in grouse-shooting; nor are they often required.

Very few birds generally satisfy the marker, who, we will venture to bet, prefers the leg of a Lammermoor lion to all the grouse on the Grampians, and who is far out of the way of finding purchasers, while killed birds, by dozens, are often rotting in his neighbourhood, especially at the beginning of the season. Oakleigh considers the poacher in the snow a much greater enemy to the grouse than the sportsman; which is probably a mistake. In killing hares, partridges, and pheasants, there is, no doubt, much poaching; but red grouse and ptarmigans lie beyond the range of temptation. The question may be resolved by the fact that, in August and September, grouse, never having been exposed in the market, are in great plenty at the table, and also abound in the market more than at any other season. We hear even of sporting grounds being lately taken by the great dealers in game as a commercial speculation; but do not vouch for the fact. As for the cottagers, who, let the keepers do their best, kill many birds in winter, "deeming one little inferior to a fowl, when boiled in the pot with a piece of bacon;" we rejoice especially to hear of their bacon; making them welcome to every bird, along with it, which they can snare in their kail-yards, and a little way beyond them. But our fear is, that there is but rarely, if ever, either bird or bacon in the cottager's pot. If ever the former do occur, it must be the black game of the south, and certainly not the red grouse of the Highlands. Black game is not shot till a week after red-grouse

shooting commences. They are on the increase and spreading; while, on the contrary, red grouse are narrowing their range, or disappearing: yet black game are much more exposed to the poacher's inroads than the red game.

The blackcock, like the capercaillie and the pheasant, is polygamous. Sportsmen, who are on honour, always spare the young hens. The blackcock is a splendid bird; his lady, the greyhen—smaller and more sober-suited—is also a beautiful bird. She and her poults are apt to be mistaken for red grouse: but they are longer in shape, and differently coloured. There they stand, a handsome couple, exactly as seen in Oakleigh's shooting code:—

Black-game are generally hatched in rushy fields, near to an unenclosed moor or heathery plantation. They visit stubble-fields, or rather corn-fields, for corn is harvested late in those cold countries where the hills are covered with their native brown; whereas the red grouse is rarely known to quit the open moor, unless driven thence by men, dogs, or stress of weather. The red grouse feeds chiefly amidst the heather. Black-game will often feed, and sometimes (though rarely) the red grouse also, like partridges, in stubbles: black-game are very destructive to crops of grain. Red grouse do not frequent woods. Their nests are generally found in heather; those of black-game in rushy fields or plantations. The eggs of the former are often taken by persons collecting plovers' eggs; and as they are easily found, the temptation to pilfer but too often presents itself. A child may thus do more mischief than the most accomplished poacher. Loiterers at this season should be watched.

Gathering a few berries from a mountain ash, or nuts from a hazel bush, will soon, we presume, be designated pilfering. Did any naturalist—and their name is legion—ever discover a nest, no matter of what bird, from whence he did not pilfer as often as it suited him? And "loiterers should be watched!" Truly no such lessons to the game lords were required from Tom Oakleigh.* It is unlike the genial feelings of the sportsman, who is a prose-poet and lover of nature; and who, in the words of old Markham, should be "full of love both to his pleasure and his neighbour." But every lover of sport cannot, year after year, reach the Highland moors and forests; and there are humbler, yet not despicable, pleasures to be found lying within each. Among these, rabbit-shooting and snipe-shooting have their own attractions.

Look at the rabbit—Tom Oakleigh's rabbit; boys love and cherish him; poets and painers like to see him and his merry companions gambolling in the moonlight; the cook does not despise him; and he is the only delicacy, boasting the name of game—to which his claim, by the way, is not clearly established—that ever lawfully smokes on the poor man's board. Besides, his extreme cautiousness and shyness, and his convenient places of retreat, tantalize the shooter delightfully. Oakleigh remarks:—

It is astonishing what efforts they will make to escape, though three legs be broken, when near the entrance of a burrow. It is of little use firing at them when they

are more than twenty paces distant from the gun. Rabbits afford more what are termed snap-shots than any other game, as they are mostly found in or near to plantations, or amongst brambles, hollies, gorse, or deep fern, in places of extreme difficulty. It requires a quick eye and steady hand to stop a rabbit running across furrows, or over uneven ground.

Rabbits, cut off in the wholesale or Waterloo style, for the market, are generally taken by nets and ferrets; not being considered worth powder and shot, which would so much enhance their price. The best time for rabbit-shooting is the evening; or in sunshine, after rain, when great numbers venture abroad.

Snipe-shooting has this to recommend it, that it comes at a good season; when the grouse are forsaken, and partridges become scarce and difficult. The snipe arrives in this country about the same time as the woodcock. They appear about the middle of October, and are plentiful in November; which month and the next is the time for shooting them. As the year advances, they congregate in flocks, on open moors and downs, and are shy of the shooter's approach. There are three kinds of snipes: the full or whole snipe, figured on the next page; the solitary, sometimes called the double snipe; and the Jack-snipe, termed also, from its diminutive size, the half snipe. The full snipe, the bird which the shooter pursues, is very difficult to hit; and Oakleigh discourses scientifically on the subject, affirming that

The shooter will bring down a snipe with much less difficulty at from fifteen to twenty paces than at any other distance. The aim is thus taken just before the bird begins to make its cross flight, but before it has attained its full speed. The irregularity of its flight is of little consequence during the first and second twirling, before the bird is safely on the wing, since its flight is then comparatively tardy. But let the snipe fly ten yards from whence it sprang—let it be, for instance, twenty-five paces distant from the gun, it is then at the top of its speed, and in the very midst of its sidelong, elliptical gyrations, and more than a match for the majority of shooters, especially if the day be windy. A snipe, killed at fifteen or twenty paces distance, with No. 7, shot, will seldom be struck by many pellets, being generally three or four inches from the centre of the cone which the shot forms as it flies, which is very different from being in the exact centre. A section of the body of a snipe does not present a surface as large as that of a penny-piece. If any person will fire at a target at fifteen yards distance, he will find that a snipe would not be cut to pieces even at that distance, unless it chanced to be precisely in the centre of the charge as thrown. When speaking of a snipe presenting no larger a surface as a mark than a penny-piece, we, of course, mean a snipe flying directly from the shooter. It would be imprudent to shoot at a snipe flying across at less than twenty paces distance, as it then presents more than double the surface of one going straight from the shooter. Twenty-five paces is the distance we should prefer for a cross or oblique shot. . . . There are two points to be attended to in determining the proper distance: the flight of the bird—and the manner in which the shot is thrown. In snipe-shooting the latter is subservient to the former.

The common snipe, occasionally found on heathery and rush-clad hills, as well as in the enclosed grounds, is the same as the gregarious bird of the marsh.

The setter is the best dog for snipe shooting.

Mr. Wilson and Tom Oakleigh have tempted us to

* From the "New Statistical Account of Scotland," we can perceive that the only misdemeanours or crimes into which inquiry is instituted, or returns required from rural parishes, are *poaching* and *bastardy*; both favourite justice cases.

transgress all due bounds in following them over moor and mountain; by lake and stream. We must now, perforce, call a halt; and cannot more appropriately conclude than by extolling the minute attention which this "Shooter's Manual" pays to every point regarding the comfort and success of the sportsman. We find a complete catalogue of whatever the grouse-shooter requires for use or comfort in pursuing his recreation. We can only suggest, in addition to the list, a copy of "The Rod and the Gun;" and Messrs. Peter and George Anderson's "Guide to the Highlands;" both most valuable and entertaining companions in wet or dry, on hill-side, steam-er-deck, or coach-top.

From the Monthly Chronicle.

THE FAIR OF ALMACHARA.

BY R. H. HORNE, AUTHOR OF "COSMO DE' MEDICI," ETC.

"A Delineation of the great Fair of Almachara, in Arabia, which, to avoid the great heat of the sun, is kept in the night, and by the light of the moon."

SIR THOMAS BROWN'S *Museum Clausum*.

I.

The intolerant sun sinks down with glaring eye
Behind the horizontal desert line,
And upwards casts his robes to float on high,
Suffusing all the clouds with his decline;
Till their intense gold doth incarnadine,
And melt in angry hues, which darken as they die.

Slow rose the naked beauty of the moon
In broad relief against the gloomy vault:
Each smouldering field in azure melted soon,
Before the tenderness of that assault;
And the pure image that men's souls exalt,
Stood high aloof from earth, as in some vision'd swoon.

But now she seem'd, from that clear altitude,
To gaze below, with a far-sheening smile,
On Arab tents, gay groups, and gambols rude,
As in maternal sympathy the while;
And now, like swarming bees, o'er many a mile
Rush forth the swarthy forms o' the gilded multitude!

II.

Hark to the cymbals singing!
Hark to their hollow quot!
The sonorous gong is swinging
At each sharp pistol shot!
Bells of sweet tone are ringing!
The Fair begins
With numerous dins,
And many a grave-faced plot!

Trumpets and tympani sound
'Neath the moon's brilliant round,
Which doth entrance
Each passionate dance,
And glows or flashes
Midst jewel'd sashes,
Cap, turban, and tiara,
In a tossing sea
Of ecstasy,
At the Fair of Almachara!

III.

First came a score of Dervises,
Who sang a solemn song,
And at each chorus one leapt forth
And spun himself full long;
Whereat some gold, and much applause,
Were shower'd down by the throng.
Then pass'd a long and sad-link'd chain
Of foreign slaves for sale:
Some clasp'd their hands and wept like rain,
Some with resolve were pale;
By death or fortitude, they vow'd,
Deliverance should not fail.
And neighing steeds with bloodshot eyes,
And tails as black as wind
That sweeps the storm-expectant seas,
Bare-back'd career'd behind;
Yet, docile to their owner's call,
Their steep-arch'd necks inclined.

Trumpets and tympani sound
'Neath the moon's brilliant round,
Which doth entrance
Each passionate dance,
And glows or flashes
Mid cymbal clashes,
Rich jewel'd sashes,
Cap, turban, and tiara,
In a tossing sea
Of ecstasy,
At the Fair of Almachara!

IV.

There sat the serpent-charmers,
Enwound with maze on maze
Of orby folds, which, working fast,
Puzzled the moon-lit gaze.
Boas and amphibosææ gray
Flash'd like currents in their play,
Hissing and kissing till the crowd
Cried with delight, or prayed aloud!
Now rose a crook-back'd juggler,
Who clean cut off both legs;
Astride on his shoulders set them,
Then danced on wooden pegs:
And presently his head dropp'd off,
Till another juggler came,
Who took his dancing fragments up
And stuck them in a frame,—
From which he issued as at first,
Continuing thus the game.

Trumpets and tympani sound
'Neath the moon's brilliant round,
Which doth entrance
Each passionate dance,
And glows or flashes
Mid cymbal clashes,
Rich jewel'd sashes,
Cap, turban, and tiara,
In a tossing sea
Of ecstasy,
At the Fair of Almachara!

V.

There might you see the merchants
With many a deep pretence;

There, too, the humble dealers
 In cassia and frankincense ;
 And many a Red-Sea mariner,
 Swept from its weedy waves,
 Who came to sell his coral rough,
 Torn from its rocks and caves,—
 With red clay for the potteries,
 Which careful baking craves.

There, too, the Bedouin tumblers
 Roll'd round like rapid wheels,
 Or tied their bodies into knots,
 Hiding both head and heels:
 Now, standing on each other's heads,
 They raced about the Fair,
 Or with an energy inspired
 Leap'd high into the air,
 And wanton'd thus above the earth
 In graceful circles rare.

There sat the opium-eaters,
 Chanting aloud their dreams ;
 While some, with hollow faces,
 Smiled in most ghastly gleams,—
 Dumb, and with fixed grimaces !

Trumpets and tympani sound
 'Neath the moon's brilliant round,
 Which doth entrance
 Each passionate dance,
 And glows or flashes
 Mid cymbal clashes,
 Rich jewel'd sashes,
 Cap, turban, and tiara,
 In a tossing sea
 Of ecstasy,
 At the Fair of Almachara !

VI.

There, too, the story-tellers,
 With long beards and bald pates,
 Most earnestly romancing
 Grave follies of the fates,
 For which their crowded auditors
 Give coins and bags of dates.
 Some of the youths and maidens shed
 Sweet tears, or turn quite pale ;
 But silence and the clouded pipe
 O'er all the rest prevail.

Mark the Egyptian Sorcerer,
 In black and yellow robes !
 His ragged raven hair he twines
 Around two golden globes !
 And now he beats a brazen gong.
 Whirling about with shriek and song ;
 Till the globes burst in fire,
 Which, in a violet spire,
 Shoots o'er the highest tent-tops there,
 Then fades away in perfume rare ;
 With music somewhere in the sky,
 Whereat the sorcerer seems to die !

Broad cymbals are clashing,
 And flying and flashing !
 The silver bells ringing !
 Gongs booming and swinging !
 The Fair's at its height
 In the cool brilliant night !

While streams the moon's glory
 On javelins and sabres,
 And long beards all hoary,
 Midst trumpets and tabors,—
 Wild strugglings and trammels
 Of leaders and camels,
 And horsemen in masses,
 Midst droves of wild asses,—
 The clear gleams entrancing,
 The passionate dancing,
 Glaring fixed, or in flashes,
 From jewels in sashes,
 Cap, turban, and tiara :
 'Tis a tossing sea
 Of ecstasy,
 At the Fair of Almachara !

From Bentley's Miscellany.

MORN AT SEA.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

Clearly with mental eye,
 Where the first slanted ray of sun-light springs,
 I see the morn with golden-fringed wings
 Up pointed to the sky.

In youth's divinest glow,
 She stands upon a wandering cloud of dew,
 Whose skirts are sun-illumed with every hue
 Worn by God's cov'nant bow !

The child of light and air !
 O'er land or wave, where'er her pinions move,
 The shapes of earth are clothed in hues of love
 And truth, divinely fair.

Athwart this wide abyss,
 On homeward way impatiently I drift ;
 O ! might she bear me now where sweet flowers lift
 Their eyelids to her kiss !

Her smile hath overspread
 The heaven-reflecting sea, that evermore
 Is tolling solemn knells from shore to shore
 For its uncoffin'd dead.

Most like an angel friend,
 With noiseless footsteps, which no impress leave,
 She comes in gentleness to those who grieve,
 Bidding the long night end.

How joyfully will hail,
 With re-enliven'd hearts, her presence fair,
 The helpless shipwreck'd, patient in despair,
 Watching a far off sail.

Vain all Affection's arts
 To cheer the sick man through the night have been ;
 She to his casement goes, and looking in,
 Death's shadow thence departs.

THOUGHTS IN RHYME.

BY ARHÆUS.

Candle that in deepest dark
Helps the night with friendly spark,
I, too, could be well content
To give light, and so be spent.

Candle burning brightly
In the darkness nightly,
Better humbly burn to socket,
Than flare up a foolish rocket.

Many work to gain their wages;
Few for nought, but they the sages;
Who seeks hire, but does not labour,
Cheats himself as well as neighbour.

The working fire is Action strong and true,
And helps ourselves and friends;
And Speculation is the chimney-flue
Whereby the smoke ascends.

One without stockings may wear a shoe,
And travel all day as the ploughmen do;
But delicate sentiment thinks a shoe shocking,
So trudges in mire with only a stocking.

Be busy in trading, receiving and giving,
For life is too good to be wasted in living.

From Fraser's Magazine.

TABLEAUX OF THE MOST EMINENT SOLDIERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

FIELD-MARSHAL SCHULENBURG, MAX EMANUEL, CHARLES XII., PRINCE EUGENE, MARLBOROUGH, MARSHAL SAXE, FREDERICK II., DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.*

WHAT have we here? Books, books, books; always books! Fraser has become far more liberal of his books than his bottles, and I have not seen a case of *cil de perdrix* these three months. His motto should be, three bottles to one volume, and not three volumes to one bottle; for "that will never do," as Jeffrey the *Little known* said. But let us see what the *envoy* contains. If the quality is equal to the quantity, it must be splendid indeed. *The Life of Field-Marshal Schulenburg, compiled from his Papers and Correspondence*. No ordinary character this: Schulenburg was the adversary of Charles XII., the companion of Marlborough and Eugene, the defender of Corfu; he was a soldier, scholar, statesman, and man of letters; and had, we suspect, been far too long at the court of Augustus II. of Poland, not to be a man of gallantry also: we shall turn over the pages of the book. *The Life of Max Emanuel, Prince of Wirtemberg, compiled from the papers of the Chaplain Bardili, and other Swedish documents*. Poor Max! he was a fine

dashing lad, who already joined Charles XII. at the age of fourteen, and died of his wounds received at the battle of Pultowa. *The Life of Charles XII., by Captain Lundblat*; a good book, judging from the German translation of the first volume. *The Life of Prince Eugene, by Colonel Krausler, with Notes by Count Bismark*, a military biography by writers who enjoy a considerable reputation on the Continent. *The Life of John Duke of Marlborough, by Charles Bucke*; a good volume of the family library, but not yet a life of Marlborough. *The Life of Marshal Saxe, by Baron d'Espagnac*; an old book, which Voltaire praised above its value: its principal merit consists in having been written by Maurice's friend and companion in arms; it comes in well here, however. *Frederick and Napoleon, an Historical Parallel*. The work, though anonymous, is understood to be by a well-known popular author: we who write think that we can furnish a better and truer account of Frederick than any which he gives. *Memoir of Colonel Massenbach*. Poor Massenbach! his fate was a hard one. He began the world as a friend of the Duke of Brunswick, who fell at Jena, and was destined, like Bülow, to die in prison, the victim of absolute and jealous power.

Well, really, a whole century of heroes, not easily crowded into one short article like the present. Unless we suppose—what may at first look like a contradiction—that the actual identity of distinguished men, is often impressed upon the mind, with a feebleness corresponding to the greatness of their fame. We know that such a man has been great and renowned, are familiar with his name and fame; but how rarely do we think of inquiring into the causes that really made him great! To instance the men we have named, they were closely connected with the leading events of their time; but many of these have now sunk into comparative oblivion, and an idle generation will not dive into the dusty recesses of history to collect the character and leading features of warriors and sages, from the various transactions which made them celebrated, or tended to detract from their fame. "Great men have been before Agamemnon," but they wanted poets to record their exploits. Achilles would be nothing without Homer; and it is afflicting to confess, that distinguished individuals have been as often indebted for their renown to historians and biographers, as to the very actions which they had achieved. Owing to Voltaire's book, romance though it is, the fame of Charles XII. extends to the very bounds of the civilized world, while few know much about Gustavus Adolphus, except that he was the champion of the Protestant faith; and fewer still know any thing of Gustavus Vasa. Schiller rescued Wallenstein from oblivion; and the labours of the poet, far more than the actions of the warrior, brought historians to the field who cleared the memory of the brave and wise from the unjust aspersions which had rested upon it for centuries. Byron says that Archdeacon Cox did the same for Marlborough; but of this we rather doubt, for Cox's book, though deserving of every praise, will never be a very popular one. If what is here stated be really true, and Horace sides with us, it follows that penmen, mere scribblers, have, after all, been the actual dispensers of glory; for except where the classical writers of antiquity and ordinary class-books have kept particular heroes before our eyes, we have retained but faint impressions of the mighty men

* Leben und Denkwürdigkeiten Johann Mathias Reichsgrapher von Schulenburg. Aus originalen Quellen bearbeitet. 2 vols. Leipzig, 1834.

Max Emanuel Prinz von Wirtemberg. Ein Biographisch-Historischer Versuch von Sigmund Schott. 1 vol. Stuttgart, 1833.

Geschichte Karls XII. König von Schweden. Von Rittmeister Knut von Lundblat. Am den Schwedischen übersetzt von Capt. Jensen. Perthes. Hamburg, 1835.

Das Leben des Prinzen Eugen von Savoyen, von F. V. Krausler, mit Noten versehen von General Lieut. Grafen V. Bismark. Herder Friburg, 1839.

Histoire de Maurice Comte de Saxe, par le Baron d'Espagnac. A Paris, 1773.

Friedrich und Napoleon, Versuch einer Historischen Parallel. Lundenitz Berlin, 1840.

Historische Denkwürdigkeiten zur Geschichte des Verfalls des Preussischen Staats; Nebst einem Tagebuch über den Feldzug von 1806, von obersten von Massenbach.

of past ages. The stirring and world-shaking events of the time in which we have lived, has also tended to obliterate them from our recollection, or diminish them in our estimation. We have measured the moderns by the events in which they performed parts, instead of measuring them by the actions they achieved; and because these transactions were gigantic,—occasioned by the conflict of mighty masses set in motion by a ground swell,—we have concluded that our contemporaries were greater than their predecessors, because they were actors in mightier scenes, though the reverse is, perhaps, the case. The mariner who faces the rising gale in his frail fishing-bark, keeps her head bravely to the heaving sea, and makes the foam fly far from her swelling bows as she tops each curling wave, is soon distanced by the leviathan steamer that cuts its resistless way through the yielding surge; but he is not on that account inferior to the seaman who steers the mightier vessel in her course; he is, on the contrary, more dependent on his own exertion, has fewer aids to rely upon, and stands, individually, on a higher pedestal than the mere director of a vast piece of powerful machinery.

Not, however, to follow up speculations that would lead us far from our proposed subject, let us take a brief view of some of the mighty men of an earlier period. Let us, for a few pages at least, divest ourselves of the hard rust that, in our progress through life, gathers but too often round the better sentiments of the heart, and dims the most brilliant reflecting mirror of the mind; let us return, if we can, to the feelings of early years, when hope was high, and before the world's envy, malice, and selfishness, with all the defiling blackness of its ways, had been forced upon the unwilling observation of elastic, buoyant, and joy-breathing youth. We could then follow the heroic Swede with delight in his victorious course, cheer on our illustrious countrymen to the field of Blenheim, and exult in the glory gathered by a single-handed King of Prussia when contending against the combined powers of France, Austria, Russia, and Sweden. Men of might! has your greatness faded before the red glare of the meteors that have dazzled and affrighted the earth in its latter years? Is the spell of enchantment, that the lustre of your deeds casts around our youthful imagination, broken? Has our heart cooled? Are our eyes dim? And if there is a change, to whom does it pertain? Is it yours or ours? Arise and tell!

"Spirits heroic, spirits that wore
The form of the stoic, or soldier of yore;
Come as ye were, that our eyes may behold
The model in air, of the form I will mould.
Spirits of beauty, spirits of power,
Rise to your duty, this is the hour!"

"What's here! whose broad brow, and whose curly beard
And manly aspect, look like Hercules,
Save that his jocund eye has more of Bacchus
Than the said purger of the infernal world."

It is Schulenburg, the very Dalgetty of field-marshal, exactly as represented on the Venetian medals, and in the paintings of the Chevalier Francesco Rusca: he wears not the beard of Mark Antony, but the full-bottomed wig of Louis XIV., which falls in well-ordered curls over the shining cuirass—a device for disfiguring the human form that surpasses even the military costume of modern times.

John Mathias of Schulenburg was born in 1661, on his father's estate of Emden, in the county of Madge-

burg, a property which his ancestors had held since the early part of the thirteenth century. He received an excellent education, and his numerous letters and journals show that he profited ably by the pains which had been bestowed upon him. Like most young German noblemen of the period, he began his military career by serving as a volunteer in Hungary against the Turks. The ambitious projects of Louis XIV. having, in 1688, occasioned the renewal of the war on the Rhine and in the Netherlands, Schulenburg entered the service of Ulric, Duke of Brunswick, for whose contingent he raised a company of infantry that "cost him," as he says, "a great deal of money." It seems to have been well laid out, however, for he rose rapidly from rank to rank, and in 1693 we already find him a colonel of cavalry, distinguished for talents and bravery. Nor were his services limited to his military duties: his education had fitted him equally well for other pursuits, and in 1695 he was sent on a special mission to England, where he was particularly well received by King William III., who, on his departure, presented him with a brilliant ring, valued at 1500 crowns, and intrusted him besides with the final orders for preparing the attack on Naumur, which the king afterwards conducted in person.

The peace of Ryswick having restored tranquillity to Europe, Schulenburg went to Paris on an embassy from the Duke of Brunswick, and gives us an account of his reception by Louis XIV. The rules of etiquette which foreign ministers and ambassadors had to observe on their presentation at Versailles, are divided into twenty-one sections, of which we can here give only the sixth, as describing the audience of the *Grande Monarch* himself:—

"6. The king is seated with his hat on his head. The princes, children of France, are by his side, his officers stand behind his chair, and his ministers are ranged by his side in right line (*en haie droit*.) As soon as the ambassador beholds the king, he makes a bow, the king takes off his hat. Midway the ambassador makes a second bow; and advances with a third up to his majesty, who replaces his hat as soon as the ambassador begins to speak, but takes it off from time to time, when any compliment is paid him. When the ambassador has ended, the king takes off his hat, and having replaced it, answers to the address; after which the ambassador is again at liberty to reply in terms of submission, delivering at the same time his credentials. If the ambassador has any one to present to the king, he does so at this moment, stating who the persons are."

The fees paid to different attendants for this lesson in politeness amount to no less than thirteen louis.

From being a colonel in the service of Brunswick, Schulenburg becomes a major-general in the army of the Duke of Savoy. Regular step by step promotion was little known at the period: sovereigns and governments selected useful officers wherever they could find them; and we often see captains, colonels, and generals, who had any reputation, offering their services to almost all the different governments of Europe. Adventurers of this kind deemed themselves entitled to retain whatever rank they had acquired in one army, in the next to which they might be disposed to transfer their services. It was only when princes were anxious to gain over some man of peculiar merit that they tempted him with superior rank. If the practice was attended with disadvantages, particularly

as it regarded foreigners, it was not so very far inferior to the present system as might at first sight be believed; for the regular promotion, whether by purchase or otherwise, implies the absurd notion that because a man is fit to be a lieutenant and captain, he is fit, also, if he can live long enough—and in England if he have money enough—to be a colonel, and a general also. Schulenburg was known as a man of talent, and therefore purchased by this step of promotion, which he was partly induced to accept at the recommendation of King William III., who already anticipating the troubles likely to arise from the Spanish succession, was anxious to have a friend at the court of Turin.

On the first breaking out of the war the Duke of Savoy took part with France; and at the battle of Chiari, in which Prince Eugene repulsed the allied army, Schulenburg was wounded whilst fighting against his countrymen the Germans. Whether this really affected his conscience as much as he pretends, or that he was more particularly moved by a hint from the King of England, saying that "his majesty knew him too well to believe he would continue in the service of the *enemy*," is uncertain. At all events he left the Sardinian army, to the great regret of the duke, who, as we afterwards find, would have made him commander-in-chief of his forces. His purpose was evidently to obtain service under the King of England, or to get the command of one of the German contingents destined to serve under his orders in Flanders.

News of William's death having been received, Schulenburg had to try his fortune in another quarter, and his high reputation soon obtained him promotion and employment. Augustus II., Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, offered to make him lieutenant-general, an offer which our hero accepted after some negotiation; thus entering the third army in which he had served in the course of twelve years. In the Saxon army he had to try his fortune against Charles XII.; and, as his life now before us throws some new light on the origin of the war carried on against the high-hearted King of Sweden, we shall here briefly transcribe what he says; for it appears that he was well acquainted with the real author of the contest, and the causes which gave rise to it.

John Patkul, a Lithuanian nobleman, whose death is charged as a heavy crime against Charles XII., seems to have been the evil genius of that gallant monarch. General Dalberg, the Swedish governor of Riga, was married to a lady of great beauty, whose charms made some impression even on the coarse heart of Patkul, then a captain in the Swedish service. His rude attempts at gallantry excited the jealousy of the husband; and when the lover was afterwards sent to Stockholm as one of the deputies of the Lithuanian nobility, Dalberg represented him as an agitator and instigator to mischief and disaffection. The conduct of Patkul, who was by nature turbulent, violent, and vindictive, gave semblance to these charges; and, as Charles XII. was as jealous of his power as Dalberg of his wife, he caused the deputy to be arrested and thrown into prison. Patkul effected his escape and went to Berlin, where he became intimate with the two Flemmings, and their relative Pedrobensky, who had all great influence with Augustus II.; and to these he represented so strongly the facility of depriving Sweden of her transmarine provinces, that a treaty

to effect the laudable purpose was entered into between the Czar, Peter I., and the King of Poland, to which the King of Denmark afterwards acceded. The war that followed was already in full progress when Schulenburg entered the Saxon army.

Having shared in some of the disasters of the contest, in which he had at first no independent command, he was next sent to the Danube at the head of a corps of 12,000 Saxons, which, notwithstanding his own difficulties, the King of Poland sent to the aid of the Grand Alliance. Here Schulenburg fought against Marshal Villars, and clearly foretold the defeat which the allies experienced in the first battle of Hochstead. When he saw what was preparing he proposed some other dispositions, but was told, as he relates in a letter to Prince Eugene, that "such things were very well on paper; but did not suit the Imperialists, who made dispositions and carried them into effect at the same time." The allies were defeated, and only saved from destruction by Schulenburg, who overthrew the French corps with which General d'Usson attempted to impede their retreat. His conduct during this campaign obtained him great credit, but the necessities of his sovereign called him away to another theatre of war.

Charles XII. had continued his victorious career in Poland; and if Schulenburg was not destined to check its progress, he was at least the first who could boast of having maintained a front against this redoubted adversary. The Swedes having forced the passage of the Vistula, the King of Poland retired with his cavalry to Cracow, and directed Schulenburg to lead back twelve battalions of infantry and five hundred horse on the direct road to the Saxon frontier. The retreat began on the third of November; and, as the general soon learned that Charles XII. was pursuing him at the head of nine regiments of Swedish cavalry, every nerve was strained to reach the banks of the Oder.

No stop, no stay was now allowed, and short halt was there for those whom Charles pursued. Over moss and moor, through wood and glen, the rout hurried along; and many a gallant Saxon breathed out the last remnants of life before the haven of safety was gained, and many a Finland steed sunk panting to the earth before the prey was attained. Schulenburg, by sacrificing some small parties to hold difficult posts or passes, gained upon the pursuers; but the obstacles once cleared, the dauntless Charles was again on the flying traces of the foe. Five days the chase continued with unabated ardour; the sixth would bring safety to the Saxons; they had reached Punitz, within a single march of the Oder; the sinking sun already touched the verge of the horizon; one hour more, and friendly Night would shelter them beneath her mantle of darkness, and surrounding forests would protect their further progress. But safety had yet to be fought for; and it is well for those who, sword in hand, can hold their ground in such extremity. As day was sinking, the Swedes were seen advancing rapidly to the attack. Charles was at their head, and his name alone told how stern the onset would prove. Schulenburg knew his adversary, and took measures accordingly. He availed himself skilfully of the ground. A garden-ditch, some hedges, and a morass, were great aids against cavalry, and the Swedes had neither infantry nor artillery. But they were the soldiers of Charles XII., and came on at full speed, overthrew the Saxon cavalry at the first onset, captured the guns,

broke and cut down two battalions. The rest of the infantry stood firm; and the assailants, disordered by the attack and the nature of the ground, retired to reform their squadrons. Night closed upon the scene before the charge was renewed; "and well for us," says Schulenburg, "as the fire of the muskets, flashing through the darkness, terrified the horses and made them unmanageable as wild beasts," so that the second attack failed completely.

The Saxon general, though wounded and having had all his aides-de-camp killed, profited by the respite thus gained, and retired unmolested from the field. Striking into wooded by-roads, he reached the river Barch in the morning, at the very moment when the Swedes, who had followed the main road, advanced upon it from another direction. Some buildings here gave the advantage to the infantry, who effected the passage and broke down the wooden bridge. The Swedes, however, found a passage, and again overtook the fugitives just as they reached the Oder; but here, too, the ground was against them, a dyke and strong hedge rendered the efforts of cavalry unavailing. A pontoon bridge had been prepared for the Saxons: it was maintained till the troops had passed, and then broken down. Schulenburg was the last who remained on the right bank, and crossed the river in a fishing-boat at the very moment when Charles XII. reached the scene. "To-day," said the gallant king, on seeing that the enemy had escaped, "Schulenburg has vanquished us!"

Such was at this time the fame of the Swedish monarch, that this successful retreat was looked upon as an actual victory, on which Schulenburg was greatly complimented, by none in more flattering terms than by Prince Eugene. The King of Poland, on receiving the news of the action, immediately promoted him to the rank of general of infantry; a step of preferment which Schulenburg, though not rich, declined, in a very disinterested manner, saying that, for reasons which he would explain to his Majesty, he thought he could serve him more effectually in the rank he then held than in a higher one. The reasons for declining the promotion are not given; but his letter is altogether a very curious document, and written with a degree of frankness which shows that sovereigns have sometimes listened to pretty severe truths. Saying that he required no preferment to augment his zeal for the king's service, the general continues:—

"I can declare on my conscience, that I have taken so deep an interest in your majesty's affairs since I have had the honour of being in your army, that they have caused me sorrow and anxiety to the extent of weakening me both in mind and body. There is no feeling of honour among the troops; they serve without zeal or attachment, have no exactness of discipline, and are as destitute of knowledge as of subordination. There is no justice to be obtained; there is only chicanery and persecution, the administration of justice being in the hands of incapable and imbecile men. Promotion and rewards are granted without regard to the merits of the person so distinguished; the operations of war are carried on, therefore, without system or combination, and in a manner highly detrimental to your majesty's service."

This was plain language to be addressed to a king; and yet, to the credit of Augustus it must be said, that he did not take it amiss. The fact is, that Schulenburg was, or wished to be, a military reformer, and

necessarily brought all the ignorant and prejudiced upholders of antiquated practices and abuses against him. It led to a duel between him and General Flemming, to which he alludes in one of his letters. In mentioning the command he continued to hold at Dresden, he says, "It reminded Flemming of the duel which had taken place between them, and out of which he, Flemming, only extricated himself by aid of Colonel Teisenhausen, while his adversary fought without any assistance." Could it be that seconds still aided their principals at this late period? The intrigues carried on against him in the Saxon army, induced Schulenburg to tender his resignation, as he declared that he would not serve under the immediate orders of Field-marshal Steinan, the commander-in-chief, or under General Flemming, who was his senior in rank. The king, however, was unwilling to part with him; and the offers made to him at this moment by the Elector of Hesse, as well as by the Republic of Venice, who both invited him to take the command of their forces, convinced Augustus of his value, and induced him to arrange the disputed points between the irritated general and his adversaries. Schulenburg was made general of the infantry, and Flemming of the cavalry; and Field-marshal Oglevy, a Scotchman, placed at the head of the army.

It was soon after this arrangement that Patkul, already mentioned as the instigator of the war, was arrested at Dresden under circumstances of great mystery, and as it is usually said, in direct violation of the laws of nations. Patkul was at this time lieutenant-general in the Russian service, and commanded an auxiliary corps which the czar had sent to the aid of the king, and, which, having been driven out of Poland, had been forced to seek shelter in Saxony; he was also Russian ambassador at the court of Dresden; his person was, therefore, considered inviolate. At a moment when the king was in Poland, the Saxon regency were unexpectedly called together; and Schulenburg, as the senior officer in Dresden, was ordered to attend the secret deliberations of the council. Papers were laid before them, from which it appeared that Patkul was intriguing with the court of Vienna on one hand, and with the court of Berlin on the other. To the Austrians he was to resign the Russian troops under his command, in order that they might be led against the French; while the object of his Berlin negotiations was to effect an alliance between Prussia and Sweden; in return for which he was to receive a free pardon from his former sovereign. As it afterwards proved, the Austrian treaty was really signed; the other had not made so much progress, as Charles XII. refused to pardon one act of treason in favour of another.

The question for the Saxon council was, how to deal with such an offender,—the minister of an allied sovereign, and the commander-in-chief of an allied army! Schulenburg voted for his immediate arrest, as he had forfeited all claim to protection from his official character: the plan was adopted, and the unhappy man arrested, and sent a prisoner to the castle of Sonnenstein. "This event," says the general, "caused a good deal of talking, and much murmuring, particularly at Moscow, Berlin, and Vienna." When the Swedes afterwards invaded Saxony, and forced Augustus to sue for peace, they made the delivery of Patkul one of the conditions of the treaty. The king dared not refuse, but was yet anxious to save the prisoner's

life; he therefore called a council together to deliberate on the best mode of effecting it. Schulenburg was present; but as the members were sworn to secrecy, the proceedings are not mentioned. It is generally thought that the unhappy man was to be allowed to escape; but the dread of Charles XII. prevented even this wretched expedient from being resolved or acted upon.

Soon after Patkul's arrest came the battle of Frauentadt. Augustus attempted to strike a blow at the Swedish army in Poland; and Schulenburg entered the country with a Saxon and Russian army of 16,000 men. He had not gone far, when General Reinschild advanced with about 10,000 Swedes, to give him the meeting. The Saxon took up a very advantageous position, and seeing the Swedes advancing with squadrons of cavalry between the battalions of their infantry, he requested his troops to do their duty for a quarter of an hour only, and victory would be theirs. But cowardice has neither eyes nor ears; and this action proves, like a hundred others, how vain are the effects of strategists and tacticians the moment the hearts of the soldiers are wanting. The allied cavalry fled at the first charge; the Russian infantry only fired a single volley, and then dispersed, to be cut down without mercy by the pursuing enemy. Schulenburg, though wounded, brought up five battalions of reserve, to restore the action; but they remained panic struck at the first sight of the Swedes, such was the dread with which these brave troops inspired all their enemies. When every hope of victory was gone, the active commander still endeavoured to bring off the right wing of the Saxon infantry, who retained something like order; but this also failed,—for they had hardly gone a few hundred yards from the battle-field before they were overtaken by two squadrons of Swedish horse. Schulenburg reminded his men of the victory of Punitz, where they had resisted Charles himself, at the head of all his cavalry: but nothing could restore the confidence of the troops; the enemy no sooner offered quarter, than the whole of the trembling mass threw down their arms, and surrendered at discretion. The general escaped from the field with only two attendants.

This was a heavy blow to an aspiring soldier; but Schulenburg bore it manfully. He threw the whole blame distinctly and without reserve on the troops, and insisted on a full investigation into his conduct. The result completely justified him, and several officers and soldiers who were tried, suffered death for misconduct. It is not clear how such investigation would always turn out in modern times.

In all the actions of this period, the Russian and Polish troops, who have since acquired so high a reputation, are mentioned as mere poltroons, flying generally at the first onset. When Charles XII. was preparing to force the passage of the Duna, Guiscard, the French ambassador, observing that the defenders of the opposite bank were Saxons, warned the king, saying that "these were not Russians, but Saxons." "*Et si fuissent Galli*," was Charles's reply,—an answer that Voltaire has, like a good Frenchman, neglected to insert in his history.

As our object is not to follow the thread of military events, we shall suppose the Swedes arrived in Saxony. Augustus forced to yield, and the peace of Altranstadt concluded.

Among the many who visited Charles on this occa-

sion was Schulenburg; and the following is the account he gives of the northern conqueror.

"A few days afterwards, General Schulenburg went to pay his respects to the King of Sweden. On being shown into the apartment, he made his bow without speaking; on which the king advanced close up to him without saying a word, and almost forced him into a corner. At last he inquired whence the general came at that time, and, having once entered into conversation, spoke of the various actions they had lately fought; till, from one subject to another, he began to laugh, jest, and discourse in the most agreeable manner possible."

As several of the generals present joined the conversation, it was kept up for an hour with great spirit and pleasantry. Dinner was then announced. At table Schulenburg was placed near the king, who, during the half hour that the repast lasted, never spoke a word, hardly raising his head, or looking round at any one. Boiled; roast, and fruit were all placed at once upon the table; the king himself ate little, and drank only small beer.

On rising from table, Charles withdrew into another apartment, followed by all those who had dined with him. Here the conversation was resumed, and continued with great cheerfulness for more than an hour. General Schulenburg then took his leave, and went to call on the ministers; among others, on the marshal of the court, Düben, who was married to a very beautiful woman, and lodged in the same house with the king. "This lady, as well as the wife of General Renschild, told Schulenburg that the King of Sweden often spoke to them, and frequently jesting and reasoned with them on the subject of love. He disclaimed all hatred of the sex, confessed, on the contrary, that he was afraid of them, dreading that his attachment to them would engage too much of his attention, and distract his thoughts from other occupations." Indeed, from Max's *Memoirs*, we find that he was more of a man of gallantry than is generally supposed, and that he actually led off a dance at General Meyerfield's marriage.

"The king," continues Schulenburg, "was tall and well made; he had fine eyes, and a noble face; he knew several languages, but did not like to speak any beside the German. He was witty, very secret, and as great a master in the art of dissembling as any strict observer of his word could be. If his merit and his virtues had not been intermixed with a great deal of evil, he would have been one of the most accomplished of monarchs. But he was vindictive above all expression; and such was his hardness of heart, that he never regretted the friends he had most esteemed."

We must recollect that it is an enemy who speaks.

"In short, there is no mind, however powerful, that is altogether free from follies, and this king had his; for, although extremely devout, it was whispered that he yielded to fancied inspirations, and was not free from superstition."

General Schulenburg dined a second time with the king, and saw and spoke to him on a third occasion. He entered with his majesty into a number of military details, and was always treated by him in the most gracious and familiar manner possible.

The two kings paid each other occasional visits. Augustus endeavoured, by his elegant manners and great complaisance, to soften down his cousin a little (they were sister's sons); but Charles, though always

the attention they had shown you. I answered as I thought was my duty; but expect to hear from you on the matter."

Schulenburg replies thus:—

"I must confess to you that reports of this kind had already reached me in Holland, where some evil-minded and ill-informed persons asserted, that I did nothing but chaunt the praises of my lord-treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke. At first, I treated these matters as mere jest; but since they have gone so far, I think it right distinctly to avow my sentiments on the subject; for though I can do neither good nor harm to whigs or Tories, it is unpleasant to see the most innocent things thus maliciously represented. I may often have said that the lord-treasurer is an able man, and likely to prove very dangerous to his adversaries; I may also have said that Lord Bolingbroke is one of the pretty men (*un des jolis hommes*) of his time; that he is endowed even with genius, and may go far, if he applies himself to business; but it does not follow, therefore, that I approve their measures."

There is also a letter from Marlborough on the subject.

Our limits prevent us from inserting the curious correspondence between Schulenburg and Baron Steinheims, the palatine ambassador in London, from which it appears that they were enraged in counteracting the ill-judged proposal of the Duke of Marlborough to have the electoral prince of Hanover called to the House of Peers. They also carry on some communication between the queen and the elector of Hanover, through a channel that Steinheims declares to be totally unknown to the ministers.

Another change comes over the dream of Schulenburg.

The Turks were at this time at war with the republic of Venice, and had driven the lion of St. Mark from the Morea, and from various other possessions long held by the republic in the Levant. As the infidels were preparing to extend their conquests still farther, the signoria applied to Schulenburg to take the command of the army. At first, he refused to comply; but urged by the emperor and Prince Eugene, he ultimately consented, and entered their service as field-marshal, and commander-in-chief of all their forces, amounting to about 25,000 men. His salary was a very large one, being, besides allowances, 10,000 sequins a-year. He was soon called upon to act in support of his new dignity. The Turks were threatening to attack Corfu, and a large fleet was expected in the Adriatic; the field-marshal was obliged, therefore, to visit the different posts likely to be assailed. Corfu, as the most important, was the first inspected. He found the works in the most deplorable condition, and had few means at his disposal of remedying the deficiencies. Schulenburg exerted himself to remedy the evils, and after some stay left the island, giving instructions to the Venetian officers, for finishing and arming the most essential works during his absence. These instructions are as clear and detailed as if they had been issued by the Duke of Wellington himself, and were carried into effect exactly as some of his grace's instructions were occasionally carried into effect by Spanish authorities; for when Schulenburg returned, he found that not a single one of his orders had been attended to.

The Turks arrived, and courage and activity had now to atone for every deficiency, as the garrison did

not exceed 2250 effective men, which was but slightly reinforced during the siege; but Schulenburg's energy overcame all difficulties. The enemy landed on the 10th of July, and after some delay set about their work with incredible activity. On the 25th, a heavy fire was opened upon the place, and some of the most important outworks were soon taken. On the 19th of August, a general assault was given. The scarpon, and other works on which the fate of the town depended, were carried; and the place itself would have fallen, had not the force of the onset been broken by the ill-regulated fury of the assailants, who rushed in wild confusion against the strongest points of the works. The loss of the scarpon, however, was decisive of the fate of the place; and no sooner was a little breathing time gained by the disorder of the enemy, than Schulenburg, placing himself at the head of the few soldiers he could collect and reform, and acting the part of a captain, or field-officer, attacked it sword in hand. It was retaken, after a murderous combat, which so much reduced the garrison, that they considered their destruction as inevitable. Schulenburg, though conscious that he could not stand another assault, determined to hold out, in hope that reinforcements would yet reach him, or that the Turks, awed by their loss, would decline to renew the onset. His gallantry was fully rewarded,—for on the 22d of August, the infidels broke up their camp, and re-embarked, after being forty-two days before the place. The defence of Corfu spread joy through all Europe; for the Ottomans, who only thirty-three years before had besieged Vienna, were still looked upon as the most dangerous enemies of Christendom; the conqueror was, therefore, overwhelmed with honours and congratulations from every quarter.

The remaining operations of the war call for no particular notice. Schulenburg remained in the Venetian service. In 1721 he made a journey to England, to visit his sister the Duchess of Kendal, and was received with great distinction by all parties. From some papers in the present collection, it would appear that George I. married the duchess on the death of his wife, the Princess of Ahlen.

During the war that broke out in Italy and on the Rhine in 1733, Schulenburg commanded an army of observation, intended to protect the neutrality of the Venetian provinces of the *terra firma*: in this he succeeded perfectly. He carried on at this time an intimate correspondence with the court of Vienna. Among these letters the following, giving an account of Prince Eugene, on his return from the campaign of 1734, is the most interesting. It is from the Countess Fuchs, a lady who filled a high situation near the empress:—

"Our Prince Eugene is returned as he departed; that is, feeble in mind and in body. He passed some days here" [the castle of Schlosshoff], "where there was a large party, who used all their efforts to amuse him, by masques and other childish games, more suitable to the feebleness of his age than to his great character.

"Yesterday our good Guido Starenberg completed his 78th year, but he reasons as accurately as ever on past as well as on passing events, to the great admiration of all who hear him; whereas our poor Prince Eugene does not recollect the very words he has just pronounced."

The declining faculties of this great commander

induced the imperial cabinet to turn their eyes towards our hero, who was pressingly invited to enter the Austrian army. The emperor wrote even to the King of Prussia, Schulenburg's sovereign, requesting him to recall the field-marshal from the Venetian service, and to do so "in strong and decisive terms." The King of Prussia, who had shortly before offered Schulenburg the appointment of field-marshal in his own army, sends him the emperor's letters, saying that he would be glad to see the imperial request complied with; but would not order him to leave the service of the republic, if he thought that his duty as a man of honour obliged him to remain. Schulenburg was desirous to stay where he was; and extricated himself out of the difficulty by aid of Prince Eugene, who was as anxious as ever to avoid having him for a rival. In a private letter he assigns his advanced age as a reason for declining to enter the Austrian service, "knowing how many difficulties he should have to contend with." The latter years of his life were dedicated to literature and the fine arts. He retained his command, and remained on good terms with the Venetian government; and died at Verona, in 1747, in the 85th year of his age. He left a moderate fortune, having at different times, as it seems, given away not less than a hundred thousand crowns to different members of his family. Though not insensible to the charms of the sex, he was never married. As far back as the year 1691, he expresses, in a letter, his intention of remaining single, and adhered to his resolution; and in 1734, when plagued as usual for money by some of his nephews, he says he is glad that he never thought of marrying, concluding with the words, "*Libertas inestimabilis res est.*"

Among the curious letters contained in this collection, is one from Frederick II. then crown prince of Prussia. He applies to Schulenburg to obtain for him at Venice "a young *soprano*, already versed in music." The field-marshal promises to use his best efforts; but recommends, in the meantime, a "lady of good character and great musical talents." The prince, however, declined the lady, and insisted on the *soprano*.

It was a good deal the fashion, at the period of which we are speaking, for men of rank to carry on private as well as public correspondence in French; and Schulenburg very generally writes in that language. His French is very good, and would be good French even at this day, whereas his German is already perfectly antiquated; proving how much progress the one language has made, while the other has remained perfectly stationary.

In conclusion, we can only add that these *Memoirs* of Schulenburg form an important contribution to the history of his time.

MAX EMANUEL AND CHARLES XII.*

Charles XII., against whom it has been made a fault that he carried virtues to extremes, was born at Stockholm, on 27th June, 1682, during a storm that

"Rived the mighty oak, and made
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds."

* *Memoirs of Max Emanuel, Prince of Wirtemberg.*
Lundblat's History of Charles XII., King of Sweden.
MUSEUM—JULY & AUGUST, 1840.

Astrologers observed that the star called the "Lion's Heart" predominated at his nativity, and that the "Fox" was on the decline: omens and prodigies well-suited to announce the birth of a prince, who was himself a living tempest. Charles's infancy has nothing very remarkable. His education was strictly attended to; and he proved an attentive scholar. He acquired considerable knowledge of history, geography, mathematics, and the military sciences; and became perfectly familiar with several languages, though he never, after his accession to the throne, spoke any but Latin, Swedish, or German. The gallant Charles Stewart, the same who afterwards led the king across the Duna, was his instructor in the art of war, and is said to have communicated to the young prince much of the fiery spirit for which he was himself distinguished. In his fifteenth year Charles ascended the throne, and, contrary to usual assertion, already evinced considerable ability and application to business, though no particular predilection for military affairs, unless his bear-hunting expeditions may be so considered; for they were more than "faint images of war," being attended with great danger. No arms were used in these encounters: the sportsman was provided only with a single doubly-pointed stick and a cast-net, like the one, perhaps, used by the ancient gladiators. The object of these fierce combats was to capture and bind the bear, and to carry him in triumph from the scene of action! Charles was, it seems, a great proficient in this dangerous sport.

Of the Northern League we have already spoken; and Lundblat shows us the full treachery of the czar's proceeding in the affair. At the age of eighteen, Charles was obliged to take the field against the four greatest powers of the north. Forced to contend with small means against vastly superior foes, he made genius and courage supply the place of numbers. Heroism was never more nobly displayed than by this gallant monarch and his followers: what men could do was done. For nine years he triumphed over constantly augmenting enemies. And when the "unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain" fell at last, crushed by the weight of masses, Fortune more than shared with his innumerable adversaries the honour of his overthrow.

It was during the Polish campaign of 1703 that Max Emanuel of Wirtemberg, then only fourteen years of age, joined Charles. When introduced, the king asked him whether he wished to go to Stockholm for a time, or to remain with the army. The prince of course preferred the latter. "Well, then," said Charles, "I will bring you up in my own way;" and immediately placed the boy, tired as he was from his journey, on horseback, and led him a long and fatiguing ride. From this period to the battle of Pultowa, Max continued to be his constant companion, shared his dangers, and attended him in all his adventures, many of which border almost on the fabulous. The affectionate kindness evinced by Charles towards his pupil could not be surpassed. When the boy, as sometimes happened, was worn down by sickness and fatigue, the monarch attended him with parental care; and when on one occasion he fell speechless from his horse, and his recovery was despaired of, the king never left his couch till he was pronounced out of danger.

The adventures they encountered together were

mished and exhausted remains of which were some days afterwards obliged to lay down their arms on the banks of the Dneiper, which they had no means of crossing.

With this battle, which opens a new era in European history, the history of Charles XII. may be said to end; for his subsequent career was only a succession of disappointments; his poor and thinly peopled country not affording him the means of recovery from a single defeat.

On his arrival at Bender, the king learned the death of his sister, the Duchess of Holstein; and he who had calmly supported the loss of his fame and his army, yielded to the most impassioned burst of sorrow, and was during four days unable to converse with his most intimate attendants,—a proof how unjust are the accusations of want of feeling so often brought against him. His long stay in Turkey is certainly evidence of obstinacy, or of that pride which could not brook the thoughts of returning a vanquished fugitive to his native land, which had done so much for him, and which his best efforts had failed to protect from unjust violence. In Charles's high and noble countenance, it is seen at once that he was endowed with

“The glance that took
Their thoughts from others at a single look.”

He knew the worthlessness of his enemies; and it is doubly galling to the generous and the brave when Fortune, in her base fancies, obliges them to succumb to mean and malicious adversaries. And such was the fate of Charles. His defeat was no sooner known, than Denmark, Poland, and Saxony, again flew to arms. Hanover and Prussia joined the unworthy league against the fallen monarch, who had been so dreaded, and was therefore so much hated; for Charles had injured no one—he was the aggrieved from first to last. His return to Sweden, the defence of Stralsund, the invasion of Norway, call for no particular attention. He was killed at the siege of Frederickshall, in Norway, on the 11th of December, 1718, under circumstances that long gave currency to the belief that he had been assassinated. Schott and Bardili positively assert the fact; but we are on this point disposed to agree with Voltaire, who, to save the honour of his countrymen, as positively denies it. After evening service, the king went out as usual to visit the trenches. He was attended by two French engineers, Megret and Seguire. A heavy fire was kept up by the enemy. Near the head of the *boyau*, or zigzag, he kneeled down, and, leaning against the parapet, looked towards the fortress. As he remained motionless for a long time, some one approached and found him perfectly dead, a ball having entered his right temple and passed through his head. Even in death the gallant hand had grasped the hilt of his sword; and this probably gave rise to the belief in the murder, which was afterwards confirmed by Seguire's own confession. But this confession was only made while the pretended criminal laboured under an attack of brain fever, and was retracted as soon as he recovered. “They still preserve at Stockholm,” says Voltaire, “the hat which the king wore at the time; and the smallness of the hole, made by the ball, is the principal ground on which the believers in the murder rest their opinion.” We are by good fortune enabled to settle that part of the question. A lady, as fair as

she is amiable, was, at our request, so good as to mark off on a piece of paper the exact shape and size of the aperture made by the ball in the royal hat; and we can safely affirm that it is much larger than any which a musket or pistol-ball could have made, and must have been occasioned by a grape-shot: whereas, an assassin could only have used a pistol for his murderous deed.

Thus fell, in the 36th year of his age, one of the most extraordinary men that ever acted a part on the great stage of the world. Endowed by nature with a noble person, “a frame of adamant, a soul of fire,” with high intellectual powers, dauntless bravery, kingly sentiments of honour, and a lofty scorn of all that was mean and little, he became, from the very splendour of these gifts, perhaps one of the most unhappy men of his time. Less highly gifted, he would have been less hated and less envied; of humbler spirit, he would have been more pliant, and might possibly have been more successful.

Charles has been called cruel and vindictive, but not a single proof has yet been brought forward to justify the accusation; whereas both the works we have quoted furnish ample evidence of his humanity, generosity, and clemency. The death of Patkul is the principal charge preferred against him; and it certainly bears injustice on its very face, and proves how unfairly modern history is written. Patkul was a Swedish subject, who had not only instigated foreign nations to take arms against his native land, but had fought in their ranks against his sovereign; he was, therefore, a traitor by the laws of all Christian and civilized nations, and perished as such. That he held a Russian commission could not alter the question, because it could not relieve him from the allegiance due to his native land.

In manners, the King of Sweden was mild, gentle, and polite. He never, even when angry, so far forgot himself as to make use of coarse language; and was never guilty of those outbreaks of passion, for which low and vulgar men are so often distinguished.

“He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale.”

A lesson of deep humility is the moral we must gather from the life of Charles, for who shall make a claim to happiness which the highly endowed failed to obtain! And the tale he has to point must be a tale of honour, which no one has yet been found capable of relating.

Whether Captain Lundblat's second volume will throw any light on the King of Sweden's supposed intention to invade Great Britain, in favour of the house of Stuart, remains to be seen. We have never believed that he entertained such a project; for, infamous as the Elector of Hanover's conduct had been, Charles had nearer and more formidable enemies than George I.

From the Monthly Review.

WASHINGTON. BY MONSIEUR GUIZOT. TRANSLATED BY HENRY REEVE, ESQ. LONDON: MURRAY. 1804.

The representative of the French Government, officiating at this moment at the British Court, prefixed an Essay on the Life and Character of Washington to the French Translation of that illustrious man's Writings; a collection of documents which, as Mr. Reeve justly remarks, have no parallel as a record of the

thoughts and actions of a person of the very highest eminence, in the whole range of literature, unless it be the Despatches of the Duke of Wellington. Each gives us an accurate and a perfect picture of the writer's life in its actual course, and during the most eventful and exciting scenes; bringing out the character of the hero fully and simultaneously, with all the bearings of the subjects upon which he at the times mentioned happened to be engaged; and thus bequeathing to the world an imperishable monument, autobiographical as well as historical. True, distinct features belong to the Writings as compared with the Despatches, significantly characteristic of the men as well as of the struggles which drew them out. We have more of the private individual in Washington's records than in those of the other, and greater variety, because they traverse a wider sphere of existence and occupation, extending over even the retirement of one who was reluctant to become conspicuous. Whereas in the Wellington documents we have all along a field of public action, of rapid movement, of brilliant achievement. We see Washington by the fireside, upon the farm, amid the interchanges of friendship and ordinary confidings, and as a citizen, as well as in the sphere of military contest, in the senate, or as a diplomatist; whereas Wellington may be said to figure in his papers solely as the warrior and the statesman. In both publications, however, one notable feature is to be observed, viz., the most ample disclosures and the profoundest policy which the nature of the matter in hand required or admitted of, without ever once finding the private character or the genius of the man to be compromised or obscured.

We must also give it as our opinion that the American patriot furnishes a theme more congenial to the taste, the acquirements, and the political creed of the Ambassador than what the Great Captain would present. It is not as a military commander that Washington shines most illustriously; nor is it in that capacity that M. Guizot is best fitted to appreciate him. It is in the effort to delineate the whole man,—in the work of tracing his entire developement and history, with their opportunities and occasions, as a citizen and a statesman, that our philosophic historian takes especial delight, acquitting himself with a grasp, a steadiness of comprehension and an eloquence of illustration, which render the Essay a master-piece. A writer of Guizot's powers, creed, and habits could not but be great when having for his subject one whom, we believe, he regards as a model, whom, before all others, he would imitate.

Mr. Reeve has judged well in selecting such an Essay for the purpose of translation into the language of a country, which, next to that of the United States of America, has the deepest existing as well as traditional interest in the facts, the principles, and the lessons which it discusses and urges. To the whole world the history of a great mind exercised upon great occasions must be regarded as a monument of lasting and incalculable worth. But to England, whose colonies are so numerous, important, and peculiarly circumstanced, the Essay is crowded with suggestive and instructive matter; and at no time more remarkably since the Declaration of American Independence than at the moment we write. If it be the fact that it is the glory of England to have implanted beside the cradle of her colonies, the germ of their freedom; it must also be a doctrine morally correct that a day may

come when the sovereignty of the mother-country may forfeit its right to allegiance, and when the right of self-defence by force devolves upon a people. Few will now deny that such a day had arrived in the British colonies which became the United States of America. If any doubt remain let the volume before us be perused, and the history of the greatest champion of the severance.

Before drawing liberally from these luminous pages, in which the national morality taught is not less heightened than the facts recorded are extraordinary, we have only further to state that the Essay has not previously been separately published, and could only be procured in connexion and as an introduction to the voluminous French translation of the Writings of Washington; and that besides the careful and competent hand of Mr. Reeve, the work, as it now appears before us, has had the rare advantage of being retouched by the author of the original himself.

In going through the volume the reader will discover that however anxious the author may be to do ample justice to the character of his hero, yet he is disposed to find in the history of Washington confirmations strong of his own political creed; viz., that of the *juste milieu* system; that is, in the circumstances of America, something between the aristocratic and the democratic parties; or, in other words, a democracy short of radicalism, having its political strength in the central government consisting of some of the higher classes, although socially all citizens are supposed to have equal and alike independent rights. Such views appear to be inculcated.

Very briefly and clearly does the Ambassador indicate the character of the insurrection of the American colonies, hastened and fomented as it was by the policy of the mother country; especially when the character of the colonists themselves, and their institutions, in their origin and growth, are considered. The fact is, that the colonies in question, at least the most considerable of them, illustrated but the genuine national feeling of England, in its onward course, religious principles lending a sanctity and the main strength to their cause. They had also another essential feature in their condition—a reasonable chance of success. And yet the career of prosperity or disaster, through which they might have to pass, must have appeared to be subject to so many vicissitudes, and beset with such formidable obstacles as might well daunt the most sanguine and patriotic. If in Europe, France and Spain regarded the revolt with strong satisfaction; if Russia and Prussia found an opportunity to cry down and injure England at this period in the name of liberty itself; and if the lesser powers felt sore on account of our maritime sovereignty, and delighted to see us involved in a war with our own descendants and brethren; if, again the insurgents were strong morally and socially; and if even in the councils of the mother country America had powerful adherents, exhibiting a glorious quality of representative government, which leaves no cause without a defender; yet in the colonies themselves there were many feelings, interests, and parties which seemed to keep the achievement constantly on the verge of utter ruin; so that, humanly speaking, but for the integrity, the talent, and the perseverance of Washington, the cause must have been lost before it had obtained any considerable footing. All this is forcibly depicted by M. Guizot, after which he thus moralizes:—

"If I were to give indulgence to my inclinations, every moment that I could withdraw from the fatigue of my station should be spent in retirement. That it is not, proceeds from the sense I entertain of the propriety of giving to every one as free access as consists with that respect which is due to the chair of government; and that respect is neither to be acquired nor preserved but by observing a just medium between much state and too much familiarity."

These extracts may suffice to show with what a fine sympathy and confident power M. Guizot had studied the history and qualities of a foremost man; one who was on all occasions equal to exigencies of unsurpassed magnitude and complexity. Our next and last specimen will exhibit the nature of the President's balancing policy, in spite of the passions and prejudices of his friends and the arts of his adversaries; in some degree also show the principles of the author's political creed; and at the same time furnish the reader with two striking portraits.

Washington is called on to form a cabinet, which office he undertakes merely because he is convinced that he can serve his country; and in summoning four men to join him, observes the most strict impartiality, choosing two of federal principles, of whom Hamilton is the chief; and two of the democratic party, Jefferson being the principal on this side. There seems to have been the same rules and modes adopted by the President in dealing with men and parties who were opposed to one another, that there was amid conflicting events or complicated affairs; that is, those of truth and rectitude; and in this way that illustrious character displayed his consummate wisdom as well as stern virtue. The sketch of the real leaders of the two parties mentioned, and of the President's position between them, must close this paper:—

"Hamilton deserves to be ranked amongst the men who have best understood the vital principles and fundamental conditions of government—not of a hap-hazard government, but of a government worthy of its task and of the name. There is not one element of order, strength, and durability in the constitution of the United States, which he did not powerfully contribute to introduce into the scheme and cause to be adopted. Perhaps he thought that the monarchical was preferable to the republican form: perhaps he sometimes doubted of the success of the experiment which was being tried in his country: perhaps too he was carried away by the liveliness of his imagination and the logical ardour of his understanding, till his views sometimes became exclusive, his deductions extreme. But no less lofty in character than in intellect, he served the commonwealth with faithful zeal, and laboured to found, not to enfeeble it. His superiority consisted in knowing that naturally, and by the essential law of things, political power stands aloft, at the head of society; that according to this law it ought to be established; and that all systems and all attempts of a contrary tendency, must ultimately carry disturbance and debility into society itself. His mistake was to adhere too closely, with somewhat too much of arrogance and obstinacy, to the model of the English constitution; to attach an equal authority to the good and to the bad portions of that model, to its principles and to its abuses; and not to make sufficient allowance for, nor to trust with sufficient confidence to, the variety of political forms or the flexibility of human society. There are times at which political

genius consists in not dreading what is new, as well as in respecting what is eternal.

"The democratic party, not I mean of the rude and turbulent democracy of antiquity or of the middle ages, but of the great democracy of the modern world, has no more faithful or eminent representative than Jefferson. A warm friend of humanity, of freedom, and of science; confiding in their virtue no less than in their right; deeply affected by the injuries which the mass of men have suffered, by the hardships they endure, and constantly engaged, with laudable disinterestedness, in the attempt to repair the evil or to avert the recurrence of it; tolerating the authority of government as a necessity to be viewed with distrust—almost as an evil contrived to check another evil, and endeavouring not only to restrain, but to lower it; mistrusting all greatness and all personal splendour as the harbinger of usurpation; in heart, frank, kind and indulgent, though apt to take up prejudices and animosities against the opponents of his party; in mind, bold, quick, ingenious and inquiring, more remarkable for penetration than for foresight, but too sensible to carry things to extremes, and able to meet urgent evils and dangers, by summoning up a degree of prudence and firmness, which, if earlier and more generally exerted, might perhaps have prevented them.

"It was no easy task to make these two men act together in the same cabinet. The very critical state of affairs at the outset of the constitution, and the impartial preponderance of Washington, could alone accomplish it. He applied himself to this purpose with consummate perseverance and sagacity. At bottom, he entertained a decided preference for Hamilton and his principles. 'By some he is considered as an ambitious man; and therefore a dangerous one. That he is ambitious, I shall readily grant, but it is of that laudable kind which prompts a man to excel in whatever he takes in hand. He is enterprising, quick in his perceptions, and his judgment intuitively great.'

"But it was not till 1798, in the freedom of his retirement, that Washington held this explicit language. As long as he was at the head of affairs, and between his two secretaries of state, he observed an extreme reserve towards them, and gave them equal marks of his confidence. He thought them both sincere and able men; both necessary to the country and to himself. Jefferson not only furnished him with a sort of tie, a means of influence over the popular party, which soon afterwards became the opposition; but Washington availed himself of his opinions as a counterpoise to the tendencies, and especially to the expressions of Hamilton and his friends, which were sometimes exaggerated and intemperate. He was in the habit of conversing with and consulting them apart on the affairs which were to be debated between them in common, in order to remove or to lessen the causes of dissension beforehand. He knew how to use the merits or the popularity of each of them with their own party, so as to redound to the general advantage of the government, and even to their mutual benefit. He adroitly seized every opportunity of involving them in a common responsibility: and when a rupture appeared to be the inevitable result of too deep dissensions or over-excited passions, he interposed, he exhorted, he entreated, and by his personal influence, by a frank and touching appeal to the patriotism and the good-feelings of the two rivals, at least he retarded the eruption of the evil which he could not cure.

From the Colonial Magazine.

PRESENT POSITION AND FUTURE PROSPECTS OF ENGLAND.

There is no subject of more momentous interest to every civilized nation, than an inquiry into the *present position of England*; there is no topic of higher importance (socially speaking) to the whole family of man, than an endeavour to ascertain the *future prospects of England*. The first branch of inquiry would involve an investigation of proximate and remote causes of almost indefinite extent, and, on this occasion an exposition of results is all that can be expected, reserving for a subsequent period, more minute, and, perhaps, more satisfactory details.

One of the most prevalent existing opinions is, that England has witnessed the acme of her power, and, having passed the meridian, now hastens to decay. This inference is erroneously drawn, from observing, 1st, that individuals of the animal and vegetable kingdoms have their periods of youth, age, and death;* and, 2d, that all the great nations of antiquity have perished, leaving scarcely a vestige of their name; the antiquary with difficulty tracing the spot on which the metropolitan cities of vast empires once stood.

But the inference is unsubstantiated in its premises, and not fairly supported in its conclusions. Examine one of the primeval forests of America—it has existed there for ages; its limits, defined from the adjacent prairie by a broad and clear savanna, on which not a shrub is seen. True, the individual trees of the forest perish, but their place is immediately filled up; ages roll on—tree succeeds to tree—the forest never becomes the prairie—and at the end of centuries is found in all its beauty, denseness, and vigour. The same principle is applicable to herds of animals, and to congregated masses of our fellow-creatures. Thus, also, is it with a nation: individuals die—the nation lives, and will continue to flourish for ages, so long as the elements of moral disease are subdued by virtue. The analogy, therefore, between the existence of an individual of a species, and the aggregate of a nation, is incorrect; so also is the conclusion drawn from the supposed analogy.

Empires, kingdoms, and republics have risen from infancy to maturity, and then perished. No form of government, whether that of absolutism or democracy, has been found sufficient to save a nation from final extinction; the seeds of dissolution were sown at birth, and were evolved when the physical and intellectual structure began to wane. Babylon and Nineveh—Egypt and Jerusalem—Tyre and Carthage—Athens and Rome—have all in succession risen from insignificance to power, and then vanished like the “baseless fabric of a vision;” leaving scarcely a “wreck behind.” But because these memorials and records of *mere human greatness* are before us, does it necessarily follow that all nations must also have their rise and fall? Sacred Writ most fully informs us of the cause of the destruction of kingdoms—because the people forsook the worship of the only true God, became idolaters, and were consequently destroyed by

the very effect of their own vices and crimes. If Jerusalem, once the ark of a pure religion on earth, was destroyed, as oft foretold by the prophets, when the measure of its iniquity was full, is it reasonable to infer that any heathen nation could long uphold mere temporal power? Rome, the mistress of the world, debased by the grossest idolatry, demoralized by the most fearful extent of slavery, corrupted by wealth, devoid of even the semblance of morality,—could no more expect perpetuity, than that city which was once the temple of the chosen people of Heaven.

As a wicked man is frequently cut short in his career of crime, so was the fall of Jerusalem and of Rome; both were alike the persecutors of Christianity and the enemies of truth. The downfall of Jerusalem was essential to the spread of moral freedom; that of Rome, to the extension of civil liberty. Natural causes, therefore, produce natural effects, as regards a man or a nation; and when we find a nation running on in a career of vice and infidelity, we can no more be surprised at its destruction, than at the death of a man who has drunk deep of the cup of sin and wickedness.

Let us examine, if there be any resemblance between Rome and Britain.—The one a constitutional free state—the other a military empire, where the sovereign power was sold to the highest bidder;—the one a nation where all are personally free—the other, where nine-tenths of the people were bondsmen, serfs, and slaves;—the one an insular-maritime power, whose colonial possessions serve to augment its resources, and to increase its oceanic supremacy—the other a territorial state, whose very extension of dominion served but to weaken its strength, and to diminish its capability for defence;—the one enjoying all the arts and elegancies which adorn and refine social life, traversing land and sea with a celerity and certainty hitherto unknown, and using its wealth in the construction of immense works, which tend to benefit mankind—the other restricted chiefly in its mental efforts to architecture, and the showy and specious arts, making war its chief object; and destitute of that extraordinary instrument for the extension of knowledge—the press. Finally—the one a *Christian*, the other a *heathen* people.

In a future number, we shall endeavour to enter more at length into this important question, because no man of a reflective mind would struggle to advance and elevate his country, if he thought that he were hastening the period of its ultimate declension and death. The glory of a nation would then be similar to the fleeting fame of a selfish individual, both transient—useless to their possessors, and incapable of transmission to posterity. He who loves his country for the sake of the good which she accomplishes, and by reason of her Christian principles, will not, cannot think, that the meridian of her existence is passed, while there is aught of good to be fulfilled, and while Christianity exists on earth. Most certain is it, that a nation without true religion, is like a house built on the sand, which the winds and waves destroy; and if England be that house constructed on a rock—which Revelation predicts—then may she defy the tempest, and the not less sure but more insidious effects of time.

We may now briefly advert to the present state of the British empire. It is certainly one of peril, and fraught with imminent danger; but still not without a bright and clear vista. The domestic condition of

* “The world, like the individual, flourishes in youth, rises to strength in manhood, falls into decay in age; and the ruins of an empire are like the decrepit frame of an individual, except that they have some tints of beauty which nature bestows on them.”—*Consolations in Travel. Dialogue I. by Sir Humphrey Davy.*

England, Ireland, and Scotland betokens the struggles of an industrious people to raise themselves from poverty, and to provide for those who are to succeed them. We behold a denser population in proportion to the soil, than is to be found in the aggregate in any other nation; in some parts 300 mouths to the square mile. We see that soil entirely pre-occupied, and brought to a high pitch of cultivation by the accumulated capital of centuries; yet year by year less capable of producing an adequate supply of food, to meet the demands of a rapidly augmenting population. Steam-machinery—that efficient instrument for raising man from the condition of a mere beast of burden—while it lowers the price of labour, lessens the number of labourers required; and if brought successfully into use in agriculture, it will tend still more to cause the evils of a redundant population to be more and more severely felt. With this reduction in the means of employment, and in the wages of industry, we find an increasing aptitude for intellectual and social enjoyments, and an unwillingness to submit to physical suffering and privations, which were heretofore silently borne.

The recent extension of political rights has left a large mass of the people dissatisfied, because they find themselves precluded from the exercise of those immunities to which they look—as a means to an end—namely, the benefitting of their social condition. Extreme democratic opinions are, therefore, rashly advocated, and the balance of a constitution, which it has been the efforts of ages to keep equipoised, is in danger of final overthrow; the sword of physical power being, in fact, ready to be cast into the scale: while education, in itself a blessing if accompanied with religious instruction, will but lead to further desire for change, unless food, raiment, and an abundance of all the necessities of life, become easier and easier of attainment.

Let us now glance at the condition of the transmarine provinces of the empire: where do we find peace and contentment? It was the sarcastic remark of a nobleman who filled, within the last few years, the office of Secretary of State for the Colonies, that the “*only Colony in tranquillity was Heligoland*.” We pass without comment the questions of the state of Canada—of the West Indies—the East Indies, &c., they are well deserving of the most serious attention, and calculated to excite the most anxious solicitude; but we do not desire to make such topics mere party questions, and our future numbers will contain ample discussions respecting their political and social wants. The condition of our Colonial possessions, as well as that of our domestic state, is not the result merely of yesterday, but the sequence of causes, some of which are of long standing, and the effects of which, though often predicted, have always been neglected.

The unfriendly bearing of our foreign relations, is what may naturally be expected from rivals jealous of our political power—thirsting for our territorial wealth, and desirous of enriching themselves at our expense. There is not a kingdom in Europe, nor a republic in America, in actual friendly alliance with us; and were a general war to occur, England would not possess an ally, unless self-interest prompted a co-operation. Many, indeed, of the continental nations would rejoice in the destruction of the British Empire, as if they expected to rise on its ruins.

In the midst of these surrounding perils, we see no

efforts made by genius and wisdom, to avert impending evils; temporary expedients are resorted to, and the energy and abilities of the country are wasted on acrimonious strife, and directed to no grand or definite principle for the preservation of the social edifice, and the maintenance of the integrity of the empire.

Yet, however gloomy may be the present, there is no real cause of alarm for the future; from the very nettle danger, we may pluck the flower safety; and out of the destructive elements around, we may gather the means of advancing, securing, and establishing our power for ages. It is true that we are endeavouring to pay in gold, at £3. 17s. 10½d. an ounce, a debt of £300,000,000 contracted in a depreciated paper currency; and that £30,000,000 of annual taxes are required to pay simply the interest of that debt, without the accumulation of any sinking-fund towards its final liquidation. But the property in the United Kingdom is almost incalculable. That of land alone is estimated at *two thousand million sterling*! England is not, therefore, insolvent; and whenever an able financier chooses to grapple with this vital subject, there are ample means for its adjustment.

Of the 28,000,000 inhabitants in the United Kingdom, nearly 20,000,000 are unfortunately living from “hand to mouth,” by precarious labour, and scantily supplied with the necessities of life. Yet this very abundance of labour may be rendered of the utmost value, were there perfect freedom of commerce, and no monopoly of the money which legitimately represents trade; in other words, were there equal laws of freedom for the transfer of commodities, and of their representative value. This great reform is now in process of accomplishment by the joint-stock system of banking, by means of which, if gradually and cautiously brought into operation, trade will be saved from future panics, and the country from ruinous vicissitudes in its monetary affairs. Thus, steadiness of employment, and remunerative prices, will raise the value of property, and spread plenty throughout the land; and when 20,000,000 of now half-fed, ill-clad, and imperfectly educated beings shall have been raised in the social scale, we shall daily find fresh sources of employment, and means will be multiplied for deriving the full benefits of the industry of intelligent, and morally disposed millions.

But if we turn from the vast resources which England, Ireland, and Scotland possess in the fertility of the soil, and the highly civilized condition of the country; in the coal, iron, copper, lead, and tin, beneath its surface; and in the productive fisheries around our shores; if, while not overlooking these and many other elements of wealth and power, we view the transmarine possessions of the empire, “wide as the poles asunder,” under nearly every parallel of latitude, and beneath almost every meridian of longitude, we behold myriads of human beings, of every creed, colour, and clime, and an incalculable immensity of every thing that can tend to promote individual comfort and social prosperity.

Do we require corn, whether wheat, barley, oats, maize, or rice; the vast plains of the Canadas, of Australia, and of India, offer an inexhaustible supply, independent of foreign countries, and of the casualty of adverse seasons. Every species of timber may be obtained from our American and Asiatic possessions. The widely expanded downs of Austral-Asia, now covered with flocks of sheep, are becoming the wool

country of the world. In the West and East Indies we have the means of supplying sugar, coffee, tea, cocoa, spices, &c. for all Europe.

Cotton, flax, silk, indigo, and dye-stuffs, are ready in limitless quantities, and at the cheapest rate. Tobacco, gums, hides, ivory, furs, &c. are among the staples of our African possessions: fruits, oil, wines, and spirits, are obtainable in the colonies of Europe, as also in those of the southern hemisphere. India teems with gold, iron, copper, lead, and coal; and in almost every settlement the grand adjuncts of commerce, coal and iron, abound.

We dwell not at this moment on the innumerable advantages which our colonies present: we advert briefly to them, merely to indicate the riches that are at our doors, if we will but wisely use them, and thus advance the happiness of mankind. With such unmined wealth—with such untasted abundance, it is folly—nay, it is wickedness, to talk of England's decay; she is but in the morning of her existence, bursting into light, and betokening a golden harvest, not only for those of her own race and lineage, but for all who desire the inappreciable blessings of a Christianized civilization.

And this brings us to a consideration of the hostility of continental Europe. What has France, or Spain, or Portugal to gain by the downfall of England? Do they think that constitutional freedom would be more secure against the encroachments of northern Europe, were the freest and most powerful kingdom on earth destroyed? Were there even no Autocrat to threaten the people of the south and west with swarms of Cossacks, Portugal would soon become an appanage of Spain, and Spain in turn, would be added to the sovereignty of France, until the Gallic nation, incapable of maintaining so great a territorial dominion, would split into petty republics or oligarchies, and civilization would retrograde far more rapidly than it has advanced. On the other hand, would the despotic states of northern and eastern Europe long withstand the onward rush of a crusade for political liberty, if England were not at hand to check the misguided zeal of rash theorists for freedom. The determined enthusiasm of Germany, and the reckless courage of Poland, would afford the means for kindling the flames of foreign and civil war in Russia, Austria, and Prussia. There is no longer a Holy Alliance in existence, to band nations together in self-defence for some common purpose—the balance of power among the different sovereignties of Europe is becoming daily less and less effective for the preservation of the rights of each: and if peace is to be preserved in Europe, and that war of opinion which Canning predicted is to be avoided, it must be by England preserving her puissance, and acting as the arbitress of the destinies of mankind.

In the confederacy of nations, as well as among the constituency of a kingdom, there must be some chief acknowledged, for the better upholding of the rights and privileges of each. To which of the nations of Europe can that power be more safely entrusted than to England? She belongs to Europe, although not on its continent; she forms a part of the family compact of nations, yet has no personal interest in the connexion. Were the whole of Europe instantaneously engulfed by an earthquake, England would be no loser, territorially, commercially, or socially. But it is for the honour and advantage of England that Europe should be in peace—that its sovereigns and govern-

ments should, by every possible means, extend freedom, knowledge, and commerce. She has a common interest in the welfare of Europe, as it contains the most civilized portion of the human race; but she can have no views adverse to the internal prosperity of France, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Russia, Prussia, &c.

England can never become a great continental power: even if it were possible, the attainment of such would be foreign to her objects and interests: her dominion is on the ocean,—with her fleets and colonies she can command and control, as she has before done, the coasts and commerce of all who may proclaim themselves her enemies. But in no instance has England ever waged an offensive war in Europe; whenever she has been provoked into contests, it has either been for the maintenance of her principles, or in self-defence. France may desire to extend her boundaries to the Rhine, Spain to re-annex Portugal to the ancient thrones of Castile and Arragon: Austria aviciously grasps Italy; Russia daily augments her territories from the dislocated provinces of Turkey; but England seeks nothing in Europe. Whatever may be the extent of her acquisitions in other parts of the globe, the white nations have assuredly no reason to fear an encroachment on their territories and rights; and by the extension of her colonies among the dark-coloured races of the tropics, she is cheapening the luxuries of life, and enabling all Europe to profit by her exertions.

Nations should be above the petty jealousies of shopkeepers in provincial towns. The merchant of an expansive and just mind, feels that it is for his interest to have rich and enterprising neighbours, whether at home or abroad. Thus also it is with kingdoms: whatever improvement England produces in the manufacture of cotton, silk, wool, &c., or in the preparation of machinery, Europe soon feels the benefit of her skill and capital, and without the previous labour and expense, derives the full measure of advantage from her insular neighbour.

We have thus shown that there is no just ground for the hostility which the continental powers have expressed towards England; and our future pages will develop how little England has to dread from the united hostility of every nation of Europe, were it possible for them all to combine against her. Foreigners never comprehend sufficiently our social state, or internal resources. If, by any madness, England were to be plunged into war, party feeling would soon subside, and the energies of this mighty country would be put forth with tremendous effect. We should, as before, strip every hostile nation of their colonies, sweep the seas of their vessels, and blockade their coasts. Autocrats or despotic sovereigns would soon find that their domestic condition would not be favourable to the maintenance of their present power; and that which would but consolidate our internal strength, would, if necessity required it, be made an instrument for breaking their rule.

We desire not to dwell on this subject, and have not the least intention of using minatory language; on the contrary, we wish to prove that it is the interest of every nation in Europe to be at peace with England, and it is for their direct personal good that she should maintain her colonial power and oceanic supremacy; and when we come to discuss, at a future period, our political and commercial relations with our European brethren, we shall endeavour to show how little Eng-

land has to fear or to care for the hostility or friendship of her continental neighbours, apart from those general considerations which we trust will ever sway a Christian kingdom.

There will arise so many occasions for an examination of each and all the points adverted to, and for a minute inquiry into the basis of our structure, as the oldest kingdom on the earth, that we pass on to shadow forth a brief vaticination of the future prospects of England.

Two proceedings, now in their infancy, are destined to exercise a most important influence on the future condition of this empire: the one is, the stream of emigration in the direction of the Southern Pole; the other, the flow of our commerce towards the Eastern Hemisphere; the one containing millions of acres, in a genial clime, ready for the plough; the other myriads of comparatively civilized men, ready to supply in exchange for our manufactures, all the valuable and varied products of the tropics. These two circumstances, in connexion with a sound monetary and fiscal system at home, will make England young again, with all the wisdom of mature age, and all the benefits of advancing science and accumulated capital. There will thus be a new spring to her existence; whatever she has before accomplished will be trifling compared to her future efforts: and with 28,000,000 of free, educated, industrious, and religious inhabitants at home, this small island in the German Ocean, will hold complete sway over the entire Eastern world.

Nor will the Western or American hemisphere be neglected; our possessions in the northern and southern portions of that continent, on its Atlantic and Pacific coasts; and the rich islands of its tropical seas, under the stimulus of personal freedom and constitutional liberty, will yet add materially to our resources, population, and power: and when the immense advantages of the vast countries watered by the Orinoco and Amazon are developed, England will be prepared to participate in their enjoyment.

While our native land is intersected with railways, the wide ocean will be traversed by our steam-vessels, reducing the distance of months to weeks, and connecting by our floating bridges the continents of both hemispheres. Sooner or later, the Anglo-Saxon language will become the universal medium for communication between foreign nations, and thus give to England a perpetual presence and identification with those who now perhaps deem themselves our rivals.

By the aid of machinery, physical toil will be lessened, man, in ceasing to be a machine, will become more and more an intellectual being, and, with a full perception of the duties as well as the enjoyments of life, political privileges may be gradually conceded, and the progress of society will be equable and happy.

England, even now, may claim the designation of the queen-mother of nations; by a just policy, the offspring of her loins will become the sinews of her strength, until, like the banyan-tree of the East, every fibre and shoot more and more effectually shields, upholds, and adorns the parent stem.

Amidst the thousand million of human beings that now inhabit this earth (independent of the myriads it is still capable of containing), there cannot be one uninterested in the future progress of England, if England act up to the Christian principles which are the foundation of her religion. Those principles are the preservation of peace, the liberation of the slave,

the judicious extension of rational freedom, and the permanent establishment of Christianity.

It was doubtless for these great and holy objects that this small island has been permitted to rise from a barbarian colony of heathen Rome, where her children were sold as slaves, to her present exalted state; and if she be but true to the dictates of that divine principle which has been revealed to man for his temporal as well as spiritual welfare, we cannot contemplate the end to her power, nor a boundary to her happiness.

It is not, therefore, for the sake of the small territorial speck called Britain, that we seek the extension and the permanence of her supremacy; it is because we believe that the destinies of mankind are intimately blended with her weal or woe, and that an awful responsibility rests upon the course which, in the exercise of a free agency, she may for the future pursue.

Cheerfully do we confess, that we feel no gloomy forebodings; there are within even this small island many good Christians to suffer despair to creep into its noisome weeds around the heart; we believe that the salt of the earth is in Britain, and that it cannot be the little leaven which will yet leaven the entire lump of mankind—among whom our revered ministers are every where spreading the light of a pure gospel, and preaching its comforts and blessings in every language.

Finally, we desire to be actively useful in aid towards the fulfilment of the high behests to which we believe England is called; we wish to cast our lot into the general treasury for the advancement of human happiness—and, invoking the blessing of the good God on our labours, with perfect confidence we commit the result to the disposal of that Almighty Providence which watcheth over and governeth the universe.

From the Monthly Chronicle

ILLUSTRATIONS OF NAPOLEON.

I.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA;

SUGGESTED BY HAYDON'S PICTURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ITALY," "CATILINE," "DRAMA OF A LIFE," ETC.

He sat upon the savage crag where Fear
Had banished him, a captive, but the lord
Of his own mind. He looked out on the waves,
And thought when men as blindly followed him
As they the moon through her untrodden paths.
But now he was eclipsed: his light gone from him,
Darkened: and he, a shadow and a wreck
Of mightiness departed. He was given
(Boon for which fate doth compensate for evil)
The eye to look into futurity,
And read the hopes of nations. He became
A prophet, and earth's destinies foretold;
And saw how Freedom with earthquake convulsion
Would shake the world at last; and knew how men
Would then remember him as the Day-Star
That heralded its dawn. Thus he endured
Life, to prove that he triumphed o'er despair.
A monument of Stoic pride;—a mind

The universe could not move from its base.
But the Will, though indomitable, wears
Away this mortal fragment, hastening
To join its kindred elements. Nothing now
Drew him from self: his rocky walls closed round him,
The burning sun—the sky—the lurid waves—
Time—life—light—space—one blank monotony!
He watched his heart corrode away beneath
His sleepless spirit's edge; he sat and counted
His life-sands, as they slowly move away!
And then, perchance, despair,—for hope was dead,—
Ate like the iron in his soul. He was
A thing of nerves, and nakedly alive
To each base insect's sting, which now was felt
By Mind, whose self-restraint was a sharp chain
That goaded it to madness.

Thus he stood,
Watching the setting sun that threw on him
Its glory, unsubstantial as the fame
That settled on his name! He watched, and felt
That Blessing followed not *his* track, nor went
Before him; yet was it decreed his path,
The life of his necessity by fate,
By the inscrutable Destiny that marks
The rise and fall of empire; in whose faith
He acted,—glorying to be its slave.
He rose—a hurricane—a moral storm—
Shaking the fixed foundations of the world.
Kings fearing him descended from their thrones,
Or driven, or by ascendant mind compelled;
Whom he crushed not, because he could not stoop
To their unworthiness, the petty art
That wove the meshes of their strength allied,
Then, when Convulsion swept even him away.

Yet o'er his devastating course Good shone:
And truths, forgot 'midst buried ages, rose
Again to light and memory. Kings felt
Their weakness manifold in the Titan's fall;
The insecurity of Tyranny,
When such as he succumbed. Hero of evil,
Yet harbinger of good was that wild name:
A tyrant,—he yet taught the oppressed their strength;
Nations enslaved awakened to his call,
And, foiled awhile, yet treasured in their hearts
Inestimable memories of deeds
They dared, and did: to be remembered then,
When Fate and Time unroll the Future's page,
Emblazoned by their heaven-stamped liberties.*
He proved the hollowness of the clay Idol,
The Power to which they slavishly had knelt;
That the innate divinity of Kings
Should emanate from kingly minds alone:
That one alone should arbitrate on earth,†
Even as the One in heaven: the elect of Fate,
Who in the one hand held the unconquered sword,
The Code, the other, hallowing his name
With an enduring Glory to Time's end.‡

* "His gigantic success and double fall taught absolute princes their weakness, and injured nations their strength: such men as he are the avengers of great evils, and harbingers of good: even now we have seen only the beginning of the end."—*Life of Napoleon*.

† "My destiny is not yet accomplished; the picture as yet exists only in outline. There must be one code, one court of appeal, and one coinage for all Europe. The states of Europe must be melted into one nation, and Paris must be its capital."—*Life of Napoleon*. Family Library.

‡ "I shall go down to posterity," said he, with a just pride, "with my code in my hand." It was the first uniform system of

And then his battle fields arose before him:
Those thunderbolts that marked each nation's fall,
Until astounded armies cast their arms
To earth without a stroke.* Even thus he stood
Immovable 'midst triumph or reverse,
Till Fortune blinded his all-seeing eyes
With her too dazzling glories. He became
A god unto himself, while Flattery
Echoed the falsehood back to him. He deemed
The elements subjected to his will;
That Polar snows would, like the waves, subside
At voice of sovereign command.

Then rose
Deathless Borodino before his eye,
Where single handed Russia dared the fight,
And fell, back reeling, looking to the skies
For refuge; that the Gates of Snow should open
To hide themselves behind them. But behold
Blazing from far their glorious sacrifice,
Sublime atonement of a nation's sins,
The abandoned Capitol, a reddening hell
Of demon light amidst the Polar snows!
Ocean of flame, whose roaring billows drowned
The shouts of rage—the curses of despair!‡
Altar, and beacon fire of Hope—the Cross,
Speaking from high—"In this thou overcom'st!"‡
Then came the mad retreat—the whirlwind snows—
Sweeping around them merciless as man:
The stiffening hand, the pulseless heart and eye,
The frozen standard, and the palsied arm:
The unfrequent watch-fires rising like red sparks
Amidst the illimitable snows; the crowds
Of spectral myriads shuddering around them—
Frozen to statues; scathed by the red flames,
Or speared by howling savages, until
Winter, less merciless than they, threw o'er them
Her winding sheet of snows, deep burying
Armies whose presence vanished like a dream!
There fell the man who against nature warred;
Amid his counsils Treachery took her seat,
Or openly raised her visor in the field:§
Fortune had left him—never to return.
Time's truths were taught, and fate's decree revealed.
His race was run—he vanished from the world,
Forgot like a departed thunderstorm.
The infinite spirit that had filled the earth
Evaporated in a barren isle,
Mingling with the Infinity around him.

law which the French monarchy had ever possessed; and being drawn up with consummate skill and wisdom, under the Emperor's personal superintendence, at this day it forms not only the Code of France, but of a great portion of Europe also."—*Ibid*.

* At the capitulation of Ulm, thirty thousand men laid down their arms without striking a stroke, and twenty-seven generals surrendered their swords." Napoleon stood on a rising eminence: the expression of his countenance was that of "indifference, or rather, it had no expression—it was impassive."—*Communication from a General Officer present*.

† "Moscow was one vast ocean of flame, which emitted a roaring sound like the breakers in a tempest—it was a visible Hell. Napoleon persisted in remaining in the Kremlin until it was enveloped, when to ride through the flames was a matter of danger and difficulty."—*Count Dumas' Memoirs*.

‡ The Cross supposed to be seen in the sky by Constantine previous to the decisive victory which gained him the Western empire—*α σταυρος εις τον ουρανον*. The circumstance is recorded by contemporary historians.

§ The disastrous battle of Leipzig, hazarded with immense inferiority of numbers by Napoleon against the allied powers, and more immediately lost by the open desertion of thirty-five thousand Saxons. Talleyrand, and others, were in early communication with his enemies. "I felt," said Napoleon, "the reins slipping from my hands."

The world heard when he died, and smiled, or sighed,
And then—forgot. Fame defied in life,
Giving his deeds and words to Time to live
Enduring through a future without end.
O let no more the idle moralist
Weigh in his petty scale the dust of heroes!†
But pause until his mind becomes so vast,
That he can weigh the immeasurable spirit
Fled from that dust for ever! then when reached
The eagle's height—the world beneath him laid,
Subjected to his swoop—the eagle's gaze
Daring the sun in its meridian power!
The fierce ascent—the giddy height when proved—
The sleepless aspirations of a spirit
Conscious of fixing an immortal stamp†
Upon its every thought—the feverish hope
Of infinite effort—and the stormy joy,
The whirlwind pulse of triumph, yet calm eye
Preserved, and coldest dignity of mien,
Conscious of millions watching from below
Heights they could never gain; when these are
proved,
Faint moralist! of calm and temperate pulse,
Then sit in judgment; then, in language vast
As thy magnificent conceptions, tell
Of thought and deeds eternal as thy words
Shall be recording them: but oh! till then,
Sink not the mighty to thy narrow span;
Prate not of passions thou hast never proved:‡
Walk humbly in thy charitable path;
Nor deem that Star inferior, which sublime
In infinite distance little seems to thee.

II.

NAPOLEON, IN HIS FALL, TO CAIUS MARIUS.

He stood among
The wrecks of buried power—of what was:
And did contemplate them till his mind drew
The resolution that doth hope survive;
That hath no root to cling to save itself,
No hold—no subterfuge; but which is born,
Yea thrown up from the ashes of despair.
Even thus he stood, sedate, and calm, yet firm,
Like him, the noble Roman, who was found
Kingly reclining, midst the solitudes
Of Carthage's ruins—silent, motionless,
Looking himself the ruin he bestrode!—
Who chose the seat to suit his desolation;
To show how mind can triumph over ruin,
Subjecting fate and fortune to its sway.
So the slave found him: the pale, cringing slave,
Who was sent forth to count his agonies,
To pry into the secrets of his soul,

* *Expende Annibalem! &c.—Juvenal.*

† "What is this immortality?—remembrance left in the memory of man. That idea elevates to great deeds. Better never to have lived, than to leave no trace of one's existence."—*Bourisnne's Life.*

‡ A passage in a French author, illustrating also these reflections, cannot be too often quoted: it is as just as it is forcibly expressed:—"Mais, en le condamnant, ne le méprisez pas, petites organisations qui n'êtes capables ni de bien ni de mal: ne mesurez qu'avec effroi le colosse de volonté qui lutte ainsi sur une mer fouguse pour le seul plaisir d'exercer sa vigueur et de la jeter en dehors de lui. Son égoïsme le pousse au milieu des fatigues et des dangers, comme le votre vous enchaîne à de patientes et laborieuses professions. Que son fatal exemple serve seulement à vous consoler de votre inoffensive nullité!"

The inner man, when he pours forth to Nature
The passion which then bursts the bonds of pride
And finds a struggling language.

All alone,

Alone against the solitary sky
He sate—bareheaded, with the gathering storm
Around him in the distance! then, he turned
And gave the slave the answer:* rather say,
The warning Oracle that taught his foe
The fleeting reign of empire and of man.

III.

NAPOLEON AT AUSTERLITZ.

I.

THEY do not die—they do not die—
Souls of the brave and just!
Is't not a coward's thought to say
Ye pass again to dust!
Ye live through every age—y' are given
To breathe in hearts of slaves
The patriot flame ye drew from heaven:
That sleeps not in your graves!
Your shapes blind Homer's eyes beheld,
His harp ye strung—his soul ye swelled.

II.

I tell thee, yet on Marathon
The shade of Theseus treads!†
And the slave that walks Thermopylæ
The Spartan's spirit dreads.
And hast thou stood by Uri's ~~side~~
When tempests o'er it sweep,
The shade of Tell from his misty cloud
Looks downward from the steep;
And, frowning, points with angry eye
To Altorf's tower, and days gone by!

III.

Go—stand on Austerlitz: but not
In the garish eye of day;
The thin, cold Dead are only seen
By the pale Moon's watery ray!
But at the solemn hour of Night,
When the world in sleep is drowned,
The rush of troops—of an army's throng—
Tramps o'er that marshalled ground,
While to lead again the shadowy brave,
Napoleon comes from his sea-girt grave.

IV.

O, then he stands as he stood in life,
His arms crossed o'er his breast;
With his eagle eye, and lip of pride,
And his foot half forward pressed;
A monument, by nature stamped,
Of resolution there!‡

* "Go, tell him thou hast seen the exiled Marius sitting amidst the ruins of Carthage."—*Plutarch's Life of Marius.*

† Plutarch relates that, during the battle of Marathon, the Athenian army thought they saw the apparition of Theseus completely armed, and bearing down before them upon the Barbarians.

‡ The well-known attitude of Napoleon—in the court—the camp—and on the field of battle.

With a soul that felt all it could do,
And knew what it would dare;
While he looks unmoved, as he looked in life,
When matched against the world in strife.

v.

Their drums are heard like the muffled note
Of winds when their strength is gone,
And proudly in air the banners float,
As the shadowy hosts move on!
A pale gleam from their helmets is cast,
From battle blade and spear;
And faintly sheds on the sumless ranks
That darken in the rear;
In front, the Chiefs in martial ring
Are crowding round their Phantom King!

vi.

His arm is raised to the clouded sky
Where the Moon is struggling through;
A moment more—the mist flits by,
A light gleams from his lambent eye,
As she breaks forth full in view.—
Thus “the Sun of Austerlitz” broke out!
He points to the conscious throng,
While with joyous tread, and soundless shout,
The armies charge along!
And thus, when the world in sleep is drowned,
Napoleon walks on his hallowed ground.

THOUGHTS IN RHYME.

BY ARCHÆUS.

That mountains gather clouds I know,
And bring forth wood, and fire, and snow;
And when they teem with men, and teach
In word and tone of human speech,
I, too, to hills will raise my prayer,
Make them my heaven, and worship there.
But worlds of earth are only clods,
Compared with him who digs their sods.

When the Titan brought fire to men on earth,
Said the gods, the traitor intends to scare us,
By taking a light in his schoolboy mirth
Into Jupiter's gunpowder warehouse.

Good friend, so worthlessly complete,
So deftly small, so roundly neat,
The puniest apple being ripe
Will ne'er exceed that pigmy type;
But the ripe crab is worst of all—
At once full-grown, and sour, and small.

I stood amid the Pitti's gilded halls,
Where art with noble shapes had spread the walls,
Where Raphael's truthful grace, and Titian's
glow,
Shone 'mid the austere forms of Angelo.
Among the bright unmoving visions there
Were gazing groups alive, but not so fair;

Gay girls admired, and counts and lords went by,
Wits, artists, soldiers, connoisseurs, and I;
And there came in, like ghosts in dreamy scenes,
Three mantled, cowed, and barefoot Capuchins.
No stranger spectres e'er confused our life
Since L——r broke his bonds and took a wife.
The men looked dull and harmless, cheerful too,
And stared as sagely round as travellers do;
Yet sad the sight, and worst of all despairs—
To see contentment with a lot like theirs.

THE MEDICEAN VENUS.

Woman divine! fair child of Grecian seas,
Whose sunny billows gird the Cyclades;
Within all modest, wanting outward dress,
Thou fillest this new time with loveliness,
And seem'st with head half-turned and earnest soul,
To hear afar thy natal waters roll.
Young joy of human hearts! the earth to me
Is fairer now, because containing thee.

THE BELVIDERE APOLLO.

Bold and beaming in triumph looks the Lord of the
Sun,
With new victory bright over the serpent won:
High, O Hero! thou standest unheeding of mortal
ken;
Therefore, with all thy glory filling the hearts of
men.

SAN MINIATO, NEAR FLORENCE.

While slow on Miniato's height I roam,
And backward look to Brunelleschi's dome,
'Tis strange to think that here on many a day
Old Michael Angelo has paced his way;
And watching Florence, in his bosom found
A nobler world than that which lies around.
To him, perhaps, the ghost of Dante came
At sunset, with his pride of mournful fame.
By me the twain, the bard and sculptor stand,
With strong lip gazing and uplifted hand;
The great, the sad, fighters in ages past,
With their full peace fill e'en the weak at last.

Old flaming ages full of struggling thought,
Of startling deeds by mail-clad spirits wrought,
Of war, and faith, and love's delightful theme,
Of confined crimes, and May-day feeling's dream,
High aims that gained too late their wished event,
Good held secure, and lo! ere tasted—spent:
Old days when blithe Boccaccio told his tale,
And Guelph and Ghibeline stormed in Arno's vale,
When sweet sighs often, 'mid a world so rude,
Spread music through the strife no spell subdued,
I would not wish you back, but oh! would fain
See what was best of yours made ours again.

Think'st thou, friend, that legends lying
Full of flowers, and gems, and gold,
These to man are satisfying—
These that were his bliss of old?

Think'st thou tales of fairy gardens,
Now can feed our sharpened eyes,
We whose hearts the present hardens,
And whose science metes the skies?

Once were the halls of clouds erected,
Homes where only ghosts could dwell,
And their builders sank dejected,
When those thin pavilions fell.

We must raise our habitations
On the deep and solid soil,
And must teach the moonstruck nations
How to build their heaven by toil.

True, O sage! and great the meaning,
But 'twere well to understand
That complacent overweening
Works with no victorious hand.

Heaven is here around, within us;
This our earth is Paradise,
Or the fancies ne'er could win us
Which thou think'st a fool's device.

High the hope that lures our longing,
Man for heaven and heaven for man!
Though our dreams this credence wronging
Oft obscure our Maker's plan.

Thou who scoff'st at each ancient vision,
Type and shade of better things,
Think'st thou Reason's dim precision
Shapes a Heaven by wheels and springs?

Feed thy brain's and belly's hunger
With some big mechanic scheme;
God is not an engine-monger,
Nor are souls impelled by steam.

Speak not, but mutely think!—the cynic cries,
Nor knows how speech in thinking helps the wise.
Wise words are sails impelling smooth and fast
The ship of thought wherein is fix'd the mast.

A sage in rapture is a seer,
Who sees his thought in vision clear,
But only seers can read aright
The prophecies that seers indite,
And purblind eyes are led astray
By those high truths from Reason's way.

'Mid all the tribes of airy fowl,
Nought is so wise as the horned owl:
If in daylight he opens his eyes by chance,
He shuts them again with a satisfied glance,
For the rays of the sun make all things dim,
And the light within is enough for him.
While the hawk, the eagle, and birds as blind,
Look with their eyes at whate'er they find,
He in a method more sure by far
Knows *a priori* what all things are;
And is, in a word, the profoundest sage
That improves by darkness his twilight age.
Hail to thee, wise metaphysical bird!
Whose name in all dusky schools is heard:
Live thou, and prosper and spread thy reign,
And soon will the sunshine intrude in vain.
The rubbish of facts will be all removed,
And Nature outvoted, and Light disproved;
For the purest idea lies farthest from things,
And flash-like in darkness to being it springs.
Hail to thee, wise and horned owl!
Wiser of all that have worn the cowl;
Greater than all that have e'er in the East

Their souls from the bondage of things released,
And, scorning to trace what earth displays,
Divined by a guess all Nature's ways.
Thou shapest, O sage! by dogma stern
The facts that some are content to learn;
And, while thy sons thine art profess,
Ever shall flourish the praise of guess.

To build a temple, more we need than toil,
And piles of stone that crush their parent soil;
The hearts of men must form its deep foundation;
Its towers must rise on trusting aspiration.

I've known great wits whose wisdom all has lain
In saying nought is true that's not profane,
And holding mysteries false that are not plain.

SONG OF A SPINNER.

I am a poor spinner, most poor;
And to-night I am weary and worn;
Most ceaseless, I ween, is my toil,
And close I have laboured since morn.
Most silent I sit by the hearth,
Nor heed how my wife bustles by;
Unnoticed my children's wild mirth;
Most weary and worn am I.

I am a poor spinner, unwise:
And yet what is wisdom to me?
Leave that to the rulers of earth;
My wheels all-sufficient must be.
I eat, and I sleep, and I toil,
And day after day passeth by;
Why need I to think or to hope?
An ignorant spinner am I.

Who heedeth the spinner? not one:
He is wild and most drunken and rude;
No thought of the future hath he,
But give him his drink and his food.
As the brute's, weareth on his same life;
As the brute, the dull being will die;
No thought of hereafter hath he:
And such a poor spinner am I.

The great and the rich may look down
On the poor reckless spinner with scorn:
They think not on long weary hours,
That he from his childhood hath borne;
They think not, o'er-toiled and most spent,
How the mind's better feelings will die,
How sweet may forgetfulness be;
And such a poor spinner am I.

O scorn not the poor man, ye great,
Tho' rude and unmannered he be!
Remember his care and his toil,
And think not all-brutish is he.
Tho' weak, he has something at heart,
That oft may Temptation pass by,
Forgets not, tho' scorned, he is Man:
And such a poor spinner am I.

ROBERT WEST.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

(Continued.)

BOOK THE SECOND.—MARY THE QUEEN.

I.—Of the arrival of Queen Mary in London; of her entrance into the Tower; and of her reception of the prisoners on the Green.

Mary made her public entry into the city of London, on the 3d of August, 1553. The most magnificent preparations were made for her arrival, and as the procession of the usurper—for such Jane was now universally termed—to the Tower, had been remarkable for its pomp and splendour, it was determined on the present occasion to surpass it. The queen's entrance was arranged to take place at Aldgate, and the streets along which she was to pass were covered with fine gravel from thence to the Tower, and railed on either side. Within the rails stood the crafts of the city, in the dresses of their order; and at certain intervals were stationed the officers of the guard and their attendants, arrayed in velvet and silk, and having great staves in their hands to keep off the crowd. Hung with rich arras, tapestry, carpets, and, in some instances, with cloths of tissue gold and velvet, the houses presented a gorgeous appearance. Every window was filled with richly-attired dames, while the roofs, walls, gables, and steeples, were crowded with curious spectators. The tower of the old church of Saint Botolph, the ancient walls of the city, westward as far as Bishopgate, and eastward to the Tower postern, were thronged with beholders. Every available position had its occupant. St. Catherine Coleman's in Fenchurch street—for it was decided that the royal train was to make a slight detour—Saint Dennis Backchurch; Saint Benet's; All Hallows, Lombard street; in short, every church, as well as every other structure, was covered.

The queen, who had passed the previous night at Bow, set forth at noon, and in less than an hour afterwards, loud acclamations, and still louder discharges of ordnance, announced her approach. The day was as magnificent as the spectacle—the sky was deep and cloudless, and the sun shone upon countless hosts of bright and happy faces. At the bars without Aldgate, on the Whitechapel road, Queen Mary was met by Princess Elizabeth, accompanied by a large cavalcade of knights and dames. An affectionate greeting passed between the royal sisters, who had not met since the death of Edward, and the usurpation of Jane, by which both their claims to the throne had been set aside. But it was noted by those who closely observed them, that Mary's manner grew more grave as Elizabeth rode by her side. The queen was mounted upon a beautiful milk-white palfrey, caparisoned in crimson velvet, fringed with golden thread. She was habited in a robe of violet coloured velvet, furred with powdered ermine, and wore upon her head a cap of cloth of tinnet set with pearls, and above this a massive circlet of gold covered with gems of inestimable value. Though a contrary opinion is generally entertained, Mary was not without some pretension to beauty. Her figure was short and slight; but well-proportioned; her complexion racy and delicate; and her eyes bright and piercing, though, perhaps, too

stern in their expression. Her mouth was small, with thin compressed lips, which gave an austere and morose character to an otherwise pleasing face. If she had not the commanding port of her father, Henry the Eighth, nor the proud beauty of her mother, Catherine of Arragon, she inherited sufficient majesty and grace from them to well fit her for her lofty station.

No one has suffered more from misrepresentation than this queen. Not only have her failings been exaggerated, and ill-qualities, which she did not possess, attributed to her, but the virtues that undoubtedly belonged to her have been denied her. A portrait, perhaps too flatteringly coloured, has been left of her by Michéle, but still it is nearer the truth than the darker presentations with which we are more familiar. "As to the more important qualities of her mind, with a few trifling exceptions, (in which, to speak the truth, she is like other women, since besides being hasty and somewhat resentful, she is rather more parsimonious and miserly than is fitting a magnificent and liberal sovereign,) she has in other respects no notable imperfection, and in some things she is without equal; for not only is she endowed with a spirit beyond other women who are naturally timid, but is so courageous and resolute that no adversity nor danger ever caused her to betray symptoms of pusillanimity. On the contrary, she has ever preserved a greatness of mind and dignity that is admirable, knowing as well what is due to the rank she holds as the wisest of her councillors, so that in her conduct and proceedings during the whole of her life, it cannot be denied she has always proved herself to be the offspring of a truly royal stock. Of her humility, piety, and observance of religious duties, it is unnecessary to speak, since they are well-known, and have been proved by sufferings little short of martyrdom; so that we may truly say of her with the cardinal, that amidst the darkness and obscurity which overshadowed this kingdom, she remained like a faint flame strongly agitated by winds which strove to extinguish it, but always kept alive by her innocence and true faith, in order that she might one day shine to the world, as she now does." Other equally strong testimonies to her piety and virtue might be adduced. By Camden she is termed a "lady never sufficiently to be praised for her sanctity, charity, and liberality." And by Bishop Godwin—"a woman truly pious, benign, and of most chaste manners, and to be lauded, if you do not regard her failure in religion." It was this "failure in religion" which has darkened her in the eyes of her Protestant posterity.—With so many good qualities it is to be lamented that they were overshadowed by bigotry.

If Mary did not possess the profound learning of Lady Jane Grey, she possessed more than ordinary mental acquirements. A perfect mistress of Latin, French, Spanish and Italian, she conversed in the latter language with fluency. She had extraordinary powers of eloquence when roused by any great emotion, and having a clear logical understanding, was well fitted for argument. Her courage was undaunted; and she possessed much of the firmness of character—obstinacy it might perhaps be termed—of her father. In the graceful accomplishment of the dance, she excelled, and was passionately fond of music, playing with skill on three instruments, the virginals, the regals, and the lute. She was fond of equestrian exercise, and would often indulge in the chase. She revived all the old sports and games which had been banished as savouring of mimicry by the veterans of the reformed faith. One of her sins in their eyes was a fondness for rich apparel. In the previous reign

female attire was remarkable for its simplicity. She introduced costly stuffs, sumptuous dresses, and French fashions.

In personal attractions the Princess Elizabeth far surpassed her sister. She was then in the bloom of youth, and though she could scarcely be termed positively beautiful, she had a very striking appearance, being tall, portly, with bright blue eyes, and exquisitely formed hands, which she took great pains to display.

As soon as Elizabeth had taken her place behind the queen, the procession set forward. The first part of the cavalcade consisted of gentlemen clad in doublets of blue velvet, with sleeves of orange and red, mounted on chargers trapped with close housings of blue sarsenet powdered with white crosses. After them rode esquires and knights, according to their degree, two and two, well mounted, and richly appareled in cloth of gold, silver, or embroidered velvet, "fresh and goodlie to behold." Then came the trumpeters, with silken pennons fluttering from their clarions, who did their devoir gallantly. Then a litter covered with cloth of gold, drawn by richly-caparisoned horses, and filled by sumptuously-appareled dames. Then an immense retinue of nobles, knights, and gentlemen, with their attendants, all dressed in velvets, satins, taffeties, and damask of all colours, and of every device of fashion—there being no lack of cloths of tissue, gold, silver, embroidery, or goldsmith's work. Then came forty high-born damsels mounted on steeds, trapped with red velvet, arrayed in gowns and kirtles of the same material. Then followed two other litters covered with red satin. Then came the queen's body guard of archers, clothed in scarlet, bound with black velvet, bearing on their doublets a rose woven in gold, under which was an imperial crown. Then came the judges; then the doctors; then the bishops; then the council; and, lastly, the knights of the Bath in their robes.

Before the queen rode six lords, bare-headed, four of whom carried golden maces. Foremost amongst these rode the Earls of Pembroke and Arundel, bearing the arms and crown. They were clothed in robes of tissue, embroidered with roses of fine gold, and each was girt with a baldrich of massive gold. Their steeds were trapped in burnt silver, drawn over with cords of green silk and gold, the edges of their apparel being fretted with gold and damask. The queen's attire has been already described. She was attended by six lacqueys habited in vests of gold, and by a female attendant in a grotesque attire, whom she retained as her jester, and who was known among her household by the designation of Jane the Fool. The Princess Elizabeth followed. After whom came a numerous guard of archers and arquebusiers. The retinue was closed by the train of the ambassadors, Noailles and Renard. A loud discharge of ordinance announced the queen's arrival at Aldgate. This was immediately answered by the Tower guns, and a tremendous and deafening shout rent the air. Mary appeared greatly affected by this exhibition of joy, and as she passed under the ancient gate which brought her into the city, and beheld the multitude assembled to receive her, and heard their shouts of welcome, she was for a moment overcome by her fears. But she speedily recovered herself, and acknowledged the stunning cries with a graceful inclination of her person.

Upon a stage on the left, immediately within the gate, stood a large assemblage of children, attired like wealthy merchants, one of whom—who represented the famous Whittington—pronounced an oration to the queen, to

which she vouchsafed a gracious reply. Before this stage was drawn up a little phœnix, called "The Nine Children of Honour." These youths were clothed in velvet, powdered with flowers-de-luce, and were mounted on great conners, each of which had embroidered on its housing a scutcheon of the queen's title—as of England, France, Gascony, Guienne, Normandy, Anjou, Cornwall, Wales and Ireland. As soon as the oration was ended, the lord mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, and their officers and attendants, rode forth to welcome the queen to the city. The lord mayor was clothed in a gown of crimson velvet, decorated with the collar of SS, and carried the mace. He took his place before the Earl of Arundel, and after some little delay the cavalcade was again set in motion. First marched the different civic crafts, with bands of minstrelsy and banners; then the children who had descended from the stage; then the nine youths of honour; then the city guard; and then the queen's cavalcade, as before described.

Mary was every where received with the loudest demonstrations of joy. Prayers, wishes, welcomes and vociferations attended her progress. Nothing was heard but "God save your highness!—God send you a long and happy reign!" To these cries, whenever she could make herself heard, the queen rejoined, "God save you all, my people! I thank you with all my heart!"—Gorgeous pageants were prepared at every corner. The conduits ran wine. The crosses and standards in the city were newly painted and burnished. The bells pealed and loud-voiced cannon roared. Triumphal arches, covered with flowers, and adorned with banners, targets, and rich stuffs, crossed the streets. *Largesse* was showered among the crowd with a liberal hand, and it was evident that Mary's advent was hailed on all hands as the harbinger of prosperity. The train proceeded along Fenchurch street, where was "a marvellous cunning" pageant, representing the fountain of Helicon, made by the merchants of the Stillyard; the fountain "ran abundantly-racked Rhenish wine till night." At the corner of Gracechurch street there was another pageant, raised to a great height, on the summit of which were four pictures; above these stood an angel robed in green, with a trumpet to its mouth, which was sounded at the queen's approach, to the "great marrelling of many ignorant persons." Here she was harangued by the recorder; after which the chamberlain presented her with a purse of cloth of gold, containing a thousand marks. The purse she graciously received, but the money she distributed among the assemblage. At the corner of Gracechurch street another stage was erected. It was filled with the loveliest damsels that could be found, with their hair loosened and floating over their shoulders, and carrying large branches of white wax. This was by far the prettiest spectacle she had witnessed, and elicited Mary's particular approbation. Her attention, however, was immediately attracted to the adjoining stage, which was filled with Romish priests in rich copes, with crosses and censers of silver, which they waved as the queen approached, while an aged prelate advanced to pronounce a solemn benediction upon her. Mary immediately dismounted, and received it on her knees. This action was witnessed with some dislike by the multitude, and but few shouts were raised as she again mounted her palfrey. But it was soon forgotten, and the same cheers that had hitherto attended her accompanied her to the Tower. Traversing Eastcheap, which presented fresh crowds and offered fresh pageants to her view, she entered Tower street, where she was welcomed by larger

throngs than before, and with greater enthusiasm than ever. In this way she reached Tower Hill, where a magnificent spectacle burst upon her.

The vast area of Tower Hill was filled with spectators. The crowds who had witnessed her entrance into the city had now flocked thither, and every avenue had poured in its thousands, till there was not a square inch of ground unoccupied. Many were pushed into the moat, and it required the utmost exertion of the guards, who were drawn out in lines of two deep, to keep the road, which had been railed and barred from the end of Tower street to the gates of the fortress clear for the queen. As Mary's eye ranged over this sea of heads—as she listened to their stunning vociferations, and to the loud roar of the cannon which broke from every battlement in the Tower, her heart swelled with exultation. It was an animating spectacle. The day, it has been said, was bright and beautiful. The sun poured down its rays upon the ancient fortress, which had so lately opened its gates to a usurper, but which now like a heartless rake had cast off one mistress to take another. The whole line of ramparts on the west was filled with armed men. On the summit of the White Tower floated her standard, while bombard and culverin kept up a continual roar from every lesser tower.

After gazing for a few moments in the direction of the lofty citadel, now enveloped in the clouds of smoke issuing from the ordnance, and, excepting its four tall turrets and its standard, entirely hidden from view, her eyes followed the immense cavalcade, which like a swollen current was pouring its glittering tide beneath the arch of the bulwark gate; and as troop after troop disappeared, and she gradually approached the fortress, she thought she had never beheld a sight so grand and inspiring. Flourishes of trumpets, almost lost in the stunning acclamations of the multitude and the thunder of artillery, greeted her arrival at the Tower. Her entrance was conducted with much ceremony. Proceeding through closely serried ranks of archers and arquebussiers, she passed beneath the middle gate and across the bridge. At the By-ward Tower she was received by Lord Clinton and a train of nobles. On either side of the gate stood Gog and Magog. Both giants made a profound obeisance as she passed. A few steps further her course was checked by Og and Xit. Prostrating himself before her, the elder giant assisted his diminutive companion to clamber upon his back, and as soon as he had gained this position, the dwarf knelt down and offered the keys of the fortress to the queen. Mary was much diverted at the incident, nor was she less surprised at the vast size of Og and his brethren than at the resemblance they presented to her royal father. Guessing what was passing through her mind, and regardless of consequences as of decorum, Xit remarked:—

"Your majesty, I perceive, is struck with the likeness of my worthy friend Og to your late sire King Henry VIII. of high and renowned memory. You will not, therefore, be surprised, when I inform you that he is his—"

Before another word could be uttered, Og, who had been greatly alarmed at the preamble, arose with such suddenness, that Xit was precipitated to the ground.

"Pardon me, your majesty," cried the giant, in great confusion, "it is true what the accursed imp says. I have the honour to be indirectly related to your highness. God's death, sirrah, I have half a mind to set my foot upon thee and crush thee. Thou art ever in mischief."

The look and gesture, which accompanied this information, were so indescribably like their royal parent, that neither the Queen nor the Princess Elizabeth could forbear laughing.

As to Xit, the occurrence gained him a new friend in the person of Jane the Fool, who ran up as he was limping off with a crest-fallen look, and begged her majesty's permission to take charge of him. This was granted, and the dwarf proceeded with the royal cortege. On learning the name of his protectress, Xit observed—

"You are wrongfully designated, sweetheart. Jane the Queen was Jane the Fool—you are Jane the Wise."

While this was passing, Mary had given some instructions in an under tone to Lord Clinton, and he immediately departed to fulfil them. The cavalcade next passed beneath the arch of the Bloody Tower, and the whole retinue drew up on the green. A wide circle was formed round the queen, amid which, at intervals, might be seen the towering figures of the giants, and next to the elder of them, Xit, who having been obliged to quit his new friend had returned to Og, and was standing on his tip-toes to obtain a peep at what was passing. No sooner had Mary taken up her position, than Lord Clinton re-appeared, and brought with him several illustrious persons, who having suffered imprisonment in the fortress, for their zeal for the religion of Rome, were now liberated by her command. As the first of the group, a venerable nobleman, approached her, and bent the knee before her, Mary's eyes filled with tears, and she exclaimed, in a voice of much emotion—

"Aries, my Lord Duke of Norfolk. The attainer pronounced against you in my father's reign is reversed. Your rank, your dignities, honours, and estates, shall be restored to you."

As the duke retired, Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, advanced.

"Your Grace shall not only have your bishoprick again," said Mary, "but you shall have another high and important office. I here appoint you Lord Chancellor of the realm."

"Your highness overwhelms me with kindness," replied Gardiner, pressing her hand to his lips.

"You have no more than your desert, my lord," replied Mary. "But I pray you stand aside a moment. There are other claimants of our attention."

Gardiner withdrew, and another deprived bishop took his place. It was Bonner.

"My lord," said Mary, as he bowed before her, "you are restored to the see of London, and the prelate who now so unworthily fills that high post, Bishop Ridley, shall make room for you. My lord," she added to Lord Clinton, "make out a warrant, and let him be committed to the Tower."

"I told you how it would be," observed Renard to Lord Pembroke. "Ridley's last discourse has cost him his liberty. Crammer will speedily follow."

Other prisoners, among whom was Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, and the Duchess of Somerset, now advanced, and were warmly welcomed by the queen. The last person who approached her was a remarkably handsome young man, with fine features and a noble figure. This was Edward Courtenay, son of the Marquess of Exeter, who was beheaded in 1538. Since that time Courtenay had been a close prisoner in the Tower. He was of the blood-royal, being grandson of Catherine, youngest daughter of Edward the Fourth, and his father had been declared heir to the throne.

"You are right welcome, my cousin," said Mary, ex-

tending her hand graciously to him, which he pressed to his lips. "Your attender shall be set aside, and though we cannot restore your father to life, we can repair the fortunes of his son, and restore him to his former honours. Henceforth, you are Earl of Devonshire. Your patent shall be presently made out, and such of your sire's possessions as are in our hands restored."

Courtenay warmly thanked her for her bounty, and the queen smiled upon him in such gracious sort, that a suspicion crossed more than one bosom that she might select him as her consort.

"Her majesty smiles upon Courtenay as if she would bestow her hand upon him in right earnest," observed Pembroke to Renard.

"Hum!" replied the ambassador. "This must be nipped in the bud. I have another husband in view for her."

"Your master, Philip of Spain, I'll be sworn," said Pembroke—"a suitable match, if he were not a Catholic."

Renard made no answer, but he smiled an affirmative.

"I am glad this scheme has reached my ears," observed De Noailles, who overheard the conversation;—"It will not suit my master, Henry II. that England should form an alliance with Spain. I am for Courtenay, and will thwart Renard's plot."

Having received the whole of the prisoners, Mary gave orders to liberate all those within the Tower who might be confined for their adherence to the Catholic faith.

"My first care," she said, "should be to celebrate the obsequies of my brother, Edward VI. whose body, while others have been struggling for the throne, remains uninterred, according to the forms of the Romish church. The service shall take place in Westminster Abbey."

"That may not be, your highness," said Cranmer, who formed one of the group. "His late majesty was a Protestant prince."

"Beware how you oppose me, my lord," rejoined Mary, sternly. "I have already committed Ridley to prison, and shall not hesitate to commit your grace."

"Your highness will act as it seems best to you," rejoined Cranmer, boldly; "but I shall fulfil my duty, even at the hazard of incurring your displeasure. Your royal brother professed the Protestant faith, which is, as yet—though Heaven only knows how long it may continue so—the established religion of this country, and he must, therefore, be interred according to the rites of that church. No other ceremonies, but those of the Protestant church, shall be performed within Westminster Abbey, as long as I maintain a shadow of power."

"It is well," replied Mary. "We may find means to make your grace more flexible. To-morrow, we shall publish a decree proclaiming our religious opinions. And it is our sovereign pleasure, that the words 'Papist' and 'Heretic' be no longer used as terms of reproach."

"I have lived long enough," exclaimed the Duke of Norfolk, falling on his knees—"in living to see the religion of my fathers restored."

"The Providence which watched over your grace's life, and saved you from the block, when your fate seemed all but sealed, reserved you for this day," rejoined Mary.

"It reserved me to be a faithful and devoted servant of your majesty," replied the duke.

"What is your highness's pleasure touching the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Guilford Dudley, and Lady Jane Dudley?" inquired Clinton.

"The two former will remain closely confined till their arraignment," replied Mary. "Lady Jane, also, will remain a prisoner for the present. And now, my lords, to the palace."

With this, she turned her palfrey's head, and passing under the Bloody Tower, proceeded to the principal entrance of the ancient structure, whence she dismounted, and accompanied by a throng of nobles, dames, and attendants, entered the apartments so lately occupied by the unfortunate Jane.

II.—*How Jane was imprisoned in the Brick Tower.*

The first shock over, Jane bore her reverse of fortune with the utmost patience and resignation, uttering no complaints, but making, in the language of Fuller, "miserable itself amiable by her pious behaviour." She then reaped the full benefit of the religious education she had received, and her time was wholly passed in meditation, prayer, or profound study. Her demeanour was gentle and calm—graver and more thoughtful than it had been, but by no means cast down. If she had not regained her cheerfulness, she had fully recovered her composure; and the warder, Partridge, in whose habitation she was confined in the first instance, described her "as looking more like a queen than when she sat upon the throne."

In this way some days were spent when word was brought her by an attendant, that a chamber had been prepared for her in the Brick Tower, and that a guard was without to conduct her to it. She received the intimation with composure, and immediately rose to obey it, requesting only that her books might be sent after her. The attendant, whose eyes were blinded with tears, promised to fulfil her wishes. On going forth, she found an officer and the three gigantic warders waiting to escort her to prison. The party moved forward in silence, and at a slow pace. While crossing the green, she perceived another group advancing towards her, and as it drew nearer, she found it was her husband attended by a guard. Uttering a loud cry, she would have rushed and thrown herself into his arms, if she had not been prevented by the officer. Dudley, whose eyes had been bent on the ground, heard the cry, and immediately knew by whom it was uttered. He made a movement similar to that of Jane, but like her he was checked by his attendant. So deeply, however, were the guards on either side moved by the anguish of the unfortunate pair, that, although expressly enjoined to the contrary, they suffered them to approach and embrace each other. The meeting drew tears from all eyes that beheld it; and the susceptible heart of Magog was so touched, that he had much ado to hide his grief. From the few hasty words she was able to exchange with her husband, Jane learned that his prison had been changed, and that an order had been issued for his removal from the Beauchamp to the Bowyer Tower.

"Every dungeon in the Tower," he said, "is filled with our friends and partisans. Your father, the Duke of Suffolk, is confined in the Martin Tower. And I have been just removed from the Beauchamp Tower to make room for my father, the Duke of Northumberland, my two brothers, Ambrose and Robert, and their faithful followers, Sir John Gates, Sir Henry Gates, and Sir Thomas Palaer."

"Alas!" cried Jane, "we are all equally culpable."

and most all suffer alike. But we shall be speedily released."

"On the scaffold," rejoined Dudley, bitterly.

"Ay, on the scaffold," repeated Jane. "And I trust, though the remainder of our mortal life may be separated, that we may meet above to part no more. Pray for this, my dear lord. It is my own constant prayer. And it is my firm reliance upon it that enables me to endure the agony of this meeting, which otherwise would kill me."

"I will strive to do so, Jane," replied her husband. "But I still cling to life and hope."

"Divest yourself of these vain desires, my lord," cried Jane, earnestly, "and turn your thoughts from earth to heaven. There indeed we shall inherit an everlasting kingdom, undisturbed by misery and calamity."

"Madam," said the officer advancing, "I grieve to abridge this short meeting. But my duty admits of no alternative. You must follow me."

"It is well, sir," she replied, "farewell, dear Dudley. My prayers shall be for you."

"And mine for you, dear Jane," replied her husband, pressing her to his bosom—"Heaven grant me your patience and resignation."

"Amen!" she fervently ejaculated. And with another embrace, they parted.

For a short distance the two escorts walked close together, during which the afflicted pair kept their eyes fondly fixed on each other. After passing the north-west corner of the White Tower, Lord Guilford's attendants took a straight-forward course, while Jane's guards proceeded to the right. Still but a short distance intervened between them, until Jane beheld her husband disappear beneath the low-arched entrance of the Bowyer Tower. A convulsive movement passed over her frame; but the next moment she was apparently as calm as ever, and followed the officer into the structure destined for her reception.

This, as has already been intimated, was the Brick Tower, the next turret on the east of the Bowyer Tower. The upper story, which is of brick—whence its name—was erected in the reign of Edward the Fourth, or Richard the Third: the basement story is of stone, and of much greater antiquity.

Entering a narrow passage, she was ushered by the officer into a small room, which he informed her was prepared for her reception. Every thing that circumstances would admit appeared to have been done to lessen the rigour of her confinement. The stone walls were hung with arras; and much of the furniture—a carved oak table, and velvet-covered seats, placed in the deep embrasures of the window—had been brought from Jane's late chamber in the palace.

"This seat," said the officer, pointing to a curiously carved chair, "was used by Queen Anne Boleyn during her imprisonment. I had it brought it thither for your ladyship's accommodation."

"I thank you for your consideration, sir," replied Jane; "it will serve to support one as unhappy as that ill-fated princess."

Having inquired whether she had any further commands with which it was possible for him to comply, and

* This curious piece of furniture, authenticated to have belonged to the unfortunate queen above named, is now in the possession of Mr. Cottenham, the architect, of Waterloo Road.

being answered in the negative, the officer took his departure, and Jane was left alone.

Alone! the thought struck chill to her heart. She was now a solitary captive. She heard the door of her prison bolted; she examined its stone walls, partly concealed by the tapestry; she glanced at its iron-barred windows, and her courage forsook her. She had no bosom to lean upon—no ear to which she could impart her sorrow. Her husband, though not far from her, was, like her, a prisoner. She pictured him in his solitary room—and she would have given worlds to be near him, if only for a few moments. The thought occasioned her so much anguish that she burst into tears, and for some time was a prey to despair. She then knelt down beside the chair, and burying her face in her clasped hands, prayed deeply and fervently for support through her trial. And she prayed not in vain. She soon afterwards arose tranquil and refreshed.

III.—How Simon Renard ascended to the roof of the White Tower, and of the goodly prospect he beheld therefrom.

The night of Queen Mary's entrance into the Tower was spent by Simon Renard, the Duke of Norfolk, Gardiner (the new Lord Chancellor), Courtenay, Arundel, Pembroke, and other noble and honourable persons composing her council, in framing a public declaration of her religious opinions, to be proclaimed on the morrow, and in deliberating on other mighty matters connected with the establishment of her government. Throughout this consultation, when any difference of opinion arose, the matter was invariably deferred to the judgment of the imperial ambassador, whose decision was regarded as final; and as he was looked upon as the chief instrument in crushing the late rebellion, so it was supposed he could, by his sagacity and influence, establish Mary upon her throne.

It was late when the counsel separated, and instead of returning to his apartments in the palace, Renard, fevered and wearied by the protracted discussion at which he had assisted, preferred refreshing himself by a stroll in the open air. Accordingly, he proceeded to the green, and began to pace briskly backwards and forwards, between the lieutenant's lodgings and the chapel. He continued this exercise for nearly an hour, pondering upon recent events, and revolving future schemes within his plotting brain, when just as day was breaking, and the hoary walls of the White Tower began to reveal themselves in all their grandeur, he perceived a man, armed with a caliver, advancing to meet him. Renard stood still, and throwing his ample cloak over his shoulder, awaited the new comer's approach. It proved to be a warder, who, having seen him as he was going his rounds, at first supposed he had some ill designs in view, but finding out his mistake, as he drew nearer and recognised the Spanish ambassador, with whose person he was familiar, he was about to withdraw, when Renard called him back, and demanded his name.

"I am called Gervase Winwike, worshipful sir," replied the man, "and am one of the senior warders of the Tower."

"Whither are you going, friend?" inquired Renard.

"To the summit of the White Tower," answered Winwike; "to see that the sentinels are at their posts."

Further on the east, in a line with Traitor's Tower, and terminating a wing of the old palace, stood the Cradle Tower. At the eastern angle of the outer ward was a small fortification overlooking the moat, known as the tower leading to the Iron Gate. Beyond it a draw-bridge crossed the moat, and led to the Iron Gate, a small portal protected by a tower, deriving its name from the purpose for which it was erected.

At this point, on the patch of ground intervening between the moat and the river, and forming the platform or wharf, stood a range of mean habitations, occupied by the different artisans and workmen employed in the fortress. At the south of the By-ward Tower, an arched and embattled gateway opened upon a draw-bridge which crossed the moat at this point. Opposite this draw-bridge were the main stairs leading to the edge of the river. The whole of the fortress, it is scarcely necessary to repeat, was (and still is) encompassed by a broad deep moat, of much greater width at the sides next to Tower Hill and East Smithfield, than at the south, and supplied with water from the Thames by the sluice beneath Traitor's Gate.

Having now made a general circuit of the fortress, we shall return to the inner ballium, which is approached on the south by a noble gateway, erected in the reign of Edward the Third. A fine specimen of the architecture of the fourteenth century, this portal is vaulted with groined arches adorned with exquisite tracery springing from grotesque heads. At the period of this chronicle, it was defended at each end by a massive gate clamped with iron, and a strong portcullis. The gate and portcullis at the southern extremity still exists, but those at the north have been removed. The structure above it was anciently called the Garden Tower; but subsequently acquired the appellation of the Bloody Tower, from having been the supposed scene of the murder of the youthful princes, sons of Edward the Fourth, by the ruthless Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard the Third. Without pausing to debate the truth of this tragical occurrence, it may be sufficient to mention that tradition assigns it to this building.

Proceeding along the ascent leading towards the green, and mounting a flight of stone steps on the left, we arrive in front of the ancient lodgings allotted to the lieutenant of the Tower. Chiefly constructed of timber, and erected at the beginning of the sixteenth century, this fabric has been so much altered, that it retains little of its original character. In one of the rooms, called, from the circumstance, the council-chamber, the conspirators concerned in the Gunpowder Plot were interrogated; and in memory of the event, a piece of sculpture, inscribed with their names, and with those of the commissioners by whom they were examined, has been placed against the walls.

Immediately behind the lieutenant's lodging stands the Bell Tower—a circular structure, surmounted by a small wooden turret containing the alarm-bell of the fortress. Its walls are of great thickness, and light is admitted through narrow loopholes. On the basement floor is a small chamber, with deeply-recessed windows, and a vaulted roof of very curious construction. This tower served as a place of imprisonment to John Fisher, the martyred bishop of Rochester, beheaded on Tower Hill for denying Henry, the Eighth's supremacy; and to the Princess Elizabeth, who was confined within it, by her sister, Queen Mary.

Traversing the green, some hundred and forty feet brings us to the Beauchamp or Cobham Tower, con-

nected with the Bell Tower by means of a heavy on the top of the ballium wall. Erected in the reign of Henry the Third, as were most of the smaller towers of the fortress, this structure appears, from the numerous inscriptions, coats of arms, and devices that cover its walls, to have been the principal state-prison. Every room, from roof to vault, is covered with melancholy memorials of its illustrious and unfortunate occupants.

Over the fire-place in the principal chamber, (now used as a mess-room by the officers of the garrison,) is the autograph of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, beheaded in 1572, for aspiring to the hand of Mary, Queen of Scots. On the right of the fire-place, at the entrance of a recess, are these words:—"DOLOR PATIENTIA VINCITUR. G. GIFFORD, AUGUST 8, 1586." Amongst others, for we can only give a few as a specimen of the rest, is the following enigmatical inscription. It is preceded by the date 1588, April 23, but is unaccompanied by any signature.

No hope is hard or wayne
That happ doth our attayne.

The next we shall select is dated 1581, and signed Thomas Myagh.

THOMAS MYAGH WHICHE LIETH HERE ALONE
THAT FAYNE WOULD FROM HENCE RESCUE
BY TORTURE STRAUNGHE MI TROVIE WAS TRYED
YET OF MY LIBERTIE DENIED.

Of this unfortunate person the following interesting account is given by Mr. Jardine, in his valuable treatise on the *Use of Torture in the Criminal Law of England*. "Thomas Myagh was an Irishman, who was brought over by the command of the Lord Deputy of Ireland, to be examined respecting a treasonable correspondence with the rebels in arms in that country. The first warrant for the torture of this man was probably under the sign-manual, as there is no entry of it in the council register. The two reports made by the Lieutenant of the Tower and Dr. Hammond, respecting their execution of this warrant, are, however, to be seen at the state-paper office. The first of these, which is dated the 10th of March, 1580-1, states that they had twice examined Myagh, but had forborne to put him in Skevington's irons, because they had been charged to examine him with secrecy, 'which they could not do, that manner of dealing requiring the presence and aid of one of the jailors all the time that he should be in those irons,' and also because they 'found the man so resolute, as in their opinions little would be wrung out of him but by some sharper torture.' The second report, which is dated the 17th of March, 1580, merely states that they had again examined Myagh, and could get nothing from him; 'notwithstanding that they had made trial of him by the torture of Skevington's irons, and with so much sharpness, as was in their judgment for the man and his cause convenient.' How often Myagh was tortured does not appear; but Skevington's irons seem to have been too mild a torture, for on the 30th of July, 1581, there is an entry in the council books of an authority to the Lieutenant of the Tower and Thomas Norton, to deal with him with the rack in such sort as they should see cause."

From many sentences expressive of the resignation of the sufferers, we take the following, subscribed, A. Poole, 1584:—"Deo, crucis, penitentiam, iure, facta, shedire."

regnare. est." Several inscriptions are left by this person—one four years later than the foregoing, is as follows: "*A passage perillus maketh a port pleasant.*" Here is another sad memento: "*O MIHIE EVEN, CHE FENSI OD MESERO.*" Another: "*REPREHENSUS LE: SASE: ET: FI: TE: ALIBERA: J. S. 1588.*" A third: "*Principium sapientie est timor Domini. I. H. S. X. P. S. Be friend to one. Be enemy to none. Anno D. 1571, 10 Sept. The most unhappy man in the world is he that is not patient in adversities: For men are not killed with the adversities they have, but with the impatience they suffer. Tout vient apoint, guy peult attendre. Gli sospiri ne son testimonio veri dell' angoscia mia. Et. 29. Charles Bailly."*

Most of these records breathe resignation. But the individual who carved the following record, and whose name has passed away, appears to have numbered every moment of his captivity: "*Close prisoner 8 months, 32 weeks, 224 days, 5376 hours.*" How much of anguish is comprised in this brief sentence!

We could swell out this list, if necessary, to a volume, but the above may suffice to show their general character. Let those who would know how much their forefathers have endured, cast their eyes over the inscriptions in the Beauchamp Tower. In general they are beautifully carved, ample time being allowed the writers for their melancholy employment. It has been asserted that Anne Boleyn was confined in the uppermost room of the Beauchamp Tower. But if an inscription may be trusted, she was imprisoned in the Martin Tower (now the Jewel Tower) at that time a prison lodging.

Postponing the description of the remaining towers until we have occasion to speak of them in detail, we shall merely note, in passing, the two strong towers situated at the southwestern extremity of the White Tower, called the Coal Harbour Gate, over which there was a prison denominated the Nun's Bower, and proceed to the palace, of which, unluckily for the lovers of antiquity, not a vestige now remains.

Erected at different periods, and consisting of a vast range of halls, galleries, courts, and gardens, the old palace occupied, in part, the site of the modern ordnance office. Commencing at the Coal Harbour Gate, it extended in a south-easterly direction to the Lanthorn Tower, and from thence branched off in a magnificent pile of building, called the Queen's Gallery, to the Salt Tower. In front of this gallery, defended by the Cradle Tower and the Well Tower, was the privy garden. Behind it stretched a large quadrangular area, terminated at the western angle by the Wardrobe Tower, and at the eastern angle by the Broad Arrow Tower. In was enclosed on the left by a further range of buildings, termed the Queen's Lodgings, and on the right by the inner ballium wall. The last mentioned buildings were also connected with the White Tower, and with a small embattled structure flanked by a circular tower denominated the Jewel House, where the regalia were then kept. In front of the Jewel House stood a large decayed hall, forming part of the palace; opposite which was a court, planted with trees, and protected by the ballium wall.

This ancient palace—the scene of so many remarkable historical events—the residence, during certain portions of their reigns, of all our sovereigns, from William Rufus down to Charles the Second—is now utterly gone. Where is the glorious hall which Henry the Third painted with the story of Antiochus, and which it required thirty fir-trees to repair,—in which Edward the Third and all his court were feasted by the captive John,—in

which Richard the Second resigned his crown to Henry of Lancaster,—in which Henry the Eighth received all his wives before their espousals,—in which so many royal councils and royal revels have been held;—where is that great hall? Where, also, is the chamber in which Queen Isabella, consort of Edward the Second, gave birth to the child called, from the circumstance, Jean of the Tower? They have vanished, and other structures occupy their place. Demolished in the reign of James the Second, an ordnance office was erected on its site; and this building being destroyed by fire in 1788, it was succeeded by the present edifice bearing the name.

Having now surveyed the south of the fortress, we shall return to the north. Immediately behind Saint Peter's Chapel stood the habitations of the officers of the then ordnance department, and next to them an extensive range of storehouses, armories, granaries, and other magazines, reaching to the Martin Tower. On the site of these buildings was erected, in the reign of William the Third, that frightful structure, which we trust the better taste of this, or some future age will remove—the grand storehouse. Nothing can be imagined more monstrous or incongruous than this ugly Dutch toy, (for it is little better,) placed side by side with a stern old Norman donjon, fraught with a thousand historical associations and recollections. It is the great blot upon the Tower. And much as the destruction of the old palace is to be lamented, the erection of such a building as this, in such a place, is infinitely more to be deplored. We trust to see it razed to the ground.

In front of the Constable Tower stood another range of buildings appropriated to the different officers and workmen connected with the mint, which, until the removal of the place of coinage to its present situation on Little Tower Hill, it is almost needless to say, was held within the walls of the fortress.

The White Tower once more claims our attention. Already described as having walls of enormous thickness, this venerable stronghold is divided into four stories including the vaults. The latter consist of two large chambers and a smaller one, with a coved termination at the east, and a deeply-recessed arch at the opposite extremity. Light is admitted to this gloomy chamber by four semicircular-headed loopholes. At the north is a cell ten feet long by eight wide, formed in the thickness of the wall, and receiving no light except from the doorway. Here tradition affirms that Sir Walter Raleigh was confined, and composed his *History of the World*.

Among other half-obliterated inscriptions carved on the arched doorway of this dungeon, are these: "*HE THAT INDURETH TO THE ENDE SHALL BE SAVID. M. 10. R. RYDSTON. DAR. KENT. ANO. 1553.—BE FEITHFUL VNTO THE DETH AND I WILL GIVE THE A CROWN OF LIFE. T. FANE. 1554.*" Above stands Saint John's Chapel, and the upper story is occupied by the council-chamber and the rooms adjoining. A narrow vaulted gallery, formed in the thickness of the wall, communicating with the turret stairs, and pierced with semicircular-headed openings for the admission of light to the interior, surrounds this story. The roof is covered with lead, and crowned with four lofty turrets, three angular and one square, surmounted with leaden cupolas, each terminated with a vane and crown.

We have spoken elsewhere, and shall have to speak again, of the secret and subterranean passages, as well as of the dungeons of the Tower; those horrible and noisome receptacles, deprived of light and air, infested by legions of rats, and flooded with water, into which the

wretched captives were thrust to perish by famine, or by more expeditious means; and those dreadful contrivances, the Little Ease—and the Pit;—the latter a dark and gloomy excavation sunk to the depth of twenty feet.

To the foregoing hasty sketch, in which we have endeavoured to make the reader acquainted with the general outline of the fortress, we would willingly, did space permit, append a history of the principal occurrences that have happened within its walls. We would tell how, in 1234, Griffith, Prince of Wales, in attempting to escape from the White Tower, by a line made of hangings, sheets and table-cloths tied together, being a stout heavy man, broke the rope, and falling from a great height, perished miserably—his head and neck being driven into his breast between the shoulders. How Edward the Third first established a mint within the Tower, coining florins of gold. How, in the reign of the same monarch, three sovereigns were prisoners there, namely, John, King of France, his son Philip, and David, King of Scotland. How in the fourth year of the reign of Richard the Second, during the rebellion of Wat Tyler, the insurgents having possessed themselves of the fortress, though it was guarded by six hundred valiant persons, expert in arms, and the like number of archers, conducted themselves with extraordinary license, burning into the king's chamber, and that of his mother, to both of whom they offered diverse outrages and indignities; and finally dragged forth Simon Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, and, hurrying him to Tower Hill, hewed off his head at eight strokes, and fixed it on a pole on London Bridge, where it was shortly afterwards replaced by that of Wat Tyler.

How, in 1458, jousts were held on the Tower-Green by the Duke of Somerset and five others, before Queen Margaret of Anjou. How, in 1471, Henry the Sixth, at that time a prisoner, was said to be murdered within the Tower; how, seven years later, George, Duke of Clarence, was drowned in a butt of Malmsey in the Bowyer Tower; and how, five years after that, the youthful Edward the Fifth, and the infant Duke of York, were also said, for the tradition is more than doubtful, to be smothered in the Bloody Tower.

How, in 1483, by command of the Duke of Gloucester, who had sworn he would not dine till he had seen his head off, Lord Hastings was brought forth to the green before the chapel, and after a short shrift, "for a longer could not be suffered, the protector made so much haste to dinner, which he might not go to until this were done, for saving of his oath," his head was laid down upon a large log of timber, and stricken off.

How, in 1512, the woodwork and decorations of Saint John's Chapel in the White Tower were burnt. How, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the prisons were constantly filled, and the scaffold deluged with blood. How Sir Richard Empson and Edmund Dudley, the father of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, were beheaded. How the like fate attended the Duke of Buckingham, destroyed by Wolsey, the martyred John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, the wise and witty Sir Thomas More, Anne Boleyn, her brother Lord Rockford, Norris, Smeaton, and others; the Marquis of Exeter, Lord Montacute, and Sir Edward Neville; Thomas, Lord Cromwell, the counsellor of the dissolution of the monasteries; the venerable and courageous Countess of Salisbury; Lord Leonard Grey; Katherine Howard and Lady Rockford; and Henry, Earl of Surrey.

How, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, his two uncles, Thomas Seymour, Baron Sudley, and Edward Seymour,

Duke of Somerset, were brought to the block; the latter, as has been before related, by the machinations of Northumberland.

Passing over, for obvious reasons, the reign of Mary, and proceeding to that of Elizabeth, we might relate how Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, was beheaded; how the dungeons were crowded with recusants and seminary priests; amongst others, by the famous Jesuits, fallen Campion and Persons; how Lord Stourton, whose case seems to have resembled the more recent one of Lord Ferrers, was executed for the murder of the Hartgills; how Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, shot himself in his chamber, declaring that the jade Elizabeth should not have his estate; and how the long catalogue was closed by the death of the Earl of Essex.

How, in the reign of James the First, Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded, and Sir Thomas Overbury poisoned. How, in that of Charles the First, Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, and Archbishop Laud, underwent a similar fate. How, in 1656, Miles Sinderland, having been condemned for high treason, poisoned himself; notwithstanding which, his body, stripped of all apparel, was dragged at the horse's tail to Tower Hill, where a hole had been digged under the scaffold, into which it was thrust, and a stake driven through it. How, in 1661, Lord Monson and Sir Henry Mildmay suffered, and in the year following, Sir Henry Vane. How, in the same reign, Blood attempted to steal the crown; and how Algernon Percy and Lord William Russell were executed.

How, under James the Second, the rash and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth perished. How, after the rebellion of 1715, Lords Derwentwater and Kenmore were decapitated; and after that of 1745, Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat. How in 1760, Lord Ferrers was committed to the Tower for the murder of his steward, and expiated his offence at Tyburn. How Wilkes was imprisoned there for a libel in 1762; and Lord George Gordon for instigating the riots of 1780. How, to come to our own times, Sir Francis Burdett was conveyed thither in April, 1810; and how, to close the list, the Cato-street conspirators, Thistlewood, Ings, and others, were confined there in 1820.

The chief officer appointed to the custody of the royal fortress, is termed the constable of the Tower—a place, in the words of Stowe, of "high honour and reputation, as well as of great trust, many earls and one duke having been constable of the Tower." Without enumerating all those who have filled this important post, it may be sufficient to state, that the first constable was Geoffrey de Mandeville, appointed by William the Conqueror; the last, Arthur, Duke of Wellington. Next in command is the lieutenant, after whom come the deputy-lieutenant and major, or resident governor. The civil establishment consists of a chaplain, gentleman-porter, physician, surgeon, and apothecary; gentleman-jailer, yeoman porter, and forty yeoman warders. In addition to these, though in no way connected with the government or custody of the Tower, there are the various officers belonging to the ordnance department; the keepers of the records, the keeper of the regalia; and formerly there were the different officers of the mint.

The lions of the tower—once its chief attraction with the many—have disappeared. Since the establishment of the zoological gardens, curiosity having been drawn in that direction, the dens of the old menagerie are deserted, and the sullen echoes of the fortress are no longer awakened by savage yells and howling. With another

and more important attraction—the armouries—it is not our province to meddle.

To return to Simon Renard and the warder. Having concluded his recital, to which the other listened with profound attention, seldom interrupting him with a remark, Winwike proposed, if his companion's curiosity was satisfied, to descend.

"You have given me food for much reflection," observed Renard, aroused from a reverie into which he had fallen; "but before we return, I would gladly walk round the buildings. I had no distinct idea of the Tower till I came hither."

The warder complied, and led the way round the battlements, pausing occasionally to point out some object of interest.

Viewed from the summit of the White Tower, especially on the west, the fortress still offers a striking picture. In the middle of the sixteenth century, when its outer ramparts were strongly fortified—when the gleam of corselet and pike was reflected upon the dark waters of its moat—when the inner ballium walls were entire and unbroken, and its thirteen towers reared their embattled fronts—when within each of those towers state prisoners were immured—and when its drawbridges were constantly raised, and its gates closed—when its palace still lodged a sovereign—when councils were held within its chambers—when its secret dungeons were crowded—when Tower Hill boasted a scaffold, and its soil was dyed with the richest and best blood of the land—when it numbered among its inferior officers, jailors, torturers, and an executioner—when all its terrible machinery was in readiness, and could be called into play at a moment's notice—when the steps of Traitor's Gate were worn by the feet of those who ascended them—when, on whichever side the gaze looked, the same stern prospect was presented—the palace, the fortress, the prison—a triple conjunction of fearful significance—when each structure had dark secrets to conceal—when beneath all these ramparts, towers, and bulwarks, were subterranean passages and dungeons—then, indeed, it presented a striking picture both to the eye and mind.

Slowly following his companion, Renard counted all the towers, which, including that whereon he was standing, and those connected with the bulwarks and palace, amounted to twenty-two—marked their position—commented upon the palace, and the arrangement of its offices and outbuildings—examined its courts and gardens—inquired into the situation of the queen's apartments, and was shown a long line of buildings with a pointed roof, extending from the south-east angle of the keep to the Lanthorn tower—admired the magnificent prospect of the heights of Surrey and Kent—traced the broad stream of the Thames as far as Greenwich—suffered his gaze to wander over the marshy tract of country towards Essex—noted the postern gate in the ancient city walls, standing at the edge of the north bank of the moat—traced those walls by their lofty entrances from Aldgate to Cripplegate, and from thence returned to the church of All Hollows Barking, and Tower Hill. The last object upon which his gaze rested was the scaffold. A sinister smile played upon his features as he gazed on it.

"There," he observed, "is the bloody sceptre by which England is ruled. From the palace to the prison is a step—from the prison to the scaffold another."

"King Henry the Eighth gave it plenty of employment," observed Winwike.

"True," replied Renard; "and his daughter, Queen Mary, will not suffer it to remain idle."

"Many a head will, doubtless, fall (and justly), in consequence of the late usurpation," remarked the warder.

"The first to do so now rests within that building," rejoined Renard, glancing at the Beauchamp Tower.

"Your worship, of course, means the Duke of Northumberland, since his grace is confined there," returned the warder. "Well, if she is spared who, though placed foremost in the wrongful and ill-advised struggle, was the last to counsel it, I care not what becomes of the rest. Poor lady Jane! Could our eyes pierce yon stone walls," he added, pointing to the brick tower, "I make no doubt we should discover her on her knees. She passes most of her time, I am informed, in prayer."

"Humph!" ejaculated Renard. And he half muttered, "She shall either embrace the Romish faith, or die by the hand of the executioner."

Winwike made no answer to the observation, and affected not to hear it, but he shuddered at the look that accompanied it—a look that brought to mind all he heard of the mysterious and terrible individual at his side.

By this time, the sun was high in heaven, and the whole fortress astir. A flourish of trumpets was blown on the green, and a band of minstrels issued from the portal of the Coal-harbour Tower. The esquires, retainers, pages, and servitors, of the various noblemen, lodged within the palace, were hurrying to and fro, some hastening to their morning meal, others to different occupations. Every thing seemed bright and cheerful. The light laugh and the merry jest reached the ear of the listeners. Rich silks and costly stuffs, mixed with garbs of various-coloured serge, with jerkins and caps of steel, caught the eye. Yet how much misery was there near this smiling picture! What sighs from those in captivity responded to the shouts and laughter without. Queen Mary arose and proceeded to matins in Saint John's chapel. Jane awoke and addressed herself to solitary prayer; while Northumberland, who had passed a sleepless night, pacing his dungeon like a caged tiger, threw himself on his couch, and endeavoured to shut out the light of day and his own agonizing reflections.

Meanwhile, Renard and the warder had descended from the White Tower and proceeded to the Green.

"Who is that person beneath the Beauchamp Tower gazing so inquisitively at its barred windows?" demanded the former.

"It is the crow scenting the carrion—it is Mauger the headman," answered Winwike.

"Indeed?" replied Renard; "I would speak with him."

V.—How the Duke of Northumberland was arraigned of High Treason in Westminster Hall; and how he made four requests after judgment.

Closely confined within the Beauchamp Tower, and treated with great rigour, it was almost a satisfaction to the Duke of Northumberland to be informed, after nearly a fortnight's imprisonment, that his trial would take place on the 18th of August. Though he anticipated the result, and had no hope of escaping the block, the near approach of death did not cast him down, but on the contrary served to reassure his firmness, which of

late, shaken by his altered state of health, and intense mental anxiety, had in some degree failed him. The last few weeks had wonderfully changed his appearance.—Heretofore, though past the middle term of life, he exhibited no symptom of decay. His frame was strong and muscular—his deportment lofty and majestic—his eye piercing as the eagle's. He was now shrunken—bent—with the gait and look of an old man. On the intelligence above mentioned being communicated to him, he all at once shook off this feebleness. His eye regained its fire, his frame its strength and lofty bearing; and if his figure was wasted and his brow furrowed, it detracted nothing from his dignity. Aware that his enemies would sit in judgment upon him, he determined to confront them boldly.

When the day appointed for the arraignment arrived, the Duke prepared himself betimes. He was habited in a doublet of black velvet, and wore the collar of the order of the garter. His eldest son, John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, and the Marquis of Northampton, were to be tried with him, and on the morning in question the three noblemen met for the first time since their imprisonment. The meeting took place in a spacious chamber on the first floor, now used, as has been already observed, as a mess-room, but then as a hall in which the prisoners were separately introduced at stated intervals to take exercise.

Throwing his arms round his son's neck, and with difficulty repressing his emotion, the duke implored his forgiveness.

"For what, my lord?" demanded the young nobleman.

"For the great wrong I have done you in placing you in this fearful jeopardy," answered Northumberland.

"You have done me no wrong, my lord," replied his son. "My wishes were as strongly in favour of the cause as yours, and I am therefore as culpable as yourself. And as I should have been the first to congratulate you on its success, so I ought to be the last to reproach you with its failure."

"Nevertheless the fault is mine, and mine only," replied the duke. "I was the originator of the scheme—the planner of the snare into which we have fallen—and if you perish, your death will lie at my door."

"Think not of me, father," replied the young man. "The life I received from you, I will gladly lay down for you. If you desire my forgiveness you shall have it. But I ought rather to ask yours. And, at all events, I entreat your blessing."

"Heaven bless you, my son, and have mercy on us both," exclaimed Northumberland, fervently. "If the humblest supplication could move our judges in your favour, it should not be wanting. But I well know they are inexorable."

"I would rather die a thousand deaths than you so demeaned yourself," replied Warwick. "Ask nothing from them but a speedy judgment. We go to a condemnation, not a trial."

"True, my lord," added Northampton. "We have nothing to hope, and therefore nothing to fear. The game is lost, and we must pay the penalty."

"Right, my lord," rejoined Northumberland, embracing him, "and we will discharge it to the uttermost. Would that my life could pay for all."

"Since it cannot be, my lord," replied Northampton, "e'en let us meet our fate like men, and give our enemies no additional triumph. To see your grace so well

reconciled to your fate, must encourage those who have lost so little in comparison."

"I am so well reconciled to it," replied the duke, "that I scarcely desire to be restored to my former condition. And yet," he added, sternly, "I would gladly enjoy my former power for an hour, to be avenged on one man."

"His name?" inquired the Earl of Warwick, quickly.

"Simon Renard," replied the duke.

A deep silence ensued, which was broken at length by Northumberland, who inquired from the officer in attendance if he knew aught of the queen's intentions towards Lady Jane Dudley.

"Her highness, it is said, is inclined to pardon her, in consideration of her youth," replied the officer, "but her councillors are averse to such leniency."

"They are my enemies," rejoined the duke—"again my crimes are visited on an innocent head."

At this moment, a small arched door near one of the recesses was opened, and a warder announced that the escort was ready to convey the prisoners to Westminster Hall.

Preceded by the officer, the duke and his companions descended a short spiral stone staircase, and, passing under an arched doorway, on either side of which was drawn up a line of halberdiers, entered upon the Green. The whole of this spacious area, from St. Peter's chapel to the lieutenant's lodgings—from the walls of the tower they had quitted, to those of the White Tower, was filled with spectators. Every individual in the fortress, whose duty did not compel his attendance elsewhere, had hastened thither to see the great Duke of Northumberland proceed to his trial; and so intense was the curiosity of the crowd, that it was with great difficulty that the halberdiers could keep them from pressing upon him. On the duke's appearance something like a groan was uttered, but it was instantly checked. Northumberland was fully equal to this trying moment. Aware of his own unpopularity—aware that amid that vast concourse he had but one well-wisher, but that all rejoiced in his downfall—he manifested no discomposure, but marched with a step so majestic, and glanced around with a look so commanding, that those who were near him involuntarily shrank before his regards. The deportment of Northampton was dignified and composed—that of the Earl of Warwick fierce and scornful. Lord Clinton, the constable of the tower, and the lieutenant, Sir John Gage, now advanced to meet them, and the former inquired from Northumberland whether he had any request to make that could be complied with. Before an answer could be returned by the duke, an old woman broke through the ranks of the guard, and regardless of the menaces with which she was assailed, confronted him.

"Do you know me?" she cried.

"I do," replied the duke, a shudder passing over his frame. "You are Gannora Brance."

"I am," she answered. "I am moreover, foster-mother to the Duke of Somerset—the great, the good Lord Protector, whom you, murderer and traitor, destroyed eighteen months ago. By your false practices, he was imprisoned in the tower you have just quitted; he was led forth as you are, but he was not received like you with groans and hootings, but with tears. He was taken to Westminster Hall where you sat in judgment upon him, and condemned him, and where he will this day testify against you. Tremble, perfidious duke, for a fearful retribution is at hand. He, whom you have

destroyed, sleeps in yon chapel. Ere many days have passed, you will sleep beside him."

"Peace! woman," cried Lord Clinton, interfering.

"I *will* speak," continued Gunnora, "were they the last words I had to utter. Behold!" she cried, waving a handkerchief before the duke, "this cloth was dipped in thy victim's blood. It is now beginning to avenge itself upon thee. Thou goest to judgment—to death—to death—ha! ha!"

"Remove her!" cried Lord Clinton.

"To judgment!—to judgment!—to death!" reiterated the old woman, with a wild exulting laugh, as she was dragged away.

Order being restored, the procession set forth. First, marched a band of halberdiers; then came a company of arquebussiers, armed with calivers. Immediately before the duke walked the gentleman-jailor, who, according to a custom then observed towards those charged with high treason, carried the axe with the edge turned from the prisoner. On either side of Northumberland and his companions walked an officer of the guard with a drawn sword in his hand. The rear of the cortège was brought up by two other bands of halberdiers and arquebussiers. Taking its course across the Green, and passing beneath the gloomy portal of the Bloody Tower, the train entered an archway at the left of the Byward Tower, and crossing the drawbridge, drew up at the head of the stairs leading to the river. Here several boats were in readiness to convey them to their destination. As soon as the duke and his companions had embarked, the gentleman-jailor followed them, and stationed himself at the head of the boat, holding the gleaming instrument of death in the same position as before.

In this way, surrounded by the escort, and attended by a multitude of smaller vessels, filled with curious spectators, the prisoners were conveyed to Westminster. No sympathy was exhibited for the duke's fallen state; but, on the contrary, the spectacle seemed to afford more satisfaction to the observers than the gorgeous pageant he had so recently devised for their entertainment. Northumberland was not insensible to this manifestation of dislike, though he made no remark upon it; but he could not avoid noticing, with a sensation of dread, one boat following in his wake, as near as the escort would permit, in which was seated an old woman, waving a blood-stained handkerchief, and invoking vengeance upon his head. Many of the wherries pressed round her to ascertain the cause of her vociferations, and as soon as it was understood who she was, other voices were added to hers. On landing at the stairs near Westminster Hall, the escort first disembarked, and then the duke and his companions, who, preceded by the gentleman-jailor in the same order as before, were conducted to the place of trial. In the midst of this magnificent and unrivaled hall, which William Rufus, who built it, affirmed was "but a bed-chamber in comparison of what he meant to make," was erected an immense scaffold, hung with black cloth. At the upper extremity was a canopy of state, embroidered with the royal escutcheon in gold; and on either side were twenty-seven seats, each emblazoned with armorial bearings woven in silver. The canopy was reserved for the Duke of Norfolk, Lord High Steward of England; the chairs for the different peers appointed to hear the arraignment of the prisoners. At the lower extremity was the bar. On entering the hall, the duke and his companions were conducted into a small chamber on the

right, where they were detained till the arrival of the judges.

After some time, they were summoned by an usher, and following the attendant through two long files of halberdiers, the duke slowly but firmly ascended the steps of the scaffold. On arriving at the bar, he bowed profoundly to the assemblage, and every peer, except the Duke of Norfolk, immediately arose, and acknowledged the salutation. Drawing himself up to his full height, Northumberland then glanced sternly around the tribunal. Not one of those upon whom his gaze fell but—scarcely a month ago—had trembled at his nod. Wherever he looked, his glance encountered an enemy. There sat Arundel, Pembroke, Shrewsbury, Rich, Huntingdon, Darcy—the betrayers in his treason, now his judges. On the right of the Lord High Steward sat Bishop Gardiner, in his capacity of Lord Chancellor; on the left, Lord Paget.

Northumberland's indictment having been read, he thus addressed the court:

"My lords," he said, "I here profess my faith and obedience to the Queen's highness, whom I confess to have most grievously offended, and beyond the hope of pardon. I shall not attempt to say any thing in my own defence. But I would willingly have the opinion of the court in two points."

"State them," said the Duke of Norfolk.

"First then," replied Northumberland, "I desire to know, whether the performance of an act by the authority of the sovereign and the council, and by warrant of the great seal of England, can be construed as treason?"

"Most undoubtedly, in your grace's case," replied the Duke of Norfolk; "inasmuch as the great seal whence your authority was derived was not the seal of the lawful queen of the realm, but that of a usurper, and therefore no warrant."

Northumberland bowed.

"I am answered," he said. "And now to the second point on which I would be resolved. Is it fitting or right," he continued, glancing fiercely around, "that those persons who are equally culpable with myself, and by whose letters and commandments I have been directed in all I have done, should be my judges, or pass upon my trial at my death?"

"Grant that others are as deeply implicated in this case as your grace," replied the Duke of Norfolk; "yet so long as no attainder is of record against them, they are able in law to pass upon any trial, and cannot be challenged, except at the queen's pleasure."

"I understand," replied Northumberland, bowing coldly; "and since it is useless to urge any reasonable matter, I will at once confess the indictment, entreating your grace to be a means of mercy for me unto the queen."

Judgment was then pronounced.

The duke once more addressed them.

"I beseech you, my lords," he said, "all to be humble suitors for me to the queen's highness, that she grant me four requests."

Most of the peers having signified their assent by a slight inclination of the head, he proceeded:—

"First that I may have that death which noblemen have had in times past, and not the other. Secondly," and his voice faltered, "that her highness will be gracious to my children, who may hereafter do her good service, considering that they went by my commandment, who am their father, and not of their own free wills."

"Do not include me in your solicitation, my lord," interrupted the Earl of Warwick, haughtily. "I neither ask mercy, nor would accept it at the queen's hands; and prefer death to her service. What I have done, I have done on no authority save my own, and were it to do again, I would act in like manner."

"Rash boy, you destroy yourself," cried the duke.

"Proceed, my lord," observed the Duke of Norfolk, compassionately; "your son's indiscreet speech will not weigh with us."

"Thirdly, then," rejoined Northumberland, "I would entreat that I may have appointed to me some learned man for the instruction and quieting of my conscience. And fourthly, that her highness will send two of the council to commune with me, to whom I will declare such matters as shall be expedient for her and the state. And thus I beseech you all to pray for me."

"Doubt it not, my lord," rejoined Norfolk: "and doubt not, also, that your requests shall be duly represented to the queen."

"And, if it please your grace," pursued Northumberland, "a few words in favour of the unhappy Lady Jane Dudley, who, as is well known to many now sitting in judgment upon me, so far from aspiring to the crown, was by enticement and force compelled to accept it."

The duke then retired, and the Marquis of Northampton having advanced to the bar, and pleaded to his indictment, sentence was passed on him likewise.

His example was followed by the Earl of Warwick, who heard his condemnation pronounced with a smile.

"I thank you, my lords," he said, when the sentence was uttered, "and crave only this favour of the queen, that as the goods of those condemned to death are totally confiscated, her highness will be pleased to let my debts be paid."

Upon this, he bowed to the tribunal and withdrew.

During the trial, an immense concourse had assembled in the open space in front of the hall, waiting in breathless impatience for the result. It was not till towards evening that this was known. The great doors were then thrown open, and a troop of halberdiers came forth to clear the way for the prisoners. A deep dead silence prevailed, and every eye was bent upon the door way. From beneath it marched the gentleman-jailer, carrying the axe with its edge *towards* the prisoners.—This was enough. The mob knew they were condemned, and expressed their satisfaction by a sullen roar.

Suddenly, the voice of a woman was heard exclaiming, "See you not the axe? See ye not the edge turned towards him? He is condemned. The slayer of the good Duke of Somerset is condemned. Shout! Shout!"

And in obedience to her commands, a loud cry was raised by the mob. Amid this clamour and rejoicing, Northumberland and his companions were conveyed to their boat and so to the Tower.

VI.—By what means the Duke of Northumberland was reconciled to the Church of Rome.

Several days having elapsed since the trial, and no order made for his execution, the Duke of Northumberland, being of a sanguine temperament, began to indulge hopes of mercy. With hope, the love of life returned, and so forcibly that he felt disposed to submit to any humiliation to purchase his safety. During this time,

he was frequently visited by Bishop Gardiner, who used every persuasion to induce him to embrace the Romish faith. Northumberland, however, was inflexible on this point, but professing the most sincere penitence, he besought the bishop, in his turn, to intercede with the queen in his behalf. Gardiner readily promised compliance, in case his desires were acceded to; but as the duke still continued firm in his refusal, he declined all interference.

"Thus much I will promise," said Gardiner, in conclusion, "your grace shall have ample time for reflection, and if you place yourself under the protection of the Catholic church, no efforts shall be wanting on my part to move the queen's compassion toward you."

That night, the officer on guard suddenly threw open the door of his cell, and admitting an old woman, closed it upon them. The duke, who was reading at the time by the light of a small lamp set upon a table, raised his eyes, and beheld Gunnora Braose.

"Why have you come hither?" he demanded.—"But I need not ask: you have come to gratify your vengeance with a sight of my misery. Now you are satisfied, depart."

"I am come partly with that intent, and partly with another," replied Gunnora. "Strange as it may sound, and doubtful, I am come to save you."

"To save me!" exclaimed Northumberland, starting. "How?—But—no!—no! This is mockery. Begone, accursed woman!"

"It is no mockery," rejoined Gunnora. "Listen to me, Duke of Northumberland. I love vengeance well, but I love my religion better. Your machinations brought my foster-son, the Duke of Somerset, to the block, and I would willingly see you conducted thither. But there is one consideration that overcomes this feeling: it is the welfare of the Catholic church. If you become a convert to that creed, thousands will follow your example; and for this great good I would sacrifice my own private animosity. I am come hither to tell you your life will be spared, provided you abandon the Protestant faith, and publicly embrace that of Rome."

"How know you this?" demanded the duke.

"No matter," replied Gunnora. "I am in the confidence of those who, though relentless enemies of yours, are yet warmer friends to the Church of Rome."

"You mean Simon Renard and Gardiner?" observed Northumberland.

Gunnora nodded assent.

"And now my mission is ended," she said. "Your grace will do well to weigh what I have said; but your decision must be speedy, or the warrant for your execution will be signed. Once within the pale of the Catholic church, your axe safe."

"If I should be induced to embrace the offer?" said the duke.

"If"—cried Gunnora, her eye suddenly kindling with vindictive fire.

"Woman," rejoined the duke, "I distrust you. I will die in the faith I have lived."

"Be it so," she replied. "I have discharged the only weight I had upon my conscience, and can now indulge my revenge freely. Farewell, my lord. Our next meeting will be on Tower Hill."

"Hold!" cried Northumberland. "It may be as you represent, though my mind misgives me."

"It is but forswearing yourself," observed Gunnora, sarcastically. "Life is cheaply purchased at such a price."

"Wretch!" cried the duke. "And yet I have no alternative. I accede."

"Sign this, then," returned Gunnora, "and it shall be instantly conveyed to her highness."

Northumberland took the paper, and casting his eye hastily over it, found it was a petition to the queen, praying that he might be allowed to recant his religious opinions publicly, and become reconciled to the church of Rome.

"It is in the hand of Simon Renard," he observed.

"It is," replied Gunnora.

"But who will assure me if I do this, my life will be spared?"

"I will," answered the old woman.

"You!" cried the duke.

"I pledge myself to it," replied Gunnora. "Your life would be spared, even if your head were upon the block. I swear to you by this cross," she added, raising the crucifix that hung at her neck, "if I have played you falsely, I will not survive you."

"Enough," replied the duke, signing the paper.

"This shall to the queen at once," said Gunnora, snatching it with a look of ill-disguised triumph. "Tomorrow will be a proud day for our church."

And with this she quitted the cell.

The next morning, the duke was visited by Gardiner, on whose appearance he flung himself on his knees.—The bishop immediately raised him, and embraced him, expressing his delight to find that he at last saw through his errors. It was then arranged that the ceremonial of the reconciliation should take place at midnight, in St. John's Chapel, in the White Tower. When the duke's conversion was made known to the other prisoners, the Marquis of Northampton, Sir Andrew Dudley, (Northumberland's brother,) Sir Henry Gates, and Sir Thomas Palmer, they all—with the exception of the Earl of Warwick, who strongly and indignantly reprobated his father's conduct—desired to be included in the ceremonial. The proposal being readily agreed to, priests were sent to each of them, and the remainder of the day was spent in preparation for the coming rites.

At midnight, as had been arranged, they were summoned. Preceded by two priests, one of whom bore a silver cross, and the other a large flaming wax candle, and escorted by a band of halberdiers, carrying lighted torches, the converts proceeded singly, at a slow pace, across the Green, in the direction of the White Tower. Behind them marched the three gigantic warders, Og, Gog, and Magog, each provided with a torch. It was a solemn and impressive spectacle, and as the light fell upon the assemblage collected to view it, and upon the hoary walls of the keep, the effect was peculiarly striking. Northumberland walked with his arms folded, and his head upon his breast, and looked neither to the right nor to the left.

Passing through Coalharbour Gate, the train entered an arched door-way in a structure then standing at the south-west of the White Tower. Traversing a long winding passage, they ascended a broad flight of steps, at the head of which was a gallery leading to the western entrance of the chapel. Here, before the closed door of the sacred structure, beneath the arched and vaulted roof, surrounded by priests and deacons in rich copes, one of whom carried the crozier, while others bore silver headed staves, attired in his amice, stole, pluvial and alb, and wearing his mitre, sat Gardiner upon a faldstool. Advancing slowly towards him, the duke fell upon his knees, and his example was imitated by the others.

Gardiner then proceeded to interrogate them by a series of questions appointed by the Romish formula for the reconciliation of a heretic; and the profession of faith having been duly made, he arose, took off his mitre, and delivering it to the nearest priest, and extending his arms over the converts, and pronounced the absolution. With his right thumb he then drew the sign of the cross on the duke's forehead, saying, "*Accipe signum crucis,*" and being answered, "*Accepi,*" he went through the same form with the rest. Once more assuming the mitre, with his left hand he took the duke's right and raised him, saying, "*Ingrederere in ecclesiam Dei a qua incaute aberrasti. Horre sce idola. Respue omnes pravitates et superstitiones hereticas. Cole Deum omnipotentem et Jesum filium ejus, et Spiritum Sanctum.*"

Upon this, the doors of the chapel were thrown open, and the bishop led the chief proselyte towards the altar. Against the massive pillars at the east end of the chapel, reaching from their capitals to the base, was hung a thick curtain of purple velvet, edged with a deep border of gold. Relieved against this curtain stood the altar, covered with a richly-ornamented antependium, sustaining a large silver crucifix, and six massive candlesticks of the same metal. At a few paces from it, on either side, were two other colossal silver candlesticks, containing enormous wax lights. On either side were grouped priests with censers, from which were diffused the most fragrant odours.

As Northumberland slowly accompanied the bishop along the nave, he saw, with some misgiving, the figures of Simon Renard and Gunnora emerge from behind the pillars of the northern aisle. His glance met that of Renard, and there was something in the look of the Spaniard that made him fear he was the dupe of a plot—but it was now too late to retreat. When within a few paces of the altar, the duke again knelt down, while the bishop removed his mitre as before, and placed himself in front of him. Meanwhile, the whole nave of the church, the aisles, and the circular openings of the galleries above, were filled with spectators. A wide semicircle was formed around the converts. On the right stood several priests. On the left Simon Renard had planted himself, and near to him stood Gunnora; while, on the same side against one of the pillars, was reared the gigantic frame of Magog. A significant look passed between them as Northumberland knelt before the altar.—Extending his arms over the convert, Gardiner now pronounced the following exhortation. "*Omnipotens sempiternus Deus hanc ovem tuam de faucibus lupi tuâ virtute substractam paternâ recipe pietate et gregi tuo reforma piâ benignitate ne de familiâ tuâ damno inimicus exulet; sed de conversione et liberatione ejus ecclesiam ut pia mater de filio reperto gratuletur per Christum Dominum nostrum.*"

"Amen!" ejaculated Northumberland.

After uttering another prayer, the bishop resumed his mitre, and seating himself upon the faldstool, which, in the interim, had been placed by the attendants in front of the altar, again interrogated the proselyte:

"*Homo, abrenuncias Sathanas et angelos ejus?*"

"Abrenuncio," replied the Duke.

"*Abrenuncias etiam omnes sectas hereticas pravitates?*" continued the bishop.

"Abrenuncio," responded the convert.

"*Vis esse et vivere in unitate sanctæ fidei Catholicæ?*" demanded Gardiner.

"Volo," answered the duke.

Then again taking off his mitre, the bishop arose, and laying his right hand upon the head of the duke, recited another prayer, concluded by signing him with the cross. This done, he resumed his mitre, and seated himself on the faldstool, while Northumberland, in a loud voice, again made a profession of his faith, and abjuration of his errors—admitting and embracing the apostolical ecclesiastical traditions, and all others—acknowledging all the observances of the Roman church—purgatory—the veneration of saints and relics—the power of indulgences—promising obedience to the bishop of Rome—and engaging to retain and confess the same faith entire and inviolate to the end of his life. “*Ago talis*,” he said, in conclusion, “*cognosces veram Catholicam et Apostolicam fidem. Anathematizo hic publice omnem heresem, precipue illam de qua hactenus extiti.*”—This he affirmed by placing both hands upon the book of the holy gospels, proffered him by the bishop, exclaiming, “*Sic me Deus adjuvet, et hæc sancta Dei evangelia!*”

The ceremony was ended, and the proselyte arose. At this moment, he met the glance of Renard—that triumphant and diabolical glance—its expression was not to be mistaken. Northumberland shuddered. He felt that he had been betrayed.

VII.—How the Duke of Northumberland was beheaded on Tower Hill.

Three days after Northumberland's reconciliation with the Church of Rome, the warrant for his execution was signed by Queen Mary. The fatal intelligence was brought him by the lieutenant, Sir John Gage, and though he received it with apparent calmness, his heart sank within him. He simply inquired when it was to take place, and being informed on the following day at an early hour, he desired to be left alone. As soon as the lieutenant was gone, he abandoned himself wholly to despair, and fell into a state bordering on distraction. While he was in this frenzied state, the door of his cell opened, and the jailor introduced Gunnora Broose and a tall man muffled in the folds of an ample black cloak.

“Wretch!” cried the duke, regarding the old woman fiercely. “You have deceived me. But the device shall avail you little. From the scaffold I will expose the snare in which I have been taken. I will proclaim my Protestant opinions, and my dying declaration will be of more profit to that faith than my recent recantation can be to yours.”

“Your grace is mistaken,” rejoined Gunnora. “I do not deserve your reproaches, as I will presently show. I am the bearer of a pardon to you.”

“A pardon!” exclaimed Northumberland, incredulously.

“Ay, a pardon,” replied the old woman. “The queen's highness will spare your life. But it is her pleasure that her clemency be as public as your crime. You will be reprieved on the scaffold.”

“Were I assured of this,” cried Northumberland, eagerly grasping at the straw held out to him, “I would exhort the whole multitude to embrace the Catholic faith.”

“Rest satisfied of it, then,” replied Gunnora. “May I perish at the same moment as yourself if I speak not the truth!”

“Whom have we here?” inquired the duke, turning to the muffled personage. “The headman!”

“Your enemy,” replied the individual, throwing aside his mantle, and disclosing the features of Simon Renard.

“It is but a poor revenge to insult a fallen foe,” observed Northumberland, disdainfully.

“Revenge is sweet, however obtained,” rejoined Renard. “I am not come, however, to insult your grace, but to confirm the truth of this old woman's statement. Opposed as I am to you, and shall ever be, I would not have you forfeit your life by a new and vile apostasy.—Abjure the Catholic faith, and you will die unpitied by all. Maintain it; and at the last moment, when the arm of the executioner is raised, and the axe gleams in the air—when the eyes of thousands are fixed on it—sovereign mercy will arrest the blow.”

“You awaken new hope in my bosom,” rejoined the duke.

“Be true to the faith you have embraced, and fear nothing,” continued Renard. “You may yet be restored to favour, and a new career of ambition will open to you.”

“Life is all I ask,” replied the duke; “and if that be spared, it shall be spent in her majesty's service. My pride is thoroughly humbled. But the language you hold to me, M. Renard, is not that of an enemy. Let me think that our differences are ended.”

“They will be ended to-morrow,” replied Renard coldly.

“Be it so,” replied Northumberland. “The first act of the life I receive from her highness shall be to prostrate myself at her feet; the next, to offer my thanks to you, and entreat your friendship.”

“Tush,” returned Renard, impatiently. “My friendship is more to be feared than my enmity.”

“If there is any means of repairing the wrong I have done you,” said the duke, turning to Gunnora, “be assured I will do it.”

“I am content with what your grace has done already,” rejoined Gunnora, sternly. “You cannot restore the duke of Somerset to life. You cannot give back the blood shed on the scaffold—”

“But I can atone for it,” interrupted the duke.

“Ay,” cried Gunnora, her eyes flashing with vindictive fire, “you can—fearfully atone for it.”

“Ha!” exclaimed the duke.

“Your grace will not heed her raving,” remarked Renard, seeing that Northumberland's suspicions were aroused by the old woman's manner.

“You can atone for it,” continued Gunnora, aware of the impression she had produced, and eager to remove it, “by a life of penance. Pass the night in prayer for the repose of his soul, and do not omit to implore pardon for yourself, and to-morrow I will freely forgive you.”

“I will do as you desire,” replied the duke.

“I must now bid your grace farewell,” said Renard. “We shall meet to-morrow—on the scaffold.”

“But not part there, I hope,” replied Northumberland, forcing a smile.

“That will rest with your grace—not me,” replied Renard, in a freezing tone.

“Will you accept this from me?” said Northumberland, detaching a jeweled ornament from his dress, and offering it to Gunnora.

“I will accept nothing from you,” replied the old woman. “Yes—one thing,” she added quickly.

“It is yours,” rejoined the duke. “Name it.”

"You shall give it me to-morrow," she answered evasively.

"It is his head you require," observed Renard, with a sinister smile, as they quitted the Beauchamp Tower.

"You have guessed rightly," rejoined the old woman savagely.

"We have him in our toils," returned Renard.—"He cannot escape. You ought to be content with your vengeance, Gunnora. You have destroyed both body and soul."

"I am content," she answered.

"And now to Mauger," said Renard, "to give him the necessary instructions. You should bargain with him for Northumberland's head, since you are so anxious to possess it."

"I shall not live to receive it," rejoined Gunnora.

"Not live!" he exclaimed. "What mean you?"

"No matter," she replied. "We lose time. I am anxious to finish this business. I have much to do to-night."

Taking their way across the Green, and hastening down the declivity, they soon arrived at the Bloody Tower. Here they learned from a warden that Mauger, since Queen Mary's accession, had taken up his quarters in the Cradle Tower, and thither they repaired. Traversing the outer ward in the direction of the Lantern Tower, they passed through a wide portal and entered the Privy gardens, on the right of which stood the tower in question.

As they drew near, they heard the shrill sound produced by the sharpening of some steel instrument. Smiling significantly at Gunnora, Renard instead of opening the door proceeded to a narrow loop-hole and looked in. He beheld a savage looking individual seated on a bench near a grindstone. He had an axe in one hand, which he had just been sharpening, and was trying its edge with his thumb. His fierce blood-shot eyes, peering from beneath his bent and bushy brows, were fixed upon the weapon. His dress consisted of a doublet of red serge with tight black sleeves, and hose of the same colour. His brow was lowering and wrinkled—the summit of his head perfectly bald, but the sides were garnished with long black locks, which together with his immense grizzled moustaches, bristling like the whiskers of a cat-a-mountain, and ragged beard, imparted a wild and forbidding look to his physiognomy. Near him rested a square, solid piece of wood, hollowed out on either side to admit the shoulder and head of the person laid upon it. This was the block. Had Renard not known whom he beheld, instinct would have told him it was the headman.

Apparently satisfied with the sharpness of the implement, Mauger was about to lay it aside, when the door opened, and Renard and Gunnora entered the chamber. The executioner rose to receive them. He had received a wound in his left leg which had crippled the limb, and he got up with difficulty.

"Do not disturb yourself," said Renard. "My business will be despatched in a few seconds. You are preparing I see for the execution to-morrow. What I have to say relates to it. The moment the duke's head is laid upon this block," he added, pointing to it, "strike. Give him not a moment's pause. Do you hear?"

"I do," replied Mauger. "But I must have some warrant!"

"Be this your warrant," replied Renard, flinging him a heavy purse. "If you require farther authority, you shall have it under the queen's own hand."

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"I require nothing further, worshipful sir," replied Mauger, smiling grimly. "Ere the neck has rested one second upon the block, the head shall be off."

"I have also a boon to offer, and an injunction to give," said Gunnora, taking off the ring given her by the unfortunate Lady Jane, and presenting it to him.

"Your gift is the richer of the two, or I am mistaken, good mistress," said Mauger, regarding the glittering gem with greedy eyes. "What am I to do for it? I cannot behead him twice."

"I shall stand in front of the scaffold to-morrow," replied Gunnora, "in some conspicuous place where you will easily discern me. Before you deal the fatal blow, make a sign to me—thus—do you understand?"

"Perfectly," replied the headman. "I will not fail you."

Upon this, Renard and the old woman quitted the Cradle Tower, and walked together as far as the outer ward, where each took a separate course.

The last night of his existence was passed by the Duke of Northumberland in a most miserable manner. Alternately buoyed up by hope, and depressed by fear, he could neither calm his agitation, nor decide upon any line of conduct. Allowed, as a matter of indulgence, to remain within the large room, he occupied himself in putting the finishing touches to a carving on the wall, which he had commenced on his first imprisonment, and had wrought at at intervals. This curious sculpture may still be seen on the right hand of the fire-place of the mess-room in the Beauchamp Tower, and contains his cognisance, a bear and lion supporting a ragged staff surrounded by a border of roses, acorns and flowers intermingled with foliage.

Northumberland was employed upon the third line of the quatrain below his name, which remains unfinished to the present day, when he was interrupted by the entrance of a priest, sent to him by Gardiner. The holy man found him in no very favourable frame of mind, but succeeded after some time in awakening him to a due sense of his awful situation. The duke then made a full confession of his guilt, and received his shrift. At daybreak, the priest departed, with a promise to attend him to the place of execution.

Much tranquillised, the duke now prepared himself for his last trial. He pondered over what he should say on the scaffold, and nerved himself to meet his fate, whatever it might be. The Duke of Warwick was then introduced to him to receive his blessing, and to take an everlasting farewell. After he had received the duke's embrace, the earl observed, "Would I could change places with you, father. I would say that on the scaffold which would shake the bigot Mary on the throne."

The duke then partook of some refreshment, and wrapped himself in a loose robe of grain-coloured damask. At eight o'clock, the sheriffs of London arrived at the bulwark gate, and demanded the body of the prisoner.—Upon this, the lieutenant, accompanied by four wardens, proceeded to the Beauchamp Tower, and informed the duke that all was in readiness.

"I am ready, too," replied Northumberland, once more embracing his son, whose firmness did not desert him at this trying juncture. And he followed the lieutenant to the Green. Here they found the priest, and a band of halberdiers waiting to escort him to the scaffold. Among the by-standers stood Simon Renard, who immediately advanced towards him.

"How fares your grace?" he asked.

"Well enough; but I thank you," answered the duke, bowing. "I shall be better anon."

The train then set forward, passing through lines of spectators, until it reached the Middle Tower, where it halted, to allow the lieutenant to deliver the prisoner to the sheriffs and their officers. This ceremony over, it again set forward, and passed through the Belwair Gate.

Prepared as the duke was for some extraordinary sight, he was yet taken completely by surprise. The whole area of Tower Hill, seemed literally paved with human heads. A line of scaffoldings was erected on the brink of the moat, and every seat in them was occupied. Never before had so vast an assemblage been collected in the same place. The whole of the western ramparts of the fortress—the roof and battlements of the White Tower—every point from which a view of the spectacle could be obtained, was thronged. On the duke's appearance, a murmur of satisfaction pervaded the immense host, and he felt that even if the queen's pardon should arrive, his personal safety was more than questionable.

Preceded by a band of arquebussiers, armed with calivers, and attended by the sheriffs, the priest, and Simon Renard, Northumberland marched slowly forward. At length, he reached the scaffold. It was surrounded by seats, set aside for persons of distinction; and among its occupants were many of his former friends and allies. Avoiding their gaze, the duke mounted the scaffold with a firm foot; but the sight of the vast concourse from this elevated point almost unmanned him. As he looked around, another murmur arose, and the mob undulated like the ocean. Near the block stood Mauger, leaning on his axe; his features concealed by a hideous black mask. On the duke's appearance, he fell on his knees, and, according to custom, demanded forgiveness, which was granted. Throwing aside his robe, the duke then advanced to the side of the scaffold, and leaning over the eastern rail, thus addressed the assemblage:

"Good people. I am come hither this day to die, as ye know. Indeed, I confess to you all that I have been an evil liver, and have done wickedly all the days of my life; and, of all, most against the queen's highness, of whom I here openly ask forgiveness," and he reverentially bent the knee. "But I alone am not the original doer thereof, I assure you, for there were some others who procured the same. But I will not name them, for I will now hurt no man. And the chief occasion that I have erred from the Catholic faith and true doctrine of Christ, has been through false and seditious preachers. The doctrine, I mean, which has continued through all Christendom since Christ. For, good people, there is, and hath been ever since Christ, one Catholic church; which church had continued from him to his disciples in one unity and concord, and so hath always continued from time to time until this day, and yet doth throughout all Christendom, ourselves alone excepted. Of this church I openly profess myself to be one, and do steadfastly believe therein. I speak unfeignedly from the bottom of my heart. And I beseech you all bear witness that I die therein. Moreover, I do think, if I had had this belief sooner, I never should have come to this pass: wherefore I exhort you all, good people, take example of me, and forsake this new doctrine betimes. Defer it not longer, lest God plague you as he hath me, who now suffer this vile death most deservedly."

Concluding by desiring the prayers of the assemblage, he returned slowly, and fixing an inquiring look upon

Renard, who was standing with his arms folded upon his breast, near the block, said in a low tone, "It comes not."

"It is not yet time," replied Renard.

The duke was about to kneel down, when he perceived a stir amid the mob in front of the scaffold, occasioned by some one waving a handkerchief to him. Thinking it was the signal of a pardon, he paused. But he was speedily undeceived. A second glance showed him that the handkerchief was waved by Gunnors, and was spotted with blood.

Costing one glance of the bitterest anguish at Renard, he then prostrated himself, and the executioner at the same moment raised his hand. As soon as the duke had disposed himself upon the block, the axe flashed like a gleam of lightning in the sunshine,—descended,—and the head was severed from the trunk.

Seizing it with his left hand, Mauger held it aloft, almost before the eyes were closed, crying out to the assemblage, in a loud voice, "Behold the head of a traitor!"

Amid the murmur produced by the released respiration of the multitude, a loud shriek was heard, and a cry followed that an old woman had suddenly expired. The report was true. It was Gunnors' Breese.

VIII.—Of Queen Mary's attachment to Courtenay.

Mary still continued to hold her court within the Tower. Various reasons were assigned for this choice of residence; but her real motive was that her plans for the restoration of the Catholic religion could be more securely concerted within the walls of the fortress than elsewhere. Simon Renard, who had become her confidential adviser, and through whom she carried on an active correspondence with her cousins, the Emperor Charles the Fifth, could here visit her unobserved. Here, also, she secretly received the envoy of Pope Julius the Third, Francisco Commendone, (afterward the celebrated Cardinal of that name,) and detained him until after the Duke of Northumberland's execution, that he might convey intelligence of the event, and of the effect produced by it upon the populace, to the Pontiff. To Commendone she gave the strongest assurances of her attachment to the Church of Rome, and of her fixed determination to restore its worship. But at the same time she declared that the change must be gradual, and that any undue precipitation would be fatal. In this opinion both Gardiner and Renard, who were admitted to the conference, concurred. And satisfied with their representations, the envoy departed, overjoyed at the success of his mission.

Other and gentler thoughts, however, than those connected with her government, occupied the bosom of the queen. We have already spoken of the impression produced upon her at their first interview on the Tower-green, by the striking figure and noble features of Edward Courtenay, whom she on that occasion created Earl of Devonshire, and of the speculations it gave rise to among the by-standers. The interest she then felt had been subsequently strengthened. And it appeared certain to all who had any means of observation, that if she selected a husband, her choice would fall upon Courtenay.

The progress of her attachment was jealously watched by Renard, who, having other designs in view, secretly

opposed it. But aware that Mary, like many of her sex, was possessed of a spirit, which would be apt, if thwarted, to run into the opposite extreme, he was obliged to proceed with the utmost caution. He had, moreover, a strong party against him. From the moment it became evident that the queen regarded the Earl of Devonshire with the eyes of affection, all were eager to pay court to him. Among his warmest supporters were Gardiner and De Noailles; the latter being mainly influenced in his conduct by distrust of the court of Spain. Renard, therefore, stood alone. But though every thing appeared against him, he did not despair of success. Placing reliance upon Mary's jealous and suspicious character, he felt certain of accomplishing his purpose. Accordingly, he affected to approve her choice; and with the view of carrying out his scheme more effectually, took care to ingratiate himself with Courtenay.

Inexperienced as the latter was in the arts of a court, being then only twenty-one, and having passed fourteen years of his life in close captivity in the Tower, he was easily duped by the wily ambassador; and, though repeatedly warned against him by De Noailles, who saw through Renard's design, he disregarded the caution. Satisfied of the queen's favourable disposition toward him, which was evinced by the most marked attention on her part, this young nobleman conceived himself wholly beyond the reach of rivalry; and trusting to his personal advantages, and the hold he had obtained over the affections of his royal mistress, he gave himself little concern about an opposition which he regarded as futile. He looked upon himself as certain of the queen's hand; and, but for his own imprudence, he would have been actually possessed of it.

Mary's meditated alliance was agreeable to all parties, except, as just intimated, that of Spain. Already nearly related to the crown by his descent from Edward the Fourth, no objection could be raised against her favourite on the score of rank; while his frank and conciliating manner, combined with his rare endowments of mind and person, won him universal regard. Doctor Thomas Wilson, in the funeral oration pronounced over Courtenay at Padua in 1555, states, that during his long imprisonment in the Tower, "he wholly devoted himself to study, and that neither the *angustia loci, nec solitudo, nec amissio libertatis, illum à literis avocarent*; that he made such progress in philosophy, that no nobleman was equal to him in it; that he also explored the *mysteria nature*; that he entered into the *mathematicorum labyrinth*; that he was so fond of painting, that he could easily and laudibly make any one's portrait on a *tabula*; that he was equally attached to music, and had attained in it *absolutum perfectionem*; and that to these acquisitions he added the Spanish, French, and Italian languages. In manners he was grave without pride, pleasant without levity, prudent in speech; cautious in answering, modest in disputing, never boasting of himself nor excluding others, and, though familiar with many, yet intimately known to few." Allowing for the drawbacks which must necessarily be made from such an *éloge*, enough will remain to prove that his accomplishments were of no common order.

On the onset of his career, however, Courtenay was assailed by temptations which it required more experience of the world to resist. Strictly confined, from his earliest youth, it may be conceived that when first exposed to female fascination, his heart was speedily melted. Hitherto, he had only read of beauty. He now felt its full force, and placed no bounds to the admiration which

the charms of the dames of honour excited within his breast. It was upon this point of his character that Renard justly grounded his hopes of alienating the queen's affections. Encouraging his new-born licentiousness, he took care that none of his gallantries should fail to reach the ears of his royal mistress.

Though of a staid and severe character, Mary was not indisposed to make allowances for one so utterly inexperienced as Courtenay; and her first direction to Renard was to check him. So far from doing this, the artful ambassador incited him to further irregularities, and contrived to place new objects in his way. In vain De Noailles remonstrated, entreating him at least to be more guarded in his conduct. In vain Gardiner sternly rebuked him. He turned a deaf ear alike to remonstrance and reproof; and, hurried on by the unbridled impetuosity of youth, passed from one excess to another. Renard witnessed his conduct with secret satisfaction; but he was not prepared for the calmness with which the queen viewed it. She was greatly displeased, yet as her lover still seemed passionately devoted to her, she looked upon his conduct as resulting from the circumstances of his previous life, and, trusting he would soon open his eyes to its folly, was content to pardon it.

Renard then saw that he must have recourse to stronger measures. As Mary's jealousy was not to be easily aroused, he resolved to bring a more formidable rival into the field. There was one ready made to his hand. It was the princess Elizabeth. On no one point was the queen's vanity more easily touched than by any reference to the superior charms of her sister. Any compliment paid to the latter she construed into a slight to herself; and she watched with an uneasy glance the effect produced by her in public. So sensible was Elizabeth of the queen's foible, that she kept in the background as much as possible. Unaware of the mortification he inflicted upon his royal mistress, and of the injury he did himself, Courtenay often praised the princess's beauty in terms so rapturous as to call a blush into her cheek, while the blood was driven from that of Mary. So undisguised was his admiration, that the queen resolved to remove the object of it from her court, and would have done so, but for the artful management of Renard, who felt that such a step would ruin his plans. Long before Courtenay had noticed it, the subtle ambassador, well skilled in woman's feelings, ascertained the state of Elizabeth's heart, and saw that she was not proof against the captivating manners and personal graces of the handsome young nobleman. It was not difficult for one possessed of so many opportunities as himself to heighten this feeling into a passion; and before long he had the satisfaction to find that the princess was deeply enamoured of her sister's suitor. Nor was Courtenay less easily enthralled. Apprised of his conquest by Renard, instead of resisting it, he at once surrendered himself to the snare. Again De Noailles, who saw his dangerous position, came to his aid. Again Gardiner rebuked him more severely than before. He derided their remonstrances; and, heedless of the changing manner of the queen—heedless also of the peril to which he exposed the princess—he scarcely attempted to disguise his passion, or to maintain the semblance of love for his royal mistress. Consumed by jealousy, Mary meditated some blow which should satisfy her outraged feelings, while Renard only waited a favourable opportunity to bring matters to a crisis.

Affairs being in this state, it chanced one day that Courtenay received a summons to the queen's presence,

and, instantly repairing thither, he found her alone. His reception was so cold, that he was at no loss to understand she was deeply offended; and he would have thrown himself at her feet, if she had not prevented him by impatiently waving her hand.

"I have sent for you, my lord," she said, "for the last time—"

"For the last time, my gracious mistress!" exclaimed Courtenay.

"Do not interrupt me," rejoined Mary, severely. "I have sent for you to tell you, that what whatever were the feelings I once entertained for you, they are now entirely changed. I will not remind you of the favours I have shown you—of the honours I have bestowed on you—or of the greater honours I intended you. I will simply tell you that your ingratitude equals your perfidy; and that I banish you henceforth from my presence."

"How have I offended your highness?" demanded Courtenay, panic-stricken.

"How?" cried Mary, fiercely—her eyes kindling, and her countenance assuming the terrible expression she inherited from her father. "Do you affect ignorance of the cause? I have overlooked your indiscretions, though I have not been ignorant of them, imputing them to youth and inexperience. I have overlooked them, I say, because I thought I discovered amid all this vice and folly the elements of a noble nature—and because," and her voice faltered—"I persuaded myself that you loved me."

"Have you no faith in my adjurations of attachment?" cried Courtenay, prostrating himself, and endeavouring to take her hand.

"None," rejoined the queen, withdrawing her hand; "none whatever. Arise, my lord, and do not further degrade yourself. You may love the queen, but you do not love the woman.—You may prize my throne, but you do not prize me."

"You wrong me, gracious madam, on my soul you do," rejoined Courtenay. "I may have trifled with others, but I have given my heart wholly to you."

"It is false!" cried Mary, furiously. "You love the princess, my sister."

Courtenay turned very pale. But he instantly recovered himself.

"Your highness is mistaken," he answered.

"What?" cried the queen, her anger increasing each moment. "Dare you persist in the denial of your falsehood? Dare you tell me to my face that you have not breathed words of passion to her? Dare you assert that you have not lamented your engagement to me? Dare you say this?"

"I dare, madam."

"Then your own words shall give you the lie, traitor," replied the queen. "Here is your letter to her," she added, producing a paper, "wherein you tell her so."

"Confusion!" uttered Courtenay, "Renard has betrayed me."

"Is this letter your writing?" demanded the queen.

"I will not prevaricate, madam," replied Courtenay; "it is."

"And in the face of this you declare you have not deceived me?"

"I have deceived you, gracious madam," replied Courtenay. "But I have never ceased to love you."

"My lord!—my lord!" exclaimed Mary, in a menacing tone. "Beware how you attempt to deceive me further, or, as God shall judge me, you shall find that

the daughter of Henry the Eighth is not to be offended with impunity."

"I know you are terrible in anger, gracious madam," replied Courtenay; "but you are also just. Judge me—condemn me, if you please, but hear me. He who gave you that letter—Simon Renard—counselled me to write it."

"Ha!" exclaimed the queen.

"I have been guilty of folly—madness—" rejoined Courtenay—"but not the black perfidy your highness imagines. Dismiss me from your presence—send me into exile—I deserve any punishment—but do not believe that I have ceased to love you."

"I know not what you term love, my lord," replied Mary; "but I have no idea of sharing the affections of any man with another. Grant, however, that you speak the truth, why have you addressed this passionate epistle to the Princess Elizabeth?"

"I have already said I was deceived," replied Courtenay. "I cannot excuse my conduct, though I lament it."

"Are you sincere?" said Mary, who began to be softened by her lover's apparent penitence.

"By what oath shall I confirm my truth?" he replied, fervently.

"I will test it more surely," rejoined the queen, as if struck by a sudden idea.

"In any way your highness thinks proper," returned Courtenay.

"Summon the Princess Elizabeth to our presence instantly," said Mary, striking a small bell, the sound of which brought an usher before her.

"The Princess Elizabeth!" exclaimed Courtenay.

"Ay, the Princess," repeated the queen. "I will confront you with her. Bid the lord chancellor and the ambassadors of Spain and France attend us," she continued to the usher.

"I know not what your highness intends," said Courtenay, as the attendant departed. "But I will die rather than do aught to prejudice the princess."

"I doubt it not, my lord," rejoined Mary, bitterly. "But though I cannot punish the perfidy of a lover, I can the disobedience of a subject. If you refuse to obey my commands, you will take the consequences."

Courtenay bit his lips to repress the answer that rose to them.

In a few minutes, the usher returned and announced the Princess Elizabeth, as well as Gardiner, Renard, and De Noailles. Instantly perceiving how matters stood, the imperial ambassador deemed his own triumph complete, and Courtenay's disgrace certain.

"My lord," said Mary, addressing Gardiner, "it is no secret to you, neither to you, M. Renard, nor to you, M. De Noailles, that of all those proposed to me in marriage—the Prince of Spain and Portugal, the King of the Romans, Cardinal Pole, and others—I have preferred this man, whom I myself have raised to the rank he now holds, and enriched with the estates he enjoys."

"We know it, gracious madam," replied Gardiner, alarmed at the ominous commencement, "and we think your highness has made a happy choice, and one most acceptable to your subjects. Do we not, M. Renard?"

The ambassador bowed, but said nothing.

"The alliance is in all respects agreeable to my sovereign, Henry the Second of France," observed De Noailles.

"What then if I inform you," pursued Mary, "that the Earl of Devonshire has rejected my proposal? What

if he has broken his oath of fidelity! What if he has cast aside the crown offered him, and smitten by the charms of a youthful beauty, abandoned the queen, who has stooped to raise him to her throne!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Gardiner and De Noailles.

"You are mistaken," rejoined Mary, sternly. "You shall hear him avow his perfidy with his own lips."

"When I do hear it," replied De Noailles, looking steadily at Courtenay, "I will believe it. But I cannot think him capable of such madness."

"Nor I," said Gardiner, glancing significantly from beneath his bent brows.

Elizabeth, who, on the commencement of the queen's address, had turned very pale, could with difficulty maintain her composure. Her agitation did not escape the notice of Mary, whose jealousy was increased by the sight.

"What if I tell you," she continued, "that this false earl has transferred his affections to our sister?"

"Your highness!" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"Peace!" cried the queen, fiercely. "And she, well knowing his engagement to herself, has dared to encourage his suit."

"Whoever told your majesty this, lied in his throat," cried Courtenay. "I own myself guilty, but the Princess Elizabeth is no partner to my folly."

"You do well to shield her, my lord," retorted Mary. "But you cannot deceive me. She is equally culpable."

"Nay, more so, if it comes to this," interposed Elizabeth, whose spirit, which was quite equal to her sister's, was aroused. "If I had repressed my admiration for the Earl of Devonshire, he would have made no advances to me. I am the most to blame in this matter."

"Not so," replied Courtenay. "Let my folly and presumption be visited on my own head. I pray your highness to pass sentence on me at once. But do not let the princess suffer for my fault."

"So, so!" exclaimed Mary, with a bitter laugh, "I have brought you to your confessions at last. If I had before doubted your love for each other, your present conduct would have convinced me of it. You shall have your request, my lord," she added, turning to Courtenay. "I will pass sentence upon you."

"Hold, madam," cried Gardiner. "Before the sentence is passed and irrevocable, reflect—if only for one moment. You are a great queen, and the daughter of a great king. But the rashness of one moment may annihilate all your future peace, destroy the hopes of your people, and the prosperity of your reign. The conduct of the Earl of Devonshire is unpardonable, I allow. But for your own sake—for the sake of your kingdom—not for his—I beseech you to overlook it. That he loves you, I am assured."

"Let him declare as much," said Renard.

"Hear me, then," replied Courtenay, throwing himself at the queen's feet. "I bitterly repent my rashness; and though I can never hope to be restored to the place I once held in your majesty's affections, I shall never cease to reproach myself—never cease to love you."

Mary was visibly moved.

"If I thought you sincere?" she said.

"I will answer for his sincerity," said Gardiner.

"And I," added De Noailles. "She relents," he continued in a whisper to Courtenay. "Improve the advantage you have gained."

"Grant me an instant's private audience with your

majesty," implored Courtenay; "and I feel certain I can remove all your doubts."

"Nó, my lord," rejoined Mary. "As our rupture has been public, our reconciliation (if it takes place) shall be public, also."

"It must never take place," remarked Renard, in an under tone.

"Peace, sir," said the queen, aloud. "As far as our government is concerned, we are content to follow your counsel. But in matters of the heart we shall follow its dictates alone."

"Your majesty is in the right," observed Gardiner.

"Declare, my lord," pursued Mary, addressing Courtenay, "in the presence of these gentlemen, in that of our sister—*rival* we ought to say—that you have deceived her, and, though your conduct may have misled her—have never swerved from your devotion to yourself."

While the queen pronounced these words, Renard's keen glance wandered from Courtenay to Elizabeth. The latter was violently agitated, and seemed to await the earl's answer, as if her fate hung upon it.

"Do you assert this, my lord?" demanded Mary.

"Hesitate, and you are lost, and so is the princess," whispered De Noailles.

Before Courtenay could reply, Elizabeth fainted and would have fallen, if Renard had not flown to her assistance.

"Summon our maids of honour, and let her be instantly cared for," said Mary, with a look of ill-disguised satisfaction. "My lord," she added to Courtenay, "you are forgiven."

The earl hastily, and with some confusion, expressed his thanks, while, in obedience to the queen's mandate, Elizabeth was removed.

"And now, my lord," said Mary to him, "I must pass from my own affairs to those of my kingdom. I will not detain you further—nor you, M. De Noailles. But I must crave your attendance, my lord, for a few minutes," she added, turning to Gardiner, "and yours, M. Renard."

"Your highness may always command my best council," replied the latter, in a slightly sarcastic tone—"provided you will act upon it."

"Farewell, my lord," said Mary, extending her hand to Courtenay, which he pressed to his lips. "I shall walk upon the Tower Green in an hour, and shall expect you there."

"I will attend your majesty," replied Courtenay. And accompanied by De Noailles, he quitted the chamber.

"You have had a narrow escape, my lord," remarked the French ambassador, as they traversed the long gallery together.

"So narrow that I thought I had lost all chances of the crown," replied Courtenay. "It is the work of that perfidious Simon Renard. But if I live an hour, I will requite him."

"You are the victor, my lord," returned De Noailles. "Maintain your present position, and you may defy his utmost malice."

"Tarry with me a moment, M. De Noailles," said Courtenay, "and you shall see how I will avenge myself upon him."

"Prudence, my good lord—prudence," replied De Noailles. "Your rashness has already put you once in his power. Do not let it do so a second time."

"I will punish his treachery, if it costs me my life," replied Courtenay.

IX.—*Of the duel between Courtenay and Simon Renard; and how it was interrupted.*

Meanwhile, a long discussion was carried on between Mary and her councillors, as to the best means of effecting the entire restoration of the Romish religion.

"I have a letter from Cardinal Pole," observed the queen, "wherein his eminence urges me to adopt no half measures."

"It will not be safe to do so as matters now stand, gracious madam," replied Gardiner. "You must proceed cautiously. The noxious weed, heresy, has taken too deep a root in this country to be forcibly extirpated. I need not remind you of the murmurs that followed the celebration of mass in the chapel in the White Tower, for the repose of the king your brother's soul—of Cranmer's vehement opposition—of the lord mayor's remonstrance, because mass was sung in another chapel in the city—of the riot for a similar cause in Smithfield—of the dagger thrown at Doctor Bourne, when he preached at Saint Paul's Cross, and inveighed against the deprivation of our prelates during the late reign. Your majesty did wisely to declare, at my suggestion, that although your conscience is stayed in matters of religion, yet you meant not to compel and constrain other men's consciences. Abide by this declaration a little longer. The two chief opponents of our religion, Ridley and Latimer, are already prisoners in the fortress, and Cranmer will be speedily brought hither."

"So speedily, my lord, that he shall be lodged within it to-day," replied Mary. "The order is already signed for his commitment on a charge of high treason, for counselling our disinheritation, and aiding the Duke of Northumberland with horse and men against us in the revolt of the Lady Jane Grey."

"When will your highness have him arraigned?" asked Gardiner.

"After our coronation," replied Mary; "when Lady Jane Grey and her husband shall also be tried."

"Suffolk is already liberated," remarked Renard; "and yet he was more deeply implicated than Cranmer."

"True," replied Mary: "but he is not so dangerous."

"The counsel of my master, the emperor," rejoined Renard, "as I have more than once stated to your highness, is to spare none of the rebels—above all, the Lady Jane Grey, who, though she may have been the instrument of others, is yet in the eyes of the people the principal offender."

"Poor Lady Jane!" exclaimed Mary, in a compassionate tone. "She is very young—very beautiful. I would rather reconcile her to our church than doom her to the block."

"I do not despair of being able to accomplish her conversion," said Gardiner, "though she is an obstinate heretic. I have appointed to-morrow for a conference with her on the subject of her religion, and I trust to be able to convince her of her errors."

"With your lordship's permission, I will attend the conference," said Renard.

"By all means," replied Gardiner. "It will take place in the Beauchamp Tower. Her husband, Lord Guilford Dudley, has become a proselyte, and they will be both present at the disputation."

"I leave the care of her soul in your hands, my lord," replied Mary. "And now I must to my own devotions."

So saying, she dismissed them, and proceeded to an oratory, where she was joined by her confessor, Feckham.

On issuing from the audience-chamber, Renard perceived De Noailles and Courtenay pacing the gallery.

"I have waited for you, sir," said the latter, advancing to meet him.

"I am sorry to have detained your lordship so long," replied Renard.

"Apologies are needless," rejoined Courtenay. "M. Renard, you are a double-faced villain."

"Rail on, my lord, and welcome," replied Renard, contemptuously. "Your ill-humour has no effect on me!"

"Coward! will not that move you?" cried Courtenay, taking off his glove and striking him with it in the face.

"Ha!" exclaimed Renard fiercely, and half unsheathing his sword. "Follow me, my lord, and you shall find me as prompt to avenge an insult as you can be to offer one."

"My lord," interposed De Noailles, "and you, M. Renard, I warn you before you proceed further in this quarrel, that it will deeply offend the queen."

"It was not my seeking," replied Renard, sternly. "But since it is forced upon me, I will not be stayed.—As his lordship has found no difficulty in duping her majesty with a feigned passion, so, if he survives, he may readily make out his case by an equally false statement that I was the aggressor."

"Insolent!" cried Courtenay. "Fool that I was to place any faith in one in whom the whole perfidy of his country seems concentrated. Follow me, and quickly, or I will repeat the blow—unless," he added, with bitter scorn, "like your own arrogant but cowardly nation you prefer avenging it by assassination."

"The cowardice will be yours, my lord," rejoined Renard, haughtily, "if you attempt to repeat the blow—nay, if you tarry here longer, I shall think you desire to attract the attention of some of her majesty's attendants, and by causing us to be arrested, contrive to escape my vengeance."

"Trust me, sir, I have no such intention," replied Courtenay. "An Englishman never deals a blow without allowing his adversary to return it. M. De Noailles, I request your attendance at the duel. It will be a mortal combat—for I will neither give mercy nor receive it from this perfidious villain."

"Pardon me, my lord, if I refuse your request," replied De Noailles. "I pledge my word that I will not interrupt you, nor cause you to be interrupted during the adjustment of your differences. But I will be no party to the duel."

"As you please," replied Courtenay. "Come, then, sir," he added, turning to Renard, "and let the recollection of the insult I have offered you be fresh in your memory."

"M. De Noailles," said Renard, "I take you to witness, before I depart, that I have not sought this quarrel. Whatever ensues, you will avouch the truth."

"Undoubtedly," replied De Noailles. "Whither are you going?" he demanded.

"To the palace garden," replied Courtenay. "It is the only place in the Tower where we can be free from interruption. Beneath the trees we shall be unobserved."

"Lead on, then, my lord," cried Renard, impe-

tiently. "The affair ought to have been arranged by this time."

Hastily quitting the corridor, they descended the grand staircase, and traversing with rapid steps a long suite of apartments, passed through a small door opening from the range of building called the queen's gallery, upon the Privy garden. At the western angle of this garden stood a grove of trees, and thinking themselves unobserved they hastened toward it.

It chanced, however, at this moment, that Xit was passing along one of the walks, and struck by their furious looks, he immediately conjectured their errand, and being, as has before been shown, of an inquisitive turn, determined to watch them, and with this view struck into a shrubbery, which effectually screened him from observation.

On reaching the grove, Renard instantly divested himself of his cloak, and drawing his rapier and dagger, placed himself in an attitude of defence. Courtenay did not remove his mantle, and therefore he was in readiness before his adversary. The preliminary forms always observed by the combatants of the period, being gone through, the conflict commenced with great fury on the side of Courtenay, and with equal animosity, but more deliberation, on that of Renard. As the latter was the most perfect swordsman of his time, he felt little doubt as to the result of the combat—but still the fury of the earl was so irresistible that he broke through his surest wards. In one of these furious passes Renard received a slight wound in the arm, and roused by the pain, he forgot his cautious system, and returned Courtenay's thrusts with others equally desperate.

Feeling that he was no match for his antagonist, who was evidently his superior both in force and skill, the earl now determined to bring the combat to a close, before his strength should be further exhausted. Collecting all his energies, he dashed upon Renard with such impetuosity, that the latter was compelled to retreat, and his foot catching against the root of a tree, he fell, and lay at the mercy of his antagonist.

"Strike!" he cried. "I will never yield."

"No," replied Courtenay. "I will not take this advantage. Arise, and renew the combat."

"Your courtesy is like your attachment, misplaced, my lord," replied Renard, springing to his feet, and preparing to attack him. "Look to yourself."

The combat recommenced with fresh fury, and must have speedily terminated fatally, if a sudden interruption had not occurred. Alarmed by the deadly nature of the strife, and thinking he should gain credit with the queen if he prevented any accident to her favourite, Xit no sooner beheld the swords drawn, than he ran off as swiftly as he could to the garden gate, near the Lanthorn Tower, where he knew Magog was stationed. The giant did not require to be bid twice to accompany him; but grasping his immense halbert, hurried in the direction of the fight, and reached the grove just as it had recommenced.

The combatants were so occupied with each other, and so blinded with rage, that they did not hear his approach. Magog, however, soon made them sensible of his presence. Bidding them in a voice of thunder lay down their arms, and finding himself wholly disregarded, he rushed between them, and seizing each by the doublet, hurled them forcibly backward—swearing lustily that if either advanced another footstep, he would fell him to the ground with his partizan. By this time Xit, who had come up, drew his sword, and seconded the giant's

threat, adding with his usual conceited dignity, "My lords, I command you, in the queen's name, to deliver up your weapons to me."

Upon this, he took off his cap, and strutting up to Courtenay, demanded his sword.

"What if I refuse it, sirrah?" said the earl, who in spite of his indignation, could scarcely help laughing at the dwarf's assurance.

"Your lordship, I am assured, will not compel me to enforce its delivery," replied Xit.

"I will not," replied Courtenay, delivering the weapon to him.

"I shall not fail to report your magnanimity to my royal mistress," returned Xit. "Now yours, worshipful sir," he added, to Renard.

"Take it," replied the ambassador, flinging his rapier on the ground. "It is fit that an affair so ridiculously begun, should have such a ridiculous termination."

"It is not ended, sir," rejoined Courtenay.

"You will note that, Magog," interposed Xit. "His lordship says it is not ended. Her majesty must bear of this. I take upon myself to place you both in arrest.—Attach their persons, Magog."

"This insolence shall not go unpunished," cried Courtenay, angrily.

"Heed him not, Magog," whispered Xit. "I am sure her highness will approve our conduct. At all events, I take the responsibility of the arrest upon myself—though I promise thee, if there is any reward, thou shalt share it. I arrived at a critical minute for your lordship," he added, in an under tone to Courtenay. "Your adversary's blade was within an inch of your breast."

"Peace, knave," cried Courtenay.

"Bring them along, Magog," said Xit, "while I run to the palace to apprise her majesty of the occurrence, and ascertain her pleasure concerning them."

"Hold!" exclaimed Courtenay. "Take this purse, and keep silence on the subject."

"No, my lord," replied Xit, with an offended look, "I am above a bribe. Had your lordship—but no matter. Magog, you will answer for their peaceable conduct. I am off to the palace."

And he hurried away, while the giant followed at a slow pace with Courtenay and Renard.

X.—Of the conference held between Bishop Gardiner and Lady Jane Grey in the Beauchamp Tower.

During all this time, Jane was kept a close prisoner in the Brick Tower, and neither allowed to hold any intercourse with her husband, nor to correspond with him.—Heart-breaking as the deprivation was to her in the first instance, she became in some degree reconciled to it, on learning from her jailer,—who displayed as much humanity towards her as was consistent with his office,—that he bore his fate with the utmost fortitude and resignation.

Entertaining no hopes of mercy, Jane's whole time was passed in preparation for her end. Except the few hours of refreshment actually required by nature, every moment was devoted to the most intense application, or to fervent prayer. By degrees, all trace of sorrow vanished from her features, and they assumed a spiritualized and almost angelic expression.—Lovely as she was before, she looked far more lovely now—or rather her beauty was of a more refined and exalted character. She

was frequently visited by the queen's confessor, Feckenham, who used every effort to induce her to renounce her religion,—but in vain. When told that the sure way to her majesty's favour would be to embrace the faith of Rome—she replied that, anxious as she was to obtain the queen's forgiveness, she could not purchase it at the price of her salvation, and that the only favour she desired was to pass the brief residue of her days unmolested. Northumberland's apostasy was a terrible shock to her. Feckenham brought the intelligence, and boasted of the convert the Catholic church had gained.

"You may have induced the duke to recant with his lips, sir," replied Jane; "but of this I am assured, he died a Protestant in heart."

"It may be so," rejoined Feckenham. "He was hypocrite enough to act thus. It is enough for us that he publicly abjured his errors. And before long, others of his house will follow his example."

"What mean you, sir?" demanded Jane, anxiously. "You do not surely allude to my husband?"

Feckenham made no reply, but with a significant smile departed.

The insinuation was not lost upon Jane. And now she more than ever lamented that she was not near her husband, to strengthen his wavering faith, and confirm his resolution.—Well knowing that his character in a great measure resembled his father's, she feared that the inducement held out by his enemies might be too much for his resistance. Unable to communicate her fears to him, or to offer any of the counsel her heart suggested, she could only relieve her distresses by earnest supplications in his behalf. But even prayer did not on this occasion afford her the consolation it was wont to do. The Duke of Northumberland's recantation perpetually haunted her; and the thought that her husband might be made a similar example filled her with inexpressible dread.

While suffering from these agonising reflections, she received another visit from Feckenham. The expression of his countenance, which was triumphing and sinister, alarmed her, and she almost felt unwilling, though at the same time anxious, to question him.

After enjoying her suspense for a few minutes, he said, "Daughter, you blamed the Duke of Northumberland for being reconciled to our church. What if I inform you that Lord Guilford Dudley has been likewise converted?"

"I should indeed be grieved to hear it," replied Jane, in a tone of anguish; "but I trust it is not so."

"It is as I have said," answered Feckenham.

"Heaven pardon him!" exclaimed Jane. "You bring me ill news, indeed. I had far rather you came to tell me the executioner was waiting for me—nay, that my husband was about to be led to the block—than this fatal intelligence. I thought our separation would be short. But now I find it will be eternal."

"You are in error, daughter," rejoined Feckenham, sternly. "You will neither be separated from your husband in this world, nor the next, if you are equally conformable."

"Am I to understand, then, that his apostasy, for I can give it no milder term, has been purchased by an offer of pardon?" demanded Jane.

"I said not so, daughter," replied Feckenham; "but I now tell you that his hopes of grace rest with yourself."

"With me?" cried Jane, with a look of agony.

"With you, daughter," repeated the confessor.

"Much as it rejoices our pious queen, to win over one soul like that of Lord Guilford Dudley to the true faith—gladly as she will receive his recantation, she will pledge herself to mercy only on one condition."

"And that is—"

"Your conversion."

"A safe promise, for her clemency will never be exhibited," replied Jane. "Not even to purchase my husband's life would I consent. I would willingly die to bring him back to the paths from which he has strayed. But I will not surrender myself to Rome and her abominations."

"Your firmness, in a good cause, daughter, would elicit my approbation," replied Feckenham. "As it is, it only excites my compassion. I am deeply concerned to see one so richly gifted, so miserably benighted—one so fair so foully spotted with heresy. I should esteem it a glorious victory over Satan to rescue your soul from perdition, and will spare no pains to do so."

"It is in vain, sir," replied Jane; "and if I have hitherto repressed my anger at these solicitations, it is because, feeling firm in myself, I look upon them merely as an annoyance, to which it is my duty to submit with patience. But when I perceive the mischief they have done to others, I can no longer contain my indignation. Yours is a pernicious and idolatrous religion—a religion founded on the traditions of men, not on the word of God—a religion detracting from the merits of our Saviour—substituting mummery for the simple offices of prayer—and, though I will not be uncharitable enough to assert that its sincere professors will not be saved, yet I am satisfied that no one to whom the true light of heaven has once been vouchsafed, can believe in it, or be saved by it."

"Since you are thus obstinate, daughter," replied Feckenham, "let us dispute point by point, and dogma by dogma, of our creeds, and I think I can convince you of the error in which you rest. Do not fear wearying me. I cannot be better employed."

"Pardon me, then, sir, if I reply, that I can be far better employed," returned Jane; "and, though I would not shrink from such a discussion, were it useful, and do not fear its result, yet, as no good can arise from it, I must decline it."

"As you please, daughter," rejoined Feckenham. "But I must own that your refusal to accept my challenge seems a tacit admission of the weakness of your cause."

"Put what construction you please upon it, sir, as you leave me in peace," replied Jane. "I will fight the good fight when called upon to do so. But I will not waste the little time that remains to me in fruitless disputation."

"Before I depart, however, daughter," rejoined Feckenham, "let me deliver your husband's message to you."

"What is it?" inquired Jane, eagerly; "and yet, I almost dread to ask."

"He implored you not to be his executioner," answered Feckenham.

"His executioner!—my husband's executioner! oh, no!—no! that I can never be!" cried Jane, bursting into tears.

"That you will be, unless you consent," replied the priest, coldly.

"I beseech you, sir, urge me no further," rejoined Jane. "I would lay down my life for my husband a thousand times, but I cannot save him thus. Tell him

that I will pray for him night and day; and oh! tell him that his swerving from his faith has wounded me more severely than the axe will ever do."

"I shall tell him that I left you in the same obstinate state I found you—deaf to the voice of truth—inaccessible to natural affection, and besotted with heresy. Daughter, you love not your husband."

"Not love him!" echoed Jane, passionately. "But no—you shall not shake my firmness. I thought to die calmly, and I looked forward to death as to a certain restoration to my husband. This hope is now at an end. It is you, sir, who are his true executioner. Not content with robbing him of his eternal happiness, you impute his destruction to me. Tell him I love him too well to grant his request—and if he loves me, and hopes to be re-united to me in the bonds of unceasing happiness, he will remain unshaken in his adherence to the Protestant faith."

"Then you absolutely refuse compliance?" demanded Feckenham.

"Absolutely," replied Jane.

"Your husband's blood be upon your head!" exclaimed the confessor, in a menacing voice.

And without another word, he departed.

As soon as the door of her chamber was locked, and Jane felt herself alone, she threw herself on her knees, and was about to pour out her heart in earnest supplication for her husband, but the shock had been too great for her, and she fainted. On reviving, she was scarcely able to move, and it was some time before she entirely regained her strength.

Repairing to the palace, Feckenham detailed the interview to the queen, observing in conclusion, "I still do not despair of her conversion, and shall leave no means untried to accomplish it."

The next day, he again visited Jane, but with no better success. He found her in great affliction, and she earnestly implored to be allowed to see her husband, if only for a few minutes, and in the presence of witnesses. The confessor replied that in her present frame of mind her request could not be granted. But that if she showed herself conformable she should no longer be separated from him, and he would answer for their ultimate pardon.

"I have already acquainted you with my determination, sir," rejoined Jane, "and you will seek in vain to move me. The rack should not shake my constancy; neither shall the mental torture to which you subject me."

When Feckenham reported the result of his mission to Gardiner, the bishop decided upon holding a religious conference with the captive, feeling confident that, notwithstanding her boasted learning and zeal, he could easily overcome her in argument. To induce her to assent to the plan, it was agreed that a meeting should be allowed between her and her husband on the occasion. When the matter was announced to Jane, she readily expressed her acquiescence, and begged that it might not be delayed, as she had no preparation to make. "Take heed," she observed, in conclusion, "lest I win back from you the treasure you have gained."

"We shall add to it a greater treasure—yourself, madam," replied the confessor.

On the following day, she was summoned by an officer of the guard to attend the bishop in the Beauchamp Tower. Taking up a volume of the Holy Scriptures lying on a table beside her, and wrapping herself in an ermine surcoat, she arose and followed the officer—

quitting her chamber for the first time for nearly two months. On issuing into the open air, the effect was almost overpowering, and she could not repress her tears.

It was a bright, sunshiny morning, and every thing looked so beautiful—so happy, that the contrast with her recent sufferings was almost too much for her. Bearing up resolutely against her feelings, in order forcibly to divert her attention, she fixed her eyes upon the reverend walks of the White Tower, which she was at that moment passing. Near it she perceived the three gigantic warders, all of whom doffed their caps as she approached. Og coughed loudly, as if to clear his throat; Gog hastily brushed the moisture from his eyes with his sleeve; while Magog who was the most tender-hearted of the three, fairly blubbered aloud. Xit, who formed one of the group, but who was the least affected, bade her be of good cheer.

This encounter was so far of service to Jane, that it served to distract her thoughts, and she had in a great measure regained her composure, when another incident occurred, which had nearly upset her altogether. As she passed near the porch of Saint Peter's Chapel, she beheld Simon Renard emerge from it. And if she felt her blood chilled by the sight of her implacable foe, her alarm was not diminished on hearing him call to her guards to bring her within the chapel. At a loss to comprehend the meaning of this mysterious summons, Jane entered the sacred structure. Coldly saluting her, Renard informed her that her husband was within the chapel. Trembling at the intimation, Jane looked eagerly round. At first, she could discern nothing; but, guided by the ambassador's malignant glance, she perceived a figure kneeling in front of the altar. Instantly recognising her husband, with an exclamation of delight that made him spring to his feet, she rushed forward and threw herself into his arms.

After the first passionate emotion had subsided, Jane inquired how he came to be there.

"Do you not know?" replied Lord Guilford. "Or have you been kept in ignorance of the terrible tragedy which has been recently enacted? Look there!" And he pointed downwards.

Jane obeyed, and saw that she was standing upon a gravestone, on which was inscribed in newly cut letters—
JOHN DUDLEY, DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.—DECAPITATED AUGUST 22, 1553.

Jane trembled and leaned upon her husband for support.

"Here is the victim—there the executioner," said Lord Guilford, pointing from the grave to Renard.

"Three months ago," said the ambassador, who stood with folded arms at a little distance from them, "within this very chapel, I told the duke of Northumberland he would occupy that grave. My words have been fulfilled. And I now tell you, Lord Guilford Dudley, and you, Lady Jane, that unless you are reconciled with our holy church, you will rest beside him."

With these words he quitted the chapel, and the guards closing round the captives, they were compelled to follow. During their short walk, Jane passionately implored her husband not to yield to the persuasions of his enemies. He hung his head and returned no answer, and she inferred from his silence, that he was not disposed to yield to her solicitations. They were now close upon the Beauchamp Tower, when Dudley, pointing to a barred window in the upper story of one of its turrets, observed—"Within that room my father passed the last few weeks of his existence."

Ascending the spiral stone stairs of the tower, they passed beneath the arched doorway, and entered the principal chamber—now used—as has more than once been observed—as the mess-room of the garrison. Here they found Gardiner awaiting their arrival. He was seated on a high backed arm-chair between Bonner and Feckenham, who occupied stools on either side of him, while behind him stood the friar who had attended the Duke of Northumberland on the scaffold. Across one of the deep and arched embrasures of the room looking toward the south, a thick curtain was drawn, and before it, at a small table covered with a crimson cloth, on which writing materials were placed, sat a secretary prepared to take down the heads of the disputation. On Jane's appearance, Gardiner and the other ecclesiastics arose and gravely saluted her.

"You are welcome, daughter," said the bishop. "You have come hither an unbeliever in our doctrines. I trust you will depart confirmed in the faith of Rome."

"I am come to vanquish, not to yield, my lord," replied Jane, firmly. "And as I shall give you no quarter, so I expect none."

"Be it so," rejoined the bishop. "To you, my son," he continued, addressing Lord Guilford, "I can hold very different language. I can give you such welcome as the prodigal son received, and rejoice in your reconciliation with your heavenly father. And I sincerely trust that this noble lady, your consort, will not be a means of turning aside that mercy which her most gracious majesty is desirous of extending toward you."

"My lord," said Jane, stepping between them, and steadfastly regarding the bishop, "if I am wrong and my husband is right, the queen will do well not to punish the innocent with the guilty. And you, dear Dudley," she continued, taking his hand, and gazing at him with streaming eyes, "grant me one favour—the last I shall ever ask of you."

"Daughter!" observed Gardiner, severely. "I cannot permit this interference. I must interpose my authority to prevent your attempting to shake your husband's determination."

"All I ask, my lord, is this," rejoined Jane meekly; "that he will abide the issue of the disputation before he renounces his faith for ever. It is a request, which I am sure neither he nor you will refuse."

"It is granted, daughter," replied Gardiner; "the rather that I feel so certain of convincing you, that I doubt not you will then as strongly urge his reconciliation as you now oppose it."

"I would that not my husband alone, but that all Christendom could be auditors of our conference, my lord," replied Jane. "In this cause I am as strong, as in the late one on which I was engaged I was weak. With this shield," she continued, raising the bible which she carried beneath her arm, "I cannot sustain injury."

Advancing toward the table at which the secretary was seated, she laid the sacred volume upon it. She then divested herself of her surcoat, and addressed a few words, in an under tone, to her husband, while the ecclesiastics conferred together. While this was passing, Lord Guilford's eye accidentally fell upon his father's inscription on the wall, and he called Jane's attention to it. She sighed as she looked, and remarked, "Do not let your name be stained like his."

Perceiving Simon Renard gazing at them with malignant satisfaction, she then turned to Gardiner and said, "My lord, the presence of this person troubles me.

I pray you, if he be not needful to our conference, that you will desire him to withdraw."

The bishop acquiesced, and having signified his wishes to the ambassador, he feigned to depart. But being beneath the arched entrance, he remained an unseen witness of the proceedings.

A slight pause ensued, during which Jane knelt beside the chair, and fervently besought Heaven to grant her strength for the encounter. She then arose, and fixing her eye upon Gardiner, said in a firm tone, "I am ready, my lord: I pray you question me, and spare me not."

No further intimation was necessary to the bishop, who immediately proceeded to interrogate her on the articles of her faith; and being a man of profound learning, well versed in all the subtleties of scholastic dispute, he sought in every way to confound and perplex her. In this he was likewise assisted by Bonner and Feckenham, both of whom were admirable theologians, and who proposed the most difficult questions to her. The conference lasted several hours, during which Jane sustained her part with admirable constancy—never losing a single point—but retorting upon her opponents questions, which they were unable to answer—displaying such a fund of erudition—such powers of argument—such close and clear reasoning—and such profound knowledge of the tenets of her own faith and of theirs, that they were completely baffled and astounded. To a long and eloquent address of Gardiner's she replied at equal length, and with even more eloquence and fervour, concluding with these emphatic words—"My lord, I have lived in the Protestant faith, and in that faith I will die. In these sad times, when the power of your church is in the ascendant, it is perhaps needful there should be martyrs in ours to prove our sincerity. Among these I shall glory to be numbered—happy in the thought that my firmness will be the means in after ages, of benefiting the Protestant church. On this rock," she continued, pointing to the bible, which lay open before her—"my religion is built, and it will endure, when yours, which is erected on sandy foundations, shall be utterly swept away. In this sacred volume I find every tenet of my creed, and I desire no other mediator between my Maker and myself."

As she said this her manner was so fervid, and her look so full of inspiration, that all her listeners were awe-stricken, and gazed at her in involuntary admiration. The secretary suspended his task to drink in her words; and even Simon Renard, who, ensconced beneath the doorway, seemed no inapt representation of the spirit of evil, appeared confounded.

After a brief pause, Gardiner arose, saying, "The conference is ended, daughter. You are at liberty to depart. If I listen longer," he added, in an under tone to his companions, "I shall be convinced against my will."

"Then you acknowledge your defeat, my lord," said Jane, proudly.

"I acknowledge that it is in vain to make any impression on you," answered the bishop.

"Jane," cried her husband, advancing toward her, and throwing himself on his knees before her, "you have conquered, and I implore your forgiveness. I will never change a religion of which you are so bright an ornament."

"This is indeed a victory," replied Jane, raising him and clasping him to her bosom. "And now, my lord," she added to Gardiner, "conduct us to prison or the scaffold as you please. Death has no further terrors."

After a parting embrace, and an assurance from her husband, that he would now remain constant in his faith, Jane was removed by her guard to the Brick Tower, while Lord Guilford was immured in one of the cells adjoining the room in which the conference had taken place.

XI.—How Cuthbert Cholmondeley revisited the stone kitchen; and how he went in search of Cicely.

Cuthbert Cholmondeley, who, it may be remembered, attended Lord Guilford Dudley, when he was brought from Sion House to the Tower, was imprisoned at the same time as that unfortunate nobleman, and lodged in the Nun's Bower—a place of confinement so named, and situated, as already mentioned, in the upper story of the Coal Harbor Tower.—Here he was detained until after the Duke of Northumberland's execution, when, though he was not restored to liberty, he was allowed the range of the fortress. The first use he made of his partial freedom was to proceed to the Stone Kitchen, in the hope of meeting with Cicely; and his bitter disappointment may be conceived on finding that she was not there, nor was any thing known of her by her foster parents.

"Never since the ill-fated Queen Jane, whom they now call a usurper, took her into her service, have I set eyes upon her," said Dame Potentia, who was thrown into an agony of affliction, by the sight of Cholmondeley. "Hearing from old Gunnora Branse, that when her unfortunate mistress was brought back a captive to the Tower she had been left at Sion House, and thinking she would speedily return, I did not deem it necessary to send for her; but when a week had elapsed, and she did not make her appearance, I desired her father to go in search of her. Accordingly, he went to Sion House and learned that she had been fetched away, on the morning after Queen Jane's capture, by a man who stated he had come from us. This was all Peter could learn. Alas! Alas!"

"Did not your suspicions alight on Nightgall?" asked Cholmondeley.

"Ay, marry, did they," replied the pantler's wife; "but he averred he had never quitted the Tower. And as I had no means of proving it upon him, I could do nothing more than tax him with it."

"He still retains his office of jailer, I suppose?" said Cholmondeley.

"Of a surety," answered Potentia; "and owing to Simon Renard, whom, you may have heard, is her majesty's right hand, he has become a person of greater authority than ever, and affects to look down upon his former friends."

"He cannot look down upon me, at all events," exclaimed a loud voice behind them. And turning at the sound, Cholmondeley beheld the bulky figure of Gog darkening the door-way.

A cordial greeting passed between Cholmondeley and the giant, who in the same breath congratulated him upon his restoration to liberty, and condoled with him on the loss of his mistress.

"In the midst of grief we must perforce eat," observed the pantler, "and our worthy friends, the giants, as well as Xit, have often enlivened our board, and put care to flight. Perhaps you are not aware that Magog has been married since we last saw you."

"Magog married!" exclaimed Cholmondeley, in surprise.

"Ay, indeed!" rejoined Gog, "more persons than your worship have been astonished by it. And shall I let you into a secret—if ever husband was henpecked, it is my unfortunate brother. Your worship complains of losing your mistress. Would to Heaven he had had any such luck! And the worst of it is that before marriage she was accounted the most amiable of her sex."

"Ay, that's always the case," observed Peter Trusbut; "though I must do my dame the justice to say that she did not disguise her qualities during my courtship."

"I will not hear a word uttered in disparagement of Dame Potentia," cried Ribald, who at that moment entered the kitchen, "even by her husband. Ah! Master Cholmondeley, I am right glad to see you. I heard of your release to-day. So, the pretty bird is flown, you find—and whither, none of us can tell, though I think I, could give a guess at the fowler."

"So could I," replied Cholmondeley.

"I dare say both our suspicions tend to the same mark," said Ribald—"but we must observe caution now—for the person I mean is protected by Simon Renard, and others in favour with the queen."

"He is little better than an assassin," said Cholmondeley; "and has detained a wretched woman whom he has driven out of her senses by his cruelty a captive in the subterranean dungeons beneath the Devilin Tower."

And he proceeded to detail all he knew of the captive Alexia.

"This is very dreadful, no doubt," remarked Ribald, who had listened to the recital with great attention. "But as I said before, Nightgall is in favour with persons of the greatest influence, and he is more dangerous and vindictive than ever. What you do, you must do cautiously."

By this time, the party had been increased by the arrival of Og and Xit, both of whom, but especially the latter, appeared rejoiced to meet with the young esquire.

"Ah! Master Cholmondeley," said the elder giant, heaving a deep sigh. "Times have changed with us all since we last met. Jane is no longer queen. The Duke of Northumberland is beheaded. Cicely is lost. And last, and worst of all, Magog is married."

"So I have heard from Gog," replied Cholmondeley, "and I fear not very much to your satisfaction."

"Nor his own either," replied Og, shrugging his shoulders. "However, it can't be helped. He must make the best of a bad bargain."

"It *might* be helped, though," observed Xit. "Magog seems to have lost all his spirit since he married. If I had to manage her, I'd soon let her see the difference."

"You, forsooth!" exclaimed Dame Potentia, contemptuously. "Do you imagine any woman would stand in awe of you?"

And before the dwarf could elude her grasp, she seized him by the nape of the neck, and, regardless of his cries, placed him upon the chimney-piece, amid a row of shining pewter plates.

"There you shall remain," she added, "till you beg pardon for your impertinence."

Xit looked piteously around, but seeing no hand extended to reach him down, and being afraid to spring from so great a height, he entreated the dame's forgiveness in a humble tone; and she thereupon set him upon the ground.

"A pretty person you are to manage a wife," said

Dame Potentia, with a laugh, in which all, except the object of it, joined.

It being Cholmondeley's intention to seek out a lodging at one of the warder's habitations, he consulted Peter Trusbut on the subject, who said, that if his wife was agreeable, he should be happy to accommodate him in his own dwelling. The matter being referred to Dame Potentia, she at once assented, and assigned him Cicely's chamber.

On taking possession of the room, Cholmondeley sank upon a chair, and for some time indulged the most melancholy reflections, from which he was aroused by a tremendous roar of laughter, such as he knew could only be uttered by the gigantic brethren, proceeding from the adjoining apartment. Repairing thither, he found the whole party assembled round the table, which was, as usual, abundantly, or rather superabundantly, furnished. Among the guests were Magog and his wife, and the laughter he had heard was occasioned by a box administered by the latter to the ears of her spouse, because he had made some remark that sounded displeasing in her own. Magog bore the blow with the utmost philosophy, and applied himself for consolation to a huge pot of me-the-gin, which he held to his lips as long as a drop remained within it.

"We had good doings in Queen Jane's reign," remarked Peter Trusbut, offering the young esquire a seat beside him, "but we have better in those of Queen Mary."

And, certainly, his assertion was fully borne out by the great joints of beef, the hams, the pasties and pullets with which the table groaned, and with which the giants were making their accustomed havoc. In the midst stood what Peter Trusbut termed a royal pasty, and royal it was, if size could confer dignity. It contained two legs of mutton, the pantler assured his guests, besides a world of other savoury matters, enclosed in a wall of rye-crust, and had taken twenty-four hours to bake.

"Twenty-four hours!" echoed Magog. "I will engage to consume it in the twentieth part of the time."

"For that observation you shall not even taste it," said his arbitrary spouse.

Debarred from the pasty, Magog made himself some amends by attacking a gammon of Bayonne bacon, enclosed in a paste, and though he found it excellent, he had the good sense to keep his opinion to himself. In this way, the supper passed off—Ribald jesting as usual, and devoting himself alternately to the two dames—Peter Trusbut carving the viands and assisting his guests, and the giants devouring all before them.

Toward the close of the repast, Xit, who always desired to be an object of attention, determined to signalize himself by some feat. Brandishing his knife and fork, he therefore sprang upon the table, and striding up to the royal pasty, peeped over the side, which was rather higher than himself, to take a survey of the contents.

While he was thus occupied, Dame Placida, who was sitting opposite to the pasty, caught him by the skirts of his doublet, and tossed him into the pie, while Peter Trusbut instantly covered it with the thick lid of crust, which had been removed when it was first opened. The laughter which followed this occurrence was not diminished, as the point of Xit's knife appeared through the wall of pastry—nor was it long before he contrived to cut a passage out.

His re-appearance was hailed with a general shout of merriment. And Magog was by no means displeased at seeing him avenge himself by rushing towards his plump

partner, and before she could prevent him, throw his arms around her, and imprint a sounding kiss upon her lips, while his greasy habiliments besmeared her dress.

Xit would have suffered severely for this retaliation, if it had not been for the friendly interference of Ribald, who rescued him from the clutches of the offended dame, and contrived, with a tact peculiar to himself, not only to appease her anger, but to turn it into mirth. Order being once more restored, the dishes and plates were removed, and succeeded by flagons and pots of ale and wine. The conversation then began to turn upon a masque about to be given to the queen by the Earl of Devonshire, at which they were all to assist, and arrangements were made as to the characters they should assume. Though this topic was interesting enough to the parties concerned, it was not so to Cholmondeley, who was about to retire to his own chamber to indulge his grief unobserved, when his departure was arrested by the sudden entrance of Lawrence Nightgall.

At the jailor's appearance, the merriment of the party instantly ceased, and all eyes were bent upon him.

"Your business here, Master Nightgall?" demanded Peter Trusbut, who was the first to speak.

"My business is with Master Cuthbert Cholmondeley," replied the jailor.

"State it, then, at once," replied the esquire, frowning.

"It is to ascertain where you intend to lodge, that I may report it to the lieutenant," said Nightgall.

"I shall remain here," replied Cholmondeley, sternly—"in Cicely's chamber."

"Here!" exclaimed Nightgall, starting; but instantly recovering himself, he turned to Peter Trusbut, and in a voice of forced composure, added, "You will be responsible, then, for him, Master Pantler, with your life and goods, to the queen's highness, which, if he escapes, will both be forfeited."

"Indeed!" cried Trusbut, in dismay. "I—I"—

"Yes—yes—my husband understands all that," interposed Dame Potentia; "he will be answerable for him—and so will I."

"You will understand still further," proceeded Nightgall, with a smile of triumph, "that he is not to stir forth except for one hour at mid-day, and then that his walks are to be restricted to the green."

While this was passing, Og observed in a whisper to Xit, "If I were possessed of that bunch of keys at Nightgall's girdle, I could soon find Cicely."

"Indeed!" said Xit. "Then you shall soon have them." And the next minute he disappeared under the table.

"You have a warrant for what you do, I suppose?" demanded Og, desirous of attracting the jailor's attention.

"Behold it," replied Nightgall, taking a parchment from his vest. He then deliberately seated himself, and producing an ink-horn and pen, wrote Peter Trusbut's name upon it.

"Master Pantler," he continued, delivering it to him, "I have addressed it to you. Once more I tell you, you will be responsible for the prisoner. And with this I take my leave."

"Not so fast, villain!" said Cholmondeley, seizing his arm with a firm grasp: "where is Cicely?"

"You will never behold her more," replied Nightgall.

"What have you done with the captive Alexia?" pursued the esquire, bitterly.

"She likewise is beyond your reach," answered the jailor, moodily. And shaking off Cholmondeley's grasp,

he rushed out of the chamber with such haste as nearly to upset Xit, who appeared to have placed himself purposely in his path.

This occurrence threw a gloom over the mirth of the party. The conversation flagged, and even an additional supply of wine failed to raise the spirits of the guests. Just as they were separating, hasty steps were heard on the stairs, and Nightgall again presented himself. Rushing up to Cholmondeley, who was sitting apart wrapped in gloomy thought, he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, "My keys! my keys!—you have stolen my keys!"

"What keys?" demanded the esquire, starting to his feet. "Those of Alexia's dungeon?"

"Restore them instantly," cried Nightgall, furiously, "or I will instantly carry you back to the Nun's Bower."

"Were they in my possession," replied Cholmondeley, "nothing should force them from me till I had searched your most secret hiding places."

"Tis therefore you stole them," cried Nightgall. "See where my girdle has been cut," he added, appealing to Peter Truebut. "If they are not instantly restored, I will convey you all before the Lieutenant, and you know how he will treat the matter."

Terrified by his threat, the pantler entreated the esquire, if he really had the keys, to restore them. But Cholmondeley positively denied the charge; and after a long and fruitless search, all the party except Xit, who had disappeared, having declared their ignorance of what had become of them, Nightgall at last departed, in a state of the utmost rage and mortification.

Soon after this, the party broke up, and Cholmondeley retired to his own room. Though the pantler expressed no fear of his escaping, he did not neglect the precaution of locking the door. Throwing himself on a couch, the esquire after a time fell into a sort of doze, during which he was haunted by the image of Cicely, who appeared pale and suffering, and as if imploring his aid. So vivid was the impression that he started up and endeavoured to shake it off. In vain. He could not divest himself of the idea that he was at that moment subjected to the persecutions of Nightgall. Having endured this anguish for some hours, and the night being far advanced, he was about to address himself once more to repose, when he heard the lock turned, and glancing in the direction of the door, perceived it cautiously opened by Xit. The manakin placed his finger to his lips, in token of silence, and held up a huge bunch of keys, which Cholmondeley instantly conjectured were those lost by Nightgall. Xit then briefly explained how he had possessed himself of them, and offered them to Cholmondeley.

"I love the fair Cicely," he said, "hate Nightgall, and entertain a high respect for your worship. I would gladly make you happy with your mistress, if I can. You have now at least the means of searching for her, and heaven grant a favourable issue to the adventure. Follow me, and tread upon the points of your feet, for the pantler and his spouse occupy the next room."

As they crossed the kitchen, they heard a sound proceeding from an adjoining room, which convinced them that neither Peter Truebut nor Dame Potentia were on the watch.

"They don't snore quite so loud as my friends the giants," whispered Xit; "but they have tolerable good lungs."

Having, at Xit's suggestion, armed himself with a torch

and materials to light it, and girded on a sword which he found reared against the wall, the esquire followed his dwarfish companion down a winding stone staircase, and speedily issued from the postern.

The night was profoundly dark, and they were therefore unobserved by the sentinels on the summit of the Byward Tower, and on the western ramparts. Without delaying a moment, Cholmondeley hurried toward the Devilin Tower. Xit accompanied him, and after some little search they found the secret door, and by a singular chance Cholmondeley, on the first application, discovered the right key. He then bade farewell to the friendly dwarf, who declined attending him further, and entering the passage, and locking the door within, struck a light and set fire to the torch.

Scarcely knowing whither to shape his course, and fully aware of the extent of the dungeons he should have to explore, Cholmondeley resolved to leave no cell unvisited, until he discovered the object of his search. For some time he proceeded along a narrow arched passage, which brought him to a stone staircase, and descending it, his further progress was stopped by an iron gate. Unlocking it, he entered another passage, on the right of which was a range of low cells, all of which he examined, but they were untenanted, except one, in which he found a man whom he recognized as one of the Duke of Northumberland's followers. He did not, however, dare to liberate him, but with a few words of commiseration passed on.

Turning off on the left, he proceeded for some distance, until being convinced by the hollow sound of the floor that there were vaults beneath, he held his torch downward, and presently discovered an iron ring in one of the stones. Raising it, he beheld a flight of steps, and descending them, found himself in a lower passage about two feet wide, and apparently of considerable length. Hastily tracking it, he gradually descended until he came to a level, where both the floor and the ceiling were damp and humid. His torch now began to burn feebly, and threw a ghastly light upon the slimy walls and dripping roof.

While he was thus pursuing his way, a long and fearful shriek broke upon his ear, and thinking it might proceed from the captive Alexia, he hastened forward as quickly as the slippery path would allow him. It was evident, from the increasing humidity of the atmosphere, that he was approaching the river. As he advanced the cries grew louder, and he became aware, from the noise around, that legions of rats were fleeing before him. These loathsome animals were in such numbers, that Cholmondeley, half-fearing an attack from them, drew his sword.

After proceeding about fifty yards, the passage he was traversing terminated in a low wide vault, in the centre of which was a deep pit. From the bottom of this abyss the cries resounded, and hurrying to its edge, he held down the torch, and discovered, at the depth of some twenty feet, a miserable half-naked object up to his knees in water, and defending himself from hundreds of rats that were swarming around him. While he was considering how he could accomplish the poor wretch's deliverance, who continued his shrieks more loudly than ever, asserting that the rats were devouring him, Cholmondeley perceived a ladder in a corner of the vault, and lowering it into the pit, the sides of which were perpendicular and flagged, instantly descended.

If he had been horrified at the vociferations of the prisoner, he was now perfectly appalled by the ghastly spec-

tacle he presented. The unfortunate person had not exaggerated his danger when he said that the rats were about to devour him. His arms, body and face were torn and bleeding, and as Cholmondeley approached he beheld numbers of his assailants spring from him and swim off. More dead than alive, the sufferer expressed his thanks, and taking him in his arms, Cholmondeley carried him up the ladder.

As soon as he had gained the edge of the pit, the esquire, who had been struck with the man's voice, examined his features by the light of the torch, and was shocked to find that he was one of the attendants of the Duke of Northumberland, with whom he was well acquainted. Addressing him by his name, the man instantly knew him, and informed him that he had been ordered into confinement by the council, and having given some offence to Nightgall, had been tortured and placed in this horrible pit.

"I have been here two days and nights," he said, "as far as I can guess, without food or light, and should soon have perished, had it not been for your aid; and, though I do not fear death,—yet to die by inches—a prey to those horrible animals—was dreadful."

"Let me support you," returned Cholmondeley, taking his arm, "and while you have strength left, convey you to a more wholesome part of the dungeon, where you will be free from these frightful assailants, till I can procure you further assistance."

The poor prisoner gratefully accepted his offer, and lending him all the assistance in his power, Cholmondeley slowly retraced his course. Having reached the flight of stone steps, leading to the trap-door, the esquire dragged his companion up them, and finding it in vain to carry him further, and fearing he should be disappointed in the main object of his search, he looked around for a cell in which he could place him for a short time.

Perceiving a door standing ajar on the left, he pushed it open, and entering a small cell, found the floor covered with straw, and, what was still more satisfactory to him, discovered a loaf on a shelf, and a large jug of water. Placing the prisoner on the straw, he spread the provisions before him, and having seen him partake of them, promised to return as soon as possible.

"Bestow no further thought on me," said the man. "I shall die content now."

Cholmondeley then departed, and proceeding along the passage he had just traversed, came to a wide arched opening on the left, which he entered, and pursuing the path before him, after many turnings, arrived at another low circular vault, about nineteen feet in diameter, which, from the peculiar form of its groined arches, he supposed (and correctly) must be situated beneath Devereux Tower.

Of a style of architecture of earlier date than the Beauchamp Tower, the Devlin, or, as it is now termed, the Devereux Tower, from the circumstance of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, having been confined within it in 1601, has undergone less alteration than most of the other fortifications, and except in the modernising of the windows, retains much of its original character. In the dungeon into which Cholmondeley had penetrated, several curious spear-heads of great antiquity, and a gigantic thigh-bone, have been recently found.

At the further end of the vault, Cholmondeley discovered a short flight of steps, and, mounting them, unlocked a door, which admitted him to another narrow winding stone staircase. Ascending it, he presently

came to a door on the left, shaped like the arched entrance in which it was placed. It was of strong oak, studded with nails, and secured by a couple of bolts.

Drawing back the fastenings, he unsheathed his sword, and pushing aside the door with the blade, raised his torch, and beheld a spectacle that filled him with horror. At one side of the cell, which was about six feet long and three wide, and contrived in the thickness of the wall, upon a stone seat rested the dead body of a woman, reduced almost to a skeleton. The face was turned from the door, but rushing forward he instantly recognised its rigid features. On the wall close to where she lay, and evidently carved by her own hand, was traced her name—ALEXIA.

POOR JACK.

Continued.

CHAPTER XIX.—I am tempted again. My pride is roused, and my course of life is changed in consequence.

I passed a dreaming restless night, and woke early. I recalled all that had passed, and felt very much dissatisfied with myself; the fifteen shillings, with the added prospect of receiving more, did not yield me the satisfaction I had anticipated. From what the men had said about old Nanny, I thought that I would go and see her; and why? because I wished support against my own convictions: if I had not been actuated by such a feeling, I should, as usual, have gone to old Anderson. When I went down to breakfast I felt confused, and I hardly dared to meet the clear bright eye of my little sister, and I wished the fifteen shillings out of my pocket.—That I might appear to her and my mother as if I were not guilty, I swaggered; my sister was surprised, and my mother justifiably angry. As soon as breakfast was over, I hastened to old Nanny's.

"Well, Jack," said she, "what brings you here so early?"

"Why, mother, I was desired to ask you a question last night—between ourselves."

"Well, why don't you ask it, since it's between ourselves?" replied she with surprise.

"Some of the people want to know if you fence now."

"Jack," said old Nanny, harshly, "who asked you that question? and how did you fall into their company? Tell me directly; I will know."

"Why, mother, is there any harm in it?" replied I, confused and holding down my head.

"Harm in it! Ask your own conscience, Jack, whether there's harm in it. Why do you not look me in the face like an honest boy? would they have dared to put that question to you, if you had not been a party to their evil deeds, Jack?" continued she, shaking her head: "I thought better of you; now you have filled me full of sorrow."

I was smitten to the heart at this rebuke from a quarter whence I did not expect it; but my heart was still rebellious, and I would not acknowledge what I felt. I thought to turn the tables, and replied—

"Why, mother, at all events, they say that *once* you were a real good one."

"Is it indeed gone so far?" replied she. "Poor boy! poor boy! Yes, Jack, to my shame be it spoken, I once did receive things and buy them, when they were not honestly come by; and now I'm rebuked by a child:

but, Jack, I was almost mad then—I had that which would have turned any one's brain—I was reckless, wretched; but I don't do so any more. Even now I am a poor sinful wretch—I know it; but I'm not so crazy as I was then. I have done so, Jack, more's the shame for me, and I wish I could recall it; but, Jack, we can't recall the past. Oh that we could!"

Here old Nanny pressed her hands to her temples, and for some time was silent; at last she continued:

"Why did I love you, Jack? because you were honest.—Why did I lend you money—I, an old miserly wretch, who had been made to dote on money—I, who have never spent a shilling for my own comfort for these ten years, but because you were honest? Why have I longed the whole day to see you, and have cared only for you? because I thought you honest, Jack. I don't care how soon I die now. I thought the world too bad to live in; you made me think better of it.—Oh! Jack, Jack, how has this come to pass? How long have you known these bad people?"

"Why, mother," replied I, much affected, "only last night."

"Only last night! Tell me all about it; tell the truth, dear boy, do."

I could hold out no longer, and I told her every thing that had passed.

"Jack," said she, "I'm not fit to talk to you; I'm a bad old woman, and you may say I don't practise what I preach; but, Jack, if you love me, go to Peter Anderson and tell him every thing; don't be afraid; only be afraid of doing what is wrong. Now, Jack, you must go."

"I will, I will," replied I, bursting into tears.

"Do, do, dear Jack! God bless your heart—I wish I could cry that way."

I walked away quite humiliated; at last I ran, I was so eager to go to Anderson and confess every thing. I found him in his cabin—I attempted to speak, but I could not.—I pulled out the money, put it on the table, and then knelt down and sobbed on his knee.

"What is all this, Jack!" said Anderson, calmly; but I did not reply. "I think I know, Jack," said he, after a pause. "You have been doing wrong."

"Yes, yes," replied I, sobbing.

"Well, my dear boy, wait till you can speak, and then tell me all about it."

As soon as I could, I did. Anderson heard me without interruption.

"Jack," said he, when I had done speaking, "the temptation (pointing to the money) has been very great; you did not resist at the moment; but you have, fortunately, seen your error in good time, for the money is still here. I have little to say to you, for your own feelings convince me that it is needless. Do you think that you can read a little! then read this." Anderson turned to the parable of the prodigal son, which I read to him: "And now," said he, turning over the leaves, "here is one verse more." I read it:—"There is more joy over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine that need no repentance." "Be careful therefore my dear boy; let this be a warning to you; think well of it, for you have escaped a great danger; the money shall be returned. Go now, my child, to your employment; and if you do receive only half-pence, you will have the satisfaction of feeling that they are honestly obtained."

I can assure the reader that this was a lesson which I never forgot, it was, however succeeded by another va-

riety of temptation, which might have proved more dangerous to a young and ardent spirit, had it not been the means, as it did, of changing the course of my destiny and throwing me into a new path of action; to this I shall now refer.

Hardly a month passed but we received additional pensioners into the hospital. Among others, a man was sent to the hospital who went by the name of Sam Spicer. I say went by the name, as it was not the custom for the seamen to give their real names when they were entered or pressed into the service; and of course they were discharged into the hospital by the same name which they bore on the ship's books.—Spicer was upwards of six feet in height, very large boned, and must, when he was in his prime, have been a man of prodigious strength. When he was admitted to the hospital he was nearly sixty years of age; his hair was black and gray mixed, his complexion very dark, and his countenance fierce and unprepossessing. He went by the name of Black Sam, on account of his appearance. He had lost his hand in a frigate action: and to the stump he had fixed a sort of socket into which he screwed his knife and the various articles which he wished to make use of; sometimes a file, sometimes a saw—having had every article made to fit into the socket, for he had been an armourer on board ship, and was very handy at such work. He was, generally speaking, very morose and savage to every body; seldom entered into conversation; but sat apart, as if thinking, with a frown upon his countenance, and his eyes, surmounted with bushy eyebrows, fixed upon the ground. The pensioners who belonged to the same ward said that he talked in his sleep, and from what they could collect at those times he must have been a pirate; but no one dared to speak to him on the subject, for more than once he had been punished for striking those who had offended him: indeed, he nearly killed one old man who was jesting with him when he was at work, having made a stab at him with his knife screwed in his socket; but his foot slipped, and the blow missed. Spicer was brought up before the council for this offence, and would have been discharged, had he not declared that he had done it only by way of joke, to frighten the man; and as no one else was present, it could not be proved to the contrary.

For some reason or another, which I could not comprehend, Spicer appeared to have taken a liking to me; he would call me to him, and tell me stories about the West Indies and the Spanish Main, which I listened to very eagerly, for they were to me very interesting. But he seldom, if ever, spoke to me inside of the hospital; it was always when I was at the steps minding my vocation; where he would come down and lean over the rail at the top of the wharf. He made and gave me a boat-hook, which I found very convenient. He had a great deal of information, and, as the ships came up the river, he would point out the flags of the different nations, tell me where they traded from, and what their cargoes probably consisted of. If they had no ensign, he would tell by their build, and the cut of their sails, what nation they belonged to; pointing out to me the differences, which I soon began to perceive.—He had been in every part of the world; and scarcely a day passed in which I did not gain from him some amusing or useful information. Indeed, I became so fond of his company, that Peter Anderson spoke to me on the subject, and asked me what Spicer talked about. I told him, and he replied—

"Well, Jack, I dare say that he is a very pleasant companion to one who, like you, is so anxious for information,

and I have nothing to say against him, for we have no right to listen to foolish reports which may probably have been raised from his savage appearance. Still, I confess, I do not like the man, as he is decidedly of a violent temper. As long as he talks to you about what you say he does, there is no harm done; but when once he says anything which you think is wrong, promise me to let me know; and even now, if you will take my advice, you will not be so intimate with him."

A little while afterwards, my father and Ben the whaler both spoke to me on the same subject, but with much less reservation.

My father said—

"Jack, I don't like to see you always in company with that old pirate; no good can come of it; so haul off a little further for the future." And Ben told me—

"That a man who couldn't sleep o' nights without talking of killing people must have a bad conscience, and something lying heavy on his soul. There's an old saying, Jack—'Tell me whose company you keeps, and I'll tell you what sort of chap you be.' You've the character of a good honest boy—steer clear of Sam Spicer, or you'll lose it."

Admonitions from all those whom I loved were not without their effect; and I made a resolution to be less intimate with Spicer. But it was difficult to do so, as I was obliged to be at the landing steps, and could not prevent his coming there.

I acknowledge that it was a severe privation to me to follow the injunctions given to me; for I would listen for hours to the thrilling narratives, the strange and almost incredible accounts of battles, incidents, and wild adventures, which this man Spicer would relate to me; and when I thought over them, I felt that the desire to rove was becoming more strong within me every day. One morning I said to him that "I had a great mind to go on board of a man-of-war."

"On board of a man-of-war?" replied Spicer; "you'd soon be sick enough of that. Why, who would be at the beck and nod of others, ordered here, called there, by boy midshipmen; bullied by lieutenants; flogged by captains; have all the work and little of the pay, all the fighting and less of the prize-money; and, after having worn out your life in hard service, be sent here as a great favour, to wear a cocked hat, and get a shilling a week for your 'bacey? Pahaw! boy—that's not life."

"Then what is life?" inquired I.

"What is life? Why, to sail in a clipper, with a jolly crew and a roving commission; take your prizes, share and share alike, of gold dust and doubloons."

"What sort of a vessel must that be, Spicer?"

"What sort? why—a letter of marque—a privateer—a cruise on the Spanish Main—that's life. Many's the jolly day I've seen in those latitudes, where men-of-war do not bring vessels to and press the best men out of them. There the sun's warm, and the sky and the sea are deep blue—and the corals grow like forests underneath, and there are sandy coves and cool eaves for retreat—and where you may hide your gold till you want it—ay, and your sweethearts too, if you have any."

"I thought privateers always sent their prizes into port, to be condemned?"

"Yes, in the Channel and these seas they do; but not down there; it's too far off. We condemn the vessels ourselves, and share the money on the capstan head."

"But is that lawful?"

"Lawful? to be sure it is. Could we spare men to send prizes home to England, and put them into the

hands of a rascally agent, who would rob us of three-fourths at least!—No, no—that would never do. If I could have escaped from the man-of-war which picked up me and four others, who were adrift in an open boat, I would now have been on the coast. But when I lost my fin, I knew that all was over with me; so I came to a hospital; but I often think of old times, and the life of a rover. Now, if you have any thoughts of going to sea, look out for some vessel bound to the Gold Coast, and then you'll soon get in the right way."

"The Gold Coast!—Is not that to where the slavers go?"

"Yes, slavers, and other vessels besides: some traffic for ivory and gold dust; however, that's as may happen.—You'd soon find yourself in good company; and wouldn't that be better than begging here for halfpence? I would be above that, at all events."

This remark, the first of the kind ever made to me, stung me to the quick. Strange, I had never before considered myself in the light of a beggar; and yet, was I not so, just as much as a sweeper of a crossing?

"A beggar!" replied I.

"Yes, a beggar; don't you beg for halfpence, and say, 'Thank your honour; a copper for poor Jack, your honour?'" rejoined Spicer, mimicking me. "When I see that pretty sister of yours, that looks so like a real lady, I often think to myself, 'Fine and smart as you are, miss, your brother's only a beggar.' Now would you not like to return from a cruise with a bag of doubloons to throw into her lap, proving that you were a gentleman, and above coppers thrown to you out of charity? Well, old as I am, and maimed, I'd sooner starve where I now stand—but I must be off; so good-bye, Jack—look sharp after the halfpence."

As Spicer walked away, my young blood boiled. A beggar!—it was but too true—and yet I had never thought it a disgrace before. I sat down on the steps, and was soon in deep thought. Boat after boat came to the stairs, and yet I stirred not. Not one halfpenny did I take during the remainder of that day: for I could not—would not ask for one. My pride, hitherto latent, was roused; and before I rose from where I had been seated, I made a resolution that I would earn my livelihood in some other way. What hurt me most was his observations about Virginia and her beggar brother. I was so proud of Virginia, I felt that her brother ought not to be a beggar. Such was the effect produced in so short a time by the insidious discourse of this man. Had he still remained at the steps, I do believe that I should have asked, probably have followed, his advice. Fortunately he had left; and, after a little reflection, I had the wisdom to go and see Peter Anderson, and consult him as to what I could do: for to change my mode of obtaining my livelihood I was determined upon.

I found Anderson, as usual, seated under the callonade, reading; and I went up to him.

"Well, Jack, my boy, you are home early," said he.

"Yes," replied I, gravely; and then I was silent.

After a pause of about a minute, Peter Anderson said—

"Jack, I see there's something the matter. Now, tell me what it is. Can I help you?"

"I did wish to speak to you," replied I. "I've been thinking—about going to sea."

"And how long have you thought of that, Jack?"

"I've thought more of it lately," replied I.

"Yes, since Spicer has been talking to you. Now, is that not the case?"

"Yes, it is."

"I knew that, Jack. I'm at your service for as long as you please; now sit down and tell me all he has said to you that you can remember. I sha'n't interrupt you."

I did so; and before I had half finished, Anderson replied, "that is quite enough, Jack. One thing is evident to me—that Spicer had led a bad and lawless life, and would even now continue it, old as he is, only that he is prevented by being crippled. Jack, he has talked to you about privateers!—God forgive me if I wrong him; but I think, had he said pirates, he would have told the truth. But say nothing about that observation of mine; I wish from my heart that you had never known him. But here comes your father. He has a right to know what we are talking about; for you owe duty to him as his son, and nothing can be done without his permission."

When my father came up to us, Anderson begged him to sit down, and he told him what we had been discussing about. I had already stated my objections to enter on board of a man-of-war.

"Well!" said my father, "I may come athwart hawse of that old picaroon yet, if he don't look out. Not that I mind your going to sea, Jack, as your father did before you; but what he says about the service is a confounded lie. Let a man do his duty, and the service is a good one; and a man who is provided for as he is, ought to be ashamed of himself to speak as he has done—the old rascal. Still, I do not care for your entering the service so young. It would be better that you were first apprentice and learnt your duty; and as soon as your time is out, you will be pressed of course, and then you would serve the king. I see no objection to all that."

"But why do you want so particularly to go to sea, Jack?" observed Anderson.

"I don't like being a beggar—begging for half-pence!" replied I.

"And Spicer told you that you were a beggar?" said Peter.

"He did."

"Jack, if that is the case, we are all beggars; for we all work, and receive what money we can get for our work. There is no shame in that."

"I can't bear to think of it," replied I, as the tears came into my eyes.

"Well, well! I see how it is," replied Anderson, "it's a pity you ever fell in with that man."

"That's true as gospel," observed my father; "but still, if he had said nothing worse than that, I should not have minded. I do think that Jack is now old enough to do something better; and I must say, I do not dislike his wishing so to do—for it is begging for half-pence, arter all."

"Well, boy," said Peter Anderson, "suppose you leave your father and me to talk over the matter; and to-morrow, by this time, we will tell you what we think will be best."

"Any thing—any thing," replied I, "but being a beggar."

"Go along, you are a foolish boy," said Anderson.

"I like his spirit, though," said my father as I walked away.

On the next day, the important question was to be decided. I did not go to the stairs, to follow up my vocation. I had talked the matter over with Virginia; who, although she did not like that I should go away, had agreed with me that she objected to my begging for money. I waited very impatiently for the time that An-

derson had appointed; and, at last, he and my father came together, when the former said—

"Well, Jack; it appears that you do not like to be a waterman; and that you have no great fancy for a man-of-war, although you have a hankering for the sea. Now, as you cannot cruise with your friend Spicer on the Spanish Main, nor yet be safe from impressment in a privateer or merchantman, we have been thinking that, perhaps, you would have no objection to be a channel and river pilot; and if so, I have an old friend in that service, who, I think, may help you. What do you say?"

"I should like it very much."

"Yes, it is a good service, and a man is usefully employed.—You may be the means, as soon as you are out of your time and have passed your examination, of saving many a vessel and more lives. You have had a pretty fair education, indeed quite sufficient; and, as you will often be coming up the river, you will have opportunities of seeing your father, and your friends. If you decide I will write at once."

"It is the very thing that I should like," replied I; "and many thanks to you, Anderson."

"And its exactly what I should wish, also," replied my father. "So that job's jobbed, as the saying is."

After this arrangement, I walked away as proud as if I had been an emancipated slave. That very evening I announced my intention of resigning the office of 'Poor Jack,' and named as my successor the boy with whom I had fought so desperately to obtain it, when the prospect was held out to me, by old Ben, of my becoming Poor Jack—forever!

CHAPTER XX.—Much ado about nothing, or a specimen of modern patronage.

I communicated to my mother and Virginia my father's intentions relative to my future employ, and was not surprised to find my mother very much pleased with the intelligence; for she had always considered my situation of 'Poor Jack' as disgracing her family—declaring it the 'most ungentleest' of all occupations. Perhaps she was not only glad of my giving up the situation, but also of my quitting her house. My father desired me to wear my Sunday clothes during the week, and ordered me a new suit for my best, which he paid for out of the money which he had placed in the hands of the lieutenant of the hospital: and I was very much surprised to perceive my mother cutting out half a dozen new shirts for me, which she and Virginia were employed making up during the evenings. Not that my mother told me who the shirts were for—she said nothing; but Virginia whispered it to me; my mother could not be even gracious to me: nevertheless, the shirts and several other necessaries, such as stockings and pocket-handkerchiefs, were placed for my use on my father's sea-chest, in my room, without any comment on her part, although she had paid for them out of her own purse. During the time that elapsed from my giving up the situation of 'Poor Jack' to my quitting Greenwich, I remained very quietly in my mother's house, doing every thing that I could for her, and employing myself chiefly in reading books which I borrowed any where that I could. I was very anxious to get rid of my soubriquet of 'Poor Jack,' and when so called, would tell every body that my name was now 'Thomas Saunders.'

One Sunday, about three weeks after I had given up

my birth, I was walking with my father and Virginia on the terrace of the hospital, when we perceived a large party of ladies and gentlemen coming towards us. My father was very proud of us: I had this very day put on the new suit of clothes which he had ordered for me, and which had been cut out in the true man-of-war fashion; and Virginia was, as usual, very nicely dressed. We were walking toward the party who were advancing, when, all of a sudden, my father started and exclaimed—

"Well, shiver my timbers! if it a'n't *she*—and *he*—by all that's blue!"

Who *she* or *he* might be, neither Virginia nor I could imagine; but I looked at the party, who were now close to us, and perceived, in advance of the rest, an enormous lady, dressed in a puce-coloured pelisse and a white satin bonnet. Her features were good, and had they been on a smaller scale would have been considered handsome. She towered above the rest of the company, and there was but one man who could at all compete with her in height and size, and he was by her side.

My father stopped, took off his cocked hat, and scraped the gravel with his timber-toe, as he bowed a little forward.

"Savrant, your honour's ladyship! Savrant, your honour, Sir Hercules!"

"Ah! whom have we here?" replied Sir Hercules, putting his hand as a screen above his eyes. "Who are you, my man?" continued he.

"Tom Saunders; your honour's coxswain, as was in the Druid," replied my father, with another scrape at the gravel, "taken in moorings at last, your honour. Hope to see your honour and your honourable ladyship quite well."

"I recollect you now, my man," replied Sir Hercules, very stiffly—"and where did you lose your leg?"

"Battle o' the Nile, your honour; majesty's ship *Udacious*."

"How interesting!" observed one of the ladies; "one of Sir Hercules' old men."

"Yes, madam, and one of my best men. Lady Hercules, you must recollect him," said Sir Hercules.

"I should think so, Sir Hercules," replied the lady; "did I not give him my own lady's maid in marriage?"

"Dear me, how *excessively* interesting!" said another of the party.

Now this was a little event in which Sir Hercules and Lady Hercules stood prominent; it added to their importance for the moment, and therefore they were both pleased. Lady Hercules then said—

"And pray, my good man, how is your wife?"

"Quite well and hearty, at your ladyship's service," replied my father; "and, please your ladyship, these two be our children."

"Bless me, how interesting!" exclaimed another lady.

"And remarkably well bred uns," remarked a short gentleman, in a fox hunting coat, examining Virginia through his eye-glass; "coxswain, filly—dam, lady's maid."

"What is your name, child?" said Lady Hercules to Virginia.

"Virginia, ma'am," replied my sister with a courtesy.

"You must say 'Lady Hercules,' my dear," said my father, stooping down.

"My name is Virginia, Lady Hercules," replied my sister, courtesying again.

"Indeed! then I suppose you are named after me!"

"Yes, your ladyship; hope no offence—but we did take the liberty," replied my father.

"And what is yours, boy?"

"Thomas, Lady Hercules," replied I, with a bow and scrape, after my father's receipt for politeness.

"And where is your mother?" said Sir Hercules.

"Mother's at home, Lady Hercules," replied I, with another scrape.

"How *very* interesting!" exclaimed one of the party.

"Quite an event!" said another. "A delightful rencontre!" cried a third. "How kind of you, Lady Hercules, to give up your own maid! and such handsome children," &c. &c. "It's really quite charming."

Lady Hercules was evidently much pleased; and she assumed the patroness.

"Well, little girl, since you have been named after me, out of gratitude, I must see what can be done for you. Tell your mother to come up to me to-morrow at three o'clock, and bring you with her."

"Yes, Lady Hercules," replied Virginia, with a courtesy.

"And Saunders, you may as well come up at the same time, and bring your lad with you," added Sir Hercules.

"Yes, your honour," replied my father, both he and I simultaneously scraping the gravel.

"Wish your honour, Sir Hercules, and your honourable lady, and all the honourable company, a very good morning!" continued my father, taking Virginia and me by the hand to lead us away.

Sir Hercules touched his hat in return, and walked away as stiff as usual: the pensioners who had witnessed the interview between him and my father, concluding that Sir Hercules was a naval officer, now rose and touched their hats to him as he walked with her ladyship in advance of the party. We joined Anderson, who was sitting down at the other end of the walk, when my father communicated to him what had passed.

As my father conducted Virginia home, she said to him—

"Why do you call him *Sir*, and her *Lady*?"

"Because they are quality people, child. He is a barrownight, and she is Lady Hercules."

"Are all barrownights and ladies so much bigger than other people are in general?"

"No, child, they don't go by size. I've seen many a lord who was a very little man."

My mother was very much pleased when we narrated what had happened, as she considered that Lady Hercules might prove a valuable patron to Virginia, whom she did not fail to have ready at the time appointed; and, dressed in our very best, we all walked together to the Sun, at which Sir Hercules and his lady had taken up their quarters. Let it not be supposed that my mother had forgotten the unceremonious manner in which she had been dismissed from the service of Lady Hercules—it was still fresh in the memory of a person so revengeful in her disposition; but she considered that as Lady Hercules had forgotten it, it was her interest to do the same; so, when we were ushered into the room where sat Sir Hercules and her ladyship, my mother was all smiles, and courtesies, and gratitude for past favours.

There was an old gentleman, with a bald powdered head, dressed in black, standing with his back to the fire, when we entered; he was the only other person in the room beside Sir Hercules and his lady. Lady Hercules first obtained from my mother a short history of what had happened since they had parted; and really, to hear my

mother's explanation, it would have been supposed that she and my father had always been the most loving couple in the world.

"Well," said Sir Hercules, "and what do you intend to do with your boy, Saunders?"

"May it please your honour, I've been thinking of bringing him up as a channel pilot," replied my father.

"Very good," replied Sir Hercules; "I can see to that; and with my interest at the Trinity board, the *thing is done*, sir;" and Sir Hercules walked pompously about the room. "Saunders," said Sir Hercules, stopping, after he had taken three or four turns up and down, and joining his fingers behind his back, "I thought I perceived some difference in you, when you first addressed me. What has become of your tail, sir?"

"My tail, your honour?" replied my father, looking as much a delinquent as if he was still on board a man-of-war, and had been guilty of some misdemeanour—"why, please your honour Sir Hercules—"

"I cut it off for him with my scissors," interrupted my mother, with a courtesy. "Saunders was very savage when he came for to know it; but he had a stupefaction of the brain, and was quite insensible at the time; and so, Sir Hercules and my lady (here a courtesy) I thought it was better—"

"Ah! I see—a brain fever," observed Sir Hercules. "Well, under these circumstances, you may have saved his life; but it was a pity—was it not, my lady?—quite altered the man—you recollect his tail, my lady?"

"What a question, Sir Hercules!" replied her ladyship with great dignity, turning round towards my mother.

My father appeared to be quite relieved from his dilemma by his wife's presence of mind, and really thankful to her for coming to his assistance; she had saved him from the mortification of telling the truth. How true it is, that married people, however much they may quarrel, like to conceal their squabbles from the world.

"And what are you thinking of doing with your little girl?" said Lady Hercules—"bringing her up to service, I presume: leave that to me; as soon as she is old enough, the *thing is done*, you need say no more about it." Here her ladyship fell back in the large easy chair on which she was seated, with a self-satisfied air of patronage, and looking even more dignified than her husband.

But my mother had no such intentions, and having first thanked her ladyship for her great kindness, stated very humbly that she did not much like the idea of her daughter going out to service; that she was far from strong, and that her health would not allow her to undertake hard work.

"Well, but I presume she may do the work of a lady's maid!" replied her ladyship haughtily; "and it was that service which I intended for her."

"Indeed, Lady Hercules, you are very kind; but there is an objection," replied my mother to gain time.

"Please your ladyship," said my father, who, to my great surprise, came to my mother's support, "I do not wish that my little girl should be a lady's maid."

"And why not, pray?" said her ladyship, rather angrily.

"Why, you see, your ladyship, my daughter is, after all, only the daughter of a poor Greenwich pensioner; and, although she has been so far pretty well educated, yet I wish her not to forget her low situation in life, and ladies' maids do get so confounded proud ('specially those who have the fortune to be ladies' ladies' maids,) that I don't wish that she should take a situation which

should make her forget herself, and her poor old pensioner of a father; and, begging your honour's pardon, that is the real state of the case, my lady."

"What my mother felt at this slap at her, I do not know, but certain it is that she was satisfied with my father taking the responsibility of refusal on his own shoulders, and she therefore continued—"I often have told Mr. Saunders how happy I was when under your ladyship's protection, and what a fortunate person I considered myself; but my husband has always had such an objection to my girl being brought up to it, that I have (of course, my lady, as it is my duty to him to do so) given up my own wishes from the first; indeed, my lady, had I not known that my little girl was not to go to service, I never should have ventured to have called her Virginia, my lady."

"What, then, do you intend her for?" said Sir Hercules to my father. "You don't mean to bring her up as a lady, do you?"

"No, your honour, she's but a pensioner's daughter, and I wish her to be humble, as she ought to be; so I've been thinking that something in the millinery line, or perhaps—"

"As a governess, my lady," interrupted my mother, with a courtesy.

"That will make her humble enough, at all events," observed the bald gentleman in black, with a smile.

"I, admit," replied Lady Hercules, "that your having given my name to your little girl is a strong reason for her not going into service; but there are many expenses attending the education necessary for a young person as governess."

Here my mother entered into an explanation of how Virginia had been educated; an education which she should not have dreamt of giving, only that her child bore her ladyship's name, &c. My mother employed her usual flattery and humility, so as to reconcile her ladyship to the idea; who was the more inclined when she discovered that she was not likely to be put to any expense in her patronage of my sister. It was finally agreed that Virginia should be educated for the office of governess, and that when she was old enough Lady Hercules would take her under her august protection; but her ladyship did do her some service. Finding that Virginia was at a respectable school, she called there with a party of ladies, and informed the schoolmistress that the little girl was under her protection, and that she trusted that justice would be done to her education. In a school where the Miss Tippetts were considered the aristocracy, the appearance of so great a woman as Lady Hercules was an event, and I do not know whether my little sister did not after that take precedence in the school; at all events, she was much more carefully instructed and looked after than she had been before. Sir Hercules was also pleased to find, upon inquiry, that there was every prospect of my entering the pilot service, without any trouble on his part. Both Sir Hercules and his lady informed their friends of what their intentions were to their young protégés, and were inundated with praises and commendations for their kindness, the full extent of which the reader will appreciate. But as my mother pointed out as we walked home, if we did not require their assistance at present, there was no saying but that we eventually might; and if so, that Sir Hercules and Lady Hawking-treflyan could not well refuse to perform their promises. I must say that this was the first instance in my recollection in which my parents appeared to draw amicably

CHAPTER XXI.—A most important present is made to me; and, as it will eventually appear, the generosity of the giver is rewarded.

Sir Hercules and Lady Hawkingtreflyan quitted Greenwich the day after the interview narrated in the preceding chapter, and by that day's post, Anderson received a letter in reply to the one he had written, from his friend Philip Bramble, channel and river pilot, who had, as he said in his letter, put on shore at Deal, where he resided, but the day before, after knocking about in the channel for three weeks. Bramble stated his willingness to receive and take charge of me, desiring that I would hold myself in readiness to be picked up at a minute's warning, and he would call for me the first time that he took a vessel up the river. A letter communicating this intelligence was forthwith despatched by my mother to Sir Hercules, who sent a short reply, stating that if I conducted myself properly he would not lose sight of me. This letter, however, very much increased the family consequence in Fisher's Alley, for my mother did not fail to show it to every body, and every body was anxious to see the handwriting of a real baronet. About a week afterwards I went to the shop of the widow St. Felix, to purchase some tobacco for my father, when she said to me,

"So Jack—or Tom, as I hear you request to be called now—you are going to leave us?"

"Yes," replied I; "and I shall be sorry to leave you—you have been so kind to me."

"A little kindness goes a great way with some people, Tom, and that's the case with you, for you've a grateful heart.—You're to be a pilot, I hear; well, Tom, I've a present to make you, which you will find very useful in your profession, and which will make you think of me sometimes. Stop a moment till I come down again."

The widow went up stairs, and when she came down, held in her hand a telescope, or spy-glass, as sailors generally call them. It was about two feet long, covered with white leather, and apparently had been well preserved.

"Now, Tom, this is what a pilot ought not to be without; and if what was said by the person to whom it belonged is true, it is an excellent spy-glass; so now accept it from your loving friend, and long may you live to peep through it."

"Thank you, thank you!" replied I, delighted, as Mrs. St. Felix put it into my hands. I surveyed it all over, pulled out the tube, and then said to her, "Who did it belong to?"

"Tom," replied the widow, "that's a sad trick you have of asking questions; it's quite sufficient that it is mine, and that I give it to you—is it not?"

"Yes," replied I; "but you're the only person who says that I ask too many questions. Why, here's a name! F. I."

The widow stretched herself over the counter with a sudden spring, and snatched the telescope out of my hand. When I looked at her, she stood pale and trembling.

"Why, what is the matter?" inquired I.

She put her hand to her side, as if in great pain, and for some seconds could not speak.

the telescope in her hand, and I obeyed her injunctions in silence and wondering. That there was a mystery about her was certain, and I felt very sorrowful, not that I did not know the secret, but that I could not be of service to her. That evening the telescope was brought to my mother's house by fat Jane. I perceived that the portion of the brass rim upon which the name had been cut with a knife, for it had not been engraved, as I thought, had been carefully filed down, so that not a vestige of the letters appeared.

The next morning I was down at the steps long before breakfast, that I might try my new present. Bill Freeman was there, and he showed me how to adjust the focus. I amused myself looking at the vessels which were working up and down the Reach; and so much was I delighted, that I quite forgot how time passed, and lost my breakfast. Every one asked to have a peep through the telescope, and every one declared that it was an excellent glass; at last, Spicer came up to where I stood.

"Well, Jack," said he, "what have you there—a spy-glass? Let's have a look; I'm a good judge of one, I can tell you."

I handed the telescope over to him; he looked through it for some time.

"A first rate glass, Jack" (I was oftener called Jack than Tom at that time;) "I never knew but one equal to it. Where did you get it?"

I don't exactly know why, but perhaps the mystery evident in the widow, and the cautions I had received against Spicer, combined together, induced me not to answer the question.

"It's odd," observed Spicer, who was now examining the outside of the telescope; "I could almost swear to it." He then looked at the small brass rim where the name had been, and perceived that it had been erased. "Now I'm positive! Jack, where did you get this glass?"

"It was made a present to me," replied I.

"Come here," said Spicer, leading me apart from the others standing by. "Now tell me directly,"—and Spicer spoke in an authoritative tone—"who gave you this glass?"

I really was somewhat afraid of Spicer, who had gained much power over me. I dared not say that I would not tell him, and I did not like to tell a lie. I thought that if I told the truth, I might somehow or another injure Mrs. St. Felix, and I therefore answered evasively.

"It was sent to me as a present by a lady."

"Oh!" replied Spicer, who had heard of Sir Hercules and his lady, "so the lady sent it to you! It's very odd," continued he; "I could take my oath that I've had that glass in my hand a hundred times."

"Indeed!" replied I. "Where?"

But Spicer did not answer me; he had fallen into one of his dark moods, and appeared as if recalling former events to his mind. He still kept possession of the glass, and I was afraid that he would not return it, for I tried to take it softly out his hand, and he would not let go. He remained in this way about a minute, when I perceived my father and Ben the Whaler coming up, at which I was delighted.

"Father," said I, as they came near, "come and try my new spy-glass."

Spicer started and released the telescope, when I laid hold of it and put it into my father's hands. As neither my father nor Ben would ever speak to him, Spicer, with a lowering brow walked away. After my father had examined the glass and praised it, he very naturally asked me where I obtained it. After what had passed with Spicer, I was so fearful of his discovering, by other people, by whom the glass had been given to me, that I replied again, in the hearing of every body, "a lady, father; you may easily guess who."

"Well," replied my father, "I never thought that her ladyship could have been so generous; I take it very kindly of her."

I was delighted at my father falling so easily into the mistake. As for my mother and Virginia, they were neither of them present when Jane brought the telescope to me, or I certainly should have stated, without reservation, to whom I had been indebted. I hardly could decide whether I would go to the widow and tell her what had occurred: but, upon some reflection, as she had accused me of asking too many questions, and might suppose that I wished to obtain her secrets, I determined upon saying nothing about it.

For a week I occupied myself wholly with my telescope, and I became perfectly master of it, or rather quite used to it, which is of some importance. I avoided Spicer, always leaving the steps when I perceived him approaching, although once or twice he beckoned to me. At the expiration of the week, a message was brought by a waterman from Philip Bramble, stating that he should pass Greenwich in a day or two, being about to take down a West Indiaman then lying below London bridge: my clothes were therefore then packed up in readiness, and I went to bid farewell to my limited acquaintance.

I called upon old Nanny, who was now quite strong again. I had before acquainted her with my future prospects.

"Well, Jack," says she, "and so you're going away? I don't think you were quite right to give up a situation where you gained so many half pence every day, and only for touching your cap: however, you know best. I shall have no more bargain after you are gone—that's certain. But, Jack, you'll be on board of vessels coming from the East and West Indies, and all other parts of the world, and they have plenty of pretty things on board, such as shells, and empty bottles, and hard biscuit, and bags of oakum; and, Jack, they will give them to you for nothing, for sailors don't care what they give away when they come from a long voyage; and so mind you beg for me as much as you can, that's a good boy; but don't take live monkeys or those things, they eat so much. You may bring me a parrot, I think I could sell one, and that don't cost much to feed. Do you understand, Jack? Will you do this for me?"

"I don't know whether I can do all you wish, but depend upon it, mother, I won't forget you."

"That's enough, Jack, you'll keep your word; and now, is there any nice thing that I can give you out of my shop, as a keepsake, Jack?"

"Why, no, mother, I thank you—nothing."

"Think of something, Jack," replied old Nanny; "you must have something."

"Well, then, mother, you know I like reading; will you give me the old book that I was reading when I sat up with you one night?"

"Yes, Jack, and welcome; what book is it? I don't know, I can't see to read large print without spectacles, and I broke mine many years ago."

"Why do you not buy another pair?"

"Another pair, Jack? Spectacles cost money. I've no money; and as I never read, I don't want spectacles. Go in and fetch the book; it's yours, and welcome."

I went in and brought out the "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" which I before mentioned. "This is it, mother."

"Yes, yes, I recollect now, it's a very pretty book. What's it about, Jack? I can't see myself: never mind, take it, Jack, and don't forget your promise."

I wished old Nanny good-bye, and took the book home, which I gave into Virginia's care, as I wished her to read it. The next morning, at daybreak, I was summoned; the ship was dropping down the river. I bade farewell to my little sister, who wept on my shoulder; to my mother, who hardly condescended to answer me. My father helped me down with my luggage, which was not very heavy; and Anderson and old Ben accompanied us to the landing steps; and having bid them all farewell, besides many other of my friends who were there, I stepped into the boat sent for me, and quitted Greenwich for my new avocation, on the 6th of October, 1799, being then, as Anderson had calculated, precisely thirteen years and seven months old.

CHAPTER XXII.—In which a story is begun and not finished, which I think the reader will regret as much as, at the time, I did.

The boat was alongside of the West Indiaman, which had been tiding it down Limehouse Reach under her topsails, there being but little wind, and that contrary; but now that she had arrived to Greenwich Reach she had braced up, with her head the right way. My box was handed up the side, and I made my appearance on the deck soon afterward, with my telescope in my hand.

"Are you the lad for whom the pilot sent the boat?" inquired a man whom I afterward found to be the second mate.

"Yes," replied I.

"Well, there he is abaft, in a p-jacket," said he, walking to the gangway, and directing the men to drop the boat astern.

I looked aft, and perceived my future master talking with the captain of the vessel. Philip Bramble was a spare man, about five feet seven inches high. He had on his head a low-crowned tarpaulin hat: a short p-jacket (so called from the abbreviation of *pilot's jacket*) reached down to just above his knees. His features were regular, and, indeed, although weatherbeaten, they might be termed handsome. His nose was perfectly straight, his lips thin, his eyes gray and very keen; he had little or no whiskers, and from his appearance, and the intermixture of gray with his brown hair, I supposed him to be about fifty years of age. In one hand he held a short clay pipe, into which he was inserting the forefinger of the other, as he talked with the captain. At the time that he was pointed out to me by the second mate, he was looking up aloft; I had, therefore, time to make the above observations before he cast his eyes down and perceived me, when I immediately went aft to him.

"I suppose you are Tom Saunders," said he, surveying me from head to foot.

"Have you sharp eyes, a good memory, and plenty of nerve?"

"I believe I've got the two first: I don't know about the other."

"I suppose not; it hasn't been tried yet. How far can you see through a fog?"

"According how thick it is."

"I see you've a glass there; tell me what you make of that vessel just opening from Blackwall Reach?"

"What, that ship?"

"Oh, you can make it out to be a ship, can you, with the naked eye? Well, then, you have good eyes."

I fixed my glass upon the vessel, and after a time, not having forgotten the lessons so repeatedly given me by Spicer, I said, "She has no colours up, but she's an Embden vessel, by her build."

"Oh!" said he, "hand me the glass. The boy's right—and a good glass, too. Come, I see you do know something, and good knowledge, too, for a pilot. It often saves us a deal of trouble when we know a vessel by her build: them foreigners sail too close to take pilots. Can you stand cold? Have you got a jacket?"

"Yes, father bought me one."

"Well, you'll want it this winter, for the wild geese tell us that it will be a sharp one. Steady, starboard!"

"Starboard it is."

"D'ye know the compass?"

"No."

"Well, stop till we get down to Deal. Now, stand by me, and keep your eyes wide open; for d'ye see, you've plenty to learn, and you can't begin too soon. We must square the mainyard, captain, if you please," continued he, as we entered Blackwall Reach. "What could make the river so perverse as to take these two bends in Limehouse and Blackwall reaches, unless to give pilots trouble, I can't say."

The wind being now contrary, from the sharp turn in the river, we were again tiding it down; that is, hove to and allowing the tide to drift us through the Reach; but, as soon as we were clear of Blackwall Reach, we could lay our course down the river. As we passed Gravesend, Bramble asked me whether I was ever so low down.

"Yes," replied I, "I have been down as far as Sea Reach;" which I had been when I was upset in the wherry, and told him the story.

"Well, Tom, that's called the river now; but do you know that, many years ago, where we now are used to be considered as the mouth of the river, and that fort there" (pointing to Tilbury Fort) "was built to defend it; for they say the French fleet used to come and anchor down below."

"Yes," replied I; "and they say, in the History of England, that the Danes used to come up much higher, even up to Greenwich; but that's a very long while ago."

"Well, you beat me, Tom; I never heard that; and I think, if ever they did so, they won't do it again in a hurry. What water have you got, my man? Port there!"

"Port it is."

"Steady—so."

if the wind will only freshen a little (and it looks very like it,) we shall be able to stem the first of the flood, at all events."

I ought to observe, that Bramble, as soon as he had passed any shoal or danger, pointed it out to me: he said—

"I tell it to you, because you can't be told too often. You won't recollect much that I tell you, I dare say; I don't expect it; but you may recollect a little, and every little helps."

The tide had flowed more than an hour when we passed the Nore light and came to an anchor.

"What lights are those?" inquired I.

"That's Sheerness," replied Bramble. "We were talking of the French and Danes coming up the river. Why, Tom, it is not much more than one hundred and fifty years ago when the Dutch fleet came up to Sheerness, destroyed the batteries and landed troops there; howsoever, as I said of the French and the other chaps, they won't do so again in a hurry."

As soon as they had veered out sufficient cable, Bramble accepted the invitation of the captain to go down in the cabin, when I went and joined the men, who were getting their supper forwards. I was soon on good terms with them; and after supper, as it was cold, they went down to the fore peak, got out some beer and grog, and we sat round in a circle, with the bottles and mugs and a farthing candle in the centre. Being right in the eyes of her, as it is termed, we could plainly hear the water slapping against the bends outside of her, as it was divided by the keelson, and borne away by the strong flood tide. It was a melancholy sound; I had never heard it before; and during a pause, as I listened to it, one of the men observed, "Queer sound, boy, ain't it? You'd think that the water was lapping in right among us. But noises aboard ship don't sound as they do on shore; I don't know why." No more did I at that time; the fact is, that nothing conveys sound better than wood, and every slight noise is magnified, in consequence, on board of a vessel.

"I recollect when I was on a Mediterranean voyage how we were frightened with noises, sure enough," observed one of the men.

"Come, that's right, Dick, give us a yarn," said the others.

"Yes," replied Dick, "and it's a true yarn too, and all about a ghost."

"Well, stop a moment," said one of the men, "and let us top this glim a bit before you begin; for it seemed to get dimmer the moment you talked about a ghost." Dick waited till a little more light was obtained, and then commenced:

"I had shipped on board of a vessel bound to Smyrna, now about seven years ago. We had gone down to Portsmouth, where we waited for one of the partners of the house by which we had been freighted, and who was going out as passenger. We were a man short, and the captain went on shore to get one from the crimps, whom we knew very well, and the fellows promised to send one on board next morning. Well, sure enough a wherry came off with him just before break of day, and he and his traps were taken on board; but it was not perceived, at the time, what he had in his

arms under his grego; and what do you think it proved to be at daylight? Why—a large black tom cat."

"What, a black one?"

"Yes, as black as the enemy himself. The fellow came down forward with it, and so, says I, 'Why, messmate, you're not going to take that animal to sea with us!'"

"'Yes, I am,' said he very surlily; 'it's an old friend of mine, and I never parts with him.'"

"'Well,' says I, 'you'll find the difference when the captain hears on it, I can tell you; and, for the matter of that, I won't promise you that it will be very safe if it comes near me, when I've a handspike in my hand.'"

"'I tell you what,' says he, 'it ain't the taking of a cat on board what brings mischief; but it's turning one out of a ship, what occasions ill luck. No cat ever sunk a ship till the animal was hove overboard, and sunk first itself, and then it does drag the ship down after it.'"

"Well, one of the boys who did not care about such things, for he was young and ignorant, put his hand to the cat's head to stroke it, and the cat bit him right through the fingers, at which the boy gave a loud cry."

"'Now, that will teach you to leave my cat alone,' said the man; 'he won't come near nobody but me, and he bites every body else, so I give you fair warning.'"

"And sure enough the brute, which was about as big as two common cats, was just as savage as a tiger. When the first mate called the man on deck, the fellow left his cat behind him in the fore peak, just as if it were now here; and it got into the dark corner, growling and humping its back, with its eyes flashing fire at every one of us as we came anigh it.—Oh! says we, 'this here won't never do; wait till the captain comes on board, that's all.' Well, the hatches were off, and we were busy restowing the upper tier of the cargo, which we had thrown in very carelessly in our hurry to get down the river; just putting the bales in order (it wasn't breaking bulk, you see;) and we were at it all day. At last, towards evening, the captain comes on board with the gentleman passenger; a mighty timorsome sort of young chap he appeared for to be, and had never before set his foot upon the plank of a vessel. So, as soon as the captain was on deck, we all broke off our work and went to tell him about this cat; and the captain he gets into a great rage as soon as he hears on it, and orders the man to send the cat on shore, or else he'd throw it overboard. Well, the man, who was a sulky, saucy sort of chap, and no seaman, I've a notion, gives cheek, and says he won't send his cat on shore for no man; whereupon the captain orders the cat to be caught, that he might send it in the boat; but nobody dared to catch it, for it was so fierce to every body but it's master: the second mate tried, and he got a devil of a bite, and came up from the fore peak without the cat, looking very blue indeed; and then the first mate went down and he tried; but the cat flew at him, and he came up as white as a sheet; and the cat became so savage that it stood at the foot of the ladder, all ready to attack whoever should come down; and the man laughed heartily, and told us to fetch the cat. 'Well,' says the first mate, 'I can't touch the cat, but I can you, you beggar; and I will, too, if it costs me twenty pounds;' so he ups with a handspike and knocks the fellow down senseless on the deck, and there he laid; and it served him right."

"Well, then the captain thought to shoot the cat, for it was for all the world like a wild beast, and one proposed one thing and one another; and at last Jim, the cabin boy, comes forward with some brimstone matches

in a pan, and he lights them and lowers them down into the fore peak by a rope yarn, to smother it out; and so it did, sure enough, for all of a sudden the cat made a spring up to the deck, and then we all chased it here and there until at last it got out to the end of the flying gib-boom; and then Jim, the cabin-boy, followed it out with a handspike, and poked at it as hard as he could, until at last it lost its hold, and down it went into the water, and Jim and the handspike went along with it; for Jim, in his last poke at the cat, lost his balance—so away they went together. Well, there was a great hurry in manning the boat, and picking up poor Jim and the handspike; but the cat we saw no more, for it was just dark at the time. Well, when it was all over, we began to think what we had done; and as soon as we had put on the hatches and secured the hold, we went down below into the fore peak, where the smell of brimstone did not make us feel more comfortable, I can tell you, and we began to talk over the matter; for you see the cat should not have been thrown overboard, but put on shore; but we were called away to man the boat again, for the fellow had come to his senses, and swore that he would not stay in the ship, but go on shore and take the law of the first mate; and the first mate and captain thought the sooner he was out of the ship the better, for we were to sail before daylight, and there might not be a wherry for him to get into; so the fellow took his kit, and we pulled him on shore and landed him on Southsea beach, he swearing vengeance the whole way, and as he stepped out on the beach he turned round to us, and said, as he shook his fist, 'You've thrown overboard a *black tom-cat*, recollect that! and now you'll see the consequence; a pleasant voyage to you—I wouldn't sail in that vessel if you were to offer her to me as a present as soon as she got to Smyrna; because why! you've thrown overboard a *black tom-cat*, and you'll never get there—*never*,' cried he again, and off he ran with his bundle."

"Well, we didn't much like it, and if the second mate hadn't been in the boat, I'm not sure that we shouldn't all have gone on shore rather than sail in the vessel; but there was no help for it. The next morning before daylight we started, for the captain wouldn't wait to get another hand, and we were soon out of soundings, and well into the Bay of Biscay."

"We had just passed Cape Finisterre, when Jim, the cabin-boy, says one morning, 'I'm blessed if I didn't hear that cat last night, or the ghost on it!' So we laughed at him; for, you see, he slept abaft just outside the cabin-door, close to the pantry, and not forward with the rest of us."

"'Well,' says he, 'I heard her miaul, and when I awoke I think I seed two eyes looking at me.'"

"'Well, Jim,' said I, for we had got over our fears, 'it was you who knocked her overboard; so it's all right that she should haunt you and nobody else.' Jim, however, could not laugh, but looked very grave and unhappy. A few days afterwards, the captain and passenger complained that they could not sleep for the noise and racket that was kept up all night between the timbers and in the run aft. They said it was as if a whole legion of devils were broken loose and scampering about; and the captain was very grave; and as for the passenger, he was frightened out of his wits. Still we laughed, because we had heard nothing ourselves, and thought that it must only be fancy on their parts, particularly as the captain used to *bawse his jib* up pretty taut every night. Well, all went on very well; we arrived at the

Rock, got our fresh provisions and vegetables, and then made sail again. The captain complained of no more noises, and Jim of no more eyes, and the whole matter was almost forgotten."

Here the narrator was interrupted by the thumping of a handspike on the deck above.

"Halloo! what's the matter now?"

"Come, tumble up, my lads, and pump the ship out," said the mate from above; "we had almost forgotten that. Be smart now, it's but ten minutes' job."

Thus broke off the story, much to my annoyance; but it could not be helped—ships must be pumped out—so the men went on deck, and I followed them.

CHAPTER XXIII.—"Recollect," says the fellow, "you have thrown overboard a black tom cat!"

In a quarter of an hour the pump sucked, and we all hastened down below to our grog and the completion of our yarn. As soon as we were all comfortably seated as before, Dick recommenced.

"Well, we were abreast of Malta, when the weather, which had hitherto on the voyage been very fine, changed. The clouds hung down very heavy, and there was every symptom of a fierce gale; and sure enough a worse gale I never was in than came on that night—and such a sea!—the ship rolled gunnel under, for the gale was fair, but the sea ran so high and so fast, that we expected to be pooped every minute. It was about midnight, when the rain came on in torrents, and the wind blew fiercer than ever. I was on deck, and so was the first mate, and another man at the helm, for we were flying right before it, and she was hard to steer.

"We shall have it worse yet," said the captain.

"*Miaw*," was the reply; so clear, so loud, we could not tell where it came from. I thought it came from the maintop.

"Mercy on us! what was that?" said the first mate, the light from the binnacle showing his face as pale as a sheet.

"*Miaw*," was the reply from somewhere.

"The black cat, by all that's blue!" cried the captain.

"The Lord have mercy upon us, we're all gone!" said the mate, clasping his hands in terror. To clasp his hands, of course he let go the wheel; and the other man, who was equally frightened, had not strength to hold it. Away he went, right over the wheel, knocking down the mate on the other side; and the ship taking a heavy lurch, they both went into the scuppers together. The ship broached to; and our mainmast and mizenmast went over the side."

"Do top that glim, Bill," said one of the men, in a tremulous voice.

Dick paused while the snuff was taken off the candle; and the water went tap, tap, tap against the beads, with a most melancholy sound.

I really did feel rather queer myself.

Dick continued—"Well, all hands were on deck immediately; and it was good two hours before we could clear the wreck, for the men were disheartened. They had heard the loud *miaw* when in the fore peak, and declared that it was close to them; and the passenger and Jim came out, frightened out of their wits. They had heard the *miaw*, and said that it was from under the cabin table. At last we were clear of the wreck, and the wind roared louder than ever.

"The captain was a stout-hearted fellow, and as the men were collected together under the bulwark, he said, 'Well, this breeze will shorten our distance at any rate, and, if it holds, we shall soon be at Smyrna.'

"We shall never see Smyrna!" replied the second mate, his teeth chattering.

"No, never!" cried the seamen.

"The captain sent Jim down for his rum bottle, and gave every man a stiff glass of liquor, and that made them feel more comfortable for a time; when there was a sort of lull, and again the loud *miaw* was repeated.

"There it is!" cried the men; but they hardly had time to say so, when the ship was pooped with a tremendous sea, washing away the stern and quarter boats, and sending all the men swimming forward. So loaded was the ship with water, that she stopped, and appeared as if she was settling down. At last she rolled heavy to port and discharged it, and away we went before the wind, faster than ever. Well, there was some talk among the seamen of throwing poor Jim overboard to appease the ghost of the cat, for it was he who had thrown the cat overboard. But the captain heard what the men were saying, and he swore he would knock the brains out of the first man who laid hold of the boy; and he sent Jim below out of harm's way. Poor Jim! how bitterly he cried, poor boy, when he heard what was going on.

"Well, it's a long lane that has no turning, and no gale lasts for ever: the next day it moderated, and the day after the weather was quite fine, and the sea had gone down. We recovered our spirits, the more so, as we heard no more of the cat; and having jury-rigged her aft, we steered our course with a light breeze. We were now but a short distance from Smyrna, and hoped to be there by the next day; but the second mate shook his head; he said, 'The cat has not done with us, for it was a black tom cat.'

"The fourth day the captain came on deck, and said, 'I heard a great washing of water in the run last night, as I thought; have you sounded the well lately?'

"No," replied the first mate, 'I left that to the carpenter.'

"Well, then, ask him." Well, the carpenter had not sounded the well, as it appeared; and so he sounded it immediately, and found that we had six feet water in the hold.

"I knewed we were doomed," said the second mate; 'we'll never get at port;' and so thought the men; but the captain said,—

"Why, the fact is, my lads, we must have sprung a leak in the gale, and no wonder, beating against the wreck so, as we did when the masts went over the side. Come, rig the pumps, and we shall soon clear her. The tom cat has nothing to do with this, at all events."

"Now you see our bottom cargo consisted of two or three tier of crates of crockery, which would not spoil by being wet; but the upper part of the cargo was bales of dry goods and linen, so the captain was very anxious that they should work the pumps before the water got higher; the weather was very fine, the sea smooth, and the wind, although fair, was light. Well, the seamen were terrified, and thought they were lost; they asked for liquor, and refused to work at the pumps; they said it was no use, the ship was doomed. Well, the captain he got very angry, he went down into the cabin, loaded his double-barrelled gun, and swore that he would shoot the first man through the head who refused to work at the pumps. The men knew that he was in earnest, for he was a violent sort of fellow, and so they set to. We

didn't gain much upon her; I thought we did a little, but the men said no. The captain declared that we did gain considerably, but it was supposed that he only said so to encourage the people. Well, the captain ordered the mate to take up the hatches, that they might see the state of the cargo. This was done; the dry goods, as far as we could make out, were not injured, and the men pumped spell and spell until the evening, when the captain gave them a good allowance of grog, and an hour to rest themselves. It was a beautiful moonlight night, the sails were just asleep and no more; but the vessel was heavy, from the water in her, and we dragged slowly along. The captain, who had gone down below with the first mate, came up from the cabin, and said to the men, 'Now, my lads, we'll set to again;' when suddenly there was a loud, melancholy *miao!* which terrified us all. We looked from whence the sound appeared to come, and there, on the launch turned over amidship, we beheld the ghost of the black tom cat, so large, so black, with the broad moonlight shining on it; and so thin, it was the skeleton of the cat, only it looked as black as ever; its back was humped up and its tail curved; and as it stood out in the broad moonlight, it did look twice as big as the original cat, which was the biggest I ever saw. Well, the men actually screamed; they ran aft, upsetting the captain and mate, and rolling over them, and hiding their faces, with, 'Lord have mercy on us!' and 'God forgive our sins!' and 'Oh! we're lost, we're lost!' and every sort of crying and groaning that could be thought of. At last, the captain gets up from under them in a great rage and looks forward to see what was the matter, and there he sees the ghost of the tom cat standing just in the same place; and it gave another miserable *miao!* 'Why,' cried the captain (who had his grog on board, and was as brave as brass), 'it is the cursed cat himself. Stop a moment.' Down he goes to the cabin, reels up the hatchway again with his double-barrelled gun, and lets fly at it!—(here Dick lowered his voice to almost a whisper)—'the cat gave a shriek—and then—'

Here, during the pause, Bill put out his finger and thumb to snuff the candle, but his hand shook; he snuffed it out, and we were all left in darkness. I can hardly describe the feeling which appeared to pervade the whole of our party. Every one was shuffling and crowding with their shoulders, but still no one moved from his place.

"Well," said Dick, the narrator, in a quiet, subdued voice, "why don't one of you go and fetch a light? Come, jump up, Bill, you topped it out."

"Ay, ay," replied Bill, evidently shaking, "where's the candle?"

"Here," said one of the boys, handing it to him.

"Well, then, jump up yourself, you young whelp, you're younger than me!"

"I didn't put it out," replied the boy, whining.

"Up, immediately, or I'll break every rib in your body," replied Bill.

The boy, who was terribly frightened, got up at this threat, and began to ascend the ladder; he was about three steps up, when he heard from the deck, a horrible *miao!* the boy gave a scream of terror, and fell down on his back among us all, smashing the glass and flattening the tin cans against the men's legs, who hallooed with pain. At last there was a dead silence again, and I could plainly hear the loud throbbing of more than one heart.

"Come," said Dick again, "what was the fool frightened about? Look for the candle, some of you!" At last Bill found it in his breast, broke in two, and half melted away, and was proceeding for a light, when the carpenter stepped to the hatch with his lantern and said, "Why you're all in the dark there, shipmates! Here, take my lantern." I may as well here observe that the carpenter had been listening to the story as he sat by the hatchway on deck,

and it was he who had favoured us with the *miao* which had so frightened the boy.

As soon as the lantern had been received and the candle relighted, Dick recommenced.

"Well, my, lads, I said that the captain went down below, brought up his gun, and let fly at the cat, and then—well, and then—the cat gave a loud shriek, and falls down upon the deck. The captain walks forward to it, takes it up by the tail, brings it aft, and shies it among the men.

"There, you fools," said he, "it is the cat himself; will you believe your own eyes?"

"And sure enough so it was; for you see, when Jim tumbled overboard, it being then dark, and we so busy with Jim, we did not look after the cat, and so it must have crawled up the cable and run down into the hold while the hatches were off; and all that noise heard aft must have been the brute chasing the rats, I suppose: Jim may have heard, but he could not have seen the cat; that was all fancy and fright. You know how long a cat will live without much food, and so the animal was pretty quiet after it had killed all the rats. Then when the gale came on and the upper part of the cargo fetched way a little, for it was loosely stowed, we suppose that it got jammed now and then with the rolling, and that made it *miao*; and then when we took off the hatches to look at the cargo, after we had sprung the leak, the cat o' course came out, and a pretty skeleton it was, as you may suppose. Now do you understand the whole of it?"

"Yes, that's all clear," replied Bill, "and it was no ghost after all; but still the cat did do mischief, for if the mate had not been frightened by it, he wouldn't have let go the wheel, and the masts would not have gone by the lee."

"That's true enough, and he might have done more mischief still, if the captain had not shot him; for the men would never have gone to the pumps again; but when they found out that it was nothing but the cat himself, then they set to, and before the next evening the vessel was clear, and only required pumping out every two hours, for the leak wasn't great, after all. So there's a ghost story for you, and I believe that all others will be found, like mine, to end in moonshine. Now suppose we turn in, for we shall weigh at three o'clock in the morning."

We all tumbled into the standing berths in the fore peak; I dreamed of black tom cats all night. The next morning we weighed with a fair wind; as before, I stood beside Bramble, who pointed out to me every thing worth notice or memory as we passed; but at last the motion affected me so much that I could pay little attention, and I remained by his side pale as a sheet. We rounded the North Foreland, and long before dark anchored in the Downs. Bramble went no further with the vessel, the captain himself being a good pilot for the Channel. A Deal boat came alongside, we got into it, they landed us on the shingle beach, and I followed Bramble up to his abode.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Bramble's method of education proves very effective. He also points out a position in which you may prefer your enemies to your friends.

The house of Philip Bramble was situated on the further side of a road which ran along the shore, just above the shingle beach. It was a large cottage on one floor, the street door entering at once into its only sitting room. It was furnished as such tenements usually are, with a small dresser and shelves for crockery, and a table and chairs of cherry wood: on the broad mantel-piece, for the

fire-place was large, were several brass candlesticks, very bright, ranged with foreign curiosities, and a few shells; half-a-dozen prints in frames ornamented the walls; and on large nails drove into the panels, wherever a space could be found, were hung pea-jackets, and other articles of dress, all ready for the pilot to change whenever he came on shore wet to the skin. Every thing was neat and clean: the planks of the floor were white as snow, yet the floor itself was sanded with white sand, and there were one or two square wooden boxes, also filled with sand, for the use of those who smoked. When I add, that, opposite to the fire-place, there was a set of drawers of walnut wood, with an escritoire at the top, upon the flat part of which were a few books neatly arranged, and over it an old fashioned looking-glass, divided at the sides near to the frame into sections, I believe that I have given a catalogue of the whole furniture. When I followed Bramble into the room, a little girl of about nine or ten years old ran into his arms, as he stooped down to receive her. She was a pretty child, with a very fair skin and rosy cheeks, her hair and eyes of a very dark brown, almost approaching to black; but she was not, in my opinion, near so pretty as my sister Virginia. As Bramble kissed her, she exclaimed—

"O, father! I am so glad you are come home. Mrs. Maddox has been in bed ever since you left: her leg is very bad indeed."

"Whew," whistled Bramble, "I'm sorry to hear that of the old lady; and how have you got on without her assistance?"

"Why, don't you think I'm very tidy, father?" said she, looking round the room.

"Yes, Bessy, you are very tidy; and it's a pleasure to come home to a tidy, clean house. Here is a companion for you. I told you he was coming, and you know his name."

"It's Tom Saunders, isn't it, father?"

"Yes, that's his name, for want of a better—so I leave you to make friends, while I go up and see the poor old lady."

"You look cold and pale, are you not well?" was the first question of little Bessy.

"I'm cold, and not very well," replied I. "I have not been used to knocking about on board ship."

"Very true; I forgot you had never been at sea before. Come to the fire, then, and sit in father's big chair."

"I never knew that your father had been married. I thought Peter Anderson said that he was a bachelor."

"And so he is," replied Bessy. "I'm not his daughter, although I call him father."

"Indeed! then whose daughter are you? and who is the old lady up stairs?"

"The old lady up stairs is the widow of the pilot with whom father served his time. Her husband was lost at sea, and she keeps father's house. Father picked me up at sea, and has taken care of me ever since."

"Then you don't remember your own parents?"

"No, I recollect nothing, till I found myself in this house. Father says I'm a Dutchman, because it was a Dutch ship or a Dutch boat which I was taken out of."

"And how long was that ago?"

"Nine years ago. I am now, I believe, about ten years old."

Bessy then catechised me relative to my own family, and I had not answered all her questions when Bramble came down stairs.

"Bessy, dear, we must have the doctor to look at that leg again. I'm afraid that it will never get well. Missus is too old to shake it off."

"Shall I go now, father?"

"Yes, child, go now, for she's in great pain with it; and Tom, you go with Bessy, and take care of her. But

before you go, give me some 'baccy and the odds and ends."

As soon as Bessy had put the tobacco pipes, some spirits, a rummer and water on the table, and the spittoon at his feet, she put on her bonnet, and off we set to the doctor's house, about half a mile distant. I was soon on intimate terms with Bessy: there was something so frank and winning about her, such perfect honesty of character, that it was impossible not to like her. We delivered our message, returned home, and being very tired, I was glad to go to bed. Bessy showed me my room, which was very comfortable; and as soon as I laid my head on the pillow, I was fast asleep.

I was awakened the next morning by a knocking at the door by little Bessy: it was broad daylight, and I dressed myself, and went down stairs, where I found her very busy putting every thing in order.

"It was I knocked," said little Bessy: "I thought you would like to come and help me."

"And so I will," replied I: "what shall I do?"

"Oh, there's plenty to do, now that Mrs. Maddox is ill, and you and father are come back—almost too much for a little girl like me. Will you go to the pump, and fetch the pails full of water? for they are too heavy for me."

I did as she wished.

"Any thing else, Bessy?" said I.

"Oh, yes, plenty. You're very good-natured, Tom, and I'm so glad you're come!"

Bessy and I were fully employed for nearly an hour, in the front room and kitchen, clearing up and cleaning, and preparing for breakfast. All was ready before Bramble came down and took a seat in his big chair, close to the breakfast table.

"All ready, father," said little Bessy, going up to Bramble to be kissed. "Tom has been helping me."

"All's right," said Bramble: "bring the book, dear."

Bessy brought a large Bible, and read a chapter aloud, then closed it and put it away.

"We can't always do this, Tom," observed Bramble, "when we're knocking about in the Channel: all we can do is to read it when we can. Come now to breakfast."

When we had finished, I assisted Bessy to put every thing away; and then Bramble said to me, "Anderson tells me you are a good scholar, Tom; but you must now learn what will be of use to me as well as to you. The first thing you must learn, and which you can do on shore, are the points of the compass, to know them at sight and tell them quickly; for you see it's of great importance to a pilot to know exactly how a ship's head is; and the men at the helm, although good seamen and steering well, are not so ready at answering as a pilot wishes, and very often stammer at it—sometimes make mistakes. Now, you see, when I'm piloting a vessel, if you stand at the binnacle, watch the compass, and answer me quickly how the ship's head is, you'll be of use to me in a very short time. Go up into my room, and under the bed you will find a compass; bring it down carefully, and I'll give you a lesson at once."

I brought the compass to him, and Bramble made me write down the whole thirty-two points at full length upon a piece of paper. When I had done so, he told me I must learn them by heart as fast as I could.

I studied them the whole of that day; and in the evening, finding myself perfect, I went up to Bramble, and repeated them without one mistake.

"All's right," said Bramble. "Now, Tom, give me the paper: if you know them to-night, you ought to know them to-morrow morning. I'll hear if you do, after breakfast."

I went to bed, was tapped up as before by Bessy, assisted her to clean every thing, taking off her hands all the heaviest of the work; indeed, what I have narrated of the

first day may be taken as a sample of my life on shore, at Deal. After breakfast I repeated the points of the compass correctly.

"Well, Tom, you have a good memory, that's certain: all the better for you; for pilots carry every thing in their heads, as you will find out. Now then, look here." Bramble took the glass off the top of the compass box, lifted up the card, and then showed me the needle below, which pointed to the north. He then showed me the north point above, and then the other points, making me repeat them as he put his finger on them. As soon as I understood them, he would put the stem of his pipe to one, and ask me which it was. When I was perfect with the points, he explained the half points and quarter points. In two days I had gained them all by heart.

"And now," said he, "we must try you. This iron skewer is the ship's head, recollect, and I shall stick it into the table: when I do so, you must tell me what point of the compass stands to it, and then that will be the direction of the ship's head. Do you understand? Practice makes perfect, and you must work at this all the time that you are ashore. When you know the compass well, then I'll teach you something else. Now, then, how's her head, Tom?"

"North-half-west," said I, after a little time.

"Yes, very true; but you see, Tom, that wouldn't do aboard ship; that's just the way most of the seamen would puzzle at it. I must have the answer in a moment, and that's why you must practice."

In the evening, when Bramble was smoking his pipe, I was seated by him; and every minute he would change the place of the iron skewer, with "how's her head, Tom?"

"We must get your 'prentice papers signed before we go afloat again," said Bramble; "for they pick up boys as well as men for the king's service, and you're a stout boy for your age."

"Were you ever pressed, yourself?" inquired I.

"No, but I had a narrow chance once! and had not our captain been a smart fellow, I and many more would have been serving the king at this present moment."

"Tell me how that was," said I.

"Well, as soon as Bessy has done rattling with the cups and saucers, I will."

"I've done now, father," said Bessy, taking her seat on a stool close to Bramble's feet.

"Well, then, before I passed for pilot, just after the breaking out of the war, I took it into my head to try my chance at privateering—there was plenty to pick up at that time, and some of the Deal men had been very fortunate—so I went on board of a twelve-gun lugger, commanded by Captain Shank, fitted out in the river, with a crew of sixty men. The press was very hot at that time, and our men were kept at the crimps' houses until all was ready, when we started, and got off clear into the Channel without being overhauled.

"We had been out a fortnight, keeping well on the French coast, and had picked up two good prizes, when one morning, as the fog was cleared up with a sharp northerly wind, we found ourselves right under the lee of an English frigate, not a mile from us. There was a bubble of a sea, for the wind had been against the tide previous to its changing, and we were then about six or seven miles from the French coast, just between Boulogne and Cape Grisnez, lying to for the fog to clear away. As soon as we saw the frigate, we knew that she would board us, and we were all in a terrible fright."

Here Bramble shifted the skewer, and said, "how's her head, Tom?" I replied; and he proceeded:

"The frigate hoisted her colours, and of course we did the same; she then fired a gun as a signal for us to re-

main, hove to, and we perceived her boats lowering down. 'Now, my lads,' said our captain, 'if you don't mind a shot or two, I think I will save you from imprisonment this time.' We all declared that we would stand a hundred, rather than be taken on board of a man-of-war. 'Very well,' said he—'starboard a little, and keep her a little away, so as to let her go through the water; but keep the fore sheet to windward, so that we may appear only to have fallen off.' By this plan we gradually increased our distance from the frigate, and got more on her bow. All this while the boat was pulling towards us, rising and tossing on the sea, but still nearing us fast. As she came nearer to us, we let the lugger come up in the wind again for a short time, that we might not appear to be dodging away; and then, when the bowman was almost ready to lay in his oar, away we let her go through the water, so that she was left astern again. They could not well perceive this on board of the frigate, although the officer in the boat was very savage; for at one time he had his bow oar in, and his boat-hook out. At last the frigate, perceiving that we were apparently slipping away, put her helm up, and fired a shot across our bows. 'Now's your time, my boys,' said the captain; 'let draw the sheets, the breeze is strong; she must wait to pick up her boat, and that will give us a mile at least.' Up went the helm, and we made all sail right for the French coast. How's her head, Tom?" I replied; and Bramble resumed:

"The frigate ran down to her boat, and then rounded to, to hoist it up: the sea was heavy, and she was delayed a minute or two, although, to do them justice, they were very smart on board of her. As soon as the boat was up, she made all sail, and came foaming after us, as if she were in as great a rage as the captain and those on board of her. Every now and then she yawed to throw a shot at us from her bow-chasers; but that we didn't mind, as the yawing checked her way, and it's not very easy to hit a low vessel like a lugger in a toppling sea. Well, very soon we were not four miles from the French coast, so we hauled down our English colours and hoisted French. The frigate gained on us very fast; but we continued to steer on, and she in pursuit, until we were within gun-shot of the batteries. What the Frenchmen thought, we did not know; at all events they did not fire; and we steered right on as if we were chased, and the frigate followed after us, until we were within a mile and a half of the batteries, when the frigate thought proper to haul her wind; then the battery opened upon her, and we could see that she was hulled more than once; and as she kept her wind along the shore, the other batteries opened upon her, and she got a good mauling. We saw her shift her fore-top-sail yard as soon as she went about again, and we afterwards heard that she had several men hurt, which was a pity."

"And did not the batteries fire upon you?"

"No, for we kept the French colours up, and hove to within a mile of the coast. It was a lee-shore, and there was too much surf and sea for them to send off a boat and ascertain whether we were a French privateer or not; so there we lay till dusk, and then made sail again, and, being so close into the French shore, we picked up a good prize that very night. When the cruise was over, I was satisfied. I got my prize money; and then, as I knew our own coast well, I passed for pilot, and has served for one ever since. How's her head, Tom?"

"S. W. almost."

"S. W. almost won't do, Tom. It's not quite S. W., quarter-south; so you must say S. W. southerly. D'ye understand?"

When Bessy knocked at my door the next morning, she cried out, laughing, "How's her head, Tom?" and those words made me jump up like lightning.

CHAPTER XXV.

In which Bramble points out to me that singing is part of the profession of a Pilot.

In about a fortnight from the time that Bramble commenced his tuition, I was quite perfect with the compass; his method certainly was very good, for, by such reiterated catechising, what you had to learn was graven on your memory. All day long the same system was pursued. Even if dinner was on the table, the compass was on a chair close by; and as I was putting my fork to my mouth, much to Bessy's amusement, out would come the question, "How's her head, Tom?" Bramble soon gained his point: I could answer like lightning. But whether I was by the fire in-doors, or on the shingle beach, his system was ever the same: every time that Bramble opened his lips, I gained some information—he was never wearying, and often very amusing.

One morning we were out on the beach—we had been conversing with the other pilots, and examining the vessels in the offing with my glass—when he pointed out to me, it being low neap tide, that the Godwin Sands were partially dry. "Tom," continued he, "of all the dangers, not only of the Channel, but in the wide ocean, there is none to be compared with those sands: the lives that have been lost on them, the vessels that have been wrecked, and the property that has been sucked into them, would be a dozen kings' ransoms; for you see, Tom, they are quick-sands, and the vessel which goes on shore does not remain to be broken up, but in two tides she disappears, sinking down into the sands, which never give her or her cargo up again. There must be a mighty deal of wealth buried there, that is certain. They say that once they were a flourishing fertile island, belonging to an Earl Godwin, whose name they now bear; it may be so—the sea retreats from one place while it advances at another. Look at Romney marshes, where so many thousands of sheep are now fed; they run up many miles inland; and yet formerly those very marshes were an arm of the sea, which vessels rode in deep water, and sea-fights I am told, took place. Howsoever, when the sea took the Godwin Island to itself, it made the best trap for vessels that old Neptune now possesses, and he may consider it as the most productive spot in his dominions. Lord help us! what a deal of gold and merchandize must there be buried below yon yellow patch!"

"Do you never save any thing when vessels are run on shore there?"

"When they only tail on, we occasionally get them off again; but when once fixed, there's an end of it. Yes, we save life occasionally, but at great risk of our own. I saved little Bessy from a vessel ashore on these sands."

"Indeed! pray tell me how it was."

"Why you see, Tom, it was just at the breaking out of the war. It was in this very month of October, '93, that I was out in a galley, with some others, looking for vessels. I had just then left off privateering, and got my warrant as pilot (for you know I did serve my 'prenticeship before I went a privateering, as I told you the other night). Well, it was a blowing night, and we were running in for the Downs, intending to beach the galley and sleep on shore, for we had been out five days, and only put a pilot on board of one vessel. We were just to windward of the Sands, out there, where I am now pointing; the sea was very rough, but the night was clear, and the moon shone bright, when we saw a brig running down before the wind, under fursail and close-reefed topesails. 'Why, Bill, as she steers she'll be right between the Callipers,' said I to the man sitting by me. 'There's no mistake about that,' replied he: 'let's haul the fore sheet to windward, and lay to, to hail him; he's coming right down upon us.' Well, we did so, and we hailed some time without any answer. At last a man looked over the gunnel, just as she

was flying past us, and told us in Dutch to go to the devil. 'I think you'll go there if you don't look sharp,' replied Bill. 'Come, my lads, we may as well follow her, and see if we cannot prevent mischief.' So we bore up after her, and hailed her several times, for we sailed very fast, and there was a scuffling on deck; and I think that the captain was drunk. All this passed in less than five minutes; and then, as I knew would be the case, she struck on the sands, and with such force, that all her masts went over the side immediately. Now the sea rolls awfully over the shallow water of those sands, Tom. We had kept with her as far as we dared, and then hove to about two cables' length to windward of her, when she struck, for the ebb was still running strong under our lee, which only made the sea more cross and heavy. The waves made a clean breach over her, and we knew that she would go to pieces in less than half an hour; but we did not like to leave so many to perish, without a trial to save them: so we kept away, so as to get abreast of them, and then lowered our sails and got out our oars. We pulled close to them, but it was impossible to board: we should have been stove to pieces and swamped immediately. The moon still shone bright, and we saw them as plain as we could wish, and we made every attempt to save them, for they were all crowded together forward. Once the sea drove the boat so close that we touched her sides, and then a woman pressed before the men, and reached over the gunnel, extending her arms which held the child, while several others attempted to get in, but the return of the wave carried us back so quick from the vessel that, as they attempted to jump in, they all went to the water, and never appeared again! but I had caught hold of the child, and laid it down in the stern sheets. We made a second and third attempt, but in vain. At last the vessel broke up, as it were all at once: there was one loud cry, and all was still, except the roaring and breaking waves which buried them. It wasn't a scene to make us very lively, Tom: we hoisted the sail, and ran to the beach in silence. I took the child in my arms—it had been snatched out of its warm bed, poor thing, and had nothing on but a calico night-gown. I took it up to the cottage, which was then Maddox's (I bought it afterwards of the widow with the money I made a-privateering), and I gave it in charge to Mrs. Maddox. I did intend to have sent it to the workhouse, or something of that sort; but Mrs. Maddox took a fancy to it, and so did I, and so I thought I would take care of it, and I christened it by the name of Betsey Godwin."

"You have no idea who she may be?"

"Not half a one: her cotton gown and cap told nothing; the vessel was Dutch, that's all I know. She may be the child of the stadtholder, or the child of the ship's cook. What's the matter?"

"But did you notice any marks upon her person by which she may be reclaimed?"

"Not I. I only axed Mrs. Maddox whether it were a boy or a girl."

"How old was she then?"

"Well, how can I tell? that's not in my way, but the knowing ones in these matters said she must be about eighteen months old, so we have taken that for a *departure* as to her age. I love her now as if she were my own child; and so will you, Tom, like a sister, when you know her. She calls me her father, and you may do the same, if you like, for I will be as good as a father to you, if you are as good a boy as you now seem to be. I like to be called father, somehow or another—it sounds pleasant to my ears; but come in now, I think you have compassed the compass, so you must learn something else."

"There is another way, Tom," said Bramble, as he seated himself in his large chair, "in which a smart 'prentice may be useful to his master; and it is of quite as much importance as the compass—which is in heaving the

The officers who commanded the invalids, after a consultation with the captain, at which Bramble assisted, told off their men into two parties, one of them being appointed to assist the seamen with their bayonets in repelling the boarders (should the attempt be made,) and the other to fire upon them, and into the decks of the vessel, when she came alongside. The Lascars were stationed at the guns, in case they might be required; but no great dependence was placed upon their services.

By the time that these arrangements had been made the fog had reached the Indiaman, and we were at the same time taken aback with the easterly breeze which brought it down to us: being near to the land, we put the ship's head off shore. The wind continued light and the water smooth, but the fog thickened every minute: at last we could hardly see as far as the foremast of the vessel.

"He'll be puzzled to find us, I think," said the captain.

"He'll find us, never fear," replied Bramble. "He has calculated the time of the fog reaching us, and he knows that we must lay our head off shore—to be sure, we might give him the go-by if we bore up and ran back again to the Downs."

"I think I see myself bearing up and running away from a rascally French privateer," said the captain. "Keep a sharp look out there, forward."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the chief officer.

Half an hour more passed, and by our calculation the privateer should have been on board of us, but we could see nothing of her, although the fog had cleared up a little. The soldiers were now ordered to load their muskets. I was on the poop with Bramble, when, happening to turn and look ast (the very opposite direction from which the privateer was to be expected,) I saw her three lug sails looming in the mist, just on the quarter, not half a cable's length from us. I jumped down to where the captain was standing, and said to him, "there she is sir, close on the lee quarter." The captain sprang on the poop, saw the vessel, and ordered the men to come ast in silence. The tramp of the soldiers' feet was scarcely over when the lugger was alongside of us, her masts banging against our main and mizen chains, as she rolled with the swell under our lee. The Frenchmen gave a cheer, which told us how very numerous they were; they climbed up the side and into the chains like cats, and in a few seconds all was noise, confusion and smoke. It was impossible to know what the result was to be for about a minute, when the cheers from our own men announced that the assailants had been beaten back. But hardly had the cheering ceased on our side when another cheer was heard from the lugger, and the attempt to gain our decks was repeated. This time the Frenchmen fought more obstinately than before, and it was nearly five minutes before they were repelled. It was not yet dark (although the fog was thick,) and you could make out their countenances pretty clear; a more wild, reckless set of fellows I never beheld, and they certainly fought very gallantly, but they were driven back again: and once more were the cheers from the British seamen and soldiers mixed up with the execrations and shouts of the still contending, although retreating, Frenchmen.

Just at this period of the conflict, I was standing on the poop by Bramble, who had been watching the result, when he said, "Tom, come with me: do you jump into the main chains with a double part of the topsail halyards fall, and when the lugger's mast strikes against the chains, as she rolls in to us, pass the fall round it underneath the rigging, and hand the end in to me."

We both leapt off the poop: he gave me the bight of the halyards. I crept out of the port into the chains and passed it round the lugger's mainmast, as he told me,

wounded or dead in the main chains, but I paid no attention to him until, as I was about to get on board, he attracted my attention by seizing my leg, and making his teeth meet in the small part of it, above the ankle. I could not help crying out, I was so taken by surprise with the pain; however I kicked him off, and turning to look at him, I found it was a wounded Frenchman, who, perceiving what I was about, had paid me that compliment. As soon as I was on board I heard the captain say to Bramble, "Well, pilot, he has had enough of it."

"Yes, and he won't escape, captain, for Tom has got him fast by the mast-head, and they dare not climb up to cut themselves adrift. All that you have to do now is to let the soldiers fire on his decks until they run below, and then our men can board and take possession of her."

The captain, perceiving that the vessel was made fast, gave the necessary orders. The soldiers lined the hammock nettings and chains, and such a shower of musketry was poured into her decks that the Frenchmen were soon driven below, and our seamen then slipped down her rigging, boarded, and took possession of her. The prisoners having been ordered up and passed into the forehold, the wounded men were then looked after. We had eleven wounded, but none killed; the Frenchmen had eight killed and seventeen wounded; among others, the captain, who had headed the second attempt to board. She was called the *Pucelle d'Orleans*, of twelve guns and a hundred and twenty-five men.

It was two or three hours before we were again all to rights, and a party sent on board of the prize; and then there was again another kind of confusion, from the congratulations, drinking healths, the women coming up on deck, &c.; however, the weather continued light, so it was of no consequence. That Frenchman bit very hard, and I limped for three or four days afterwards.

"Well, Tom," said Bramble, "I see you've got nerve, so all's right. You had better go and lie down now, for you must be tired; I'll call you in the morning."

Very glad was I to limp to bed. All night I dreamed of nothing but volleys of musketry, and boarding and reboarding, and being wounded in the leg, and then I would awake with the smart of the Frenchman's teeth.

The next morning when I came on deck, the captain thanked me for my services, and said that the lugger would have escaped had it not been for me. I replied that it was Bramble who prevented her escape, as I should not have thought of making her fast if I had not been told.

"That's all true enough," replied the captain; "but how many of your age, having been told to do it, would have done it, Tom? I shall not forget you."

I went on the poop to Bramble, who, as usual, had his short pipe in his hand; and I certainly was pleased when I saw what a beautiful craft we had helped to capture. She sat like a swan on the water, and sailed round and round us with the greatest ease.

In the afternoon we anchored at the Nore, and sent away all the prisoners to Sheerness. I must not forget to say how very kind and generous the passengers were to me. They gave me a great many presents, some of value, as I afterwards found out: and I was glad to receive them that I might give them to Virginia, and those who had been friendly to me.

The next morning we arrived off Greenwich, and Bramble told me to go on shore and remain with my father and mother until he came down, which he would do in a few days, and pay a visit to his old friend Anderson. I landed with all my contraband articles in the boat, but no one thought of stopping or searching the former "Poor Jack." My insignificance was my protection; and I arrived safely at Fisher's Alley, with all my curiosities

but four months, she appeared to be very much grown, and in every way improved. As soon as I had released her, I offered my hand to my mother, who took it very coldly, and then observed, "Tom, you will be so ungenteel; don't you see there is a gentleman here?"

"I beg his pardon, mother," replied I; "but I could only see my sister just then."

"And I admire your feeling, Tom," replied the party. "Mrs. Saunders, you must not scold him for that. How do you do, Tom, and how do you like your profession?" continued he, holding out his hand.

I took his hand, and looking at him I recognised him. "Oh, sir! you are the gentleman who was sitting in the room when we called upon Sir Hercules and her ladyship."

"I am so, Tom, and I promised Sir Hercules that I would have an eye to you all, and be of any use to you that I could. My name is Wilson, and I'm what the sailors call a shark, that is, I'm a lawyer."

"Well, you don't appear as if you would bite, sir," replied I, as I looked at his venerable and kind face.

"No, no, we never frighten people by our looks: we don't carry our teeth with us; but I have several rows of them, all upon shelves in my chambers, called the 'Statutes at large,' and by other names."

He then entered into conversation with me, and I told him most of what has passed, of course not forgetting that the Indianman we had brought up the river had captured a privateer. He sat about an hour, and then went away, desiring me to call upon him. I was not sorry when he went, as I wished to show my presents to Virginia, and give her those which she liked best. When Virginia had selected for herself, or rather I had forced upon her all she most admired, I gave a cut ivory card case, a filigree needle case, and a small red scarf to my mother, who, for the first time in her life, appeared pleased with me, and said that they were very *genteel*, and she was much obliged to me. The remainder I put away in my room up stairs, intending to keep some for Bessy, and give the others to Mrs. St. Felix, the doctor, and old Nanny.

I then went to the hospital, and found out my father, old Anderson, and Ben. I narrated to them much more circumstantially than I did to the old lawyer the particulars of the capture of the privateer. Anderson put a great many inquiries to me, as to my liking my profession, and also concerning little Bessy, whose history I communicated to him. After my father and Ben had left, he gave me a great deal of advice, all of which I trust I treasured up.

"I hear," said he, "that Spicer has been talking a good deal about you, and inquiring very often when you were expected to return. Were you very intimate with that man?"

I replied in the negative, and then narrated the whole history of the spy-glass, the erasure of the name by Mrs. St. Felix, and the recognition of it by Spicer.

"You did right to leave him in his error relative to where you received the glass from," said Peter Anderson; "there is some mystery there which time may unravel, but do not say a word of it to any one, Tom. I am glad that you have told me, as in case you are away, and any thing should occur, I shall know how to act."

I must acknowledge that I now walked proudly through the streets of Greenwich. I was no longer Poor Jack, but I was earning my livelihood in my profession. I had reason to be still prouder when, two days afterward, Mr. Wilson came to my mother's with the newspaper in his

done, her arms were round my neck, and her sobs were mixed with her tears, and sometimes she would laugh as she cried. Oh! how I loved her then, for I felt how dearly she loved me; even my mother appeared gratified, although she said nothing, but continued to repair the lace veil upon which she had been employed. That evening I went with Virginia to call upon Mrs. St. Felix, taking with me the presents I had laid aside for her. She welcomed me as usual, and accepted what I brought for her without hesitation and with many thanks.

"Well, Mr. Tom," said she, "I'll just put away all your nice little remembrances, and then I'll tell you that I've heard all about your behaviour in the fight with the privateer; and I've no doubt but that, if you continue to go on as you've begun, you will one day have a leg the less, as your father has before you."

"I hope not," replied I: "two legs are better than one."

"Yes, when you want to run away, that's true. I see now why you're so anxious to save your legs."

"But, Mrs. St. Felix, if it had not been for that good spy-glass you gave me, I never should have discovered the privateer, and we should not have been prepared for her."

"Well, that's fortunate: it didn't prove a glass too much, any how, or you'd have seen double. I suppose, then, all these pretty things are my share of the prize money."

"No, they are of no value, except to prove to you that Poor Jack has not forgotten your kindness, and never will."

"That I believe: and believing that, I suppose you have not forgotten old Nanny."

"No; but I have not seen her yet. I intend to go tomorrow; but I have something for the doctor. He is not at home, will you give it to him?"

"Certainly, you know I am as good as a mother to him."

"I think the doctor would rather you'd be a wife to him."

"That's a foolish idea that's in many people's heads, Tom, which I'll thank you to contradict. I never intend to change my name."

"Don't make too sure," replied I; and I added at a venture, (why, I know not, but I had formed the idea in my mind that St. Felix was not her proper name,) "you may change it yet for your real name."

"Tom, Tom!" cried the widow, "what do you mean?"

"Nothing," replied I; "I was only joking."

"Well, then, don't talk such nonsense, or I shall send you out of the shop."

I had, however, it appeared, struck upon a chord which jarred, and all the spirits of Mrs. St. Felix vanished at once. So Virginia and I wished her a good evening, and returned home.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Some little difference in the proceeds of the chapter, and my former "Copper for Poor Jack, your honour."

On our arrival at my mother's, I found a letter from Bramble, stating that he would be at Greenwich in two days, and, further, informing me that the Honourable Company had been pleased, in consequence of the report made of our good behaviour, to award to him the sum of two hundred pounds, and to me the sum of one hundred pounds, as a remuneration for our assistance in the capture of the privateer.

This was news indeed. One hundred pounds! I never thought that I should possess such a sum in my life. One hundred pounds! what should I do with it? My mother was astonished, and then fell into a very grave mood. Virginia was pleased, but appeared to care less about it than I thought she would have done. My father came in as usual with Ben the Whaler, and I read the letter.

"Why, Tom, that's about as much prize-money as I have made in all my service," said my father, "and you've been afloat only four months. Come, missis, send for some beer, and let us drink Tom's health, and success to him. God bless you, my boy; the papers say you deserved it, and that's better than your getting it. I'm proud of you; I am, indeed, my boy: your father's proud of you, Tom,"—and here my father showed more emotion than ever I witnessed in him before; however, he put his lips to the porter pot, and when he had drained it nearly to the bottom, he had quite recovered himself.

"Well, Tom," said Ben, after he had finished the small modicum of beer left him by my father, "and what do you mean to do with all that money?"

"I'm sure I don't know—I have no want of it—I have every thing I wish for."

"Come missis," said my father, "we must have another pot, for I drank deep, and Ben has been shared out." My mother very graciously sent for another pot of porter, which, with the newspaper, occupied Ben and my father till it was time to break up and go to bed.

The next morning when I went down I found Virginia alone, my mother having returned to her room.

"Tom," said she, "what do you think my mother said to me when we were going to bed last night?"

"Tell me."

"She said, 'Tom says he don't know what to do with his money. I only wish I had it; I would turn it into three times the sum in three years, and have a better home for you, my dear.'"

"Did she say how?"

"Yes, I asked her how; she said that she should take a new house with a shop up the town, and set up as a milliner, with apprentices; that, as soon as she was fairly employed, she should give up getting up fine linen, and only take in laces to wash and mend, which was a very profitable business."

"Well," says I, "Virginia, my mother is a hard-working woman, and a clever woman, and I dare say she would do very well, and, as she says she would have a better home for you, I think I shall let her have the money; but I won't say so yet. I must talk about it to Peter Anderson, and if he don't say no, she shall have it with pleasure."

"That will be very kind of you, Tom; and I hope mother will feel it, for you don't owe her much."

"Never mind that; after breakfast I'll see Peter Anderson: don't say a word about it till I come back."

At breakfast-time my mother still appeared to be very thoughtful: the fact was, the idea of what advantage the money would be had taken possession of her mind; and perhaps she thought that there was no chance of obtaining it. Perhaps she felt that, had she treated me better, she would have had it without difficulty—it was impossible to say exactly.

After breakfast I walked with Virginia to her school; and then set off to Anderson, to whom I immediately imparted what had taken place. His answer was decided—

"I think, Jack, you can't do better; but, at the same time, let us go to your father and hear his opinion."

My father coincided with Anderson and me; and he added, "I tell you what, your mother is not perfect exactly—though I say it, as shouldn't say it—but still she does work hard—and she will work hard—she has paid my little girl's schooling out of her own earnings; and, moreover, she has found me one pot of porter at least,

every night, which has made me very comfortable. Now I've still a matter of forty pounds in the Lieutenant's hands; I'll add it to Tom's hundred pounds, and then she will have a fair start. What d'ye think, Peter?"

"I think you are both right; and, Tom—you are doing your duty."

I knew what Anderson meant. I thanked him for his advice; and my father and I went to my mother's house. I requested my father to stand spokesman, which he did, ending by telling my mother that my hundred pounds and his forty pounds were very much at her service, and good luck to her. Virginia's eyes glistened as she took me by the hand. My mother replied:

"Very well, if we pleased, she would do her best for us all."

The answer was hardly gracious; but I watched her countenance, and saw she was moved. Her thin lips quivered, as she turned away and went up stairs, which she did immediately after her reply. In about half an hour, during which I was laughing with Virginia, my mother came down stairs in her shawl and bonnet.

"Tom," said she, in a kind manner, "will you walk with Virginia to school this afternoon, as I am going to have some conversation with Mr. Wilson?"

The alteration in her tone of voice to me was immediately perceived by Virginia.

"You are a dear good Tom," said she, kissing me, as soon as my mother had left the house.

As soon as I had left Virginia at school, I went to call upon old Nanny, whom I found quite brisk and lively, sorting old keys and rusty hinges.

"Well Jack," said she, "so you are come at last; I thought you would have been here yesterday, but nobody cares about an old woman like me. I heard all about you, and how you took the privateer, and how the Company have given you a hundred pounds; and when I heard that, I said, 'Now Jack (Poor Jack that was, who came begging to old Nanny to lend him money) will not come to see me; he'll be too proud. Besides,' I said, 'his family is getting up in the world; there's a baronet and his lady who have taken them under their protection, and there's Lawyer Wilson calls at the house. O dear me! it's the way of us all.'"

"And you said all that to yourself, did you?" replied I.

"Yes, and a great deal more too."

"Then mother, you did me injustice. I could not well come before; I had to see my father and mother, and my sister, and I had business to transact."

"Mercy on us! business to transact! Poor Jack had business to transact! Here's a change from the time that his whole business was to touch his hat for coppers, and dip his head in the mud for a penny."

"Nevertheless, what I say is true, and you are very unjust to accuse me as you have done: I have always thought of you, and have now with me several things that I have collected for you."

"Yes, you promised me—Jack, you do keep your promises; I will say that for you. Well, what have you got?"

I opened my handkerchief, and pulled out several little articles, such as fine worked baskets, shells, &c., and, among the rest, a pound of tea, in a leaden canister.

"There, mother, I have brought you them as a present, and I hope you will take them."

Old Nanny turned them over one by one, rather contemptuously, as I thought, until she came to the tea.

"That may do," said she: "Why, Jack, those are all very pretty things, but they are too pretty for my shop: why didn't you bring me some empty ginger-beer bottles? I could have sold them this very morning."

"Why, mother, I did not like to ask for such things."

"No, there it is; you've grown so fine all of a sudden:

these are no use, for nobody will come to my shop to buy them."

"I thought you would like to keep them yourself, mother."

"Keep them; O! they are keepsakes, are they? Look you, Jack, if they are to be kept, you had better take them away at once, and give them to the young girls. Girls like keepsakes, old women like money."

"Well, mother, sell them, if you please; they are your own."

"Sell them: let me see—yes—I think I know where there is a sort of curiosity shop, in Church Street; but it's a long way to walk, Jack, and that—let me see," continued she, counting the different articles—"one two, three—seven times, Jack."

"But why not take them all at once?"

"All at once, you stupid boy? I should get no more for two than for one. No, no; one at a time, and I may make a few shillings. Well, Jack, it's very kind of you after all, so don't mind my being a little cross; it was not on account of the things, but because you did not come to see me, and I've been looking out for you."

"If I had thought that, I would have come sooner, mother, although it would not have been convenient."

"I believe you, Jack, I believe you; but you young people can't feel as an old woman like I do. There is but one thing I love in the world, Jack, now; and that's you; and when I get weary of waiting for that one thing, and it don't come, Jack, it does make a poor old woman like me a little cross for the time."

I was touched with this last speech of old Nanny's, who had never shown me any such a decided mark of kindness before. "Mother," said I, "depend upon it, whenever I return to Greenwich, you shall be the first person that I come to see after I have been to my mother's."

"That's kind, Jack, and you keep your promise always. Now, sit down; you don't want to go away already, do you?"

"No, mother, I came to spend the whole morning with you."

"Well, then, sit down; take care, Jack, you'll knock down that bottle. Now tell me, what do you intend to do with your hundred pounds?"

"I have settled that already, mother. I have given it away."

"Already! Why, the boy has one hundred pounds given him on the morning, and he gives it away before night. Mercy on us! who would ever think of leaving you any money?"

"No one, mother, and I never expect any except what I earn."

"Why, Jack, do you know how much one hundred pounds is?"

"I think so."

"Now, Jack, tell me the truth, who did you give it to, your father, or your little sister, or who? for I can't understand how a person could give away one hundred pounds in any way or to any body."

"Well, then, I gave it to my mother."

"Your mother! your mother, who has hated you, wished you dead, half-starved you! Jack, is that possible?"

"My mother has not been fond of me, but she has worked hard for my sister. This hundred pounds will enable her to do much better than she does now, and it's of no use to me. Mother may love me yet, Nanny."

"She ought to, replied old Nanny, gravely; and then she covered her face up with her hands. "Oh, what a difference!" ejaculated she at last.

"Difference, mother, difference? in what?"

"Oh, Jack, between you and—somebody else. Don't talk about it any more, Jack," said Nanny, casting her eyes down to the presents I had brought her. "I recollect

the time," continued she, evidently talking to herself, "that I had plenty of presents; and when it was thought a great favour if I would accept them. That was when I was young and beautiful; yes, people would laugh if they heard me—young and very beautiful, or men's smiles and women's hate were thrown away—"

Why so pale and wan, fond lover;
Prithce, why so pale?"

Yes, yes, by-gones are by-gones."

I was much surprised to hear old Nanny attempt to sing, and could hardly help laughing; but I restrained myself. She didn't speak again, but continued bent over one of the baskets, as if thinking about former days. I broke the silence by saying—

"What part of the country did you live in when you were young, mother?"

"In the north part: but never ask questions."

"Yes, but mother, I wish to ask questions. I wish you to tell me your whole history. I will not tell it again to any one, I promise you."

"But why should you wish to know the history of a poor old thing like me?"

"Because, mother, I am sure you must have seen better days."

"And if I have, Jack, is it kind to ask me to bring up to memory the days when I was fair and rich, when the world smiled upon me, and I was fool enough to think that it would always smile; is it kind to recall what was to an old, miserable, deserted wretch like me, struggling to keep out of the workhouse? Look at me now, Jack, and see what I now am: is it not cruel to bring to my mind what I once was? Go to, Jack you're a selfish boy, and I don't love you."

"Indeed, mother, if I thought it would have given you pain, I never would have asked you; but you cannot wonder at me. Recollect that you have ever been my best friend: you trusted me when nobody else would; and can you be surprised at my feeling an interest about you? Why, mother, I don't even know your name."

"Well, Jack, you have put things in a better light. I do believe that you care for me, and who else does? but Jack, my name you never shall know, even if I am to tell you all the rest."

"Were you ever married, mother?"

"Yes, child, I was married. Now, what's the next question?" continued she, impatiently.

"Had you any children?"

"Yes, boy, I had one—one that was a source of misery and shame to his dotting mother." Old Nanny pressed her eyeballs with her knuckles, as if in agony.

"I won't ask you any more questions," said I, mournfully.

"Not now, Jack, that's a good boy; some other day, perhaps, I'll tell you all. There's a lesson in every life, and a warning in too many. You'll come again, Jack; yes, I know you'll come to hear my story; so I shall see you once more before you leave—go now." Old Nanny rose and went in-doors, taking her stool in her hand, and leaving the presents where they lay, outside,—a proof that she was in great agitation. I put them inside the threshold, and then went homewards.

I could not help remarking, as I walked home, that old Nanny's language and manner appeared very superior when she broke out in these reminiscences of the past, and I felt more interest in her than I ever had before.

On my return, I found Bramble, who had come down sooner than he was expected, sitting in the parlour with Peter Anderson and my father, all smoking, with porter on the table.

"Well, Tom," said Bramble, "here I am two days before my time, but that's better than being two days after

it, and, what's more, I've got the money, both yours and mine. They told me I should not get it for three months at least; but I sent up my name to the Board, and explained to them, that a pilot could not wait like a pursuer, while they were passing accounts, so the gentlemen laughed, and gave an order for it, and I've got all my pilotage too: so I'm a rich man just now. Come, I'll give you yours at once, and I hope it may not be the last hundred pounds that you'll pick up."

Bramble pulled his leathern case out of his pilot jacket, and counted out ten ten-pound notes. "There, Jack, you ought to give me a receipt, for I signed for you at the India House."

"Oh, you've plenty of witnesses," replied I, as I collected the notes, and giving them to Virginia, told her to take them to my mother, who was up stairs in her room.

"To tell you the truth, Jack, this two hundred pounds, which I earned so easily, has just come in the right time, and with it and my pilotage I shall now be able to do what I have long wished."

"And what's that?" inquired I. "Something for Bessy, I suppose."

"Exactly, Tom: it is something for Bessy: that is, it will do by and by. I've a good matter of money, which I've laid by year after year, and worked hard for it, too, and I never have known what to do with it. I can't understand the funds and those sort of things, so I have kept some here and some there. Now you know the grass land at the back of the cottage: it forms part of a tidy little farm, which is rented for seventy pounds a year, by a good man, and it has been for sale these three years; but I never could manage the price till now. When we go back to Deal, I shall try if I can buy that farm; for, you see, money may slip through a man's fingers in many ways, but land can't run away; and, as you say, it will be Bessy's one of these days—and more too, if I can scrape it up."

"You are right, Bramble," said Peter Anderson; "and I am glad to hear that you can afford to buy the land."

"Why, there's money to be picked up by pilotage, if you work hard, and arn't afraid of heavy ships," replied Bramble.

"Well, I never had a piece of land, and never shall have, I suppose," said my father. "I wonder how a man must feel, who can stand on a piece of ground, and say 'this is my own.'"

"Who knows, father—it's not impossible but you may."

"Impossible; no, nothing's impossible, as they say on board of a man-of-war; it's not impossible to get an apology out of a midshipman, but it's the next thing to it."

"Why do they say that, father?"

"Because midshipmen are so saucy—why, I don't know. They haven't no rank as officers, nor so much pay as a petty officer, and yet they give themselves more airs than a lieutenant."

"I'll tell you why," replied Anderson. "A lieutenant takes care what he is about. He is an officer, and has something to lose; but a midshipman has nothing to lose; and therefore he cares about nothing. You can't break a midshipman, as the saying is, unless you break his neck. And they have necks which are not easily broken, that's certain."

"They do seem to me to have more lives than a cat," observed my father, who after a pause, continued:

"Well, I was saying how hard it was to get an apology out of a midshipman; I'll just tell you what took place on board of one ship I served in. There was a young midshipman on board who was mighty free with his tongue; he didn't care what he said to any body, from the captain downward. He'd have his joke, come what would, and he'd set every body a-laughing; punish him as much as you please, it was all the same. One day, when we were

off Halifax harbour, the master, who was a good-tempered fellow enough, but not over bright, was angry with this young chap for something that he had not done, and called him a 'confounded young bear.' Upon which the youngster runs to the Jacob ladder of the main rigging, climbs up, and as soon as he had gained the main rattlings, he cries out, 'well, if I'm a bear, you arn't fit to carry guts to a bear.' 'What, sir?' cried the master. 'Mutiny, by heaven! Up to the main-head, sir, directly.' 'Don't you see that I was going of my own accord?' replied the midshipman; for, you see, he knew that he would be sent there, so he went up the rigging on purpose. Well, this was rather a serious affair; and as the master reports it to the first lieutenant, who reports it to the captain, who sends for the youngster on the quarter-deck, at the time that the ship's company were at quarters. 'Mr. —,' (I forget his name) said the captain (drawing himself up to his full height, and perhaps an inch or two above it, as they say), 'you have been guilty of disrespect to your superior officer, in telling him that he was not fit to carry guts to a bear;' (the captain could hardly help laughing); 'now, sir,' continued he, recovering himself, 'I give you your choice; either you will make an apology to Mr. Owen, on this quarter-deck, or you must quit my ship immediately.' 'Sir,' replied the midshipman, 'I don't think it quite fair that the master should first punish me himself, and then complain to you afterwards. He has taken the law into his own hands already, by mast-heading me for eight hours, and now he makes a complaint to you; but I am always ready to do as you wish; and, to please you, I will make an apology.' 'There is some truth in your observation,' replied the captain, 'and I have pointed the same out to the master; but still this is a breach of discipline which cannot be passed over, and requires a public retraction before the whole ship's company. I, therefore, insist upon your retracting what you have said.' 'Certainly, sir,' replied the youngster. 'Mr. Owen,' continued he, turning to the master, 'I said that you were not fit to carry guts to a bear: I was in the wrong, and I retract with pleasure, for I am perfectly satisfied that you are fit to carry them.' 'Sir!' cried the captain. 'O, Captain G——!' interrupted the master, who did not take the joke, 'I'm perfectly satisfied. The young gentleman sees his error, and has retracted; I ask no more.' 'If you are satisfied, sir,' replied the captain, biting his lips, 'of course I have nothing more to say. Youngster, you may go to your duty, and recollect that you never again use such expressions to your superior officer; and,' said he, in a low tone, 'I may add, never venture in my presence to make such an apology as that again.'"

I never saw old Anderson laugh so much as he did at this story of my father's. They continued to talk and smoke their pipes till about nine o'clock, when my father and he went to the Hospital, and Bramble took possession of a bed which had been prepared for him in my mother's house.

CHAPTER XXIX.

In which I learn the history of old Nanny.

The next day, as soon as I had finished a letter to Bessy, in which I gave her a detail of what had passed, I went to old Nanny's, to persuade her, if possible, to tell me her history. She was not at home, the door of her house was locked, and the shutters of the shop fastened. I was about to return to Fisher's Alley, when I perceived her hobbling down the street. I thought it better to make it appear as if I met her by accident; so I crossed over the way, and walked towards her. "Well, mother," said I, "are you out so early?"

"Ah, Jack! is it you? yes: it is through you that I have had to take so long a walk."

"Through me?"

"Yes; those presents you brought me. I'm almost dead. Why do you bring such things? But I did not do badly, that's the truth."

I knew from this admission that old Nanny had sold them for more than she expected; indeed she proved it, by saying, as she arrived at her house, "well, Jack, it's very troublesome to have to walk so far; but as you cannot get me bottles or those kind of things, you must bring me what you can, and I must make the best of them. I don't mind trouble for your sake, Jack. Now take the key, unlock the door, and then take down the shutters; and mind how you walk about, Jack, or you'll break half the things in my shop." I did as she requested, and then we sat down together at the door as usual.

"I think I shall go away to-morrow, or early the next morning, mother," said I; "for Bramble is here, and he never stays long from his work."

"That's all right; he sets a good example; and Jack, if you do go, see if you can't beg a few more shells for me: I like shells."

"Yes, mother, I will not forget; but, as this is the last day I shall see you for some time, will you not keep your promise to me, and tell me your history?"

"Jack, Jack, you are the most persevering creature I ever did see. I'm sure I shall be worried out of my life until I tell you, and so I may as well tell you at once, and there'll be an end of it; but I wish you had not asked me, Jack, I do indeed. I thought of it last night when I was in bed, and at one time I made up my mind that I would not tell you, and then I thought again that I would; for Jack, as I said yesterday, there's a lesson in every life, and a warning in too many, and maybe mine will prove a warning to you, so far as to make you prevent a mother from being so foolish as I have been."

"Now, Jack, listen to me; mine is an old story; but in most cases the consequences have not been so fatal. I shall not tell you my name; it was once a fair one, but now tarnished. I was the only daughter of a merchant and shipowner, a rich man, and the first person in consequence in the seaport town where I was born and brought up. I never knew my mother, who died a year after I was born. I was brought up as most girls are who have no mother or brothers, in short, I was much indulged by my father, and flattered by other people. I was well educated, as you may suppose; and, moreover, what you may not credit quite so easily, I was very handsome. In short, I was a beauty and a fortune, at the head of the society of the place, caressed, indulged, and flattered by all. This, if it did not spoil me, at least made me wilful. I had many offers, and many intended offers, which I nipped in the bud; and I was twenty-three before I saw any one who pleased me. At last, a vessel came in consigned to the house, and the captain was invited to dinner. He was a handsome, careless young man, constantly talking about the qualities of his ship; and, to my surprise, paying me little or none of that attention which I now considered as my due. This piqued me, and in the end I set my affections on him: either he did not or would not perceive it, and he sailed without showing me any preference. In six months he returned; and whether it was that he was told by others, or at last perceived, my feelings towards him, he joined the crowd of suitors, made a proposal in his off-hand manner, as if he was indifferent as to my reply, and was accepted. My father, to whom he communicated the intelligence as carelessly as if he were talking about freight, did not approve of the match. 'Very well,' replied he, 'I shall say no more; as long as a man has a ship he does not want a wife.' He returned and stated what had passed, and my father also spoke to me. I was self-willed

and determined, and my father yielded. We were married; and I certainly had no reason to complain of my husband, who was very kind to me. But I was jealous of, what do you think? of his ship! for he cared more for it than he did for me: and three months after our marriage, notwithstanding all my tears and entreaties, and the expostulations of my father, he would sail again. He offered to take me with him, and I would gladly have gone; but my father would not listen to it. He sailed, and I never saw him again; his vessel, with all hands, foundered, with many others, in a heavy gale. The news did not arrive until many months afterwards; and I had not been a mother more than six weeks when I found that I was a widow. I have passed all this over quickly, Jack, because it is of less moment—my trials had not commenced.

"The loss of my husband, as may be supposed, only endeared my child the more to me, and I wept over him as he smiled upon me in his cradle. My father had reverses in his business, but these I cared little for. He did, however; he had been the richest man in the town, he was now comparatively poor; his pride was crushed; it broke his heart, and he died; the whole of his assets at the winding up of his affairs not exceeding ten thousand pounds. This was, however, quite enough, and more than enough, for me. I thought but of one object—it was my darling boy; he represented to me all I had lost; in him I saw my husband, father, and every thing. I lived but for him. He was my idolatry, Jack. I worshipped the creature instead of the Creator.

"As he grew up, I indulged him in every thing; he never was checked; I worried myself day and night to please him, and yet he never was pleased. He was so spoiled that he did not know what he wanted. He was a misery to himself and to all about him, except to me, who was so blinded by my love. As he advanced to manhood, his temper showed itself to be violent and uncontrollable; he was the terror of others, and prudent people would shake their heads and prophesy. He would not submit to any profession; the only wish that he had was to go to sea, and that was my terror. I implored him on my knees not to think of it, but in vain; at first he used to threaten when he wanted money for his extravagancies, and it was a sure way to obtain it; but one day I discovered that he had sailed in a vessel bound to the coast of Africa. A short letter and a heavy bill was received from Portsmouth, and I did not hear of him for two years. I was heart-broken, but not weaned from him; I counted the days for his return. At last he came—browned by the climate, full of oaths, savage in his bearing, and occasionally referring to scenes which made me shudder. But he was my son, my only son, and I loved him as much as ever. He was now seldom at home, for he lived almost at the gaming tables. If he came to me, it was to extort money; and he never failed. I sold out my property to support his extravagance, and by degrees it was rapidly diminishing. I begged him. I entreated him, to be more prudent; but he laughed, and promised to return me all the first lucky hit he should make; but that lucky hit never came, and at last I had but two thousand pounds left. This I positively refused to part with, the interest was barely sufficient for my wants. I asked no more—But I expostulated and I reasoned with him in vain. He only begged me for five hundred pounds; if I sold the money out, he would tell me where I might have as good interest for the fifteen hundred pounds as I now received for the two thousand pounds. He begged and entreated me, he kissed, and he even wept; I could not withstand his importunities. I sold out the money, and gave him the sum he wanted; the fifteen hundred pounds I put by in my desk, to invest as he pointed out. That very night he forced the lock, took out the money, and left me without a sixpence in the world."

"What a villain!" exclaimed I.

"Yes, you may say so, Jack; but who made him such a villain, but his foolish dotting mother? Had I done him justice, had I checked him when young, had I brought him up as I ought to have done, he might now have been a happiness and a blessing to his mother. I was the person to blame, not he; and many years of anguish have I lamented my folly and my wretchedness."

"You loved him too much, mother; but it was a fault on the right side."

"No, Jack, that is an error of yours; it was a fault on the wrong side. There is no credit to a mother in loving her children, for she cannot help it. It is a natural instinct implanted in the mother's heart by the Almighty, and, in following this instinct, we do no more than the beasts of the field. The duty of a mother is to check that feeling as far as it interferes with the happiness and well-doing of her children; and it is her duty to do so, and to punish herself in correcting her children. Jack it is a selfish feeling that induces mothers to spoil their children."

"At all events, my mother has never spoiled me," replied I.

"No, Jack, she has not; but observe the consequence. You said just now that excessive tenderness was a fault on the right side; now, how completely you have proved the contrary! I do not intend to defend your mother's conduct toward you; she has been unkind to you in your childhood, and has never shown the affection that a mother ought; but is not her fault a fault on the right side? Jack, you recollect my saying 'what a difference,' when you told me what you had done for your mother; I then referred to my son and to you. I indulged him in every thing, sacrificed every thing, and he robbed me and left me a beggar. Your mother has been severe upon you, and yet, the first time you have the means of showing your duty, you give her all the money you have in the world. Your mother may not be right, Jack, but I was dreadfully wrong, and the result has proved it."

"Well, mother, go on, pray."

"My story is now soon told. I struggled on how I could, for more than two years, by selling my furniture and a few ornaments; then the blow came. When I heard it, I would not remain in the town; I left for London, picked up my living how I could and where I could, till at last I came down here. Time was as a dream; reflection was too painful. I felt that it was all my fault, all my own doing. My heart became hardened, and continued so till I loved you, Jack; and now I have better feelings, at least I think so."

"But, mother, what was the blow? Is he dead?"

"Yes, Jack, dead—dead on the gibbet. He was hanged for piracy, at Port Royal, Jamaica, Jack," said Nanny, seizing my hand, and pressing it in her long fingers, "this is a secret; recollect, a secret deep as the grave; promise me, as you hope for heaven!"

"I do, mother, as I hope for heaven."

"Now, Jack, leave me. Good-by. You will come and see me when you return, and never bring this subject up again. Bless you, my child! bless you!"

I left poor Nanny with her face buried in her apron; and it was in a very melancholy mood that I returned home; I could not help thinking of the picture in the spelling-book, where the young man at the gallows is biting the ear off his mother, who, by her indulgence, had brought him to that disgrace.

CHAPTER XXX.

Strong symptoms of mutiny, which is fortunately quelled by granting a supply.

It was a beautiful sunshiny warm morning when I arose, and, as Bramble intended that we should leave

Greenwich the next day, I thought I might as well call at the house of Dr. Tadpole, and try if I could see him before I went. When I arrived there, he was not at home, but my namesake Tom, was, as usual in the shop. Tom was two or three years older than me, being between seventeen and eighteen, and he had now grown a great tall fellow. We always were very good friends, when we occasionally met, and he generally appeared to be as good tempered and grinning as ever; but when I now entered the shop, I found him very grave and dejected, so much so that I could not help asking him what was the matter.

"Matter enough, I think," said Tom, who was pounding something in the mortar. "I'll not stay here, that's flat. I'll break my indentures, as sure as my name's Tom Cob, and I'll set up an opposition, and I'll join the Friends of the People Society, and the Anti-Bible Society, and every other opposition Anti in the country."

"Why, what has happened, Tom?"

"I'll make speeches against Church and against State, and against the Aristocracy, and Habeas Corpus, and against Physic, and against Standing Armies, and Magna Charta, and every other rascally tyranny and oppression to which we are subjected; that I will." Here Tom gave such a thump with the pestle that I thought he would have split the mortar.

"But what is it, Tom?" inquired I, as I sat down.

"What has the doctor done?"

"Why, I'll tell you; the liquorice is all gone, and he won't order any more."

"Well, that is because you have eaten it all."

"No, I haven't; I haven't eaten a bit for these five weeks; it's all been used in pharmacoepy, honestly used, and he can't deny it."

"Who used it?"

"Why, I did; he said he wouldn't stand my eating liquorice, and I told him that I shouldn't eat any more. No more I have, but I a'n't well, and I prescribe for myself. Haven't I a right to do that? Mayn't I physic myself? I'm a doctor as well as he is. Who makes up the medicine, I should like to know? who ties up the bottles, and writes directions? Well, my insides are out of order, and I prescribe for myself—black draughts 'omnes duas horas sumendum'; and now he says, that, as the ingredients are all gone, I sha'n't take any more."

"And pray what were the ingredients, Tom?"

"What, laxative and alterative, as suits my complaint—Extract. liquor.—aqua pura—haustus."

"What is that?"

"Liquorice and water, to be sure; there's nothing else I can take: I've tasted every thing in the shop, from plate powder to aqua fortis, and every thing goes against my stomach."

"Well, Tom, it's a hard case; but perhaps the doctor will think better of it."

"He'd better, or I'll set up for myself, for I won't stand it any longer; it a'n't only for myself but for others that I care. Why, I've a hankering for Anny Whistle, (you know her don't you?) a pretty little girl with red lips—lives in Church Street. Well, as long as I could find her a bit of liquorice when I went to see her, all was smooth enough, and I got many a kiss when no one was nigh; but now that I can't fork out a bit as big as a marble she's getting quite shy of me, and is always walking with Bill, the butcher's boy. I know he gives her bulls' eyes—I seed him one day buying a ha'porth. Now, a'n't that hard?"

"Why, certainly, the affair becomes serious; but still, how you are to set up for yourself I don't know. You are not qualified."

"O! a'n't I? just as much as most doctors are. There must be a beginning, and if I gives wrong medicine at

first, then I'll try another, and so on until I come to what will cure them. Soon learn, Tom."

"Well, but how will you do about surgery?"

"Surgery, oh I'll do very well—don't know much about it just now—soon learn."

"Why, would you venture to take off a man's leg, Tom? do you know how to take up the arteries?"

"Would I take off a man's leg? to be sure I would, as quick as the doctor could. As for the arteries, why I might puzzle a little about them; but, by the time I had taken off three or four legs, I should know something about them. Practice makes perfect—soon learn, Tom."

"But all your first patients would die."

"I don't know that. At all events I should do my best, and no man can do more; and if they did die, why it would be by the visitation of God, wouldn't it?"

"Not altogether, I'm afraid. It won't do, Tom."

"It has done from the beginning of the world, and will do. I say there's no learning without practice—people spoil at first in every trade, and make afterward; and a man a'n't born a doctor any more than he is a carpenter."

"No; but, if I recollect right, to be a surgeon you ought to walk the hospital, as they term it."

"Well, and haven't I for these last four years? When I carries out my basket of physic, I walks the hospital right through, twice at least every day in the week."

"That's Greenwich Hospital."

"Well, so it is; and plenty of surgical cases in it. However, the doctor and I must come to a proper understanding; I didn't clean his boots this morning. I wish, if you see him, Tom, you'd reason with him a little."

"I'll see what I can do; but don't be rash. Good by, Tom; mind you tell the doctor that I called."

"Well, I will; but that's not in my indentures."

I called in at the widow's after I left the doctor's shop, and communicated the intended rebellion on the part of Tom.

"Well," said Mrs. St. Felix, "I shall not forget to make the Spanish claim, and prevent Tom from walking Spanish. The doctor is very inconsiderate; he forgets that Tom's regard for liquorice is quite as strong as his own liking for a cigar. Now, if the doctor don't promise me to have a fresh supply for Tom, I won't let him have a cigar for himself."

The doctor was compelled to surrender at discretion. The next wagon brought down one hundred weight of liquorice, and Tom recovered his health and the smiles of Anny Whistle.

When I left the widow's, I proceeded to the hospital, to find Anderson and my father. As I walked along I perceived Dick Harness on a bench, who hailed me.

"Well, Tom, I haven't seen any thing of you for I don't know how long, since you've taken to a seafaring life. This is a beautiful day, is it not? it makes one feel so happy and cheerful such a day as this. Every body and every thing looks gay; the birds seem so merry, and the little clouds seem to scud away as if their hearts were as light as themselves. Come, sit down a minute; here's a song for you you've never heard—one I don't often sing, because they say it's all about myself."

"Well, then, I should like to hear that."

"Here goes, then:

"Sam Swipes, he was a seaman true,
As brave and bold a tar
As e'er was dressed in navy blue,
On board a man of war.

One fault he had—on sea or land
He was a thirsty dog,
For Sammy never could withstand
A glass or so of grog.

He always liked to be at sea,
For e'en on shore, the rover,
If not as drunk as he could be,
Was always 'half seas over.'

The gunner, who was apt to scoff,
With jokes most aptly timed,
Said, Sam might any day go off,
'Cause he was always 'primed.'

Sam didn't want a feeling heart,
Though never seen to cry,
Yet tears were always on the start,
'The drop was in his eye.'

At fighting, Sam was never shy,
A most undoubted merit;
His courage never failed, and why—
He was so full of 'spirit.'

In action he had lost an eye,
But that gave him no trouble—
Quoth Sam, I have no cause to sigh,
I'm always 'seeing double.'

A shot from an unlucky gun
Put Sam on timber pegs;
It didn't signify to one
Who ne'er could 'keep his legs.'

One night he filled a pail with grog,
Determined he would suck it;
He drained it dry—the thirsty dog!
Hiccapped—and 'kicked the bucket.'

"There's Bill's fiddle, Dick," said I, getting up; "I thought you would bring him out."

"Yes, I was sure of that; I'll sing another verse or two, and then be off to the Park, and leave him in the lurch."

"I can't wait any more, Dick; I must go to my father," said I.

"Well, off with you, then, and I'm off too. Sing tura la, tura la, tura tura la. Bill's coming down. How savage the nigger will be!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

In which my father proves he can give good advice as well as Peter Anderson.

I found my father under the colonnade, and inquired of him if Peter Anderson was there.

"No, he's not," replied my father; "he has been sent for by the officers; so stop, Tom, that is, if you can spare a minute for your own father."

"Of course I can," replied I, taking my seat by him.

"Why, you see, boy," said my father, "I have not very little of your company; and I feel it, Tom, I do indeed. I'm not jealous, and I know that Peter Anderson has done more for you than ever I could, for I've no learning to signify; but still, Tom, I am your father, and I don't think Peter, although he may be proud of your turning out so well, can feel exactly for you what a father does. I'm proud enough of you, Heaven knows; and it does hurt me a little when I find that, whenever you come here, it is for Peter Anderson, and it makes me wish sometimes that I had been Peter Anderson and not your father."

"Indeed, father," replied I, "I hope you don't think that

I like Anderson better than I do you; but you recollect that I have been accustomed all my life to take his advice."

"I know, it, boy, I know it. I was serving my country, and doing my duty on board of a King's ship, and you were left here, and therefore lucky it was that you fell in with old Peter; but, Tom, I could not be in two places at the same time, and if I did not do my duty as a father towards you, at all events I was doing my duty to my country."

"To be sure you were, and it was of more importance than looking after a brat like me," replied I, soothingly; for I really never had the idea that my father could have showed so much feeling.

"Why, Tom, I can't say that I thought so; for the fact is, I didn't think about it; indeed, I thought about nothing. Sailors afloat have little time to think; they can't think when it's their watch on deck, for they are too busy; nor at their watch below, for they're too tired; nor at meal times, for they must look after their share of the victuals; indeed, there is not any time to think on board ship, and that's a fact. But, Tom, since I've been laid up here I have thought a good deal; all is calm and quiet, and one day passes just like the other, and no fear of interruption when one don't wish it; and I have thought a good deal. At first I thought it a hard case to be shovelled on the shelf at my age: but I don't think so now; I'm quite satisfied."

"I am glad to hear you say so, father."

"Yes, Tom; and then, you see, when I was afloat, I didn't think any good of your mother, and I was glad to keep out of her way; and then I didn't care about my children, for I didn't know them; but now I've other thoughts, Tom. I don't think your mother so bad, after all; to be sure, she looks down upon me, 'cause I'm not genteel; but I suppose I ain't, and she has been used to the company of gentlefolks; besides she works hard, and now that I don't annoy her by getting tipsy, as I used to do, at all events she's civil; and then I never knew what it was to have children until I came here, and found Virginia and you; and I'm proud of you both, and love you both better than any thing on earth; and, although I may not be so well brought up or so well taught as you both are, still, Tom, I'm your father, and all I can say is, I wish for your sakes I was better than I am."

"Don't say so, father; you know that Virginia and I are both as fond of you as you are of us."

"Well, mayhap you are; I don't say no: you are both good children, and at all events would try to like me; but still I do feel that you can't look up to me exactly; but that's my misfortune, Tom, more than my fault. I haven't learning like Anderson, or gentility like your mother; I've only a true heart to offer to you. You see, Tom, I've said all this because you are always after Anderson; not but that I like Anderson, for he's a good man, and has been of service to me, and I don't think he would ever say any thing to you that would make you think less of me."

"No, indeed, father; on the contrary, I once asked him his opinion about you, and he spoke most highly of you; and whenever I go to him for advice, he always sends me to you to approve of what he has said."

"Well, he is a good man, and I'm very sorry to have any feeling of envy in me, that's the truth; but still a father must have a father's feelings. Don't let us say any thing more about it, Tom, only try next time you want advice, whether I can give it. You can always go to Peter afterwards, and see whether I'm right or wrong."

"I will indeed, my dear father, now I know that you wish it."

I never felt so warm towards my father as after this conversation; there was so much affection towards me, and yet so much humility shown by him, as respected himself, that I was quite touched with it, and I began to

think that he really had had occasion to complain, and that I had not treated him with that respect which he deserved.

"Now, Tom, I've something to say to you. When Anderson, Bramble, and I were taking a pipe together last night, Bramble said that he had a letter from the captain of the Indiaman, offering you a berth on board as guineapig, or midshipman. He said that he had not shown it to you as yet, because it was of no use, as he was sure you would not accept it. Well, Anderson and I said that at the least you ought to know it, and have the refusal; and your mother pricked up her ears and said, that it was much more genteel than being a pilot; so I now put the question to you."

"Thank you, father; but Bramble was right. I shall not accept of it, although I am much obliged to the captain."

Here my father stopped me. "First, Tom," said he, "we must overhaul the pros and cons, as people call them. Old Anderson weighed them very closely, and now you shall hear them." Here my father commenced a long story, with which I shall not tire the reader, as to the prospects on either side, but as soon as he had finished I replied,

"That all he said was very true; but that I had made up my mind that, if ever I were regularly to serve, it should be in a man-of-war, not in a merchant vessel; that it was certainly possible that I might, after serving many years, become a captain of an Indiaman, which was a high position, but I preferred being a pilot, and more my own master; that if there were no other objections, that of being absent for three years at a time from him and Virginia would be more than sufficient: and that I was very happy where I was, as Bramble and little Bessy were almost equal to another father and another sister. A rolling stone gathers no moss, they say, father. I have entered into the pilot service, and in that I hope to remain."

"Well, you're right, Tom; Bramble said you would decide so. There's nothing like being contented with what we are and what we have got."

"I might probably become a richer man if I were to be a captain of an Indiaman," observed I; "but I'm sure if ever I'm able to buy a little farm, as Bramble is now able to do, I shall think myself quite rich enough."

"You see, Tom, it all depends upon what people's ideas are. One man thinks himself rich with what another would think that he was a beggar. Now I dare say old Nanny thinks that shop of old iron and rubbish that she has got together, the finest shop in all Greenwich."

"I believe she does, and the prettiest," replied I laughing.

"Well, now, Tom, an odd thing happened the other day while you were away, just to prove how true that is. You may recollect a little old man in our ward, Phil Nobbs they called him, who walked with his chin half a yard before him. Well, he took to the sick ward and died, since you have been gone. I went to see him of course, and he was always talking about his property! and none of us knew where it was, but we supposed that he had it somewhere. One day as I was sitting by his bed, he says, 'Saunders, the doctor's coming round, just tell him I want to make my will, for I feel as if I were slipping my wind.' Well, the doctor and the chaplain both came to his bedside with the paper, and Nobbs raised himself on his elbow, and said, 'Are you ready, sir? Well, then, I'll make short work of it. This is my last will and testament: first, I wish a white pall over me when I'm buried and that expense must be deducted; after which I bequeath to my nephews and nieces, James Strong, Walter Strong, Ellen Strong, Mary Williams, the one married, Peter Strong, all of Rotherhithe, and to Thomas Day, Henry Day, and Nicholas Day, of Eltham, the whole of my money and

personal effects, *share and share alike*, equally divided among them all. There, sir, that will do. I can't write but I'll put my cross to it.' Well, the old fellow died that night, and notice of his will was sent to his nephews and nieces, who all came on the day of his burial dressed in their best, for they were all mechanics and labourers, poor people to whom, I suppose, a legacy was a great object. The chaplain had asked Nobbs where his money was, and he replied that it was in the hands of Lieutenant —, who knew all about his affairs. After the funeral, they all went in a body to the lieutenant, who stated that he had ten shillings belonging to Nobbs, out of which, seven shillings were to be deducted for the white pall; and that, as for his other effects, they must be in his cabin, as he never heard of his having any thing but what was there. So we went to his cabin, and there found five or six penny prints against the wall, two pair of old canvass trousers, and an old hat, six cups and saucers, cracked and mended; and this was all his property, altogether not worth (with the three shillings) more than seven or eight at the outside, if so much. You may guess the disappointment of his nephews and nieces, who had lost a good day's work and come so far for nothing; and I must say they were not very dutiful in their remarks upon their old uncle as they walked off. Now you see, Tom, this old fellow had been in the Hospital for more than twenty years, and had been able to save no more than what he had out of his shilling per week, and in his eyes this small property was very large, for it was the saving of twenty years. He thought so, because he probably had saved so many shillings in his life. There was no joking about it, I can assure you."

"Well, father, I hope I may be able to save more than seven shillings before I die, but no one knows. I have made my decision as I think for the best, and we must leave the rest to Providence. We never know whether we do right or wrong."

"Never, Jack; things which promise well turn out bad, and things which look very bad often turn out just as well. I recollect an instance which was told me, which I'll give you as a proof that we never know what is best for us in this world. A man may plan, and scheme, and think, in his blindness, that he has arranged every thing so nicely that nothing can fail, and down he lies on his bed, and goes to sleep quite satisfied that affairs must turn out as well as he has ordered them, forgetting that Providence disposes as it thinks fit. There was a gentleman by birth, of the name of Seton, who lived at Greenock; he was very poor, and, although he had high friends and relations well to do, he was too proud to ask for assistance. His wife was equally proud; and at last one day he died, leaving her with hardly a penny, and two fine boys, of the names of Archibald and Andrew. Well, the widow struggled on; how she lived no one knew, but she fed the boys and herself, and was just as stately as ever. Her relations did offer to educate the boys, and send them to sea, but she refused all assistance. There was a foundation or chartered school at Greenock, to which she was entitled to send her children to be educated without expense, and to that school they went. I don't know why, but they say that the master had had a quarrel with their father when he was alive, and the master had not forgotten it now he was dead, and in consequence he was very severe upon the two boys, and used to beat them without mercy; at all events it did them good, for they learnt faster than any of the others who were at all favoured, and they soon proved the best boys in the school. Well, time ran on, till Archibald was thirteen, and Andrew twelve years old; and, being very tired of school, they asked their mother what profession they were to be of, and she answered 'any thing except going to sea, for there you will never get on.' But times became harder with the widow; she had not enough, to give the boys to eat, and they complained bit-

terly; but it was of no use, so they got on how they could, until, one day, Archy says to Andrew, 'Why, brother, we have nothing but ferrule for breakfast, dinner and supper, and I see little chance of our getting any thing more. Mother, poor soul! has not enough for herself to eat, and she very often gives us her dinner, and goes without. I can't stand it any longer; what shall we do shall we seek our fortunes?' 'Yea,' says Andrew, 'as when we are gone, mother will have enough for herself.'

"Well, they say any thing is better than going to sea but I don't know how we can do any thing else."

"Well, Archy, going to sea may be the worst of it but it's better than taking the victuals out of poor mother's mouth."

"That's very true; so we'll be off, Andrew."

"They walked down to the pier, and then they fell in with the captain of a vessel going foreign, and they asked him whether he wanted any boys on board."

"Why," says he, "I wouldn't care, but you're never been to sea before."

"No," said Archy; "but there must be a beginning" every thing."

"Well," said the captain, "I suppose you're run away from your friends, and, as I can't get apprentices now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take you on board, and as soon as we get round to another port in the channel, I'll bring you as an apprentice for three years. Will you agree to that?"

"The boys said 'yes,' and the captain told them that he should sail the next morning about daylight, and that they must be down at the pier by that time; so they went back again to their mother, and said nothing about what had passed. There was no supper that night, which confirmed them in their resolution; they kissed their mother, and went up to bed, packed up all their clothes, and before she was down stairs the next morning they were on board the vessel."

"Well, they were duly apprenticed when the ship arrived at Weymouth, and then off they went. The other men on board were, as usual, very much afraid of being pressed, and every plan was hit upon for stowing away when they were boarded by a man-of-war. Well, time passed, and after many voyages they had both nearly served their time; they were tall, stout young men, and looked older than they really were. At last, one day, when off the Western Isles, they were boarded by a frigate, and the officers who came in the boat asked Archy what he was, and he replied he was an apprentice."

"You an apprentice!" cried he, "that won't do."

"But here are the indentures."

"All forged," cried the officer, "just get into the boat, my lad." (You see that's a very common trick of officers; if a boy's grown up and fit for service, they don't care about indentures.) "Well, Archy found it was of no use, so he gets his kit and steps into the boat, shaking hands with Andrew, who was shedding tears at the thought of parting with his brother."

"It's no use crying, Andrew," says he; "I might have been second mate in three months, as the captain promised me, when my time was up, and then I should have been protected, and might have risen from mate to captain; but now it's all over with me. May you have better luck, and I hope the captain will give you the berth instead of me." Well, away went Archy on board of the man-of-war, looking very gloomy as you may suppose. When he went aft on the quarter-deck, the captain asked his name, and where he came from."

"Ah!" said the captain, "and who are your friends?" So Archy told him that he had only his mother left. The captain asked him a good many more questions as to whether he had been educated or not, and what he knew; and then rated him A. B., and put him into the main top-

Well, Archy remained there for about six months, and found that a man-of-war was not so bad a place after all, and he was well treated by the captain and officers, the more so as he was a good scholar. After the cruise was over, the frigate ran into the channel, and anchored in Portland Roads, where there were a great many vessels wind-bound. As usual, they sent round to press the men. Now Archy was one of those sent in the boats, and by this time, being a man-of-war's man all over, he was just as eager to get the men as the others were. They boarded several vessels, and got some men; about dark they boarded one which laid well in the offing. The captain was not on board, and the men were turned up, but they were very few, and all protected. Now Archy, who was up to the hiding places on board a merchant vessel, goes down with his cutlass, and crawls about in the dark, until at last he gets hold of a man by the heels. 'Come out, you thief,' cries he, 'come out directly, or I'll give you an inch of my cutlass;' so the man, finding that he could not help himself, backs out stern foremost. Archy collars him, and takes him on deck, when who should it prove to be but his own brother Andrew!

"Oh, Archy, Archy, I didn't think this of you."

"Well, Andrew, I didn't know it was you, but there's no help for it; you must come and serve in the main top along with me, and give up all chance of being a mate or captain of a merchant vessel. We're in bad luck, that's clear; but it can't be helped." There was a good laugh on board of the man-of-war at Archy pressing his own brother, and the captain was very much amused. 'I'm very sorry for it,' said Archy.

"Now the captain was short of midshipmen, and, being obliged to sail immediately, he determined to put Archy on the quarter-deck, and so he did, while Andrew served in the main top. But this did not last long; the captain, who liked Andrew quite as well, and who knew their family and connexions, put Andrew also on the quarter deck; and what was the consequence? Why, they are now both post captains, commanding fine frigates; so you see, going on board of a man-of-war, which they conceived as their ruin, was the means of their rising to rank and riches, for they have been very lucky in the service. I heard Captain Archibald tell the story himself one day, as I helped at dinner in the cabin, when I was coxswain with Sir Hercules."

"Well, father, that's a good story to the point; but I do not see that I ever have any chance of being a post captain."

"Don't seem much like it, certainly! but you've a good chance of being a pilot."

"Yes, that I certainly have; and a pilot is always respected, go on board what ship he may."

"To be sure he is; because he is supposed to have more knowledge than any one on board."

"Then I am contented, father, with the prospect of being respectable; so there's an end of that business, except that I must write and thank the captain for his kindness."

"Just so, Tom; do you dine with me?"

"No, father. I promised to meet Bramble at the Jolly Sailors. We are going up to Mr. Wilson's."

"Ay, about the farm he wants to buy. Well, the clock is striking, so good-by till this evening."

I must explain to the reader that Mr. Wilson, having heard of Bramble's intention to purchase the farm, very kindly interfered. He had a son who was a solicitor at Dover, and he recommended Bramble not to appear personally, but let his son manage the affair for him, which he promised should be done without expense. The next morning Bramble and I took our leave and quitted Greenwich, taking the coach to Dover; for Bramble, having a good deal of money in his pocket, thought it better to do so, than to wait till he could take a ship down the river.

On our arrival at Dover, we called upon Mr. Wilson's son, who had already made inquiries, and eventually obtained the farm for Bramble for two hundred pounds less than he expected to give for it, and, very handsomely, only charged him for the stamps of the conveyance. When we arrived at Deal, we found Mrs. Maddox quite recovered, and sitting with little Bessy in the parlour below. After Mrs. Maddox and Bessy went up stairs to bed, Bramble said to me, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe—

"Tom, I've got this farm for Bessy for two hundred pounds less than I expected to give for it; now, I've been thinking about this two hundred pounds, which I consider, in a manner, as her property; and what d'ye think I mean to do with it? I'll tell you—I'll give her education as well as money. This sum will keep her at a good school for a matter of four years, and I've made up my mind that she shall go. I don't like to part with her, that's certain; but it's for her good—so all's right—don't you think so?"

"I do, indeed, father," replied I. "I shall miss her as much as you do; but, as you say, it's all right; and I'm very glad that you have so decided."

(To be continued.)

From the United Service Journal.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EXPEDITION TO THE CHESAPEAKE, AND AGAINST NEW ORLEANS, IN THE YEARS 1814-15.

[Continued from our last No.]

The death of General Ross at once put a stop, not only to any further operations of importance in the Chesapeake, but to all idea of the contemplated descent on Long Island, and, on the 19th of September, Sir Alexander Cochrane took his departure, in the *Tonnant*, for Halifax—Admiral Cockburn sailing on the same day, in the *Albion*, for Bermuda. The *Royal Oak*, with a few frigates, &c., and the troop-ships and transports, came to anchor at the mouth of the Patuxent, from whence, on the 27th, we removed to an anchorage off the island of St. George, in the Potomac, where all hands were immediately employed in "wooding and watering." During this operation, the enemy made, almost daily, an ostentatious display of some companies of militia and volunteers, with a few field-pieces, at the mouth of the Coan river, on the Virginia side of the Potomac: these it was determined to disperse, and, if possible, capture their guns. On the evening of the 3rd of October, the troops were embarked in boats, and proceeded for a short distance up the Coan, under an irregular fire of musketry from the shore, by which Captain Kenah, of the *Ætna Bomb*, was killed, and two soldiers were wounded. The moment we commenced disembarking, however, the Americans, after giving us a random and harmless volley, fled into the woods, and we advanced, without further opposition, to a short distance past Northumberland court-house (about five or six miles from the place of landing), where we took and destroyed two or three small schooners, and then returned to our ships.

Near Northumberland court-house the writer witnessed one of those heart-rending scenes, which but too often mark the individual misery flowing from a state of war and the "shock of armed men." At daybreak on the morning of the 4th, weary and hungry after the night's march, he, with two brother officers, entered a small, but neat and comfortable frame house, in the hope of obtaining a breakfast, or at least some slight refreshment. The only inhabitants of the dwelling, which was in rather an isolated situation, were two young and well looking women, who were evidently greatly alarmed at our visit, although they

endeavoured to conceal their apprehensions as much as they possibly could. We assured them that they had nothing to fear from us—that we merely sought a cup of tea or coffee, &c., and would willingly and liberally pay for whatever they supplied us with. Somewhat tranquilized, they forthwith addressed themselves to tea-making, cake-baking, pork-frying, egg-boiling, and all the other preparations for an American breakfast, which, for copiousness and variety of *matériel*, be it observed, *par parenthèse*, fairly rivals, if it does not surpass, the same meal in auld Scotia. The prospect of such a *regale* for our fasting stomachs naturally stimulated our ordinary *gaieté de cœur* into joyous exuberance—fun and laughter were “the order of the day”—and we shortly succeeded in provoking one of our fair hostesses into unrestrained mirth, whilst her companion, with a languid smile, admitted that we were not at all like the savage and ruthless desperadoes and plunderers that had been described to them, and whom they dreaded to see. Still, however, the senior of our entertainers obviously laboured under some ill-concealed anxiety, which the youngest (they were sisters) explained, during a short absence of the other from the room, arose from her husband having been out with the militia on the night before, and a presentiment that some mischief had befallen him. The “date of grief,” which the poor girl had thus so sadly “forestalled” in imagination, was but too soon converted into a melancholy reality, for ere we had concluded the repast to which we sat down with such overflowing glee, the young bridegroom (the unfortunate pair had been only a week married) was carried into the house, by some of his comrades, a disfigured and stiffened corpse! The frantic screams of the agonized and widowed bride, as she clung to the lifeless form of him in whom it was evident her whole heart and soul had been centered, long rung in the ears of those who heard them. It can scarcely be necessary to say that, feeling how exquisitely painful our presence must prove to the poor sufferer, so soon as the passage of her first burst of grief should render her conscious of it, we hastened to quit the scene of such hopeless anguish, and, having first left with a neighbour ample payment for our meal (to be handed to the widow’s sister), with saddened thoughts rejoined our regiment.

The expedition up the Coan river was an ill-managed, unmeaning, and unnecessary affair. It was not to be expected that the militia would make any stand against the large force landed; for, in fact, a light company or two could have accomplished all that we really did; and, if the object was to capture the enemy’s guns, disembarking the whole of the troops at one place was certainly a very bungling way to attempt its accomplishment.

The ships having all completed the needful supplies of fuel and water, the fleet, now consisting of the Royal Oak, Asia, and Ramilies, each of 74 guns, two frigates, the bombs, and all the troop-ships and transports, under the command of Admiral Malcolm, sailed from the Chesapeake, for Jamaica, on the 14th of October, and, being favoured with fair and fresh gales for the greater part of the voyage, arrived at Port Royal on the 24th. On the following morning canoes were engaged and parties formed to visit Kingston, distant, as all the world knows, seven miles. Arrived there, the scorching heat of a tropical sun put an effectual “stopper” on every inclination to ramble about the town, and drove us for “cool shelter” to Bennet’s and the City Hotel, where each and all of us were speedily engaged in discussing the luxury of a second breakfast, consisting of a beef-steak (which, in Jamaica, for flavour and tenderness, exceeds all that London or Parisian epicures can imagine,) with green peas, &c., moistened with a long drink of sangaree or sangarorum!

Gentle reader, turn not up thy philosophic nose that the writer dwells for a moment on such sensual reminiscences.

Hadst thou been for months “cabinéd, cribbed, and confined” on board ship (our occasional debarkations only served to tantalize us with distant prospects of good things,) dragging on a mere “rational” existence, inasmuch as thy diet, like ours, must have been limited to little more than soldier’s rations; had such been thy sad fate, thou, too, wouldst have yearned for gastronomic delights—piscatorial, animal, and vegetable—and thy memory, in after years, would also have revelled in the recollection of their enjoyment!

The 18th, or Royal Irish, and the 6th battalion of the 60th regiment, were in those days quartered at Up-Park Camp, near Kingston, and we had scarcely been an hour in the town when the officers of these corps came in with their kittereens,* and most earnestly and pressingly invited all their brethren of the expedition to partake of the hospitality of their respective mess-tables during the whole time of our stay at the station. Leave having been granted to a certain number of officers to lodge on shore, we occasionally availed ourselves of the proffered kindness, and never were visitors received with higher consideration, or treated with more marked attention, than we experienced at the hands of our warm-hearted and liberal hosts. “The brave army that conquered Washington”—a toast originating with the commanding officer of the 60th (a native of France,) with all the honours, and the band parading round the mess-table to the “British Grenadiers”—became a regular standard, and so continued whilst the expedition remained in the island.

The then Governor (the Duke of Manchester) also honoured us with an invitation to Government-house, Spanish-town, where he gave a handsome ball and supper. In brief, provocations to dine, &c., poured in on all sides, so that, what between those white balls, and, now and then, a visit to the “dignity,” or “brown” ones, old Time speeded his flight with such marvellous rapidity, that, when the order appeared which recalled us to our ships, the gay and festive scenes in which we had been so untiringly engaged seemed little else than the remembrance of a pleasurable dream. One substantial reality, however, was here accorded to us—that was the payment of the long arrears due when we embarked at Pouillac, and constantly accruing from that period till our arrival in Jamaica. Wonderful was the improvement manifested in the externals of us all, so soon as the necessary funds were forthcoming, and equally satisfactory was the catering for our creature comforts when once again fairly embarked.

From the moment that the expedition reached Port Royal, it was perfectly understood that it was destined to attack New Orleans: indeed, so far back as the months of May and June preceeding, statements had appeared in many of the London papers to the effect that a plan for the conquest and occupation of Louisiana had been laid before our Government, and that it was regarded as an enterprise presenting no very serious difficulties, and offering incalculable advantages. Amongst the latter, the proposers of the expedition were well aware might be included an immense amount of prize money; for it was known that at New Orleans were stored the cotton crops of many of the Southern, and the various surplus products of most of the Western, or Mississippi States, all of which had been accumulating there from the commencement of the war, and it was calculated must be worth at least three millions sterling! It has been said that expectations were entertained that the French and Spanish population of the State, which it was supposed felt dissatisfied with the general Government, would not be indisposed towards a

* A one horse vehicle, apparently “got” between a tilbury and a dennet, but having a fixed square top, supported by four uprights, with curtains between. It is admirably adapted to the climate, as it at the same time admits any air that happens to stirring and excludes the rays of the sun.

change, and consequently would not join in any serious or protracted resistance to our arms; and it is certain that the representations of an officer, who had been for some time in communication with the Indian chiefs of Florida, induced an apparently well founded belief that our army would, immediately on landing, be joined by a formidable body of warriors from the Seminoles, the Creeks, and other tribes, ever disaffected towards the Americans. All these matters were freely discussed during our sojourn at Kingstons, and, with a generosity not very usual, according to the system of modern warfare, no obstacle, by embargo or otherwise, was thrown in the way of the parties; and there were several, who, from time to time, despatched fast sailing schooners to New Orleans with full particulars of our force and all our movements.

On deliberately reviewing the arrangements and proceedings of those in high authority at the period referred to, it certainly appears extraordinary that Jamaica should have been appointed as the place of rendezvous for this expedition. It was perfectly obvious that there could be but one object in assembling such an army there, and, even with the aid of an embargo, it would have been difficult to prevent that fact, with other information, from being conveyed to the enemy; whereas, had Bermuda been fixed as the point of assembly, any conjecture as to the ultimate object in view must of necessity have been extremely vague. But even as matters were ordered in this respect, the non-imposition of an embargo seems utterly unaccountable.

From Port Royal some of the ships proceeded to Blue Fields Bay, to complete their supply of water, whilst the remainder "carried on" for Negril Bay, where eventually the whole assembled, and, on being joined by Major-General Keane, (now Lord Keane,) with the first reinforcements from England, consisting of the 93d regiment, the 95th rifles, 500 of the royal artillery, two squadrons of the 14th light dragoons, (dismounted,) and detachments for the corps originally forming the expedition, to which were also added the 1st and 5th West India regiments (blacks). Immediately afterwards the fleet sailed for the Gulf of Mexico, and arrived off the Chandelour Islands on the 10th and 11th of December—the large vessels anchoring there, and the frigates, troop-ships, &c. proceeding to the anchorage at Cat Island, near the entrance to Lac Borgne.

New Orleans, the capital of the state of Louisiana, is situated on the left bank of the Mississippi, ninety miles, "as the bird flies," from its mouth, but 105, following the sinuosities of the river. The population of the city, in 1815, was estimated, in round numbers, at 23,000. The only direct approach to it from the sea is by the Mississippi, at the entrance of which, near the Balize lighthouse and fort, is a bar, shoaling to fourteen feet of water. Between thirty-five and forty miles from thence, on the left bank of the river, is a strong work, called Fort St. Philip, mounting twenty-nine 24 pounders, one 6 pounder, a 13-inch mortar, an 8-inch and a 5½-inch howitzer, and, in the "water-battery," two long 32 pounders, mounted *à fleur d'eau*; it was garrisoned by 336 men.* This fort was bombarded for several days, but with little effect, by the *Ætna* and Meteor bombs, and no ship of sufficient force to "lay it alongside" could pass the bar. As on this, and other grounds, it was considered impracticable to invade the city from the river, attention was turned to Lake Borgne and Pontchartrain, on its north and east, from whence several inlets, and numerous deep sluggish streams, called "canals," or "bayous," offered facilities for transporting our troops in boats, through the low, and otherwise impassable swamps, extending along the whole line of that extraordinary coast, to comparatively high land on the banks of the Mississippi, and within six or seven miles of

the Louisianian Metropolis. On these lakes the Americans had a flotilla of five gun-vessels of the largest dimensions, an armed sloop, and an armed schooner. The navigation here being extremely difficult, some attempts were made to induce the Baratarian smugglers—perhaps buccancers would be a more correct designation—to act as pilots and spies to the expedition, and their chief, a wily Frenchman, named Lafitte, at first seemed disposed to accept the terms offered. He had, however, as it subsequently appeared, a brother imprisoned in the gaol of New Orleans, so he communicated the overtures he had received to Mr. Claiborne, Governor of Louisiana, offering at the same time his services, and those of the unprincipled but daring ruffians under his command, in defence of the state, on condition of a free pardon being granted to his brother, himself, and his band, whose trade had latterly been exceedingly unprofitable. His propositions were acceded to; he and his men joined General Jackson's forces, and eventually had their pardon confirmed by President Madison.

Before any attempt was made to disembark the troops, it was absolutely necessary to capture or destroy the American flotilla. On this service the boats of the fleet, under the command of Captain Lockyer, of the *Sophie*, proceeded on the night of the 12th. The boats had a tedious and toilsome row of thirty-six hours, in quest and pursuit of the enemy, who used every endeavour to escape, but the wind at last forced him to anchor off St. Joseph's, near the pass of the Rigolets, leading into Lake Pontchartrain, where he moored, in a line abreast, with springs on his cable, boarding nettings triced up, &c. There he was attacked on the morning of the 14th, and after an obstinate resistance for about twenty minutes, the whole five gun-vessels, and the armed sloop, were taken—all in a perfectly serviceable state:—the armed schooner was blown up, by her commander, on the preceding day, to prevent her falling into our hands. Those "gun-boats," as the Americans were modestly pleased to term them, were, in fact, large schooner-rigged vessels, the smallest being 75 and the largest 120 tons burthen, carrying each one long 32 or 24 pounder, from four to six long 6-pounders, or 12-pounder carronades, and four swivels, with a complement of forty-five men. One of the "gun-boats" mounted also two 5-inch howitzers, and two or three of them, according to the American "History of the Tripolitan War," had twice crossed the Atlantic! They were elegantly fitted out, having even polished mahogany traversing gun-carriages, and other equipments in the same style.

The capture of their flotilla caused great excitement at New Orleans, as that event gave us undisputed command of the Lakes. General Jackson at this moment gave evidence of the promptitude and decision of character for which he afterwards became so distinguished. His first step was to proclaim martial-law—certainly a monstrous arbitrary exercise of power in a country boasting "perfect freedom," but the only way at once to command the services of hesitating "volunteers" in his ranks, and to compel them to obey the orders of their officers when there. He also issued orders to a detachment of the 7th regiment, to Colonel Delaronde, of the Louisiana Militia, and to Major-General Villeré, commanding the district between the river and the lakes—the latter was a native of that part of the country, and of course well acquainted with it—to use every possible means to obstruct the passage of the different bayous and canals, by which the city could be approached from that quarter. This order was but imperfectly executed, for, although trees were felled across most of the smaller bayous, and large frames, filled with earth, were sunk in some of the others, the principal and most practicable one, the Bayou Catalan, or *Bien-venu*, at the head of Lake Borgne, and navigable by boats to within

* Latour's War in Louisiana, p. 191.

a short distance of the high road leading to New Orleans, along the left bank of the Mississippi, was left unobstructed. With a view to obtain, if possible, intimation of the precise route our army would take in their advance, Commodore Patterson sent down a Purser and Doctor of the American Navy, with a flag of truce, on the 15th, ostensibly for the purposes of "obtaining correct information as to the situation of the officers and crews made prisoners on board the gun-boats, and of endeavouring to obtain their being suffered to return to town on parole."† Sir Alexander Cochrane, however, acquainted them in plain terms "that their visit was unseasonable, and that he could not permit them to return until the intended attack was made, and the fate of New Orleans decided."

Two routes to our destination were now open to us: one by Lake Borgne, and the Bayou Catalan just alluded to—leading to the high road, six miles below New Orleans, or by the Bayou Sauvage, a Chef-Menteur, in the direction of the Gentilly Road: the other by Lake Pontchartrain, and the Bayou St. John, to the rear of the city. The first mentioned line of approach was ascertained to be unprotected, whilst the second was defended by a fort, called *Petite Coquilla*, at the Rigolet Strait, connecting Lakes Borgne and Pontchartrain, and also by some batteries on the Bayou St. John. Lieutenant Jones, who commanded the American flotilla, and was severely wounded and taken prisoner, described Fort Coquilla as a very formidable work, mounting forty pieces of artillery, and garrisoned by 500 men, and the batteries at the Bayou St. John, as "very heavy, and difficult of approach." This description, in the absence of any better information, and without reconnoitring the fort, was unfortunately received as correct, although, when too late, it was clearly ascertained that the former mounted only eight guns, with a garrison of fifty men, and that the latter, albeit in the course of construction, were in such an unfinished state as to be incapable of offering any resistance of consequence! It was finally decided that the army should proceed to the Bayou Catalan.

That creek, or canal, is formed by the waters of a swamp of immense extent, stretching from Lake Borgne to within a mile of the Mississippi. Into it flow several small streams, acting as partial drains to the neighbouring cedar swamps and prairies; and it also receives, in its tortuous course of eight miles, three or four other bayous, by the names of which, as Mazant, Bien-Venu, &c. it is sometimes known. The banks of the bayous are closely covered with thick reeds, from six to eight feet high; as these decay and fall, they catch deposits of aquatic weeds and slime from the muddy current, and gradually rise above the level of the swamp, which then becomes what in the language of the country is termed "*prairies tremblantes*," or, as they would be called in Ireland, "shaking bogs." The whole of the country below, and for some miles above New Orleans, partakes more or less of this singular character,—the ground being higher on the bank of the river, and lower at a short distance from them:—thus the Mississippi, then, during the spring "freshets," caused by the thawing of boundless fields of snow in the "upper country," rises sixteen feet above its ordinary level, being four feet higher than its natural banks. To preserve the adjacent lands from being inundated for several months in the year, dykes, or, to use the Louisiana word, "*levées*" have been raised on its banks, somewhat above the highest water-mark ever known.

The Bayou Catalan being upwards of sixty miles from the anchorage of the frigates, off Cat Island, and the boats of the fleet, even with the addition of the captured gun-vessels, only affording the means of transport for half the army, exclusive of supplies and stores, it was considered advisable, in order to have at hand support for the division

to be first landed, to assemble all the troops at some intermediate position, where the second division could remain until the boats returned after landing the first at the head of the Bayou.

On the 16th, the advance, consisting of 760 rank and file of the 4th, 402 rank and file of the 85th, 360 rank and file of the 95th, 100 sappers, miners, and artillery-men, with two 3-pounders, and 30 rocketeers—forming a total of 1688 men—under the command of Colonel (the late gallant and lamented Lieutenant-General) Thornton, embarked in the gun-vessels, and boats, under the superintendence of Captain Gordon, of the *Seahorse*, and proceeded to the *Ile aux Pois*, a small swampy island, at the mouth of the Pearl River, thirty miles from Cat Island, and about the same distance from the entrance of the Bayou; there they landed, and, on the following day, were joined by Sir Alexander Cochrane, Major-General Keane, and rear-admiral Codrington. The honourable captain Spencer, of the *Carreau*, and lieutenant Peddie, of the quarter-master-general's department, who were sent to reconnoitre the Bayou, brought here a favourable report of the intended point of disembarkation, having, with a smuggler for their guide, paddled up in a canoe to the head of the creek, and landed within a mile of the high road to New Orleans, which they crossed without meeting any interruption, or perceiving the least preparation on the part of the enemy.

A change in the weather, from rain to heavy gales and hard frost, greatly impeded the movements of the boats; five days were occupied in transporting the remainder of the troops, with the needful supplies, from the shipping to the "half-way-house," at Pearl River; and even then the two black regiments, and the dragoons, with the exception of Major Mill's, were left on board. On the 22d, the advance, or "light brigade," still consisting of 1688 men, as already stated, were again placed in the boats, launches, and flats, whilst the second division were embarked in the *Anaconda*, brig-of-war, (which by extraordinary exertions, had been towed over the shoals,) the gun-vessels, and those of the hired craft, whose draught of water admitted of their being brought into the Lakes.

At eleven o'clock, A. M., this motley flotilla got under weigh, with a fair wind and fine weather, but had not run more than a couple of miles when the *Anaconda* took the ground, and stuck fast; the hired craft, and gun-vessels following her example, in succession, at from ten to fifteen miles distance from the Bayou. The Light Brigade, however, pushed on in the boats, under the command of Admiral Malcolm, and about midnight reached its entrance, when a picquet, which the enemy had posted in some fishermen's huts, was surprised and captured. No time was lost in moving up the Bayou, and by day-break, on the morning of the 23rd, a landing was effected at the extremity of that branch of it called "*Villere's Canal*." Under the direction of Captain Blanchard, of the Royal Engineers, working parties were immediately employed in opening a passage from thence through a mile or two of marshy land, covered with reeds, and intersected by deep muddy ditches; in the course of two hours this was effected, and the Brigade, under the immediate command of Colonel Thornton, then advanced, and at noon gained the high road at General Villere's plantation, surprising, and making prisoners of a company of the 3rd Regiment of Militia, stationed at the General's house, and in the adjoining negro village. A position was taken up a little in front of this, our left resting on the Mississippi, and our right on the high road to New Orleans, from which we were only six miles distant. In that position, it was Major-General Keane's intention to remain until joined by the second division, for which the boats had returned. The ground occupied, and in front, was a strip of land, not more than a mile in breadth, gradually narrowing, in the

* Latour's War in Louisiana, p. 75.

† Ibid.

distance, to less than half a mile, and lying between the Mississippi on the one hand, and an impassable cedar wood or swamp, on the other. It was to a considerable extent planted with sugar canes, intersected by strong rail fences, and several broad wet ditches, or water courses—in fact, a kind of juvenile canals. A few large houses, with out-offices, and clusters of miserable wooden huts, the dwellings of the negro slaves, on the plantations attached to each, occupied, at various intervals, the narrow plain through which, near the *levée*, or artificial bank of the river, runs the road to New Orleans.

General Jackson, in his despatch to the American Secretary of War, dated, "Camp below New Orleans," December 27, states, that it was two o'clock in the afternoon of the 23rd, when he received the first intimation of the landing of our troops; his force at that time consisting of "parts of the 7th and 44th Regiments, not exceeding 700 together, the City Militia, a part of General Caffee's Brigade of mounted gun-men, and the detached Militia from the western division of Tennessee—these two last corps were stationed four miles above the city." From this statement there can be little doubt, that had General Keane been informed of the unprepared state of the enemy, he would, without encountering any opposition of moment, have entered New Orleans at the head of the Light Brigade, as soon as the news of his debarkation could have reached its inhabitants; and it is perfectly obvious that the primary cause of the failure of the expedition, was the want of a sufficient number of boats, and other craft, of a light draught of water, to transport, at one trip, the whole of the troops, or at all events 3,000 men, direct from the fleet to the head of the Bayou.

Referring to this subject, and likewise to the supposition that the *ruse de guerre* of Lieutenant Jones, in exaggerating the strength of the defences at Fort Coquille, &c., had occasioned the determination to advance by the Bayou Catalan, a work published by an American General, who possessed a perfect knowledge of all the localities in that quarter, and of the force under the command of General Jackson, has the following observations;—"To this direction of the invaders, and their halt after they had reached the bank of the Mississippi, may, under God, be ascribed the salvation of New Orleans, and General Jackson's merited fame. By this approach, the enemy placed the American Army in their front, leaving its rear open to every species of resource, and its flanks perfectly secured by the river and the cypress (cedar) swamps; a situation the most desirable to a military chief, because it enables him to condense his force, and disembarass his mind of every care but that of marshalling his men, and preparing for battle. Yet, as the enemy had, unperceived, got within two hours' march of the city, if they had proceeded directly forward, the advantages of General Jackson's position, which afterwards became all-important, could not have availed him; because the enemy would have carried surprise with them, would have found the American corps dispersed, without concert, and unprepared for combat; and making the attack with a superior numerical force of disciplined troops, against a body composed chiefly of irregulars; under such circumstances, no soldier of experience will pause for a conclusion. The most heroic bravery would have proved unavailing, and the Capital of Louisiana, with its millions of property, would have been lost. But, blinded by confidence, beguiled by calculations injurious to the honour of the high-mettled patriot sons of Louisiana, and considering the game safe, they gave themselves up to security, took repose, and waited for reinforcements."

There is much truth in all of the above, with the exception of the alleged "superior numerical force," and the last paragraph; for the fact is, that it was WANT OF CONFIDENCE

that caused General Keane to halt at Villere's plantation; the prisoners taken all agreeing in their report, (doubtless previously settled,) that there were from "13,000 to 14,000 troops in the city, and from 2,000 to 3,000 at fort on our rear, near 'the English town,' a bend of the river, about ten miles from our encampment."

A little before eight o'clock in the evening, when the bivouac fires were burning brightly, and our men, wearied by their long and comfortless exposure on the swampy Isleauxpois, followed by eighteen hours' confinement in the crowded boats, had either stretched themselves on the ground to sleep, or were seated in groups, drowsily talking over by-gone campaigns, and speculating on the chance of the morrow,—a heavy flanking fire of round and grape shot was poured in upon us from a large schooner, which had silently dropped down the river with the current, and anchored abreast of our fires. In a few minutes the troops were formed, and moved down to the inward slope of the *levée*, where they were under cover. Simultaneously with the cannonade from the schooner, a vigorous attack was made upon the advanced piquet of the 95th, commanded by Captain Hallan, and the right flank piquet of the 85th, commanded by Captain Schaw; these officers, each with more handful of men, held the enemy in check for a considerable time, and maintained their posts against very superior numbers: Colonel Thornton, however, observing that the whole force of the Americans was directed on the positions they occupied, brought up the remainder of his corps to their support. On the approach of the 85th, under the command of Major Gabbins, towards one of the *ra* fences, in front of the right point of attack, the enemy called out to them "not to fire"—that they were "friends &c., a deception favoured by the darkness of the night until the regiment found themselves in the midst of a brigade of Americans, who then shouted to them to surrender. The reply was a determined attack, when a most extraordinary struggle ensued, in which—hear it Colonel Mitchell!—not only were numerous bayonet wounds inflicted but muskets were "clubbed," and men knocked down with their but-ends! officers and privates were mixed pell-mell, fighting, in every sense of the words, "hand-to-hand." The conflict terminated in the flight of the enemy, who left behind them thirty prisoners. A similar attempt to mystify the 95th, was defeated in the same manner. Whilst this was going on in front, the three pounders being the only guns up, the effect of some twelve pound rockets was tried, by Captain Lane, against the schooner, but without success: and Commodore Patterson her commander, puzzled by the mixed and uncertain nature of the engagement on shore, (for it was too dark to discern any thing but the flashes of the musketry,) ceased firing at nine o'clock, and swept over to the opposite side of the river.

Repulsed in his first attacks, General Jackson, at half past ten, advanced a strong column against our centre but by that hour we had been reinforced by 230 rank a file of the 21st, and 140 rank and file of the 93d Regiment. General Keane immediately ordered the latter, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Dale, to move to the front and use the bayonet, supported by the 4th regiment, in line as a last reserve. The Americans, however, had no success for the "cold steel" work, so they fired one heavy volley and went off; Colonel Brooke, with the 230 men (four companies) of the 21st, appearing at the same moment on our right flank, rendered all perfectly secure there.

Half an hour afterwards the enemy made a last desperate effort to overwhelm us: collecting the whole of his force, he deployed in front of the light brigade, and pushed rapidly forward directly against it, overpowering and driving in the advanced posts. But Colonel Thornton

* Wilkinson's Memoirs, vol. 1. p. 537.

* English Turn.

was there; he instantly rallied his gallant soldiers, and advanced to the charge; whilst the Americans, perceiving what was coming, and recollecting the punishment they had received, in the previous part of the evening, on the same ground, declined the encounter; and it is worthy of especial remark that, *from that moment, up to the period of our re-embarkation, they never again assumed the offensive!*

That General Jackson made such reiterated attacks, in despite of the warm reception and defeat he invariably met with, appears extraordinary, but the circumstance is, unconsciously, accounted for by Major Latour, in his "War in Louisiana," where (page 88) he states that he was sent to reconnoitre our force, and that he "judged their number must amount to 1600 or 1800; but not satisfied with this account, Major-General Jackson sent forward Colonel Haynes, Inspector-General of the division, but," adds Major Latour, "he had no opportunity to form a correct estimate of their number, which he made to amount to no more than 200 men." The Major further (page 105) gives a detail of the force employed by General Jackson in the attack on this occasion, which he estimates at "2131 men." No wonder, then, that the American General, aided as he was by the powerful batteries of the Carolina schooner, persevered to the last in his endeavours to annihilate an army so greatly underrated in point of numbers. It was midnight before the firing had entirely ceased on both sides.

Our loss in this affair amounted to 4 captains, 1 lieutenant, 7 sergeants, 1 drummer, 33 rank and file, killed; 1 lieutenant-colonel, 1 major, 2 captains, 8 lieutenants, 10 sergeants, 4 drummers, 141 rank and file, wounded; 1 major, 1 lieutenant, 1 ensign, 3 sergeants, 58 rank and file, missing;—total, 277. The Americans who, as our three-pounders were not brought into action, had only musketry and the bayonet to contend with, acknowledged, in their official return, a loss of 24 killed, 115 wounded, and 74 missing;—total, 213.

On the morning of the 24th, the United States ship Louisiana, carrying sixteen long twelve-pounders, came down the river, and anchored half a mile above the Carolina; the latter, in the course of that and the two following days, occasionally firing in the direction of our camp.

On the 25th, Major-General Sir Edward Pakenham and Major-General Gibbs arrived at head-quarters, when the former assumed the command of the army, now wholly disembarked, and mustering 5040 rank and file. It has been said, and there can be little doubt of the fact, that Sir Edward expressed both surprise and disappointment as soon as from personal observation he became acquainted with the position in which he found the troops; and, indeed, it was at one time reported in the camp that we were to re-embark and proceed to the Bayou St. John, and so approach New Orleans from the rear. Such a suggestion was certainly offered, but it was finally resolved to persevere in the contemplated front attack.

On the night of the 26th, five nine and six-pounders, the heaviest artillery that had then been brought up, were placed in battery, and, at daylight on the morning of the 27th, opened a fire of red-hot shot on the schooner. "The second shot discharged lodged in her main-hold, under her cables, and fired her, upon which the crew took to their boats, and, with the loss of one man killed and six wounded, succeeded in escaping to the opposite side of the river."^{*} Shortly afterwards the schooner blew up, with a tremendous explosion. The Louisiana, being so much higher up the river, was scarcely within range of our battery, but her commander, alarmed at the fate of the Carolina, forthwith employed nearly half of his crew in towing her entirely beyond its reach. The following day the army was moved forward, in two columns, to within gun-shot of the enemy's entrenchments: during the advance, we came within

range of the broadside of the Louisiana, and lost several men by her fire and by that from the heavy guns in the American works.

We had now a full view of General Jackson's position—the nature and strength of which will be best described in the words of the engineer who planned and superintended the construction of his defences:—"Jackson's lines," says Major Latour, "within five miles of the city of New Orleans and running along the limits of Rodriguez and Chalmette's plantations, were but one of those ancient mill-races, so common in Louisiana, extending from the bank of the river to the cypress (cedar) swamp. It has already been seen, from my description of the form of the soil in Lower Louisiana, and from its shelving from the river towards the swamps, that, when the Mississippi is swelled to its greatest height, the level of the surface of its waters is some feet above that of the contiguous soil, and from twelve to fifteen feet above that of the prairies and bayous, which, at these periods, receive the waters flowing from the Mississippi. To add to the mass and the force of the water, the planters dig canals a few feet deep, throwing the earth on both sides, so as to afford a mass of water from eight to eleven feet deep; and, at the head of these canals, which are commonly twenty-five feet wide, are constructed saw-mills. The canal, on which Jackson's lines were formed, had long been abandoned, having no longer any mill to turn; so that its banks had fallen in and raised its bottom, which was covered with grass, presenting rather the appearance of an old draining ditch than of a canal. On the 24th of December, General Jackson had taken this position. It must be observed that those lines have the least possible space between the river and the wood, and that, from the lines to Villere's canal, the depth of the high land continually increases; and is at Laronde's plantation nearly three times as great as at the lines.* As soon as this position was chosen, the troops began to raise a parapet, leaving the ditch as it was, except that, by cutting the road, it was laid under water, as there was then a temporary rise of the river. Earth was fetched from the rear of the line, and thrown carelessly on the left (or inner) bank, where the earth had been thrown when the canal was originally dug. The bank on the right (or outer) side, being but little elevated above the soil, formed a kind of glacis. All the poles of the fences in the vicinity were taken to line the parapet, and prevent the earth from falling into the canal. All this was done at various intervals, and by different corps, owing to the frequent mutations in the disposition of the troops. This circumstance, added to the cold and to incessant rain, rendered it impossible to observe any regularity as to the thickness and height of the parapet, which, in some places, was as much as twenty feet thick at the top, though hardly five feet high; whilst, in other places, the enemy's balls went through it at the base. On the 1st of January, there was but a very small proportion of the line able to withstand the balls; but, on the 8th of January, the whole extent, as far as the wood, was proof against the enemy's cannon. The length of the line was about a mile—somewhat more than half of which ran from the river to the wood, the remainder extending into the wood, where the line took a direction towards the left, which rested on a cypress (cedar) swamp, almost impassable. Enormous holes in the soil, made impassable by their being full of water from the canal, rendered a bend in the line unavoidable."^{**}

Along this line artillery was distributed as follows:—At No. 1 battery, on the river side, a mortar, one twelve-pounder, and a howitzer; at No. 2, about a hundred yards to the right (viewed from our lines), two twenty-four

* This is not very clearly expressed, but is meant to convey that the face of the land was from General Jackson's position towards that we occupied.

† Latour's War in Louisiana, p. 149.

* Vide Captain Henley's report to Commodore Patterson.

pounders; at No. 3, sixty yards farther, two twenty-four-pounders (between these batteries was a powder-magazine;) at No. 4, near the centre of that part of the line lying between the river and the skirt of the wood, one thirty-two-pounder; at No. 5, about two hundred yards to its right, two long six-pounders; at No. 6, within thirty yards' distance of the last, one eighteen and one four-pounder; at Nos. 7 and 8, near the bend in the line at the side of the wood, one twelve, one four-pounder, and one nine and a half inch-howitzer;—total, fifteen pieces; but not more than half of them were mounted on the 28th of December: these guns were, on that day, and thenceforward, served by the crew of the late schooner *Carolina*, under the command of Lieutenants Norris and Crawley, of that vessel. As rallying points, in the event of being driven from this strong position, General Jackson had caused two other lines to be constructed in his rear—the first, at Dupré's plantation, a mile and a half, and the second, or Montreuil line, two miles and a quarter, distant from his position in front. On the right bank of the river, equal care had been taken to guard the approach to the city: one hundred and fifty negroes were employed, for six days, in raising a parapet along the whole length of Boisvergis' Canal, three miles below New Orleans, and levelling the earth to form a glacis. There was also, "opposite to the city, on the bank of the river, a strong redoubt, formed by a brick-kiln, surrounded by a ditch, twenty-five feet wide, with a glacis and a parapet. A palisade extended along its whole length on the inside. The redoubt was furnished with a powder-magazine, and mounted with two twenty-four pounders, which commanded both the road and the river."

On the morning of the 30th, the enemy opened a fire from a twenty-four pounder, which Commodore Patterson had mounted, on the preceding night, behind the *levée*, on the right bank of the river, and, finding that he could throw shot from thence into our camp, two long twelve-pounders were landed from the Louisiana, on the 31st, and placed in a similar position. The flanking fire from these guns caused us considerable annoyance. Towards the evening of the last-mentioned day, ten eighteen-pounders and four twenty-four pound carronades were brought up from the shipping: four of the former were placed in batteries, constructed of sugar hogsheads, to fire red-hot shot on the Louisiana, should she come within range; this, however, she took good care not to do—Commodore Patterson having learned, from deserters, as he states in his official letter to the American Secretary of the Navy, "that a furnace of shot was kept in constant readiness at each of their batteries to burn her; and the guns being of much greater effect on shore, her men were drawn to man them; and I was particularly desirous to preserve her from the hot shot, as I deemed her of incalculable service to cover the army in the event of General Jackson retiring from his present line to those which he had thrown up in his rear." The remainder of the eighteen-pounders and the carronades were mounted in batteries, also formed of sugar-hogsheads; and, at ten o'clock, A. M., on the 1st of January, as soon as a dense fog had cleared away, opened a heavy fire upon General Jackson's lines and Commodore Patterson's batteries. The cannonade lasted nearly five hours, but the sugar-hogsheads proved a sorry defence against round shot—some of our guns were dismounted, and, the batteries being found untenable, orders were given to cease firing; an example which was followed by the Americans, who shortly afterwards saluted us by playing up "Yankee doodle" on both sides of the river. Our fire not having produced the desired effect, and the enemy's flanks being so perfectly secured, Sir E. Pakenham resolved to defer the final attack until the arrival of the expected reinforcements under Major-General Lambert. Now was felt the want of the Indians and negroes, who, to the number of from 2000 to 3000, were, as it was said,

ready to join us, and might have been brought from West Florida. Our loss between the 25th and 31st amounted to 16 killed, 38 wounded, and two missing. The Americans acknowledged their loss to be 9 killed and 9 wounded. From the day of our landing, the weather had undergone every possible change, from frost and snow to a summer temperature. This proved very trying to our men, particularly the West India Regiments; many of the poor blacks being frost-bitten, and quite incapable of doing duty.

The enemy employed himself during the 2d and 3d of January, in landing four more guns from the Louisiana, constructing another battery on the right bank of the river, and erecting a furnace for heating shot. These operations were carried on under the command and superintendence of Commodore Patterson, who, on the evening of the 4th, opened a fire of red-hot shot on some wooden huts in front of our lines, and occupied by our advanced posts; a few of these, and also a couple of rice-stacks, he succeeded in destroying. On that day, also, General Jackson's army was reinforced by the arrival of 2550 Kentuckians, and on the 6th our force was joined by Major-General Lambert, with the 7th (Fusiliers) and 43d Regiments, which had arrived in the *Vengeur*, and a convoy of transports, at the outer anchorage, on the 1st. On the 6th and 7th Commodore Patterson erected a second furnace, and mounted two additional twenty-four-pounders behind the *levée*, on his side of the river. From the 1st to the 7th the Americans had the cannonade all to themselves, our sugar batteries being completely demolished, and the army having a very insufficient supply of entrenching tools wherewith to throw up defences more capable of resisting the heavy and unceasing fire directed against us. "Whenever a group of four or five men showed themselves," says Major Latour, "they were instantly dispersed by our balls or shells. The advantage we derived from that almost incessant cannonading, on both banks of the Mississippi, was, that we exercised our gunners, annoyed the enemy to such a degree that he could not work on any fortification, nor, indeed, come within reach of our cannon by day, and was deprived of all repose during the night." Our loss from the 1st to the 7th of January, inclusive, was 3 lieutenants, 2 sergeants, 27 rank and file, killed; 4 lieutenants, 40 rank and file, wounded; 2 rank and file missing; total 78. The American loss on the 1st is stated, in General Jackson's return, at 11 killed, 23 wounded, and 11 missing; total 45.

As it was perfectly obvious, that so long as the Americans occupied the batteries on the right bank of the river, any attempt on General Jackson's lines must be made at the greatest possible disadvantage, it was decided to pass a body of troops across the Mississippi, in order to make a simultaneous attack, on both sides, supported by the co-operation of armed boats. To effect this, it was necessary to clear out, widen, and extend to the river, Villere's Canal, which communicated with the head of the bayou where we landed; and, arduous as was the task, it was accomplished by the 7th. On that day about fifty barges and boats, of various descriptions, were tracked up from the bayou to within about 350 yards of the river; there they grounded, but it was considered that, as the level of the Mississippi was then above that of the canal, there would be ample water to float every thing whenever the dam which, with a view of masking our operations, was left intervening between them to the last moment, should be cut away. Here was a sad mistake; for, in the first place, the enemy was perfectly cognizant of what we were doing, Commodore Patterson having received information of it on the night of the 6th, and, as he states in his report to the Secretary of the American Navy, dated "Marine battery, five miles below New Orleans, January 13, 1815,"

—finding, upon examination with his glass, on the 7th, that the information was correct, he communicated it to General Jackson, who forthwith reinforced General Morgan's corps on that side with 400 of the Kentucky Militia. And, even supposing him ignorant of our purpose, there was a great lack of forethought in leaving heavy boats at such a distance from the place where they were to be launched, up to a very short time before they were wanted to receive the troops; for the rise and fall of the Mississippi being exceedingly variable, it unfortunately chanced, that on the night of the 7th, the river fell considerably, in consequence of which there was not sufficient water in the canal to float the boats, and our men had to drag them through the mud for upwards of 300 yards; the poor fellows employed in that laborious service having, at night, to wade knee-deep through the wet clay and slush thrown out on its banks. The delay occasioned by this can easily be conceived.

Sir Edward Pakenham's disposition for the attack was as follows:—A corps consisting of the 85th Light Infantry, 200 Seamen, and 400 Marines, the 5th West India Regiment, and four pieces of artillery, under the command of Colonel Thornton, of the 85th, was to cross the Mississippi during the night, and move along the right bank in the direction of New Orleans, clearing its front until it reached the flanking batteries of the enemy on that side, which it had orders to carry.

The attack on General Jackson's lines on the left bank was to be made by the brigade composed of the 4th, 21st, and 44th Regiments, with three companies of the 95th, (Rifles), under Major-General Gibbs, and by the third brigade, consisting of the 93d, two companies of the 95th, two companies of the 7th Fusiliers, and two companies of the 43d, under Major-General Keane. Some black troops were destined to skirmish in the wood on the right. The principal attack was to be made by General Gibbs's brigade, on the left centre of the enemy's line, a short distance from the wood: the first brigade, composed of the remaining companies of the 7th Fusiliers and 43d, formed the reserve. The attacking columns were to be provided with fascines, scaling-ladders, and rafts (to be carried by the 44th); the whole to be at their stations before daylight on the morning of the 8th, and in readiness to move to the attack on a signal-gun and rocket being fired.

Our effective force at this time, including every man on shore, was, by the official returns, 14th Light Dragoons, 295; Royal Artillery, 570; Sappers and Miners, 98; Staff Corps, 57; 4th Foot, 747; 7th, 750; 21st, 800; 43d, 820; 44th, 427; 85th, 298; 93d, 775; 95th, 276; and 1st and 5th West India Regiments (blacks), 1040; total, 6953 men. Adding 1200 for the Seamen and Marines from the fleet, 8153 forms the grand total of our force, and, deducting 853 men, employed on fatigue-parties, piquets to the rear, &c., and on duty at the mouth of the bayou, and the landing at its head, leaves 7300 prepared to go into action, on both sides of the river, on the above morning. Our artillery consisted of 6 eighteen-pounders, placed in a battery hastily thrown up, a brigade of nine, six, and three-pounders, and one small howitzer. Mr. O'Conner, speaking of the American force, says, that "from an official account it appeared that the number of men under command of General Jackson, and actually engaged against the enemy on the 8th of January, amounted to 4698."* This, however, was exclusive of the corps on the right bank, mustering 2000; total effective, 6698 men.† The American artillery, on both sides of the river, consisted of upwards of 30 pieces. These figures, it must be observed, are taken from accounts published by American authors; but there are official documents in existence to prove, that including the Volunteer Corps of New Orleans, and from Natchez,

sailors from the merchant-vessels in harbour, Mississippi boat and raftsmen, &c., General Jackson's well-sheltered lines covered no less than 15,000 armed men.

Referring to Sir Edward Pakenham's dispositions, and the formidable nature of the enemy's entrenchment, it will be seen that success or defeat depended altogether on the precision and *ensemble* of the movements of the attacking columns on both sides of the river. How those were maintained let us now examine; and first for details.

On the evening of the 7th, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Mullins, who, although only a captain in the regiment, commanded the 44th, was ordered "to have his regiment at the head of the column, with the fascines and ladders in hand, before daylight on the morning of the 8th, and to ascertain *PERSONALLY*" where those were deposited." Instead of obeying precisely this order, he directed another officer of the regiment to attend to the latter part of it, and he, in his turn, applied for "information" on the subject to an engineer officer, from whom he learned that they were in the advanced REDOUBT: which was accordingly reported to Lieutenant-Colonel Mullins. The mischief resulting from that double neglect of duty, in a matter at the first glance apparently unimportant, will presently be apparent.

On the night of the 7th a battery of six 18-pounders was thrown up about 500 yards in advance of the redoubt alluded to; of this circumstance Lieutenant-Colonel Mullins—from his own fault on the preceding evening—was ignorant, and, on the morning of the 8th, at the head of the 44th, he, without further inquiry, passed by the advanced REDOUBT, where the fascines, &c., were, to the advanced BATTERY, where they were not. There he discovered his mistake, and sent back 300 men of the regiment, under the command of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Debbieg, (also a regimental captain,) in "double quick" to the redoubt; but on hurrying past the regiments moving over the intervening ground, they lost their formation, and never recovered it. Meanwhile daylight appearing, and the columns becoming discernible from the enemy's lines, at 200 yards distance, the long-delayed signal for attack was given, and the fire commenced on all sides, before any of the 44th returned, or a single fascine or ladder was brought to the front.

The immediate consequences of the delay in getting the boats into the river, and the invaluable time thus lost, are alluded to as follows by Colonel Thornton, in his report to Sir Edward Pakenham:—"It is within your knowledge that the difficulty had been found so extremely great of dragging the boats through the canal, which had been lately cut with so much labour, to the Mississippi, that, notwithstanding every possible exertion for the purpose, we were unable to proceed across the river until eight hours after the time appointed, and even then with only a third part of the force which you had allotted for the service.‡ The current was so strong, and the difficulty, in consequence, of keeping the boats together, so great, that we only reached this side of the river at daybreak, and, by the time the troops were disembarked, which was effected without any molestation from the enemy, I perceived by the flashes of the guns that your attack had already commenced. This circumstance made me extremely anxious to move forward, to prevent the destructive enfilading fire which would, of course, be opened on your columns from the enemy's batteries on this side; and I proceeded with the greatest possible expedition, strengthened and secured on my right flank by three gun-boats, under Captain Roberts, of the navy, &c."

* See Report of evidence given before the court-martial held on his conduct, at the Royal Barracks, Dublin, in 1815.

† Viz., 398 of the 85th, and 900 seamen and marines.

‡ These were catters, armed with carronades.

* History of the War, p. 291.
† Eaton's Life of General Jackson, p. 338.

From the United Service Journal.

NOTES FROM CANADA.

BY EUGLE.

Falls of Niagara, December 8th, 1839.

MR. EDITOR,—Considerably more than twelve months have elapsed since I had the pleasure of addressing to you my first letter from the Falls; and here we are, still standing sontry over the Great Crescent, as though we feared it would desert to the American side, or steal away quietly, some fine night, into Lake Ontario. And a pretty strong proof of the palling effects of fruition is furnished in the fact, that, were the votes of my brother officers collected, a large majority would doubtless be found willing to exchange this grand spectacle (for a single glimpse of which our friends at home would make no small sacrifice,) for some scene of infinitely less sublime pretensions, but seasoned with a little dash of novelty.

I am, indeed, sometimes surprised and ashamed, when, in pursuance of some duty or pleasure, I find myself passing within a few feet of the Table Rock, without a glance at its terrific beauties; whereas, only a few months ago, I never approached the spot without feeling "my heart run o'er with silent worship," and scarcely a day passed of which I did not spend an hour of wonder and admiration on its awful brink. But this is human nature, I conclude—at least, military human nature!

A lady, expressing her disappointment at the first view of the great cataracts, was asked whether she had expected to see them "fall upwards." If they would now be graciously pleased to perform that, or any other "variety of evolution"—as Ducrow calls it—I have not a doubt that the affair would go off with unbounded applause; for certain it is, that the present old stock-piece has ceased, or nearly so, to draw spectators—at least from our ranks. But, by the way, I have no right to involve more than myself in the accusation of fickleness and bad taste, which the above declaration may draw down; and I hereby implicate all the odium on my own head. The pastry-cook's apprentice, habituated to sweets, is callous to the charms of lollipop or gingerbread nuts: the keeper of the Zoological Gardens stares not, with rounded eyes, at the lions and tigers, nor is convulsed by the pranks of the monkeys; the factory boy hears not the whizzing of his spinning-jenny, spin she never so distractingly; and the undersigned has no longer eyes or ears for the Great Falls, howbeit they tumble within a bowshot of his cottage, and their ceaseless din makes it more resemble a water-mill than a private residence. That ingenious creation of "The Woods and Forests," the cascade which was wont, and perhaps still continues, to trickle from forth the eastern extremity of the Serpentine River, would now be "Lombard street to a China orange" in my estimation, compared with Niagara; and as for an hour's study of the Waterloo Model, a peep at the Daguerrotype, a run with the fox-hounds, or even a good stare into the London print-shop windows—involving, perhaps, instant outlawry from Fashion's realms—Oh! *par exemple*, I throw the Rapids into the bargain—Goat Island, rainbow, whirlpool and all!

And now, having given vent to these "Confessions of an Ennuyé," I proceed, Mr. Editor, to inform you, that we have gone through the late summer and autumn in a state of most perfect tranquillity, wherein the Colony has afforded an example worthy of imitation by the Mother Country; and although there exists evidence—indeed I have an American Chief's word for it—that piratical preparations have been making in some parts of the States, I can hardly believe that any serious descent upon our shores, defended as they are by a force that renders such enterprise positive suicide, will be attempted. That the serpent, Sympathy, has been scotched, not killed, is, however, rendered evi-

dent, from the several fires that have occurred in our vicinage—the isolation of the buildings, and the time of the conflagrations, testifying, beyond doubt, that they were the work of foul and midnight incendiarism. Although it would be unjust, perhaps, to attribute all these inflictions to our opposite neighbours, in the case of the burning of our parish church at Chippewa, there was positive proof that the actors and implements were brought, in a boat or canoes, from the American shore to the scene of havoc. The perpetrators of this act of cowardly sacrilege, were well aware of the severe blow they were striking at the comforts of a Christian community, settled down in Canadian wilds. In so thinly populated a district as this, many of the families residing apart from the villages pass week after week unseeing and unseen by a soul beyond their own circle; and—without derogation from the primary object of Sabbath convocation—it was plain, from the greetings and hand-shakings in the church-porch after service, that the social advantages of these weekly meetings were not entirely put out of the question.

However, I am not going to indite a Jeremiade on the destruction of Chippewa church, and will now turn from the topic, merely hazarding the hypothesis, that had the incendiary been pounced upon by our patrols, in the act of thus warmly sympathizing with the Canadians, and been rewarded for his exertions by an ounce of lead or half a foot of cold steel, he would probably have enjoyed the satisfaction of a *post mortem* defence, by some Hon. or Right Honourable Member of the Home Parliament, followed by a wholesale condemnation of his red-coated and unceremonious executioners!

As I have little of professional intelligence to put you in possession of, I venture to draw upon my diary of a pleasure-seeking and sporting tour of the Great Lakes, lately concluded by a regimental friend and myself; and I offer to you some portions of it, more as containing a few slight illustrations of clime and character, than as boasting any qualities of a romantic or exciting nature. A Jamieson and a Marryat have already culled all the flowers of description from the path I trod;—and, in a sporting line, how mean must my humble bag of inglorious grouse appear in the eyes of the reader, who may have just risen from the vivid narration of his exploits on the buffalo prairies by Murray, or the more marvellous shooting feats of the adventurous Harris!

The plan of travel of my friend and myself was as follows:—To take passage in one of the United States steamboats, which, during summer, ply between the towns of Buffalo and Chicago—the former situated on the eastern extremity of Lake Erie, the latter on the southwestern extremity of Lake Michigan—thus threading, from end to end, the three great inland seas of Erie, Huron, and Michigan. From Chicago we were to strike into the neighbouring prairies, to shoot the grouse or prairie hen, abounding on those plains; with a distant chance, also, of getting a glimpse of the "Father of Rivers," the glorious Mississippi. Such is the certainty and velocity of locomotion offered by steam power on the Lakes, that all this and more would come easily within the bounds of a month's leave of absence.

We were not particularly fortunate in the choice of our vessel. So little versed was I in American steamboats, as not to discover that she was high-pressure, until her engine began to utter that harsh coughing noise which, next to the chance of blowing-up, is the most unpleasant peculiarity of that description of craft. She was old-fashioned—the worst of disabilities in America—dirty, dark, a very slow "coche d'eau," but withal a good sea-boat. There were not more than forty or fifty cabin passengers; but the decks were terribly lumbered with freight for the Far West—the immense masses of which, almost daily shipped off from the wharves of Buffalo, give proof of the

and puffing, like a duck in a quinsy—loathed at several ports, when she needed provisions, passengers, or fuel—and performed her trip, of about 1000 miles, in seven days minus as many hours. As for the scenery of our voyage, I must confess my disappointment. Forming my judgment upon what little I have seen of the four quarters of the globe, I am bound to say that, for a portion of the world extolled for beauty, never traversed I so large a space presenting so few points attractive to the eye of the mere tourist. His mind, indeed, cannot but contemplate with admiration the immense area of the lakes; and his imagination may carry him (for his vision cannot) beyond their shores, into the boundless range of primeval forest, all destined, at some future period, to bow before the improving hand of man; nor can he refuse his just meed of applause to the spirit of adventure and enterprise that has already covered with cities and villages the shores of these distant waters; but there is no background to the landscape—no mountains to reflect themselves in these most magnificent of all mirrors—no headland even, of any striking character. Skirting the shores, as was usually our custom, at the distance of a few miles, we seldom distinguish any spot more elevated than the shores themselves, or indeed any land whatever beyond them. To make these grand lakes quite perfect—to transform this portion of the globe into one vast Switzerland, nothing more is required than—simply to march northwards a small detachment of the Andes, and quarter them along their glittering margins!

I need hardly say, that many of the American towns which we visited in passing are highly reputable in appearance, admirable in choice of site for commercial purposes, and wonderful for speed of growth—streets, churches and public edifices, proportioned to a population of 10,000 or 20,000 inhabitants, spreading over land where, ten or twenty years ago, the wild Indian stole through his native wilderness, in pursuit of his wilder quarry, nor dreamed of the incroachments of the “pale face” upon his hunting grounds.

In a steamboat bound for the rough regions of the Western desert, I did not look for a congregation of *petits maîtres* in manner, or Sybarites in habit; nor was I much disappointed in my expectations—for, of the whole number of passengers, there were not more than two or three who, measured by the European standard, could be classed as gentlemen. Thoroughly disposed to make allowance for the rawness of western American society, and for the moderate *quantum* of polish one has a right to expect in the public conveyances of any country, I must admit that it required all my self-restraint to veil the disgust that I felt at the noisome habits of the greater part of the company to which I was for the time hopelessly nailed. But enough of this subject;—there is some excuse for it. In all arts and manufactures, the object in hand must be roughly hewn, rudely moulded, or lightly sketched into form, before the finishing stroke is added. The latest block brought into the studio of civilization will be last to stand forth the perfect statue: the youngest cub of the litter will be the last to be licked into shape!

In counterpoise to the above-vented complaint, I was much struck by the good-nature, orderly conduct, and respect towards each other, shown by so numerous a party of males, confined within so small a space for so long and tedious a period; and I could not help feeling that, with a like number of English or Irish passengers of the same grade, thrown together by accident, some disputes or disturbances would have very probably occurred. The American appears to me to be the most patient of all creatures

genuine, go-ahead Yankee of the provinces, not the citizen accustomed to the luxuries of town life—the American has, emphatically, no home: he lives in public. The steam-vessel, the canal-boat, the stage-coach is his natural inheritance. Wherever there is tavern, tap, or table-d'hôte there lies his treasure also. So long as there remains an uncleared acre of land west of his present location, behold a temptation to desert the latter. The “schoolboy spot” has no charms for him; he exhausts without mercy (i. e. without *manœuvre*) the land around his log-hut, and throwing it “like a worthless weed away,” proceeds in search of fresh and virgin soil, to be in its turn rifled of its fertility, and in its turn, perhaps, deserted. Of all settlers he is the most unsettled: like his national ancestor, the veteran Boon, he complains of want of “elbow-room,” so soon as the square mile contains more than its man. “Eh, si on s'en allant, il n'oublie pas sa hache, il ne laisse pas de regrets là où il a vécu des années.”

Among our fellow-passengers, several were going on their own account, or deputed by others, on land-hunting expeditions to the distant provinces of Illinois, Wisconsin, or Iowa: whilst more than one were what are styled speculators, who, profiting by scarcity of the *ready* among the squatters, or settlers, advance them money on heavy interest, and, in default of payment, get perhaps an ultimate hold on the land itself, as well as its improvements. This is, in some of the Western States, where the strong arm of the law hardly reaches, a risky office to fulfil; yet I was assured in Illinois that the speculator's practices were considered fair, and did not, as a matter of course, involve the landshark with that truculent big-wig of the Western Circuit, Judge Lynch.

The “saloon” of our steamer seemed to be the favourite resort of the passengers. Spirits, porter, even champagne, was to be had at its bar—cabin passengers applying at the counter fronting the saloon, and deck passengers at a small window opening towards the deck. The former were in general very moderate in their spirituous wants; but of the latter I cannot say so much. Among many minor bibbers, I noticed one hickory-faced old fellow, who paid for nineteen “drinks” in one day! The barkeeper, by the way, exerted his presidential powers towards his poor customers with a degree of despotism utterly at variance with the spirit of democracy. I saw him more than once, when asked for a glass of brandy and water, oblige his applicant, in spite of all remonstrance, to swallow the alcohol first and then superadd the pure element—a piece of cruel tyranny, as I conceived. Although among a business people the chief conversation naturally enough hinged upon trade, dollars, and individual bargaining, and I had to listen to many a boast of overreaching skill, yet there were some amongst the party whose humorous banterings and amusing descriptions of personal exploits, couched in that unique lingo which is now so well known in England, completely withdrew my attention from my book, and caused an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which, if noticed at all, was probably put down to the credit of my author. Indeed, they could hardly have imagined that I was amusing myself at the expense of the strange hyperbole and the nasilquent utterance of their expressions, for I have reason to believe that I was usually set down as a New Englander myself.

Early in the morning the saloon was a scene of shaving on a grand scale. An easy arm-chair, with a rest made expressly to receive the patient's head at a convenient

* Talleyrand.

angle of incidence, stood ready, and a negro porter was generally in attendance to give his customers a touch of his black art; but, if the legitimate tonsor happened to be absent, mutual abrasion became the order of the day; and, in such case, some rather funny scenes occurred, and jokes as rough as their chins were good-humouredly bandied by the actors. "I guess I've got a considerable crop for you this morning," remarked the third mate of our vessel to a deck passenger who was about to lather him. "Yes, and a full acre of it too," rejoined the other, sustaining the agricultural metaphor, and dabbing away manfully at the massive jaw before him. "I reckon I'll have to scald you like a hog before them bristles will come away!" The matutine salutations, too, were occasionally very characteristic. "Well, sir, how do you come on this morning?" "First rate." "That's prime; I like to see you clever." Or, after breakfast, "How do you git along, mister, by this time?" "Pretty stiff, thank ye; I feel kind o'middlin' independent since I fed my face."

The barber's office being ended, adonisation is quickly finished by aid of the *orderly* brush and comb, which hang, not too invitingly, suspended from the side of the saloon looking-glass. I believe some of these rough-and-ready worthies imagined that I was about to perform some necromantic ceremony, when, in furtherance of my toilette, I produced my portable travelling dressing-case. The inquisitive nature of the Yankee has often been commented upon; and among the "questionable shapes," in which ourselves and our appurtenances appeared in the eyes of our fellow-voyagers, none afforded more cause of catechism than our shooting appointments and pointer dogs. "Would they hunt squags (squirrels), coons (raccoons), or prairie wolves? How much did we want for them? Did we shoot on the wing? Ball or shot?" That we were travelling merely for amusement and sport was totally inconceivable; and a friend told me that an inquisitive fellow would not be convinced that it was a *bag of shot* that made his carpet-bag so heavy—he was sure that it was *Acrid dollars*, for the purchase of land in the West!

The despatch of meals, for which the Americans, by their own admission, are so notorious, is, on board these steamboats, most annoying. This haste is very excusable and intelligible at a city public table, where the diner probably hurries back to his office to add another dollar to his heap; but on a long and tedious voyage time hangs heavy, and dinner might, without subjecting the traveller to a charge of gluttony, assist him in killing an hour or two very agreeably. By Jove! sir, in a quarter of an hour, one hundred bodies, without fear of fish-bones or suffocation, have, "greatly daring, dined." I timed one of my fellow-cormorants, and in eight minutes, by Shrewsbury or any other clook, beef, fish, ham, apple-sauce (so pronounced always, and always served up, except with roasted goose or pork), potatoes, cheese, punkin pie (pumpkin), and their diligent absorber, had severally and collectively vanished. "You are rather late," said I to a gentleman in gray homespun, who took his seat beside me, about ten minutes after the signal for dinner had been given. "Yes," replied he, "I should never a know'd it, if I hadn't seen a chap come on deck picking his teeth." He had been doing a "pretty smart bit of trade with a *forred* passenger," and the chink of the "metal more attractive" had probably drowned the tones of the dinner-bell. The main necessity for all this hurry seems to arise from the rapid succession of meals in the grand cabin, which is the refectory of the ship. No sooner is the cabin passengers' dinner ended than another table is spread for any one who can afford a quarter dollar; after which a third is laid for the hungry stewards and waiters, the situation of whose appetites during the progress of the two preceding feasts may be imagined, but cannot be described.

Our argosy touched at several ports on Lake Erie—

namely, Dunkirk, Erie, Huron, and the handsome and rising town of Cleveland, whose consequence is derived from its site at the head of the great canal connecting the lake with the river Ohio. With the exception of Erie, which boasts an arm of land as a breakwater, I saw no natural harbours on the great lakes at all fitted for large vessels: the natives, however, have not been sparing in expense in the construction of wharves, breakwaters, and lighthouses of timber.

A voyage of forty-eight hours carried us through the whole length of Lake Erie. On the morning of the 26th September we found land on either bow of the vessel; soon entered the Detroit river, steering between the island of Bois Blanc and Fort Malden, both British; ran past the Canadian village of Sandwich, residence of the gallant Prince, the pirate's scourge; and dropped anchor at the American city of Detroit. This is a handsome town, on a rising ground, its wharves covered with steamers, and contrasting disagreeably, to English scenes at least, with the comparatively poor and deserted shore of Canada—only half a mile distant. Nature has smiled impartially on both. Let the path of the emigrant, which, under the present system, is strewn with difficulties and intricacies, be smoothed and adapted to his almost certain poverty, and his *possible* stupidity—let the settled proprietor have decent security that his improvements will not be abandoned to the spoiler—yield not to the lawless marauder the treatment of honourable warfare; nor condemn the loyal Canadian who is wise and resolute enough to crush the viper that invades his hearth—and, peradventure, the British shore of the Detroit river may yet become a respectable rival of its opposite neighbour. On the subject of the leniency shown by the British government towards the outlaws who fell into their hands last winter, I heard no little contemptuous surprise expressed by an officer of the United States' Army, an experienced soldier, and a most intelligent man. He confessed he was interested in denouncing this clemency, as being likely to encourage a repetition of outrage, and thereby a repetition of the harassing and odious duties of prevention, in which the American troops at Detroit and elsewhere were engaged during the most inclement period of the year. Another travelling acquaintance drew my attention to a passage in a work he was reading, Lamartine's *Pilgrimage*, and asked if I did not think a little Eastern vigour would improve our Western penal code. The quotation was from the *Life* of the Emir Beshir, Prince of Lebanon, as follows:—"The Emir remained nine days in this province, which sufficed him to put an end to the revolt: this he accomplished by ordering to be hanged or strangled all the rebels of distinction in the three districts of Gibes, Kosruan, and Gibel Biscarra. Several others were bastinadoed, and compelled, moreover, to pay exorbitant ransoms." Here's a febrifuge with a vengeance—and told so emolliently, too!

But to our voyage. The Detroit river is, as its name imports, very narrow, the shores here and there margined with swamps alive with myriads of wild fowl. The banks, however, are generally dry, and well wooded, though flat. It may be allowed to be a pretty river and country—no more. Lake St. Clair is a sort of estuary of the St. Clair river—or St. Lawrence, for why should different names be given to different sections of its course? It appears about twenty miles across, and, though the only outlet for the waters of the upper lakes, is in some parts extremely and, indeed, dangerously shallow, as the leadsmen's frequent cry of "and a half twain," together with the clouds of mud stirred up by our keel, sufficiently proved.

On Lake Huron, at midnight, we were favoured with a most ferocious gale of wind, mingled with hail, and assisted by a heavy head sea, which obliged us, after a long and painful struggle, to put back forty miles, to seek shelter in the River St. Clair. It was an awful night. The ple-

thoric snorting and awkward plunging of our high-pressure ark were, as Jonathan says "a caution,"—a caution that I shall lay up in my memory for future steam voyaging. The vessel lay for seven hours, snug enough, at a wretched fuel-depot in the above named river, the scud flying over our heads, and the roar of the distant forest warning the careful captain that the storm, which we felt not, still raged on the open lake. Many of the passengers went ashore, some with their rifles, to hunt squirrels—a favourite food in this country; others to seek the roots of sassafras, which make a wholesome infusion. I followed the riflemen, in hopes of witnessing some of those exploits with this weapon for which the people are famed, putting a little pea-ball through a squirrel's head, at the top of the highest tree, being a common feat. I soon "treed a sqg" in a tall maple; and, hallooing one of the hunters, we were both staring up the tree on opposite sides, when off went my friend's piece at the "long trail," and lodged the ball in the stem. "H—ll!" quoth my Yankee, very composedly,—"The devil!" added I, with less *sang froid*; and instantly dissolving partnership, joined the sassafras concern, which seemed to be the safer speculation. The following morning we passed "Thunder Isles" in a hurricane—(what else could we expect?) but, running under the lee of land, we soon found smoother water. Within a few miles of us lay the eastern coast of Michigan, flat and wooded eternally, its blackness unrelieved by a single building, or other evidence of man's presence—most dismal, desolate, melancholy! At length we put into the little fuel-depot of Presqu'Isle, a collection of two or three huts, containing a few woodcutters and fishermen, and situated rather prettily in the bight of a land-locked and most pellucid lagoon, which, closely surrounded with a fringe of scrubby pitch-pines and cedars, looked something like our saloon looking-glass set round with dirty hair-brushes! The next door neighbours of the Presqu'Islanders are no nearer than Mackina, seventy miles. At this most wretched watering-place I found, idling on the little wharf, as one might do on the Brighton Chain-pier, a sickly-looking old man, who informed me that he was come there from Illinois for his health—pulmonary complaint, perhaps, conversation forbidden, in which case his location was most prudently chosen! I wondered he had not died long since of the blue devils!

In the night of the 28th our ship threaded the Straits of Mackina, and the next morning we found ourselves in Lake Michigan, between the Beaver Isles, a rather pretty group, and the western shore of the State of Michigan. Having previously vituperated the eastern coast of this wild province, she now, in a spirit of meekness, turned her western cheek to my buffet, which I apply with right good will, and which her huge "sand-bluffs," bearded with mournful woods, are well able to bear. The main flood of emigration seems to have overlooked and ran past the northern half of this great peninsula: I am told, however, that it is a country of splendid timber, a requisite whereof some of the neighbouring prairie states are greatly in want.

The following day being Sunday, we had no sooner cleared out of a picturesque little bay of the Manitou Isle, (Isle of the Great Spirit,) with a fresh supply of fire-wood, than prayers were announced in the cabin. All the passengers, fore and aft, were congregated, and a respectable but roughly-clad old man, with a week's gray beard on his face, volunteered to officiate. He was a deck-passenger, and a Baptist preacher, as I understood. After offering up several excellent prayers, he discoursed sensibly enough on the consolations of religion; not, however, without the usual accompaniment of extempore preaching, repetition and tautology. Some of the worthy pastor's expressions, too, such as death-bed repentance being "not worth one cent," and his concluding sentence, "which is the devout

wish of your obedient and humble servant. Amen!" sounded rather too familiar for the dignity of the pulpit. On the other hand, the old man possessed a pleasing voice, and was fluent in his delivery, and earnest in his calling. I believe every soul in the vessel, except the officer of the watch and the man at the wheel, was present, and all were most attentive. At one period of the service the minister read the first verse of a hymn, and, adding the usual exhortation, "Let us sing," &c. looked round, as if for assistance. After a long and rather awkward pause, an old gentleman in a distant corner cleared his voice, and struck up a well-known air, a clear female pipe joined him from the opposite part of the cabin, the choir gradually swelled, and in the end the song of praise was very respectably performed.

After prayers I went on deck, and, for the first time on fresh water, found myself fairly out sight of land on all sides. The wind blew fresh, the weather was bright and cloudless, and the water, as I looked from the taffrail, was as blue as ocean. It was almost impossible to believe that we were not indeed plunging the silt-sea wave; and, the vessel rolling pretty considerably, there were not wanting individuals around me, who, leaning pensively or vociferously over the bulwark, helped to strengthen the similitude. There is a very ridiculous and very old story, whether true or not who knows? that a certain very provident government, during the first American war, sent out from England ship-casks for holding fresh water, for the Lake naval operations! The originator of this wise precaution may, perhaps, have been deceived by the oceanic colour of Lakes Huron or Michigan. Lake Erie cannot boast the same property—like an illiterate woman, she is too shallow to be blue. After tea, all hands were again piped to prayers, when, to the surprise of some of the passengers, the captain of the vessel, a very worthy, but not particularly eloquent man, rose up and let off a little steam in the shape of a moral discourse, whereupon his example was followed by several self-constituted preachers from among the cabin and forward passengers—a practice which may be very well in its way, as stimulating religious torpor, but, in my opinion, too dangerously bordering on the ridiculous to be generally advisable.

The morning of the 30th September, found us running along the eastern shore of Illinois—yet another province of this great continent laid open to our view! And at ten o'clock we anchored in Milwaukee Bay—a pretty-looking, but unsafe harbour. The infant town is well situated on an elevated crescent of land above a small river; and, like most infants, looks particularly well at a distance. It contains perhaps a thousand inhabitants. The coasts of Illinois are fringed by a belt of forest extending inland from one to five miles, beyond which are spread the boundless open prairies or alluvial plains, for which the Far West is so celebrated, and so clearly distinguished from the eternal woodlands of the central and Atlantic States. Before we retired to our berths this last night of our voyage, a certificate of satisfaction with our captain was got up, and signed by the passengers; and upon adding the words "British Army" to my name, I observed an obvious increase of courtesy in the manners of many of my fellow-travellers. I mention this merely to have the occasion to recommend all British officers travelling in the States, if they wish to be noticed at all, to make known their nation and profession; for I have heard Americans remark, "how can we show foreigners the attention due to them, if we do not know them to be foreigners?" N. B. The moment a traveller enters a hotel in the States or Canada, a register is laid before him for the entry of his name, residence, destination, &c.

October 1.—It was with a feeling of no small thankfulness, that on awaking this morning at day-break, I discovered that our good ship was safely moored alongside

the wharf of Chicago,—our long lake voyage of nearly 1100 miles prosperously achieved. What a grand idea of the proportions of the River St. Lawrence, is furnished in the reflection, that the waters which we have just passed over, 1800 miles from its mouth, are computed to be no less than 800 feet in depth! And yet the largest of the great lakes, Superior, lies still nearer its sources. The finest rivers of the Eastern hemisphere sink into insignificance by the comparison. I have waded, on my elephant, across the Ganges about 1000 miles above its delta. One might wander far enough along the banks of the St. Lawrence, before a convenient ford would be found!

Chicago is one of those cities in swaddling clothes, common to all new countries. Though only dating back its existence seven years, it is the largest town of the State of Illinois, containing perhaps 7000 inhabitants. Spread along either bank of a navigable stream, and at the head of a proposed canal connecting Lake Michigan with the Mississippi, its position, on the direct great water-route from the Atlantic States to the Far Western provinces, insures its future importance and prosperity. A glance at the map will show how much distance might be saved by a land passage across the peninsula of Michigan, a fact that has not been lost upon the far-seeing Jonathan, at whose hands a railroad is already in progress, which will save the traveller the tedious, and at some seasons, dangerous navigation of the Lakes St. Clair, Huron, and Michigan. The line of road is direct from Detroit to St. Joseph's on the east coast of Lake Michigan; and is already passable by the help of coach-work, though I fancy it requires the heart of a martyr, and the bones of a mammoth, to support the pains and perils of the transit. Nevertheless, more than one of our fellow-passengers from Buffalo deserted our boat at Detroit, and undertook the journey. It was on this new and wild line of road that an occurrence befel a travelling friend of mine, so characteristic of Yankee *sang froid*, that I cannot spare you its recital. He related it to me over a quiet bottle of port, in my Niagara cottage, on his way back to England; and I dare say he has, ere this time, had many a good laugh over it by his paternal fireside. Let me recollect. The anecdote began thus:—It was a dark night in August, the thunder rolled through the troubled heavens, re-echoing from the distant forests, and the rain fell in torrents, as my English friend and a dozen other way-farers strove to wedge themselves into the interior of that primitive species of vehicular architecture, an American stage-coach. They were hardly settled, when a supernumerary passenger appeared at the door, and, appealing to the way-bill, insisted upon an inside seat. A dispute very naturally arose—for nine out of ten stage-coach travellers are certain to be crusty!—and was increasing in warmth, when a voice from a corner quietly remarked: "it appears there is one man too many; I dare say some gentleman has a pair of pistols about him; the thing is easily settled!" My friend being gifted with discretion, and a Mackintosh cloak, took the hint, and an outside place, without further delay. I should have done likewise; there is no "sang lying" in a Michigan swamp.

We were not sorry to exchange our narrow accommodations on board the steam-boat for those of the Lake House, an immense establishment kept in excellent style by an Englishman named Shelly. It is at present somewhat in advance of the wants of the place; yet it is probable that Chicago will quickly grow up to its hotel. The town is situated on a patch of sandy soil, and may be called the sanitarium of Illinois, a province much infested by those disheartening complaints, fever and ague, especially during the season which is just closing. All the regions bordering the Mississippi suffered terribly this year; great was the consumption of quinine; and many were the pale faces, particularly among the women and

children, that we encountered in our western rambles. The extreme flatness of the country, and the consequent stagnation of water, must bear the blame of this. Some of the prairie rivers are so languid in their course, that it is difficult, at first sight, to determine the direction of their stream.

At Chicago, we were fortunate enough to fall in with an officer of the 34th regiment, who, returning northwards from a tour in the States, had contrived that his dog and gun should meet him at this place; and we quickly agreed to join our forces in a short campaign against the prairie hena. Accordingly, having fixed upon our shooting-box for the season on this western moor, selected our light baggage, and hired a wagon and pair, we started the same afternoon, with three guns, and as many pointers for Elk Grove, a spot bearing a good character for game, and about twenty-two miles from Chicago, due west.

No sooner had we turned out of the town, and crossed the little river on which it is posted, than the vast prairie, "immeasurably spread," lay before us; and strange did those bare and boundless plains appear in our eyes, so long accustomed to the impenetrable forest-regions of Canada. So level and interminable seemed the prospect, that I felt more as though I were setting forth upon a voyage than a journey; and its sealike aspect was rendered still more illusive by the occasional occurrence on the horizon of round isolated groves, giving precisely the effect of islands on the main.

The turf of the prairie is so sound and smooth, that, where the road diverged in any degree from the point of the compass for which we were steering, our driver turned his team without slackening his pace, upon the raw prairie, as he called it, nor was there the slightest danger of an upset. In fact, one might have followed the hounds in a tandem at a good hunting gallop across the plain, with no more risk than is usually encountered in a run across a sporting country. Our Jehu was a respectable, intelligent, and good-looking fellow, whom we afterwards discovered to be a preacher of the Mormons, that unhappy sect, which, persecuted even unto death, have been driven from their settlements on the Missouri, and have taken refuge on these thinly peopled wastes. The poor fellow was very aguish, and seemed to dread the night air; yet so much had he overrated the powers of his team, that we found ourselves benighted on the well-nigh trackless plain, ere much more than half our day's journey was accomplished. We therefore agreed to pull up at the Mormon's cottage, a miserable hut, in whose only chamber lay his young wife sick in bed—ague written very plainly on her pale but pretty face. A rosy, smiling girl, however, soon placed some bowls of milk and a heap of huge pancakes on the table; and having sumptuously supped, we betook ourselves to the neighbouring cottage of our host's father-in-law to pass the night. We were three; there were two beds in the room, the rough-looking old squatter being already ensconced in one of them. He quietly remarked, "Two of you may take that bed, the other can sleep with me." Beggars cannot be choosers, says the adage; however I did choose the floor in preference to the proffered partnership—nor did I find the planks softer than planks usually are. Sleep proved coy; I had been trying to call to mind some scenes of Cooper's "Prairie;" and I know not whether it was a dream or a half-awake reverie of Indiana, scalpings, &c., that, like Kitty Clover in the song, was "bothering my soul," when I was suddenly startled up wide awake by a yell so unearthly, that I thought, with worthy Rabelais, that "twenty thousand legions of black devils had broken loose," or at least as many Siouxes or Pawnees were serenading me with the war-whoop. Hearing, however, the voice of one of the squatter's three strapping sons, who slept in the loft, exclaim, "Them's the wolves," I arose, and, stepping out

rious prairie conflagration, which, embracing a wide crescent on the western horizon, raged with wonderful fury. Although evidently several miles, perhaps leagues distant, I distinctly heard the crackling of the flames among the dry herbage; and I almost fancied that I felt their heat. The chill night wind swept in gusts over the shelterless plain, bringing on its wings lurid volumes of smoke—the wolves howled mournfully to the dim moon—the “Bad Spirit” of the Indians seemed to ride on the blast of the prairie! I was evidently on the wrong side of the door, whatever discomforts awaited me on the other! Re-entering, therefore, my quarters, I was soon fast asleep, wrapped in my cloak, and pillowed on a carpet-bag. The wolf of the prairie is not the orthodox “Red Riding Hood” terror of the nursery and sheepfold; but more resembles the jackal of the East, though not such a scoundrel-looking animal. When found on the open prairie, by daylight, he is easily ridden down and speared.

Our Mormon knocked us up soon after daybreak next morning. And as we climbed into our rough vehicle, bright Phœbus peeped forth from the prairie, like a “Red-skin” from his lair, and saluted us with a volley of unbroken rays that glanced along the tops of the dewy-grass, as Camilla is said to have done on the surface of the standing corn. It was a beautiful morning, although portending heat. Our course lay on an excellent natural road, formed, as we were told, on the original Indian “trail,” between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi, in which the acute instinct of the aboriginal native is singularly manifested. He seems to have marched direct upon the setting sun, only veering from his line to avoid some boggy “swale,” or other natural obstacle. Now and then a grouse started up from the road-side, and whirled away down the wind; the golden plover hardly deigned to rise as we passed; and the little round quail and spotted prairie-squirrel ran into the grass from under our very wheels. Here and there dotted over the plain at distances of from two to ten miles, appeared luxuriant groves, or oak openings, as they are locally named, round the skirts of which the settlers, for the benefit of timber, fuel, and shelter, usually erect their habitations. No wonder that the Eastern farmer flings down his blunted axe in disgust, and repairs in haste to these clearings of nature: for the breeder of cattle here is boundless range of excellent pasture; and the rich black loam, unincumbered by stock or stone, invites the plough of the agriculturist. The geological formation of the prairie is very peculiar. Its consistency is not unlike that of a sponge squeezed dry! the soil, as I have said, is black almost as coal, and it is to be hoped that that mineral lies beneath it, for fuel will soon be scarce where timber is so rare. There is scarcely a stone to be seen in its composition, except where occasionally a huge granite boulder lies solus on the surface, puzzled and puzzling how it came there. A small white shell thickly sprinkling the ground, seems to indicate, as indeed does every other feature, that the country was formerly submerged in water. Only a few years back the bison ranged fearlessly on these wide downs; but he has either fallen by the rifle of the hunter, bequeathing his skin to keep the white man warm—or, with the Indian he has been driven away to more western pastures. We passed the spot where the fire of last night was still raging. It lined the top of an extensive ridge, whereon were one or two Hougoumont-like buildings; and its appearance was not inaptly likened to an army in line of battle, blazing away for life and death. The farmers protect their crops and tenements from the devouring element either by ploughing up a furrow or two

the cottage of Mr. Barns, our intended host looking shieling, built of round logs joined precisely after the fashion of the chalet of the hut of the Himalayan peasant; but teemed with hayricks, a large herd of cattle forth to the prairie, and pigs and poultry sw. The squatter, a sturdy red-haired, pleasant-looking about thirty-five, though unwarned of the unwonted guests, readily agreed to put us us that he was accustomed to lodge and casual strangers on their journey across the plains. It may not be known to all in that the individual vulgarly styled a squatter entering upon a portion of wild land that he offered at Government auction, occupies the same; and when, in its turn, his location public hammer, he has the right of giving the regulated minimum price of—namely one dollar and a quarter per acre. purchased his lot or lots, the settler is e taxes for five years. Our host migrated, eleven persons, from Vermont, the journey miles, occupying six weeks. Originally a Crispin, he turned his hand to farming and has found the change of trade a winning been on the spot five years, and may ren many more before the two or three hundr his fence shall come into the public market, the price will be easily paid by him, if I not, he has only to steer further west, an “diggings.” When in want of ready in hold stores, he kills his fatted beast, or “b he is pleased to call it; and takes it with hi into Chicago for sale; moreover, a pr annum is turned by entertainment of tra dustry, intelligence, and sobriety can inst Barns will surely possess it. Strong in fra constitution, and in the summer of his days one, perhaps the greatest, requisite of a sett —namely a large family of sons—a particu in which certain acquaintances of mine I wonderfully qualified for the profession of

The affairs of our prairie establishment hands of a very miscellaneous administrat wife was of course premier, whilst “old b nated by a spectacled grandmama, and the in the domestic government by a bloomin dian serving maid. An old sickly Yanke board and lodging, did all work in his line premises; a tall good-humoured Americ aided in the cattle department by a lame and a wild Irish gossoon, ignorant even of officiated very appropriately in the pig-stye ter ministers were, I believe, picked out poor-house by our charitable host.

Shooting being the main object of our t I need hardly say, that our fast was no than we stood to our arms, and reconnoit of the enemy; Mr. Barns for that purpos to the roof of an out-house, and from thenc spots where we were most likely to fall Who would not be a sportsman? that mom ble excitement, as full of expectancy, w upon the wide spread plain—our land of y our faithful pointers gambolled madly an repaid us for all the miseries involved by a boating.

Quickly arriving at the edge of the cultivation, we deployed into line, and throwing out in front our canine skirmishers, advanced into what, for form's sake, might be termed the heather. The prairie herbage, however, is nothing more than a coarse grass from one to two feet high, thinly sprinkled with tall weeds, bearing in summer beautiful and various flowers, but at this season embrowned and withered by the first frost. Three hundred paces had barely been measured, when one of the dogs, wild from long confinement, dashed headlong into a large pack; and we had the satisfaction of recognizing that singular uneven flight peculiar to the grouse family. They did not fly far, however; and our whole line getting quickly into action, I soon had an opportunity of inspecting at my leisure a specimen of the prairie hen—cock of the plains—Tetrao Urophasianus, or whatever name else this beautiful bird may rejoice in. The prairie hen, in form and flight, and feathering to the beak, closely resembles the Scotch grouse, but it is much larger, weighing, as I imagine, full as heavy as a hen pheasant.

Our first day's sport could hardly be said to be good; for the weather was sultry, the covert too dry for scent, the birds difficult to find, and when found presenting so easy a mark, that none but the voracious tyro could miss them. And this was the character that we had previously heard of prairie shooting. However, when the weather became cooler, and rain had moistened the earth, we had some very fine shooting; for I do not so much measure a day's sport by the amount of the bag, as by the opportunities of distinguishing themselves afforded to the sportsman and the dog. I am of opinion, that the latter week of September, and the first fortnight of October, are about the best season for prairie grouse shooting. Earlier in the year, this bird, like the August grouse in Britain, is too tame for real sport; but at the time I mention, no bird can be stronger on the wing, takes better care of himself, or can carry away more shot. In the mornings and evenings they are to be found congregated in packs of thirty, fifty, or a hundred, feeding in the buckwheat, Indian corn, and stubbles, when they are usually very difficult of approach; but during the mid hours of the day, they lie abroad on the heath, and, when a pack is fairly broken, afford very pretty shooting. The total of our first day was thirty brace, which, though not a large bag, numerically considered, is a pretty heavy one, when the weight of each bird (2 lbs.) is taken into account.

Returning heated and thirsty to our cottage, we found a most solid supper prepared for us. With huge jorums of tea, we washed down mountains of "baked pig," and other in-delicacies of the season, among which I fear I must include the prairie hen, which proved tough and tasteless as a superannuated rook. It is hard to decide whether the French artist of the Lake Hotel might not have rendered this fine game-looking bird more worthy of the table; but alas! in female cookery one looks in vain for any extensive range of genius; and to us, in a gastronomic point of view, the prairie hen remained a nullity. Barnes informed us, that this bird had greatly increased in numbers, since the desertion of this vicinage by the Indians, and the introduction of cultivation by the whites. Buckwheat, which is a great article of consumption hereabouts, is, as is well known in England, a perfect magnet to all feathered game. Six years' ago, our squatter's location was quite the frontier post of the Palefaces in these wilds; Elk Grove was full of Indian families, and Chicago contained only a few huts. The main stream of migration from the East to the Far West, seems to have directed itself along the course of the Rivers Ohio and Mississippi, towards the provinces of Indiana, Wisconsin, &c., whither the discovery of mines has already drawn a considerable population, and given rise to several promising towns.

Thus the prairies of Illinois have been left somewhat in the rear of the human flood.

This first night of our sojourn at the Grove was embittered by a few difficulties regarding our dormitorial accommodations. Our host and his notable "misses" thought us very unreasonable, very fastidious, when we bargained to have, in exclusive property, the three beds contained in the loft, which was reached by a ladder from the lower chamber, in which latter there were also two beds, calculated to hold a large population. They counted, no doubt, upon giving us an occasional bed-fellow from the chance wayfarers daily dropping in. We remained, however, obdurate as flint on this score, valuing not a pin the black looks of sundry tired travellers, who were therefore obliged to double up below. A few glasses of hot brandy and water from our own stores—for our hosts were pure teaists—were thrown with good effect among the malcontents; and in case of a storm, our fortress could be rendered impregnable by drawing up the ladder! It was ridiculous enough to see half a dozen great hulking fellows, utter strangers, turning in together, blandly conversing before sleep overtook them; offering each other politely the wall; and interchanging other little double-bedded attentions. I heard one stout gentleman, when questioned by his companion as to his preference of *feathers* or *hair*, announce that he was "very fleshy," (pleasing assurance on a horridly sultry night,) "and could sleep on any thing." My planks of last night would have tried his snoozing powers!

It was with some difficulty that we made it intelligible that we valued the element, water, in any other quality than that of beverage; and in this, as well as other points, we gave a good deal of unwonted trouble; but no sooner was it discovered that our payment kept pace with our exigencies, than all obstacles vanished, and our various wants were cheerfully supplied.

We continued to shoot at Elk Grove the two following days; but the weather continuing overpoweringly sultry, and unfavorable to scent, we occasionally deserted the prairie for the woodland, thereby hunting in the shade, and adding to our bag of forty-one brace of grouse a little variety in the shape of snipe, quail, and wood-partridges. On a small mere too, not far from our cottage, we frequently spied a numerous flock of the black American wild goose; and I often invoked the aid of Colonel Hawker's stanchion gun and well-known tact, as we strove in vain to circumvent these wary campaigners. In vain we emulated the serpent, in guile as well as posture of approach—no wild goose rewarded our *ventre à terre* labours.

It had been our intention to leave Elk Grove a day earlier, for some more western hunting-grounds; but on applying to our entertainer for his team, he begged us to remain four-and-twenty hours longer, he being engaged to a meeting on the morrow. On inquiry, I found that this meeting had been convened by the neighbouring settlers in order to consider the propriety of inviting a minister of God's word to take religious charge of their somewhat discordant community, and of voting him a house and annual stipend; thereby spontaneously testifying their impatience under spiritual indigence, and their strong sense of the necessity of religious instruction and consolation. Whereas, had this moral necessity been dinned into their ears ex cathedra, and its material expenses dragged out of their pockets by the laws, human obduracy would have stuck up its quills, and rebelled, instead of leading the way.

The next morning we took, as we imagined, final leave of Elk Grove; and, stowing ourselves, dogs, and plunder,* in an excellent covered wagon, driven by our host, started

* Plunder means simply baggage in the West. Strange synonymo!

for the Fox river, with the scenery of which he expressively assured us we should be "shockingly pleased!" We enjoyed a most delightful drive over the "Rolling Prairie," which commences almost immediately to the westward of Elk Grove, and presents as striking a resemblance to the ocean, when swelling under the influence of yesterday's gale, as do the flat prairies, just left behind us, to the same element, when unruffled by the breeze. Our route led us through several stately open woods, or groves of oak, maple, and sycamore, interspersed with rich-coloured underwood, and carpeted with the frost-bronzed herbage of the prairie—the latter giving, in a great degree, the effect of the beautiful fern of our English park scenery. The weather continued pleasantly warm, but showers of the "Fall's" red leaves blew in our faces, and reminded us somewhat startlingly that chill November was imminent, and that we were upwards of a thousand miles from our Canadian winter quarters.

Around the margins of each grove cling the cottages of a few settlers; and, more rarely, on the naked prairie, stands the melancholy hut of some lone farmer, who, for the sake of wider pasturage, from love of solitude, or perchance from a consciousness of some hidden crime committed in more eastern regions, has raised his roof-tree apart from his fellow-men. The Fox river was announced by a long belt of timber fringing its banks, as is invariably the case with prairie streams; and we soon found ourselves dashing across its wooded ravines, now looking down upon its shallow but picturesque current, now quitting its banks but to meet them again at the turns of the road or the river. Passing through the little, raw-looking, but pretty village of Elgin, we quickly arrived at Charleston, the place of our destination—a single street of wooden buildings, sloping down a hill to the river, and looking like a bran-new set of toy-houses just taken out of their case, and arranged by the hands of some infant Brobdignag. There is a good bridge over the river, and on its banks a large grist-mill,—a commodity which, in these distant and thinly-peopled tracts, is, of itself, sufficient to create a circumjacent village, as did in days of yore, without perhaps equal advantage to the community, the feudal castles of our ancestors.

I remarked nothing else in the town worthy of note, except perhaps the following "sign" of the times, hanging over a shop door—Rebecca Stitch, *Tailoress*—which some political alarmist may possibly consider as an indirect but dangerous encroachment on the rights of man!

We found tolerable accommodations in the Charleston Tavern, and the landlord was civil after a manner—which means no manners at all. Our advent created some little sensation, no little questioning, and a monstrous deal of incredulity as to our motives of travel. Strange, that in this new world, they won't allow a poor idle Briton to go gaping about, doing *gobe mouche*, as he does in the old! We found the little western hamlet not entirely destitute of amusement on the evening of our arrival; for in the next house to our inn, on one side, a most absurd legal cause was in process of trial before a justice,—a case of "Fiddlers" *versus* "Dancers," wherein the former claimed compensation from the latter for professional labours at a certain house-warming; and wherein, after much noisy and nasal balderdash from a couple of rival attorneys, the steward of the hall was compelled to pay the piper. And, on the other hand, the neighbouring house was brilliantly lighted up for a phrenological lecture, which was numerously attended. It is somewhat singular that a practical people like the Americans should affect so intangible a science, yet they certainly do so in an extraordinary degree. Most things are good in their way, and in their place; and I will confess that the ingenious theories of Gall and Spurzheim have had their charms for me; but to be followed up, and pelted with skulls and crossbones, is

the height of boredom; and such was the craniological uproar from morn till night in the Charleston Tavern, as to be perfectly "assomment." The enthusiastic lecturer, followed by a train of disciples, carried about with him, whether in bar, bed-room, or reading-room, a couple of thick skulls—besides his own; and had each been furnished with a tongue, a more unceasing gabble of "organs," "developements," "propensities," could not have been sustained. If we entered his presence, a dead silence ensued—a score of eyes perused our craniums—and, I verily believe, the singularly ample brow of one of our party would hardly have escaped forcible manipulation, had we not ordered our wagon, and changed the scene and subject for a most refreshing drive.

Most beautiful was the course we took down the river, and through the small village of Geneva,—nowise like its ancient namesake, unless in its republicanism! Having feasted our eyes upon all the scenic perfections possessed by a slow silver stream, gliding between high and woody banks, ruddy with Autumn's tints, and dotted with lovely islands, we again returned to Charleston, having during our drive marked our shooting-ground for the morrow.

The following day, keeping to the woods, we had some tolerable sport, quail-shooting—not heightened by a thorough wetting,—bagging about seventy head of game, chiefly those birds; but finding, on inquiry, that there was no farmer on the neighbouring prairie whose dwelling could accommodate three strangers,—and further, the weather changing for the worse, and thereby warning us to change our front to the eastward, we resolved to return with our friend Barnes to Elk Grove, and thus secure a mode of retreat to Chicago at a moment's notice. On regaining our hotel, after a long and wet day's work, I looked forward with some complacency to a good night's rest. Vain hope!—our ruthless man of skulls had converted the bar-room, separated by a thin deal floor from my chamber, into his Golgotha, and harangued a half-drunken audience till long after midnight, to the utter expulsion of the balmy god. I did not pray for him that night! Even the hardy Barnes never closed an eye. Had a dozen whooping "Redskins" of the prairie-rushed upon the nocturnal orgies of the Professor, and commenced their own peculiar experiments upon his cranium, I would not have pulled a trigger in his defence!

On the 8th October, we left Fox River, and, by a fresh route across the plains, commenced our retreat. Crossing the "Nine-mile Prairie," there was scarcely a stick of timber, a hut, or other object, within the range of vision. Now and then our driver would draw our attention to an almost invisible atom on the "billowy plain," which proved to be a single horseman hunting for his cattle, turned out to graze on the fenceless pastures. Anon, we descried, afar off, a heavy canvass-topped wagon, crawling slowly westward, like a huge white maggot—its interior filled with the *personnel* and *matériel* of a migrating family. On approaching us, eager faces were protruded from the rude vehicle; and earnest inquiries regarding distances, the "chills and fever" (ague,) or other equally urgent matters, were shouted out. Many a weary mile had these adventurous people travelled from their late home towards the setting sun; and they were now, perhaps, drawing nigh the bourne of their pilgrimage!

The next object on the boundless waste that attracted our gaze was a group of tall cranes, or herons—prairie turkeys, the squatters call them—looming gigantic in their solitude, and at intervals dancing, with absurd gravity, a kind of minuet—no! mazourka is the word. The bowing and pirouetting of these solemn-looking bipeds made us all laugh heartily. I fancied them so many Principals of Colleges, unbending after their academic labours. Our borderer assured us that the prairie turkeys seldom meet on the green without getting up a dance. My attempt to

treat them to a ball of another description proved a failure, for before I arrived within range, they broke up their party, and swooped heavily away. How I longed at that moment for my fleet Arab and my long-winged Bheerie! Never saw I a country so perfectly adapted to Falconry,—and there flew the quarry famed for the finest of flights! The ardent sportsman might spur his steed for miles over these plains without once removing his eyes from their aerial chase; and it must be his fault if he lose his hawk for want of riding,—unless, indeed, it should chance to get spitted by its sharp-billed foe, no uncommon incident in *læron-fights*. But “hold hard” Pen! or I shall soon be in the thick of a hawking digression. Besides, in a few days I shall have enough of this ever-prevailing pastime on board a Yankee steamboat!

Our second approach to Elk Grove was greeted warmly by the ladies of that sylvan retreat; for we brought back the *Padrons* with us. During the two following days we enjoyed a very good grouse-shooting, beating fresh ground on the rolling prairie, about three miles from our temporary home, and sacking fifty-six brace of prairie hens, and a few quail. The weather was cool and breezy—the birds plentiful, though wild—and the undulating form of the ground proved much more favourable to marking than the uniform flat prairie was found to be.

A great drawback to prairie grouse-shooting is the unavoidable waste of game. Four or five brace of these heavy birds are quite load enough for the shooter to carry, and will fill to the throat any ordinary game-bag. Nor do these distant plains afford the vigilant “cad” of the English country village, or the “slip of a b’y” of the Irish hut, in aid of the sportsman’s shoulders. Not to us was the pleasing importance of the British grouse-shooter, as bo pecks, directs, and despatches his valued hamper to some expecting friend! We had no southern patron, no parliamentary voter, to propitiate through the palate!—no oor-morant tradesman to whose monetary impatience a cop might be thrown from a distant moor! Occasionally, therefore, when we were not fortunate enough to fall in with the cottage of some settler, who was willing to exchange a draught of milk for a brace or two of birds, we found ourselves obliged to abandon part of our game to the kite and the prairie wolf. What else was to be done? Humanity and the member for Galway would exclaim, “Kill no more than you and your friends can eat!” Not more fruitless is the usual injunction of the careful mamma to the Indian cadet to “wear flannel, and save money!”—yet both are most right, most reasonable, most impossible to obey! Our only consolation lay in the delight shown by the farmers at the havoc we made among the enemies of their grain crops.

In more than one lonely log hut, when driven thereto for food or shelter, we found young and strikingly pretty women, spinning or cooking, whilst the Goodman worked in the fields; and although they seemed sometimes a little startled by the unwonted appearance of a “gentleman sportsman,” their cheese, milk, and buck-wheat bread were always most liberally offered; nor could they be persuaded to receive payment. Marryat, in awarding to the American fair the title of the “prettiest women in the world,” (the epithet guardedly chosen, no doubt) does not, so far as I have had occasion of judging, give them more than their due. On these savage prairies, even, I noted more than one “western flower,” that, transplanted to more civilized regions, would not have disgraced the choicest parterre.

I have named the waste of game as a serious drawback to the prairie shooter; but in the opposite scale I must throw the delightful sense of independence and freedom with which he treads the springy sod of the prairie, and inhales

its healthful breezes. He shoots without leave or “license.” He feels himself lord of Nature’s manor—the sporting inheritance of the “younger son.” He flatters no muir-owning laird,—he fees no speculative keeper,—and should he see a couple of strapping young fellows marching straight upon his position, he expects no rough warning to quit the property: on the contrary, one of them (so it happened to me) perhaps civilly asks to be allowed to look on at the sport, as he had never seen “shooting on the wing:” whilst the other, with a bow that would have been creditable to a Stanhope, a Cavendish, or a Paget, invites you to beat the covers round his domicile on the morrow, and to dine at “his poor cottage” at two o’clock,—an invitation which the former urges you to accept, with the whispered hint that his friend’s “sisters are the finest gurls in the section, and his pork first-rate!”

It was with no little regret that, on the 11th of October, forced away by bad weather, we bade adieu to Elk Grove; and, turning our backs upon the Far West, were driven by our faithful friend Barns through a perfect hurricane of heavy wet to Chicago. Under such meteorological auspices, I cannot say that the prairie wore a pleasing aspect. Our horses could hardly be brought to face the pitiless storm—a mouse could not have found shelter in a dozen miles—and the poor prairie hens, battered by the storm, and flying about in despair, had no leisure to rejoice over the retreat of their worst enemies, ourselves. What must be a mid-winter journey on these plains?—the sleigh-borne traveller steering by compass across a trackless sea of snow, and through a fog of sleet!

In our return down the lakes we were most fortunate in our vessel—the Illinois being a splendid, well-formed, and extremely fast boat; and the captain precisely the character fitted to rule the crowds of wild customers who frequent his decks. Huge in person, and rough and resolute in manner, though attentive in all essentials to his passengers, I don’t know that any thing could be more characteristic of his style than the significant simplicity of the single word “Blake,” in gold letters, over his cabin door, instead of the invariable “Captain’s Cabin.” It reminded us all of the awful notice, “Spring-guns set here,” or, “Beware the dog,” of the old country. I thought of our own old Blake, too, and of his famous apophthegm, “Sailors must not mind politics, but only keep foreigners from fooling us.”

At Mackinac, that gem of the Lakes, so warmly and deservedly lauded by Mrs. Jamieson, we enjoyed a stroll of two hours on shore, visiting the fort, now held by a small garrison of United States’ Artillery, and the ruined redoubt of the British on the very pinnacle of the island, from which a most striking prospect, embracing an extensive archipelago of wooded isles, lies spread beneath the spectator. The beauty of this island is more remarkable from its possessing so happy a foil in the hideous and dismal shores of neighbouring Michigan.

Running at the rate of twelve knots down Lake Huron, and darting like a kingfisher along the rapid stream of Detroit River, our swift vessel reached the city of that name on the evening of the 15th; a passage of about sixty-seven hours, from Chicago. From Detroit I was tempted to accompany my brother-sportsman of the 34th to Amherstburgh, the present station of that regiment; whilst my regimental friend, whose home was more attractive than mine, pursued his course to the Falls. The annual races were going on at Amherstburgh on my arrival,* and the quail shooting was at its height—so that I was fortunate as to season; and passed some very pleasant days there. The races took

* I had, by my arrival at this place, the great satisfaction of accomplishing an object which I had long set my heart upon, namely, the visiting this Ultima Thule of Her Majesty’s Western dominions, as I had done, eleven years before, that of her Eastern, the passes of the Himalaya Mountains.

* The bird used in India for long flights.

place on an excellent course, formed by the 34th, on the glaces of Fort Malden; and on the very ground rendered famous by bloody conflicts maintained during the last and former wars by the British, French, Canadians, Americans, and Indians, a vast concourse of these several people were now met in amity to enjoy the sports. The Indians stood somewhat aloof from the crowd, and did not seem much inspired by the equestrian exploits; but the French and Yankees joined zealously in the amusements. Among the "Red Skins," I noted not a few erect and actively-made fellows, painted, feathered, and tinselled, and looking as proud as peacocks. In the evening I met one of the objects of my admiration staggering homeward from the race-course, uproariously drunk! Where was now the proud gait and dignified reserve of the descendant of Tecumseh? Where, indeed! A drunken Indian is in my eyes almost as loathsome a sight as a drunken woman; and of the disgust with which the spectacle impresses me, not a little may be placed to the account of the civilized Briton who first taught the "noble savage" the brutalizing use of the fire-water. I will hereupon give the United States Government, in two words, a hint for their conduct of the Florida war. Let them lay whiskey on the "war-path" of their Indian foes—a more potent agent than less "villainous saltpetre," or the West Indian bloodhound, proposed to be employed against them. Poisoning wells would, to be sure, be hardly a more unrighteous mode of warfare—but what feature of this most unwarrantable, and hitherto unsuccessful conflict, is otherwise than unrighteous?

The sport most novel to me at the Malden races was a trotting match on horseback, a la Yankee—three horses, and heats of three miles—merciless work, ridiculous and ungraceful as a spectacle, and destructive of all the romance, if there be any, of horsemanship. The English regulation of backing the wheels in harness, and turning the horse in riding, should the trot be broken, is not observed, nor, indeed, necessary, in this country; for an American trotter loses speed by galloping.

Amherstburgh is an excellent shooting quarter; snipe and wild-fowl are in swarms, woodcock and quail abundant—the latter the finest of the species I have ever seen; and wild turkeys and deer are to be had by a little labour. Among the officers of the 34th there are many keen sportsmen and good shots; and the destruction of game must be considerable. My best day's sport at this place amounted to fourteen braces and a half of quails, a couple of ducks, a woodcock, and, though last not least, as my shoulders can testify, a wild turkey. On the following day I got another of this noble kind of feathered game; and on each occasion was much favoured by luck, for I shot them both in fields of Indian corn—my charge an ounce of quail-shot—instead of hunting for them in the woods, to the abandonment of smaller game, and using ball or slugs, as is usually necessary. A very uncommon opportunity of killing, right and left, wild turkeys on the wing, was given to me on the second day; and had my second barrel been loaded with an Ely's cartridge, some of which I had with me, it is probable that, giving myself credit for ability to hit a haystack at thirty yards, the gigantic gobbler (the cock bird is so called by the natives) would, as in life, so in death, have been united with his feathered, and, I may add, fat and fair partner. The addition to my shooting-book of the wild turkey is so far satisfactory, that I believe I may now boast of having bagged, in their natural state, and in their native clime and covert, each kind of the "feathered tribes domestic," that strut or flutter in the English farm-yard—from the royal peacock, now seldom seen on festive board, to the diminutive and pie-frequenting pigeon.

The country and soil around Amherstburgh are such as to please the eye of the tourist, the sportsman, and the settler. The banks of the river are picturesque, game is most abundant, the land extremely rich, the crops plentiful,

and the timber, among which I must beg to include the *makogany* of the 34th-mess!—unexceptionable.

On the 24th October, at eight P. M., precisely, withdrawing my legs from under the above-named hospitable board, I drained a glass of Pickwick's favourite liquor, (need I particularize "cold punch?") to the health of that gallant regiment, at whose mess I was not suffered to feel, like the worthy philosopher above mentioned, when in the pound, that I "hadn't got no friends," and was rowed, in the dark, by the garrison crew, alongside the Buffalo steamer, up whose lofty side I was hauled, hand over hand, by the passengers, as she backed her paddles, though still going six or eight knots, to pick me up.

And now, Mr. Editor, fearing that, in spite of diligent compression of my notes, I may have exceeded the modest bounds of a letter, I will hurry you over Lake Erie, through the town of Buffalo, where, however, I would willingly have shared with you the attentions I received from the American officers of the garrison, and once more set you down at the Falls of Niagara, in good season for the close of our travels; for the warm interregnum after the first frost of the year, called here the Indian summer, is passed, and dread winter is preparing to assert his dominion "o'er the conquered year."

The last incident that occurred to me in the States was not too agreeable to a British officer, indifferently zealous for the honour of his country and profession. In the hotel at Manchester, the American village of the Falls, I was waited upon in the morning, by a tall strapping porter, whom, even in the dark, I suspected of being a deserter; but when the same fellow appeared in broad daylight, to wheel my baggage to the ferry, I at once remembered both his person and his name. When his office was ended he held out his hand for reward, upon which I gave him an English shilling, telling him, before two American fellow-travellers, that I was aware that it was not the first time he had taken the shilling, and that he ought to be ashamed to look his Queen in the face. The perjured scoundrel was one of the best men in the regiment. I learned that he swam the ferry with his clothes bundled on his head, but midway was obliged to abandon them, landing stark naked on the opposite bank, only saved by his great strength and good swimming.

I need hardly remark, in conclusion, that the tour I have just performed, though embracing considerable distance in space, and leading the stranger into very wild and singular regions, is most facile in accomplishment. He who merely wished for change of place might book himself at Buffalo, like a parcel, and could he sleep the whole passage, would assuredly be safely delivered at Chicago. But should he by chance prefer keeping his eye open to what is happening around him in his voyage through the half-civilized countries of the Far West, let me adjure him to sink all squeamishness, blunt his sensibilities, and not look for refinement where it will hardly be met with during this century. The helpless traveller, accustomed to European attendance on his wants, must learn to do without assistance; and, as for civility, one would suppose that it was considered beneath the practice of a free people; and, in truth, I begin to suspect that this virtue must consist in a kind of practical admission of inferiority—for on this continent one does not find it in the American Republican, in whose idea all men are equal; nor in the Red Indian, who is Nature's nobleman; one does find it among the French Canadians, who are a conquered people; one does find it in the coloured population, whose position in this country is a false and humiliating one. A most serious drawback to American travelling in present times is the insecurity of the paper currency. One never feels sure that the heap of notes in one's pocket is not mere waste paper. I have often watched with amusement the blank looks of the profferer of a five or ten dollar provincial note,

when, running down the columns of the usual check-sheet, the receiver pronounced the unwelcome verdict, "Snooksville Bank—twenty per cent. discount;" or, "Big-Muddy-Bloody-River Bank—no sale, sir!" Oh! these American names! they are enough to drive the Naiads and Dryads shrieking from the woods and floods of this western world!

The tourist in America, in search of the picturesque, as in any other new country, will of course find a vacuum, which in the old world is supplied by what may be styled the romance of travel—namely, the ivy-clad ruin, the storied tomb, the feudal legend; yet, in my opinion, the deficit of these and other accessories is amply made up by the total absence of that prime pest of the traveller, the road-side or coach-side beggar. When I recall to mind the vociferous and insolent demand of the ash-covered and squalid Fakir; the flattering and whining petition of the French *peuvre miserable*; the "clamorous importunity in rags" of the poor Irish mendicant, I cannot withhold my humble meed of admiration from the excellent institutions of that nation, which, by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and housing the roofless, provides not only for her own pauper population, but for the penniless vagrants of other and older countries.

The new Governor-General of the Canadas, manifested becoming alacrity in paying his devoirs to the King of Cataracts. Snatching a few hours from state affairs, he came over here and returned to Toronto the same day. We, however, as in duty bound, took especial care not to allow His Excellency a single moment of that external quietude so requisite for the perfect enjoyment of a first view of the Falls. His approach was watched by mounted videttes, hinted at by bugles, announced by the banging of big guns, and confirmed by the thumping of big drums, presenting of arms, prostration of standards, and bowing of officials! The Governor looks like a man of taste, and must have been heartily bored.

But this last word reminds me, Mr. Editor, that yourself may not be gimlet-proof—so, prudently confining myself to one more dip of the pen, I hasten to sound the "cease firing," and subscribe myself,

Your obedient servant,

BUELLE.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

CHAPTER XV.

Often, while they were yet pacing the silent streets of the town on the morning of their departure, the child trembled with a mingled sensation of hope and fear as in some far off figure imperfectly seen in the clear distance, her fancy traced a likeness to honest Kit. But although she would gladly have given him her hand and thanked him for what he had said at their last meeting, it was always a relief to find, when they came nearer to each other, that the person who approached was not he, but a stranger; for even if she had not dreaded the effect which the sight of him might have wrought upon her fellow-traveller, she felt that to bid farewell to any body now, and most of all to him who had been so faithful and so true, was more than she could bear. It was enough to leave the dumb things behind, and objects that were inseparable both to her love and sorrow. To have passed from her

only other friend upon the threshold of that wild journey, would have wrung her heart indeed.

Why is it that we can better bear to part in spirit than in body, and while we have the fortitude to act farewell have not the nerve to say it? On the eve of long voyages or an absence of many years, friends who are tenderly attached will separate with the usual look, the usual pressure of the hand, planning one final interview for the morrow, while each well knows that it is but a poor feint to save the pain of uttering that one word, and that the meeting will never be. Should possibilities be worse to bear than certainties? We do not shun our dying friends; the not having distinctly taken leave of one among them, whom we left in all kindness and affection, will often embitter the whole remainder of a life.

The town was glad with morning light; places that had been shown ugly and distrustful all night long, now wore a smile; and sparkling sunbeams danced on chamber windows, and twinkling through blind and curtain before sleepers' eyes, shed light even into dreams, and chased away the shadows of the night. Birds in hot rooms, covered up close and dark, felt it was morning, and chafed and grew restless in their little cells; bright-eyed mice crept back to their tiny homes and nestled timidly together; the sleek house-cat, forgetful of her prey, sat winking at the rays of sun starting through keyhole and cranny in the door, and longed for her stealthy run and warm sleek back outside. The nobler beasts confined in dens stood motionless behind their bars, and gazed on fluttering boughs and sunshine peeping through some little window, with eyes in which old forests gleamed—then trod impatiently the track their prisoned feet had worn—and stopped and gazed again. Men in their dungeons stretched their cramped cold limbs and curst the stone that no bright sky could warm. The flowers that sleep by night opened their gentle eyes and turned them to the day. The light, creation's mind, was every where, and all things owned its power.

The two pilgrims, often pressing each other's hands, or exchanging a smile or cheerful look, pursued their way in silence. Bright and happy as it was, there was something solemn in the long, deserted streets, from which like bodies without souls all habitual character and expression had departed, leaving but one dead uniform repose, that made them all alike. All was so still at that early hour, that the few pale people whom they met seemed as much unsuited to the scene, as the sickly lamp which had been here and there left burning was powerless and faint in the full glory of the sun.

Before they had penetrated very far into the labyrinth of men's abodes which yet lay between them and the outskirts, this aspect began to melt away, and noise and bustle to usurp its place. Some straggling carts and coaches rumbling by, first broke the charm, then others came, then others yet more active, then a crowd. The wonder was at first to see a tradesman's window open, but it was a rare thing soon to see one closed; then smoke rose slowly from the chimneys, and sashes were thrown up to let in air, and doors were opened, and servant girls, looking lazily in all directions but their brooms, scattered brown clouds of dust into the eyes of the shrinking passengers, or listened disconsolately to milkmen who spoke of country fairs, and told of wagons in the mews, with awnings and all things complete, and gallant awnings to boot, which another hour would see upon their journey.

This quarter passed, they came upon the haunts of commerce and great traffic, where many people were resorting, and business was already rife. The old man looked about him with a startled and bewildered gaze, for these were places that he hoped to shun. He pressed his finger on his lip, and drew the child along by narrow courts and winding ways, nor did he seem at ease until they had left it far

behind, often casting a backward look towards it, murmuring that ruin and self-murder were crouching in every street, and would follow if they scented them; and that they could not fly too fast.

Again this quarter passed, they came upon a straggling neighbourhood, where the mean houses parcelled off in rooms, and windows patched with rags and paper, told of the populous poverty that sheltered there. The shops sold goods that only poverty could buy, and sellers and buyers were pinched and griped alike. Here were poor streets where faded gentility essayed with scanty space and shipwrecked means to make its last feeble stand; but tax-gather and creditor came there as elsewhere, and the poverty that yet faintly struggled was hardly less squalid and manifest than that which had long ago submitted and given up the game.

This was a wide, wide track—for the humble followers of the camp of wealth pitch their tents round about it for many a mile—but its character was still the same. Damp rotten houses, many to let, many yet building, many half built and mouldering away—lodgings, where it would be hard to tell which needed pity most, those who let or those who came to take—children, scantily fed and clothed, spread over every street and sprawling in the dust—scolding mothers, stamping their slipshod feet with noisy threats upon the pavement—shabby fathers, hurrying with dispirited looks to the occupation which brought them “daily bread” and little more—mangling-women, washer-women, cobblers, tailors, chandlers, driving their trades in parlours and kitchens and back rooms and garrets, and sometimes all of them under the same roof—brick-fields, skirting gardens paled with staves of old casks, or timber pillaged from houses burnt down and blackened and blistered by the flames—mounds of dock-wood, nettles, coarse grass and oyster-shells, heaped in rank confusion—small dissenting chapels to teach, with no lack of illustration, the miseries of earth, and plenty of new churches, erected with a little superfluous wealth, to show the way to heaven.

At length these streets, becoming more straggling yet, dwindled and dwindled away until there were only small garden patches bordering the road, with many a summer-house innocent of paint, and built of old timber, or some fragments of a boat, green as the tough cabbage-stalks that grew about it, and grottoed at the seams with toad-stools and tight-sticking snails. To these succeeded pert cottages, two and two, with plots of ground in front, laid out in angular beds with stiff box borders and narrow paths between, where footstep never strayed to make the gravel rough. Then came the public house freshly painted in green and white, with tea-gardens and a bowling-green, spurning its old neighbour with the horse-trough where the wagons stopped; then fields; and then some houses, one by one, of goodly size with lawns, some even with a lodge where dwelt a porter and his wife. Then came a turnpike; then fields again with trees and hay-stacks; then a hill; and on the top of that the traveller might stop, and—looking back at old Saint Paul’s looming through the smoke, its cross peeping above the cloud (if the day were clear) and glittering in the sun; and casting his eyes upon the Babel out of which it grew until he traced it down to the furthest outposts of the invading army of bricks and mortar, whose station lay for the present nearly at his feet—might feel at last that he was clear of London.

—such a spot as this, and in a pleasant field, the old his little guide (if guide she were, who knew not they were bound) sat down to rest. She had had notion to furnish her basket with some slices of meat, and here they made their frugal break.

—freshness of the day, the singing of the birds, the rustling of the waving grass, the deep green leaves, the red flowers, and the thousand exquisite scents and sounds

that floated in the air,—deep joys to most of us, but most of all to those whose life is in a crowd, or who live solitary in great cities as in the bucket of a human well,—sank into their breasts and made them very glad. The child had repeated her artless prayers once that morning, more earnestly perhaps than she had ever done in all her life, but as she felt all this, they rose to her lips again. The old man took off his hat—he had no memory for the word—but he said amen, and they were very good.

There had been an old copy of the Pilgrim’s Progress, with strange plates, upon a shelf at home, over which she had often pored whole evenings, wondering whether it was true in every word, and where those distant countries, with the curious names, might be. As she looked back upon the place they had left, one part of it came strongly on her mind.

“Dear grandfather,” she said, “only that this place is prettier and a great deal better than the real one, if that in the book is like it, I feel—as if we were both Christian, and laid down on this grass all the cares and troubles we brought with us; never to take them up again.”

“No—never to return—never to return,” replied the old man, waving his hand towards the city. “Thou and I are free of it now, Nell. They shall never love us back.”

“Are you tired?” said the child, “are you sure you don’t feel ill from this long walk?”

“I shall never feel ill again, now that we are once away,” was his reply. “Let us be stirring, Nell. We must be further away—a long, long way further. We are too near to stop, and be at rest. Come!”

There was a pool of clear water in the field, in which the child laved her hands and face, and cooled her feet before setting forth to walk again. She would have the old man refresh himself in this way too, and making him sit down upon the grass, cast the water on him with her hands, and dried it with her simple dress.

“I can do nothing for myself, my darling,” said the grandfather. “I don’t know how it is I could once, but the time’s gone. Do not leave me, Nell, say that thou’st not leave me. I loved thee all the while, indeed I did. If I lose thee too, my dear, I must die!”

He laid his head upon her shoulder, and moaned pitifully. The time had been, and a very few days before, when the child could not have restrained her tears, and must have wept with him. But now she soothed him with gentle and tender words, smiled at his thinking they could ever part, and rallied him cheerfully upon the jest. He was soon calmed and fell asleep, singing to himself in a low voice, like a little child.

He awoke refreshed, and they continued their journey. The road was pleasant, lying between beautiful pastures and fields of corn, above which, poised high in the clear blue sky the lark trilled out her happy song. The air came laden with the fragrance it caught upon its way, and the bees, upborne upon its scented breath, hummed forth their drowsy satisfaction as they floated by.

They were now in the open country; the houses were very few, and scattered at long intervals, often miles apart. Occasionally they came upon a cluster of poor cottages, some with a chair or low board put across the open door to keep the scrambling children from the road, others shut up close while all the family were working in the fields. These were often the commencement of a little village; and after an interval came a wheelwright’s shed, or perhaps a blacksmith’s forge; then a thriving farm, with sleepy cows lying about the yard, and horses peering over the low wall and scampering away when harnessed horses passed upon the road, as though in triumph at their freedom. There were dull pigs, too, turning up the ground in search of dainty food, and grunting their monotonous grumblings as they prowled about, or crossed each other in their quest; plump pigeons skimming round the roof or strutting

on the caves; and ducks and geese, far more graceful in their conceit, waddling awkwardly about the edges of the pond or sailing glibly on its surface. The farm-yard passed, then came the little inn; the humbler beer-shop; and the village tradesman's; then the lawyer's, and the parson's, at whose dread names the beer-shop trembled; the church then peeped out modestly from a clump of trees; then there were a few more cottages; then the cage, and pound, and not unfrequently, on a bank by the way-side, a deep old dusty well. Then came the trimmed fields on either hand, and the open roads again.

They walked all day, and slept that night at a small cottage where beds were let to travellers. Next morning they were afoot again, and though jaded at first, and very tired, recovered before long and proceeded briskly forward.

They often stopped to rest, but only for a short space at a time, and still kept on, having had but slight refreshment since the morning. It was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon, when, drawing near another cluster of labourers' huts, the child looked wistfully in each, doubtful at which to ask for permission to rest awhile, and buy a draught of milk.

It was not easy to determine, for she was timid and fearful of being repulsed. Here was a crying child, and there a noisy wife. In this, the people seemed too poor; in that too many. At length she stopped at one where the family were seated round a table—chiefly because there was an old man sitting in a cushioned chair beside the hearth, and she thought he was a grandfather and would feel for her.

There were besides, the cottager and his wife, and three young sturdy children, brown as berries. The request was no sooner preferred, than granted. The eldest boy ran to fetch some milk; the second dragged two stools toward the door, and the youngest crept to his mother's gown, and looked at the strangers from beneath his sun-burnt hand.

"God save you, master," said the old cottager, in a thin piping voice, "are you travelling far?"

"Yes, sir, a long way," replied the child; for her grandfather appealed to her.

"From London?" inquired the old man.

The child said yes.

Ah! he had been in London many a time—used to go there often, once, with wagons. It was nigh two-and-thirty year since he had been there last, and he did hear say there were great changes. Like enough! He had changed, himself, since then. Two-and-thirty year was a long time, and eighty-four a great age, though there was some he had known that had lived to very hard upon a hundred—and not so hearty as he, neither—no, nothing like it.

"Sit thee down, master, in the elbow-chair," said the old man, knocking his stick upon the brick floor, and trying to do so, sharply. "Take a pinch out o' that box; I don't take much myself, for it comes dear, but I find it wakes me up sometim's, and yet ye're but a boy to me. I should have a son pretty nigh as old as you if he'd lived, but they listed him for a soldier—he come back home, though, for all he had bot one poor leg. He always said he'd be buried near the sun-dial he used to climb upon when he was a baby, did my poor boy, and his words come true—you can see the place with your own eyes; we've kept the turf up, ever since."

He shook his head, and looking at his daughter with watery eyes, said she needn't be afraid that he was going to talk about that any more. He didn't wish to trouble no body, and if he had troubled any body by what he said, he asked pardon, that was all.

The milk arrived, and the child producing her little basket, and selecting its best fragments for her grandfather,

they made a hearty meal. The furniture of the room was very homely, of course—a few rough chairs and a table, a corner cupboard with their little stock of crockery and delf, a gaudy tea-tray, representing a lady in bright red, walking out with a very blue parasol, a few common coloured scripture subjects in frames upon the wall and chimney, an old dwarf clothes-press and an eight-day clock, with a few bright saucepans and a kettle comprised the whole. But every thing was clean and neat, and as the child glanced round, she felt a tranquil air of comfort and content to which she had long been unaccustomed.

"How far is it to any town or village?" she asked of the husband.

"A matter of good five miles, my dear," was the reply; "but you're not going on to-night?"

"Yes, yes, Nell," said the old man hastily, urging her too by signs. "Further on, further on, darling, further away if we walk till midnight."

"There's a good barn hard by, master," said the man, "or there's traveller's lodgings, I know, at the Plow an Harrier. Excuse me, but you do seem a little tired, and unless you're very anxious to get on—"

"Yes, yes, we are," returned the old man fretfully. "Further away, dear Nell, pray further away."

"We must go on, indeed," said the child, yielding to his restless wish. "We thank you very much, but we cannot stop so soon. I'm quite ready, grandfather."

But the woman had observed from the young wanderer's gait, that one of her little feet was blistered and sore, and being a woman and a mother too, she would not suffer her to go until she had washed the place and applied some simple remedy, which she did so carefully, and with such a gentle hand—though-grained and hard though it was with work—that the child's heart was too full to admit of her saying more than a fervent "God bless you!" nor could she look back nor trust herself to speak until they had left the cottage some distance behind. When she turned her head she saw that the whole family, even the old grandfather, were standing in the road watching them as they went; and so, with many waves of the hand, and cheering nods, and on one side at least not without tears, they parted company.

They trudged forward, more slowly and painfully than they had done yet, for another mile or thereabouts, when they heard the sound of wheels behind them, and looking round, observed an empty cart approaching pretty briskly. The driver on coming up to them stopped his horse and looked earnestly at Nell.

"Didn't you stop to rest at a cottage yonder," he said.

"Yes, sir," replied the child.

"Ah! they asked me to look out for you," said the man. "I'm going your way. Give me your hand—jump up, master."

This was a great relief, for they were very much fatigued and could scarcely crawl along. To them the jolting cart was a luxurious carriage, and the ride the most delicious in the world. Nell had scarcely settled herself on a little heap of straw in one corner, when she fell asleep for the first time that day.

She was awakened by the stopping of the cart, which was about to turn up a by-lane. The driver kindly got down to help her out, and pointing to some trees at a very short distance before them, said that the town lay there, and that they had better take the path which they would see, leading through the churchyard. Accordingly, towards this spot they directed their weary steps.

CHAPTER XVI.

The sun was setting when they reached the wicket-gate at which the path began, and, as the rain falls upon the

just and unjust alike, it shed its warm tint even upon the resting places of the dead, and bade them be of good hope for its rising on the morrow. The church was old and gray, with ivy clinging to the walls and round the porch. Shunning the tombs, it crept about the mounds, beneath which slept poor humble men, twining for them the first wreaths they had ever won, but wreaths less liable to wither and far more lasting in their kind, than some which were graven deep in stone and marble, and told in pompous terms of virtues meekly hidden for many a year, and only revealed at last to executors and mourning legates.

The clergyman's horse, stumbling with a dull blunt sound among the graves, was cropping the grass; at once deriving orthodox consolation from the dead parishioners, and enforcing last Sunday's text, that this was what all flesh came to; a lean ass, who had sought to expound it also, without being qualified and ordained, was pricking his ears in an empty pound hard by, and looking with hungry eyes upon his priestly neighbour.

The old man and the child quitted the gravel path and strayed among the tombs; for there the ground was soft, and easy to their feet. As they passed behind the church, tired, they heard voices near at hand, and presently came on those who had spoken.

They were two men who were seated in easy attitudes upon the grass, and so busily engaged as to be at first unconscious of intruders. It was not difficult to divine that they were of a class of itinerant showmen—exhibitors of the freaks of Punch—for, perched cross-legged upon a tombstone behind them, was the figure of that hero himself, his nose and chin as hooked, and his face as beaming as usual. Perhaps his imperturbable character was never more strikingly developed, for he preserved his usual equable smile, notwithstanding that his body was dangling in a most uncomfortable position, all loose, and limp, and shapeless, while his long peaked cap, unequally balanced against his exceedingly slight legs, threatened every instant to bring him toppling down.

In part scattered upon the ground at the feet of the two men, and in part jumbled together in a long flat box, were the other persons of the drama. The hero's wife and one child, the hobby-horse, the doctor, the foreign gentleman who not being familiar with the language is unable in the representation to express his ideas otherwise than by the utterance of the word "Shallaballah" three distinct times, the radical neighbour who will by no means admit that a tin bell is an organ, the executioner, and the devil, were all here. Their owners had evidently come to that spot to make some needful repairs in the stage arrangements; for one of them was engaged in binding together a small gallows with thread, while the other was intent upon fixing a new black wig, with the aid of a small hammer and some tacks, upon the head of the radical neighbour, who had been beaten bald.

They raised their eyes when the old man and his young companion were close upon them, and pausing in their work, returned their looks of curiosity. One of them, the actual exhibitor no doubt, was a little merry-faced man, with a twinkling eye and a red nose, who seemed to have unconsciously imbibed something of his hero's character. The other—that was he who took the money—had rather a careful and cautious look, which was perhaps inseparable from his occupation also.

The merry man was the first to greet the strangers with a nod; and following the old man's eyes, he observed that perhaps that was the first time he had ever seen a Punch off the stage. (Punch, it may be remarked, seemed to be pointing with the tip of his cap to a most flourishing epitaph, and to be chuckling over it with all his heart.)

"Why do you come here to do this?" said the old man, sitting down beside them, and looking at the figures with extreme delight.

"Why, you see," rejoined the little man, "we're putting up for to-night at the public-house yonder, and it wouldn't do to let 'em see the present company undergoing repair."

"No!" cried the old man, making signs to Nell to listen, "why not, eh? why not?"

"Because it would destroy all the delusion, and take away all the interest, wouldn't it?" replied the little man. "Would you care a ha'penny for the Lord Chancellor if you know'd him in private and without his wig? certainly not."

"Good?" said the old man, venturing to touch one of the puppets, and drawing away his hand with a shrill laugh. "Are you going to show 'em to night? are you?"

"That is the intention, governor," replied the other; "and unless I'm much mistaken Tommy Codlin is calculating at this minute what we've lost through your coming upon us. Cheer up, Tommy, it can't be much."

The little man accompanied these latter words with a wink, expressive of the estimate he had formed of the traveller's finances.

To this Mr. Codlin, who had a surly grumbling manner, replied, as he twitched Punch off the tombstone and flung him into the box—

"I don't care if we haven't lost a farden but you're too free. If you stood in front of the curtain and see the public's faces as I do, you'd know human natur' better."

"Ah! it's been the spoiling of you, Tommy, your talking to that branch," rejoined his companion. "When you played the ghost in the reg'lar drama in the fairs, you believed in every thing—except ghosts. But now you're a universal mistruster. I never see a man so changed."

"Never mind," said Mr. Codlin, with the air of a discontented philosopher. "I know better now, and p'raps I'm sorry for it."

Turning over the figures in the box like one who knew and despised them, Mr. Codlin drew one forth and held it up for the inspection of his friend.

"Look here; here's all this Judy's clothes falling to pieces again. You haven't got a needle and thread, I suppose?"

The little man shook his head, and scratched it ruefully as he contemplated this severe indisposition of a principal performer. Seeing that they were at a loss, the child said timidly:

"I have a needle, sir, in my basket, and thread too. Will you let me try to mend it for you? I think I can do it neater than you could."

Even Mr. Codlin had nothing to urge against a proposal so seasonable. Nelly, kneeling down beside the box, was soon busily engaged in her task, and accomplished it to a miracle.

While she was thus engaged, the merry little man looked at her with an interest which did not appear to be diminished when he glanced at her helpless companion. When she had finished her work, he thanked her, and inquired whither they were travelling.

"No further to night, I think," said the child, looking towards her grandfather.

"If you're wanting a place to stop at," the man remarked, "I should advise you to take up at the same house with us. That's it—the long, low, white house there. It's very cheap."

The old man, notwithstanding his fatigue, would have remained in the churchyard all night if his new acquaintance had stayed there too. As he yielded to this suggestion a ready and rapturous assent, they all rose and walked away together; he keeping close to the box of puppets, in which he was quite absorbed, the merry little man carrying it slung over his arm by a strap attached to it for the purpose, Nelly having hold of her grandfather's hand, and Mr. Codlin sauntering slowly behind, casting up at the church tower and neighbouring trees such looks as he was

accustomed in town practice to direct to drawing-rooms and nursery windows, when seeking for a profitable spot on which to plant the show.

The public house was kept by a fat old landlord and landlady, who made no objection to receiving their new guests, but praised Nelly's beauty and were at once prepossessed in her behalf. There was no other company in the kitchen but the two showmen, and the child felt very thankful that they had fallen upon such good quarters. The landlady was very much astonished to learn that they had come all the way from London, and appeared to have no little curiosity touching their farther destination. The child parried her inquiries as well as she could, and with no great trouble, for finding that they appeared to give her pain, the old lady desisted.

"These two gentlemen have ordered supper in an hour's time," she said, taking her into the bar; "and your best plan will be to sup with them. Meantime you shall have a little taste of something that'll do you good, for I'm sure you must want it after all you've gone through to-day. Now, don't look after the old gentleman, because when you've drank that, he shall have some too."

As nothing could induce the child to leave him alone, however, or to touch any thing in which he was not the first and greatest sharer, the old lady was obliged to help him first. When they had been thus refreshed, the whole house hurried away into an empty stable where the show stood, and where, by the light of a few flaring candles stuck round a hoop which hung by a line from the ceiling, it was to be forthwith exhibited.

And now Mr. Thomas Codlin, the misanthrope, after blowing away at the Pan's pipes until he was intensely wretched, took his station on one side of the checked drapery which concealed the mover of the figures, and putting his hands in his pockets prepared to reply to all questions and remarks of Punch, and to make a dismal feint of being his most intimate private friend, of believing in him to the fullest and most unlimited extent, of knowing that he enjoyed day and night a merry and glorious existence in that temple, and that he was at all times and under every circumstance the same intelligent and joyful person that the spectators then beheld him. All this Mr. Codlin did with the air of a man who had made up his mind for the worst and was quite resigned; his eye slowly wandering about during the briefest repartee to observe the effect upon the audience, and particularly the impression made upon the landlord and landlady, which might be productive of very important results in connexion with the supper.

Upon this head, however, he had no cause for any anxiety, for the whole performance was applauded to the echo, and voluntary contributions were showered in with a liberality which testified yet more strongly to the general delight. Among the laughter none was more loud and frequent than the old man's. Nell's was unheard, for she, poor child, with her head drooping on his shoulder, had fallen asleep, and slept too soundly to be roused by any of his efforts to awaken her to a participation in his glee.

The supper was very good, but she was too tired to eat, and yet would not leave the old man until she had kissed him in his bed. He, happily insensible to every care and anxiety, sat listening with a vacant smile and admiring face to all that his new friends said; and it was not until they retired yawning to their room, that he followed the child upstairs.

It was but a loft partitioned into two compartments, where they were to rest, but they were well pleased with their lodgings and had hoped for none so good. The old man was uneasy when he had lain down, and begged that Nell would come and sit at his bedside as she had done for so many nights. She hastened to him, and sat there till he slept.

There was a little window, hardly more than a chink in

the wall, in her room, and when she left him, she opened it, quite wondering at the silence. The sight of the old church and the graves about it in the moonlight, and the dark trees whispering among themselves, made her more thoughtful than before. She closed the window again, and sitting down upon the bed, thought of the life that was before them.

She had a little money, but it was very little, and when that was gone, they must begin to beg. There was one piece of gold among it, and an emergency might come when its worth to them would be increased a hundred fold. It would be best to hide this coin, and never produce it unless their case was absolutely desperate, and no other resource was left them.

Her resolution taken, she sewed the piece of gold into her dress, and going to bed with a lighter heart, sunk into a deep slumber.

CHAPTER XVII.

Another bright day shining in through the small casement, and claiming fellowship with the kindred eyes of the child, awoke her. At sight of the strange room and its unaccustomed objects, she started up in alarm, wondering how she had been moved from the familiar chamber in which she seemed to have fallen asleep last night, and whither she had been conveyed. But another glance around called to her mind all that had lately passed, and she sprang from her bed, hoping and trustful.

It was yet early, and the old man being still asleep, she walked out into the churchyard, brushing the dew from the long grass with her feet, and often turning aside into places where it grew longer than in others, that she might not tread upon the graves. She felt a curious kind of pleasure in lingering among these houses of the dead, and read the inscriptions on the tombs of the good people (a great number of good people were buried there,) passing on from one to another with increasing interest.

It was a very quiet place, as such a place should be, save the cawing of the rooks who had built their nests among the branches of some tall old trees, and were calling to one another, high up in air. First one sleek bird, hovering near his ragged house as it swung and dangled in the wind, uttered his hoarse cry, quite by chance as it would seem, and in a sober tone, as though he were but talking to himself. Another answered, and he called again, but louder than before; then another spoke and then another; and each time the first, aggravated by contradiction, insisted on his case more strongly. Other voices, silent till now, struck in from boughs lower down and higher up and midway, and to the right and left, and from the tree-tops; and others, arriving hastily from the gray church turrets and old belfry window, joined the clamour which rose and fell, and swelled and dropped again, and still went on; and all this noisy contention amidst a skimming to and fro, and lighting on fresh branches and frequent change of place, which satirized the old restlessness of those who lay so still beneath the moss and turf below, and the useless strife in which they had worn away their lives.

Frequently raising her eyes to the trees whence these sounds came down, and feeling as though they made the place more quiet than perfect silence would have done, the child loitered from grave to grave, now stopping to replace with careful hands the bramble which had started from some green mound it helped to keep in shape, and now peeping through one of the low latticed windows into the church, with its worm-eaten books upon the desks, and baize of whitened-green mouldering from the pew sides and leaving the naked wood to view. There were the seats where the poor old people sat, worn, sparr

like themselves; the rugged font where children had their names, the homely altar where they had knelt down in after life, the plain black tressels that bore their weight on their last visit to the cool old shady church. Every thing told of long use and quiet slow decay; the very bell-rope in the porch was frayed into a fringe, and hoary with old age.

She was looking at a humble stone which told of a young man who had died at twenty-three years old, fifty-five years ago, when she heard a faltering step approaching, and looking round saw a feeble woman bent with the weight of years, who tottered to the foot of that same grave and asked her to read the writing on the stone. The old woman thanked her when she had done, saying that she had the words by heart for many a long, long year, but could not see them now.

"Were you his mother?" said the child.

"I was his wife, my dear."

She the wife of a young man of three-and-twenty! Ah, true! It was fifty-five years ago.

"You wonder to hear me say that," remarked the old woman, shaking her head. "You're not the first. Older folk than you have wondered at the same thing before now. Yes, I was his wife. Death doesn't change us more than life, my dear."

"Do you come here often?" asked the child.

"I sit here very often in the summer time," she answered; "I used to come here once to cry and mourn, but that was a weary while ago, bless God!"

"I pluck the daisies as they grow, and take them home," said the old woman after a short silence. "I like no flowers so well as these, and haven't for five-and-fifty years. It's a long time, and I'm getting very old!"

Then growing garrulous upon a theme which was new to one listener, though it were but a child, she told her how she had wept, and moaned, and prayed to die herself, when this happened; and how when she first came to that place, a young creature strong in love and grief, she had hoped that her heart was breaking as it seemed to be. But that time passed by, and although she continued to be sad when she came there, still she could bear to come, and so went on until it was pain no longer, but a solemn pleasure, and a duty she had learned to like. And now that five-and-fifty years were gone, she spoke of the dead man as if he had been her son or grandson, with a kind of pity for his youth, growing out of her own old age, and an exalting of his strength and manly beauty as compared with her own weakness and decay; and yet she spoke about him as her husband too, and thinking of herself in connexion with him, as she used to be and not as she was now, talking of their meeting in another world, as if he were dead but yesterday, and she, separated from her former self, were thinking of the happiness of that comely girl who seemed to have died with him.

The child left her gathering the flowers that grew upon the grave, and carefully retracted her steps.

The old man was by this time up and dressed. Mr. Codlin, still doomed to contemplate the harsh realities of existence, was packing among his linen the candle-ends which had been saved from the previous night's performance; while his companion received the compliments of all the loungers in the stable-yard, who, unable to separate him from the master-mind of Punch, set him down as next in importance to that merry outlaw, and loved him scarcely less. When he had sufficiently acknowledged his popularity, he came in to breakfast, at which meal they all sat down together.

"And where are you going to-day?" said the little man, addressing himself to Nell.

"Indeed, I hardly know,—we have not determined yet," replied the child.

"We're going on to the races," said the little man. "If

that's your way and you like to have us for company, let us travel together. If you prefer going alone, only say the word, and you'll find that we shan't trouble you."

"We'll go with you," said the old man. "Nell,—with them, with them."

The child considered for a moment, and reflecting that she must shortly beg, and could scarcely hope to do so at a better place than where crowds of rich ladies and gentlemen were assembled together for purposes of enjoyment and festivity, determined to accompany these men so far. She therefore thanked the little man for his offer, and said, glancing timidly towards his friend, that if there was no objection to their accompanying them as far as the race town—

"Objection!" said the little man. "Now be gracious for once, Tommy, and say that you'd rather they went with us. I know you would. Be gracious, Tommy."

"Trotters," said Mr. Codlin, who talked very slowly and ate very greedily, as is not uncommon with philosophers and misanthropes; "you're too free."

"Why, what harm can it do?" urged the other.

"No harm at all in this particular case, perhaps," replied Mr. Codlin; "but the principle's a dangerous one, and you're too free, I tell you."

"Well, are they to go with us or not?"

"Yes, they are," said Mr. Codlin; "but you might have made a favour of it, mightn't you?"

The real name of the little man was Harris, but it had gradually merged into the less euphonious one of Trotters, which, with the prefatory adjective, Short, had been conferred upon him by reason of the small size of his legs. Short Trotters, however, being a compound name, inconvenient of friendly dialogue, the gentleman on whom it had been bestowed, was known among his intimates either as "Short" or "Trotters," and was seldom accosted at full length as Short Trotters, except in formal conversations, and on occasions of ceremony.

Short, then, or Trotters, as the reader pleases, returned unto the remonstrance of his friend Mr. Thomas Codlin, a jocose answer calculated to turn aside his discontent; and applying himself with great relish to the cold boiled beef, the tea, and bread and butter, strongly impressed upon his companions that they should do the like. Mr. Codlin indeed required no such persuasion, as he had already eat as much as he could possibly carry, and was now moistening his clay with strong ale, whereof he took deep draughts with a silent relish, and invited nobody to partake,—thus again strongly indicating his misanthropical turn of mind.

Breakfast being at length over, Mr. Codlin called the bill and charging the ale to the company generally (a practice also savouring of misanthropy) divided the sum-total into two fair and equal parts, assigning one moiety to himself and friend, and the other to Nell and her grandfather. These being duly discharged and all things ready for their departure, they took farewell of the landlord and landlady, and resumed their journey.

And here Mr. Codlin's false position in society and the effect it wrought upon his wounded spirit, were strongly illustrated; for whereas he had been last night accosted by Mr. Punch as "master," and had by inference left the audience to understand that he maintained that individual for his own luxurious entertainment and delight, here he was, now, painfully walking beneath the burden of that same Punch's temple, and bearing it bodily upon his shoulders on a sultry day and along a dusty road. In place of enlivening his patron with a constant fire of wit or the cheerful rattle of his quarter-staff on the heads of his relations and acquaintances, here was that beaming Punch utterly devoid of spine, all slack and drooping in a dark box, with his legs doubled up round his neck, and not one of his social qualities remaining.

Mr. Codlin trudged heavily on, exchanging a word or two at intervals with Short, and stopping to rest and growl occasionally. Short led the way; with the flat box, the private luggage (which was not extensive) tied up in a bundle, and a brazen trumpet slung from his shoulder-blade. Nell and her grandfather walked next him on either hand, and Thomas Codlin brought up the rear.

When they came to any town or village, or even to a detached house of good appearance, Short blew a blast upon the brazen trumpet and carolled a fragment of a song in that hilarious tone common to Punches and their consorts. If people hurried to the windows, Mr. Codlin pitched the temple, and hastily unfurling the drapery and concealing Short therewith, flourished hystorically on the Pipes and performed an air. Then the entertainment began as soon as might be; Mr. Codlin having the responsibility of deciding on its length, and of protracting or expediting the time for the hero's final triumph over the enemy of mankind, according as he judged that the after-crop of half-pence would be plentiful or scant. When it had been gathered in to the last farthing, he resumed his load and on they went again.

Sometimes they played out the toll across a bridge or ferry, and once exhibited by particular desire at a turn-pike, where the collector, being drunk in his solitude, paid down a shilling to have it to himself. There was one small place of rich promise in which their hopes were blighted, for a favourite character in the play having gold-lace upon his coat and being a meddling and wooden-headed fellow, was held to be a libel on the beadle, for which reason the authorities enforced a quick retreat; but they were generally well received, and seldom left a town without a troop of ragged children shouting at their heels.

They made a long day's journey, despite these interruptions, and were yet upon the road when the moon was shining in the sky. Short beguiled the time with songs and jests, and made the best of every thing that happened. Mr. Codlin, on the other hand, cursed his fate, and all the hollow things of earth (but Punch especially,) and limped along with the theatre on his back, a prey to the bitterest chagrin.

They had stopped to rest beneath a finger-post where four roads met, and Mr. Codlin in his deep misanthropy had let down the drapery and seated himself in the bottom of the show, invisible to mortal eyes and disdainful of the company of his fellow-creatures, when two monstrous shadows were seen stalking towards them from a turning in the road by which they had come. The child was at first quite terrified by the sight of these gaunt giants—for such they looked as they advanced with lofty strides beneath the shadow of the trees—but Short, telling her there was nothing to fear, blew a blast upon the trumpet, which was answered by a cheerful shout.

"It's Grinder's lot, an't it?" cried Mr. Short in a loud key.

"Yes," replied a couple of shrill voices.

"Come on then," said Short. "Let's have a look at you. I thought it was you."

Thus invited, "Grinder's lot" approached with redoubled speed, and soon came up with the little party. Mr. Grinder's company, familiarly termed a lot, consisted of a young gentleman and a young lady on stilts, and Mr. Grinder himself, who used his natural legs for pedestrian purposes, and carried at his back a drum. The public costume of the young people was of Highland kind, but the night being damp and cold, the young gentleman wore over his kilt a man's pea jacket reaching to his ankles, and a glazed hat; the young lady too was muffled in an old cloth pelisse, and had a handkerchief tied about her head. Their Scotch bonnets, ornamented with plumes of jet black feathers, Mr. Grinder carried on his instrument.

"Bound for the races, I see," said Mr. Grinder, coming

up out of breath. "So are we. How are you, Short?" With that they shook hands in a very friendly manner. The young people being too high up for the ordinary salutations, saluted Short after their own fashion. The young gentleman twisted up his right stilt and patted him on the shoulder, and the young lady rattled her tambourine.

"Practice?" said Short, pointing to the stilts.

"No," returned Grinder. "It comes either to walkin' in 'em or carryin' of 'em, and they like walkin' in 'em best. It's very pleasant for the prospects. Which road are you takin'? We go the nighest."

"Why, the fact is," said Short, "that we were going the longest way, because then we could stop for the night, a mile and a half on. But three or four mile gained to-night, is so many saved to-morrow, and if you keep on, I think our best way is to do the same."

"Where's your partner?" inquired Grinder.

"Here he is," cried Mr. Thomas Codlin, presenting his head and face in the proscenium of the stage, and exhibiting an expression of countenance not often seen there; "and he'll see his partner boiled alive before he'll go on to-night. That's what he says."

"Well, don't say such things as them, in a spear which is dewoted to something pleasanter," urged Short. "Respect associations, Tommy, even if you do cut up rough."

"Rough or smooth," said Mr. Codlin, beating his hand on the little foot-board, where Punch, when suddenly struck with the symmetry of his legs and their capacity for silk stockings, is accustomed to exhibit them to popular admiration, "rough or smooth, I won't go further than the mile and a half to-night. I put up at the Jolly Sandboys and nowhere else. If you like to come there, come there. If you like to go on by yourself, go on by yourself, and do without me if you can."

So saying, Mr. Codlin disappeared from the scene and immediately presenting himself outside the theatre, took it on his shoulders at a jerk, and made off with most remarkable agility.

Any further controversy being now out of the question, Short was fain to part with Mr. Grinder and his pupils, and to follow his morose companion. After lingering at the finger-post for a few minutes to see the stilts frisking away in the moonlight, and the bearer of the drum toiling slowly after them, he blew a few notes upon the trumpet as a parting salute, and hastened with all speed to follow Mr. Codlin. With this view he gave his unoccupied hand to Nell, and bidding her be of good cheer as they would soon be at the end of their journey for that night, and stimulating the old man with a similar assurance, led them at a pretty swift pace towards their destination, which he was the less unwilling to make for, as the moon was now overcast, and the clouds were threatening rain.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Jolly Sandboys was a small road-side inn of pretty ancient date, with a sign, representing three Sandboys increasing their jollity with as many jugs of ale and bags of gold, creaking and swinging on its post on the opposite side of the road. As the travellers had observed that day many indications of their drawing nearer and nearer to the race town, such as gipsy camps, carts laden with gambling booths and their appurtenances, itinerant showmen of various kinds, and beggars and trampers of every degree, all wending their way in the same direction, Mr. Codlin was fearful of finding the accommodations forestalled; this fear increasing as he diminished the distance between himself and the hostelry, he quickened his pace, and notwithstanding the burden he had to carry, maintained a round trot until he reached the threshold. Here he had the gratification of finding that his fears were with-

out foundation, for the landlord was leaning against the door-post, looking lazily at the rain, which had by this time began to descend heavily, and no tinkling of cracked bell, nor boisterous shout, nor noisy chorus, gave note of company within.

"All alone?" said Mr. Codlin, putting down his burden and wiping his forehead.

"All alone as yet," rejoined the landlord, glancing at the sky, "but we shall have more company to-night, I expect. Here, one of you boys, carry that show into the barn. Make haste in out of the wet, Tom; when it came on to rain I told 'em to make the fire up, and there's a glorious blaze in the kitchen, I can tell you."

Mr. Codlin followed with a willing mind, and soon found that the landlord had not commended his preparations without good reason. A mighty fire was blazing on the hearth, and roaring up the wide chimney with a cheerful sound, which a large iron cauldron, bubbling and simmering in the heat, lent its pleasant aid to swell. There was a deep red ruddy blush upon the room, and when the landlord stirred the fire, sending the flames skipping and leaping up—when he took off the lid of the iron pot and there rushed out a savoury smell, while the bubbling sound grew deeper and more rich, and an unctuous steam came floating out, hanging in a delicious mist above their heads—when he did this, Mr. Codlin's heart was touched. He sat down in the chimney-corner and smiled.

Mr. Codlin sat smiling in the chimney-corner, eyeing the landlord as with a roguish look he held the cover in his hand, and, feigning that his doing so was needful to the welfare of the cookery, suffered the delightful steam to tickle the nostrils of his guest. The glow of the fire was upon the landlord's bald head, and upon his twinkling eye, and upon his watering mouth, and upon his pimpled face, and upon his round fat figure. Mr. Codlin drew his sleeve across his lips, and said in a murmuring voice, "what is it?"

"It's a stew of tripe," said the landlord, smacking his lips, "and cow-heel," smacking them again, and "bacon," smacking them once more, "and steak," smacking them for the fourth time, "and pease, cauliflowers, new potatoes, and sparrow-grass, all working up together in one delicious gravy." Having come to the climax, he smacked his lips a great many times, and taking a long hearty sniff of the fragrance that was hovering about, put on the cover again with the air of one whose toils on earth were over.

"At what time will it be ready?" asked Mr. Codlin faintly.

"It 'ill be done to a turn," said the landlord looking up at the clock—and the very clock had a colour in its fat white face and looked a clock for jolly Sandboys to consult,—it 'ill be done to a turn at twenty-two minutes before eleven."

"Then," said Mr. Codlin, "fetch me a pint of warm ale, and don't let any body bring into the room so much as a biscuit till the time arrives."

Nodding his approval of this decisive and manly course of procedure, the landlord retired to draw the beer, and presently returning with it, applied himself to warm the same in a small tin vessel shaped funnel-wise, for the convenience of sticking it far down in the fire and getting it at the bright places. This was soon done, and he handed it over to Mr. Codlin with that creamy froth upon the surface which is one of the happy circumstances attendant upon mulled malt!

Greatly softened by this soothing beverage, Mr. Codlin now bethought him of his companions, and acquainted mine host of the Sandboys that their arrival might be shortly looked for. The rain was rattling against the windows and pouring down in torrents, and such was Mr. Codlin's extreme amiability of mind, that he more

than once expressed his earnest hope that they would not be so foolish as to get wet.

At length they arrived, drenched with the rain, and presenting a most miserable appearance, notwithstanding that Short had sheltered the child as well as he could under the skirts of his own coat, and they were nearly breathless from the haste they had made. But their steps were no sooner heard upon the road, than the landlord, who had been at the outer door anxiously watching for their coming, rushed into the kitchen and took the cover off. The effect was electrical. They all came in with smiling faces though the wet was dripping from their clothes upon the floor, and Short's first remark was, "What a delicious smell!"

It is not very difficult to forget rain and mud by the side of a cheerful fire, and in a bright room. They were furnished with slippers and such dry garments as the house or their own bundles afforded, and ensconcing themselves, as Mr. Codlin had already done, in the warm chimney-corner, soon forgot their late troubles or only remembered them as enhancing the delights of the present time. Overpowered by the warmth and comfort and the fatigue they had undergone, Nelly and the old man had not long taken their seats here, when they fell asleep.

"Who are they?" whispered the landlord.

Short shook his head, and wished he knew himself.

"Don't you know?" asked the host, turning to Mr. Codlin.

"Not I," he replied. "They're no good, I suppose."

"They're no harm," said Short. "Depend upon that. I tell you what—it's plain that the old man ain't in his right mind—"

"If you haven't got any thing newer than that to say," growled Mr. Codlin, glancing at the clock, "you'd better let us fix our minds upon the supper, and not disturb us."

"Hear me out, won't you?" retorted his friend. "It's very plain to me, besides, that they're not used to this way of life. Don't tell me that that handsome child has been in the habit of prowling about as she's done these last two or three days. I know better."

"Well, who *does* tell you she has?" growled Mr. Codlin, again glancing at the clock and from it to the cauldron, "can't you think of any thing more suitable to present circumstances than saying things and then contradicting 'em?"

"I wish somebody would give you your supper," returned Short, "for there'll be no peace till you've got it. Have you seen how anxious the old man is to get on—always wanting to be farther away—further away. Have you seen that?"

"Ah! what then?" muttered Thomas Codlin.

"This, then," said Short. "He has given his friends the slip. Mind what I say—he has given his friends the slip, and persuaded this delicate young creature all along of her fondness for him to be his guide and travelling companion—where to, he knows no more than the man in the moon. Now, I'm not a going to stand that."

"You're not a going to stand that!" cried Mr. Codlin, glancing at the clock again and pulling his hair with both hands, in a kind of frenzy, but whether occasioned by his companion's observation, or the tardy pace of Time, it was difficult to determine. "Here's a world to live in!"

"I," repeated Short emphatically and slowly, "am not a going to stand it. I am not a going to see this fair young child a falling into bad hands, and getting among people that she's no more fit for, than they are to get among angels as their ordinary chums. Therefore when they develop an intention of parting company from us, I shall take measures for detaining of 'em, and restoring 'em to their friends, who I dare say have had their disconsolation pasted up on every wall in London by this time."

"Short," said Mr. Codlin, who with his head upon his

hands and his elbows on his knees had been shaking himself impatiently from side to side on to this point, and occasionally stamping on the ground, but who now looked up with eager eyes; "it's possible that there may be uncommon good sense in what you've said. If there is, and there should be a reward, Short, remember that we're partners in every thing!"

His companion had only time to nod a brief assent to this position, for the child awoke at the instant. They had drawn close together during the previous whispering, and now hastily separated and were rather awkwardly endeavouring to exchange some casual remarks in their usual tone, when strange footsteps were heard without, and fresh company entered.

These were no other than four very dismal dogs, who came pattering in one after the other, headed by an old bandy dog of particularly mournful aspect, who, stopping when the last of his followers had got as far as the door, erected himself upon his hind legs and looked round at his companions, who immediately stood upon their hind legs, in a grave and melancholy row. Nor was this the only remarkable circumstance about these dogs, for each of them wore a kind of little coat of some gaudy colour trimmed with tarnished spangles, and one of them had a cap upon his head, tied very carefully under his chin, which had fallen down upon his nose and completely obscured one eye; add to this, that the gaudy coats were all wet through and discoloured with rain, and that the wearers were splashed and dirty, and some idea may be formed of the unusual appearance of these new visitors to the Jolly Sandboys.

Neither Short, nor the landlord, nor Thomas Codlin, however, were the least surprised, merely remarking that these were Jerry's dogs, and that Jerry could not be far behind. So there the dogs stood, patiently winking and gaping, and looking extremely hard at the boiling pot, until Jerry himself appeared, when they all dropped down at once and walked about the room in their natural manner. This posture it must be confessed did not much improve their appearance, as their own personal tails and their coat tails—both capital things in their way—did not agree together.

Jerry, the manager of these dancing dogs, was a tall black-whiskered man in a velvet coat, who seemed well known to the landlord and his guests, and accosted them with great cordiality. Disencumbering himself of a barrel-organ which he placed upon a chair, and retaining in his hand a small whip wherewith to awe his company of comedians, he came up to the fire to dry himself, and entered into conversation.

"Your people don't usually travel in character, do they?" said Short, pointing to the dresses of the dogs. "It must come expensive if they do."

"No," replied Jerry, "no, it's not the custom with us. But we've been staying a little on the road to-day, and we come out with a new wardrobe at the races, so I didn't think it worth while to stop to undress. Down, Pedro!"

This was addressed to the dog with the cap on, who being a new member of the company, and not quite certain of his duty, kept his unobscured eye anxiously on his master, and was perpetually starting upon his hind legs when there was no occasion, and falling down again.

"I've got a animal here," said Jerry, putting his hand into the capacious pocket of his coat, and diving into one corner as if he were feeling for a small orange, or an apple, or some such article, "a animal here, wot I think you know something of, Short."

"Ah!" cried Short, "let's have a look at him."

"Here he is," said Jerry, producing a little terrier from his pocket. "He was once a Toby of ours, warn't he?"

In some versions of the great drama of Punch, there is

a small dog—a modern innovation—supposed to be the private property of that gentleman, whose name is always Toby. This Toby has been stolen in youth from another gentleman, and fraudulently sold to the confiding hero, who having no guile himself has no suspicion that it lurks in others; but Toby entertaining a grateful recollection of his old master and scorning to attach himself to any new patrons, not only refuses to smoke a pipe at the bidding of Punch, but to mark his old fidelity more strongly, seizes him by the nose and wrings the same with violence, at which instance of canine attachment the spectators are deeply affected. This was the character which the little terrier in question had once sustained; if there had been any doubt upon the subject he would speedily have resolved it by his conduct; for not only did he, on seeing Short, give the strongest tokens of recognition, but catching sight of the flat-box he barked so furiously at the pasteboard nose which he knew was inside, that his master was obliged to gather him up and put him into his pocket again, to the great relief of the whole company.

The landlord now busied himself in laying the cloth, in which process Mr. Codlin obligingly assisted by setting forth his own knife and fork in the most convenient place, and establishing himself behind them. When every thing was ready, the landlord took off the cover for the last time, and then, indeed, there burst forth such a goodly promise of supper, that if he had offered to put it on again, or had hinted at postponement, he would certainly have been sacrificed on his own hearth.

However, he did nothing of the kind, but instead thereof assisted a stout servant girl in turning the contents of the cauldron into a large tureen; a proceeding which the dogs, proof against various hot splashes which fell upon their noses, watched with terrible eagerness. At length the dish was lifted on the table and mugs of ale having been previously set round, little Nell ventured to say grace, and supper began.

At this juncture the poor dogs were standing on their hind legs quite surprisingly; the child, having pity on them, was about to cast some morsels of food to them before she tasted it herself, hungry though she was, when their master interposed.

"No, my dear, no, not an atom from any body's hand but mine, if you please. That dog," said Jerry, pointing out the old leader of the troop, and speaking in a terrible voice, "lost a halfpenny to-day. He goes without his supper."

The unfortunate creature dropped upon his fore-legs directly, wagged his tail, and looked imploringly at his master.

"You must be more careful, sir," said Jerry, walking coolly to the chair where he had placed the organ, and setting the stop. "Come here. Now, sir, you play away at that, while we have supper, and leave off if you dare."

The dog immediately began to grind most mournful music. His master having shown him the whip resumed his seat and called up the others, who, at his directions, formed in a row, standing upright as a file of soldiers.

"Now, gentlemen," said Jerry, looking at them attentively. "The dog whose name's called cats. The dogs whose names an't called, keep quiet. Carlo!"

The lucky individual whose name was called, snapped up the morsel thrown towards him, but none of the others moved a muscle. In this manner they were fed at the discretion of their master. Meanwhile the dog in disgrace ground hard at the organ, sometimes in quick time, sometimes in slow, but never leaving off for an instant. When the knives and forks rattled very much, or any of his fellows got an unusually large piece of fat, he accompanied the music with a short howl, but he immediately checked it on his master looking round, and applied himself with increased diligence to the Old Hundredth.

CHAPTER XIX.

Supper was not yet over, when there arrived at the Jolly Sandboys two more travellers bound for the same haven as the rest, who had been walking in the rain for some hours, and came in shining and heavy with water. One of these was the proprietor of a giant, and a little lady without legs or arms, who had jogged forward in a van; the other, a silent gentleman who earned his living by showing tricks upon the cards, and who had rather deranged the natural expression of his countenance by putting small leaden lozenges into his eyes and bringing them out at his mouth, which was one of his professional accomplishments. The name of the first of these newcomers was Vuffin; the other, probably as a pleasant satire upon his ugliness, was called Sweet William. To render them as comfortable as he could, the landlord bestirred himself nimbly, and in a very short time both gentlemen were perfectly at their ease.

"How's the giant?" said Short, when they all sat smoking round the fire.

"Rather weak upon his legs," returned Mr. Vuffin. "I begin to be afraid he's going at the knees."

"That's a bad look-out," said Short.

"Aye! Bad indeed," replied Mr. Vuffin, contemplating the fire with a sigh. "Once get a giant shaky on his legs, and the public care no more about him than they do for a dead cabbage stalk."

"What becomes of the old giants?" said Short, turning to him again after a little reflection.

"They're usually kept in caravans to wait upon the dwarfs," said Mr. Vuffin.

"The maintaining of 'em must come expensive, when they can't be shown, eh?" remarked Short, eyeing him doubtfully.

"It's better that, than letting 'em go upon the parish or about the streets," said Mr. Vuffin. "Once make a giant common and giants will never draw again. Look at wooden legs. If there was only one man with a wooden leg what a property he'd be!"

"So he would!" observed the landlord and Short both together. "That's very true."

"Instead of which," pursued Mr. Vuffin, "if you was to advertise Shakespeare played entirely by wooden legs, it's my belief you wouldn't draw a sixpence."

"I don't suppose you would," said Short. And the landlord said so too.

"This shows, you see," said Mr. Vuffin, waving his pipe with an argumentative air, "this shows the policy of keeping the used-up giants still in the caravans, where they get food and lodging for nothing, all their lives, and in general very glad they are to stop there. There was one giant—a black 'un—as left his caravan some year ago and took to carrying coach-bills about London, making himself as cheap as crossing-sweepers. He died. I make no insinuation against any body in particular," said Mr. Vuffin looking solemnly round, "but he was ruining the trade—and he died."

The landlord drew his breath hard, and looked at the owner of the dogs, who nodded and said gruffly that he remembered.

"I know you do, Jerry," said Mr. Vuffin with profound meaning. "I know you remember it, Jerry, and the universal opinion was, that it served him right. Why, I remember the time when old Maunders as had three-and-twenty wans—I remember the time when old Maunders had in his cottage in Spa Fields in the winter time when the season was over, eight male and female dwarfs setting down to dinner every day, who was waited on by eight old giants in green coats, red smalls, blue cotton stockings, and high-lows: and there was one dwarf as had grown elderly and vicious who whenever his giant

wasn't quick enough to please him, used to stick pins in his legs, not being able to reach up any higher, I know that's a fact, for Maunders told it me himself."

"What about the dwarfs, when they get old?" inquired the landlord.

"The older the dwarf is, the better worth he is," returned Mr. Vuffin; "a gray-headed dwarf, well wrinkled is beyond all suspicion. But a giant weak in the legs and not standing upright!—keep him in a caravan, but never show him, never show him, for any persuasion that can be offered."

While Mr. Vuffin and his two friends smoked their pipes and beguiled the time with such conversation as this, the silent gentleman sat in a warm corner swallowing, or seeming to swallow, sixpenny worth of half pence for practice, balancing a feather upon his nose, and rehearsing other feats of dexterity of that kind, without paying any regard whatever to the company, who in their turn left him utterly unnoticed. At length the weary child prevailed upon her grandfather to retire, and they withdrew, leaving the company yet seated round the fire, and the dogs fast asleep at a humble distance.

After bidding the old man good night, Nell retired to her poor garret, but had scarcely closed the door, when it was gently tapped at. She opened it directly, and was a little startled by the sight of Mr. Thomas Codlin, whom she had left, to all appearances, fast asleep down stairs.

"What is the matter?" said the child.

"Nothing's the matter, my dear," returned her visitor. "I'm your friend. Perhaps you haven't thought so, but it's me that's your friend—not him."

"Not who?" the child inquired.

"Short, my dear. I tell you what," said Codlin, "for all his having a kind of way with him that you'd be very apt to like, I'm the real, open-hearted man. I mayn't look it, but I am indeed."

The child began to be alarmed, considering that the ale had taken effect upon Mr. Codlin, and that this commendation of himself was the consequence.

"Short's very well, and seems kind," resumed the misanthrope, "but he over does it. Now I don't."

Certainly if there were any fault in Mr. Codlin's usual deportment, it was that he rather underdid his kindness to those about him than overdid it. But the child was puzzled and could not tell what to say.

"Take my advice," said Codlin; "don't ask me why, but take it. As long as you travel with us, keep as near me as you can. Don't offer to leave us—not on any account—but always stick to me, and say that I'm your friend. Will you bear that in mind, my dear, and always say that it was me that was your friend?"

"Say so where,—and when?" inquired the child innocently.

"Oh, nowhere in particular," replied Codlin, a little put out as it seemed by the question; "I'm only anxious that you should think me so, and do me justice. You can't think what an interest I have in you. Why didn't you tell me your little history—that about you and the poor old gentleman? I'm the best adviser that ever was, and so interested in you—so much more interested than Short. I think they're breaking up down stairs; you needn't tell Short, you know, that we've had this little talk together. God bless you. Recollect the friend. Codlin's the friend, not Short. Short's very well as far as he goes, but the real friend is Codlin—not Short."

Eking out these professions with a number of benevolent and protecting looks and great fervour of manner, Thomas Codlin stole away on tiptoe, leaving the child in a state of extreme surprise. She was still ruminating upon his curious behaviour, when the floor of the crazy stairs and landing cracked beneath the tread of the other travellers who were passing to their beds. When they had all

passed, and the sound of their footsteps had died away, one of them returned, and after a little hesitation and rustling in the passage, as if he were doubtful what door to knock at, knocked at hers.

"Yes?" said the child from within.

"It's me—Short"—a voice called through the key-hole. "I only wanted to say that we must be off early to-morrow morning, my dear, because unless we get the start of the dogs and the conjuror, the villages won't be worth a penny. You'll be sure to be stirring early and go with us? I'll call you."

The child answered in the affirmative, and returning his "good night," heard him creep away. She felt some uneasiness at the anxiety of these men, increased by the recollection of their whispering together down stairs, and their slight confusion when she awoke, nor was she quite free from a misgiving that they were not the fittest companions she could have stumbled on. Her uneasiness, however, was nothing, weighed against her fatigue; and she soon forgot it in sleep.

Very early next morning Short fulfilled his promise, and knocking softly at the door entreated that she would get up directly, as the proprietor of the dogs was still snoring, and if they lost no time they might get a good deal in advance both of him and the conjuror, who was talking in his sleep, and from what he could be heard to say, appeared to be balancing a donkey in his dreams. She started from her bed without delay, and roused the old man with so much expedition that they were both ready as soon as Short himself, to that gentleman's unspeakable gratification and relief.

After a very unceremonious and scrambling breakfast of which the staple commodities were bacon, and bread, and beer, they took leave of the landlord and issued from the door of the Jolly Sandboys. The morning was fine and warm, the ground cool to the feet after the late rain, the hedges gay and more green, the air clear, and every thing fresh and healthful. Surrounded by these influences, they walked on pleasantly enough.

They had not gone very far, when the child was again struck by the altered behaviour of Mr. Thomas Codlin, who instead of plodding on sulkily by himself as he had heretofore done, kept close to her, and when he had an opportunity of looking at her unseen by his companion, warned her by certain wry faces and jerks of the head not to put any trust in Short, but reserve all confidences for Codlin. Neither did he confine himself to looks and gestures, for when she and her grandfather were walking on beside the aforesaid Short, and that little man was talking with his accustomed cheerfulness on a variety of indifferent subjects, Thomas Codlin testified his jealousy and distrust by following close at her heels, and occasionally admonishing her ankles with the legs of the theatre in a very abrupt and painful manner.

All these proceedings naturally made the child more watchful and suspicious, and she soon observed that whenever they halted to perform outside a village alehouse or other place, Mr. Codlin while he went through his share of the entertainments kept his eye steadily upon her and the old man, or with a show of great friendship and consideration invited the latter to lean upon his arm, and so held him tight until the representation was over and they again went forward. Even Short seemed to change in this respect, and to mingle with his good-nature something of a desire to keep them in safe custody. This increased the child's misgivings, and made her yet more anxious and uneasy.

Meanwhile they were drawing near the town where the races were to begin next day; for, from passing numerous groups of gipsies and tramps on the road wending their way towards it, and straggling out from every by-way and cross-country lane, they gradually fell into a stream of

people, some walking by the side of covered carts, others with horses, others with donkeys, others toiling on with heavy loads upon their backs, but all tending to the same point. The public houses by the way-side, from being empty and noiseless as those in the remoter parts had been, now sent out boisterous shouts and clouds of smoke: and from the misty windows clusters of broad red faces looked down upon the road. On every piece of waste or common ground, some small gambler drove his noisy trade, and bellowed to the idle passers-by to stop and try their chance; the crowd grew thicker and more noisy; gilt gingerbread in blanket-stalls exposed its glories to the dust; and often a four-horse carriage, dashing by, obscured all objects in the gritty cloud it raised, and left them, stunned and blinded, far behind.

It was dark before they reached the town itself, and long indeed the few last smiles had been. Here all was tumult and confusion; the streets were filled with throngs of people—many strangers were there, it seemed, by the looks they cast about—the church bells rang out their noisy peals, and flags streamed from windows and house-tops. In the large innyards, waiters flitted to and fro, and ran against each other, horses clattered on the uneven stones, carriage steps fell rattling down, and sickening smells from many dinners came in a heavy lukewarm breath upon the sense. In the smaller public houses, fiddles with all their might and main were squeaking out the tune to staggering feet; drunken men, oblivious of the burden of their song, joined in a senseless howl, which drowned the tinkling of the feeble bell, and made them savage for their drink; vagabond groups assembled round the doors to see the stroller woman's dance, and add their uproar to the shrill flageolet and deafening drum.

Through this delirious scene the child, frightened and repelled by all she saw, led on her bewildered charge, clinging close to her conductor, and trembling lest in the press she should be separated from him and left to find her way alone. Quickening their steps to get clear of all the roar and riot, they at length passed through the town and made for the race course, which was upon an open heath, situated on an eminence, a full mile distant from its furthest bounds.

Although there were many people here, none of the best favoured or best clad, busily erecting tents and driving stakes into the ground, and hurrying to and fro with dusty feet and many a grumbled oath—although there were tired children cradled on heaps of straw between the wheels of carts, crying themselves to sleep—and poor lean horses and donkeys just turned loose, grazing among the men and women, and pots and kettles, and half-lighted fires, and ends of candles flaring and wasting in the air—for all this, the child felt it an escape from the town, and drew her breath more freely. After a scanty supper, the purchase of which reduced her little stock so low, that she had only a few halfpence with which to buy a breakfast on the morrow, she and the old man lay down to rest in a corner of a tent, and slept, despite the busy preparations that were going on around them all night long.

And now they had come to the time when they must beg their bread. Soon after sunrise in the morning she stole out from the tent, and rambling into some fields at a short distance, plucked a few wild roses and such humble flowers, purposing to make them into little nosegays and offer them to the ladies in the carriages when the company arrived. Her thoughts were not idle while she was thus employed; when she returned and was seated beside the old man in one corner of the tent, tying her flowers together, while the two men lay dozing in another corner, she plucked him by the sleeve, and slightly glancing towards them, said in a low voice—

"Grandfather, don't look at those I talk of, and don't seem as if I spoke of any thing but what I am about."

What was that you told me before we left the old house? That if they knew what we were going to do, they would say that you were mad, and part us?"

The old man turned to her with an aspect of wild terror; but she sheeked him by a look, and bidding him hold some flowers while she tied them up, and so bringing her lips closer to his ear, said—

"I know that was what you told me. You needn't speak, dear. I recollect it very well. It was not likely that I should forget it. Grandfather, these men suspect that we have secretly left our friends, and mean to carry us before some gentleman, and have us taken care of and sent back. If you let your hand tremble so, we can never get away from them, but if you're only quiet now, we shall do so easily."

"How?" muttered the old man. "Dear Nelly, how? They will shut me in a stone room, dark and cold, and chain me up to the wall, Nell—flog me with whips, and never let me see thee more!"

"You're trembling again," said the child. "Keep close to me all day. Never mind them, don't look at them, but me. I shall find a time when we can steal away. When I do, mind you come with me, and do not stop or speak a word. Hush! That's all."

"Halloa! what are you up to, my dear?" said Mr. Codlin, raising his head, and yawning. Then observing that his companion was fast asleep, he added in an earnest whisper, "Codlin's the friend, remember—not Short."

"Making some noseays," the child replied; "I am going to try and sell some these three days of the races. Will you have one—as a present, I mean?"

Mr. Codlin would have risen to receive it, but the child hurried towards him and placed it in his hand. He stuck it in his button-hole with an air of ineffable complacency for a misanthrope, and leering exultingly at the unconscious Short, muttered, as he laid himself down again, "Tom Codlin's the friend, by G—!"

As the morning wore on, the tents assumed a gayer and more brilliant appearance, and long lines of carriages came rolling softly on the turf. Men who had lounged about all night in smock-frocks and leather leggings, came out in silk vests and hats and plumes, as jugglers or mountebanks; or in gorgeous liveries as soft-spoken servants at gambling booths; or in sturdy yeoman dress as decoys at unlawful games. Black-eyed gipsy girls hooded in showy handkerchiefs sallied forth to tell fortunes, and pale slender women with consumptive faces lingered upon the footsteps of ventriloquists and conjurors, and counted the sixpences with anxious eyes long before they were gained. As many of the children as could be kept within bounds, were stowed away, with all the other signs of dirt and poverty, among the donkeys, carts, and horses; and as many as could not be thus disposed of ran in and out in all intricate spots, crept between people's legs and carriage wheels, and came forth unharmed from under horses' hoofs. The dancing-dogs, the stilts, the little lady and the tall man, and all the other attractions, with organs out of number and bands innumerable, emerged from the holes and corners in which they had passed the night, and flourished boldly in the sun.

Along the uncleared course, Short led his party, sounding the brazen trumpet and revelling in the voice of Punch; and at his heels went Thomas Codlin, bearing the show as usual, and keeping his eyes on Nelly and her grandfather, as they rather lingered in the rear. The child bore upon her arm the little basket with her flowers, and sometimes stopped, with timid and modest looks, to offer them at some gay carriage; but alas! there were many bolder beggars there, gipsies who promised husbands, and other adepts in their trade, and although some ladies smiled gently as they shook their heads, and others cried to the gentlemen beside them "see, what a pretty face!" they let the pretty

face pass on, and never thought that it looked tired and hungry.

There was but one lady who seemed to understand the child, and she was one who sat alone in a handsome carriage, while two young men in dashing clothes, who had just dismounted from it, talked and laughed loudly at a little distance, appearing to forget her, quite. There were many ladies all around, but they turned their backs, or looked another way, or at the two young men (not unfavourable at them) and left her to herself. She motioned away a gipsy-woman urgent to tell her fortune, saying that it was told already and had been for some years, but called the child towards her, and taking her flowers put money into her trembling hand, and bade her go home and keep at home for God's sake.

Many a time they went up and down those long long lines, seeing every thing but the horses and the race; when the bell rung to clear the course, going back to rest among the carts and donkeys, and not coming out again until the heat was over. Many a time, too, was Punch displayed in the full zenith of his humour, but all this while the eye of Thomas Codlin was upon them, and to escape without notice was impracticable.

At length, late in the day, Mr. Codlin pitched the show in a convenient spot, and the spectators were soon in the very triumph of the scene. The child, sitting down with the old man close behind it, had been thinking how strange it was that horses who were such fine honest creatures, should seem to make vagabonds of all the men they drew about them, when a loud laugh at some extemporaneous witticism of Mr. Short's having allusion to the circumstances of the day, roused her from her meditation and caused her to look around.

If they were ever to get away unseen, that was the very moment. Short was plying the quarter-staves vigorously and knocking the characters in the fury of the combat against the sides of the show, the people were looking on with laughing faces, and Mr. Codlin had relaxed into a grim smile as his roving eye detected hands going into waistcoat pockets and groping secretly for sixpences. If they were ever to get away unseen, that was the very moment. They seized it, and fled.

They made a path through booths and carriages and throngs of people, and never once stopped to look behind. The bell was ringing and the course was cleared by the time they reached the ropes, but they dashed across it insensible to the shouts and screeching that assailed them for breaking in upon its sanctity, and creeping under the brow of the hill at a quick pace, made for the open fields.

CHAPTER XX.

Day after day as he bent his steps homeward, returning from some new effort to procure employment, Kit raised his eyes to the window of the little room he had so much commended to the child, and hoped to see some indication of her presence. His own earnest wish, coupled with the assurance he had received from Quilp, filled him with the belief that she would yet arrive to claim the humble shelter he had offered, and from the death of each day's hope, another hope sprung up to live to-morrow.

"I think they must certainly come to-morrow, eh, mother?" said Kit, laying aside his hat with a weary air and sighing as he spoke. "They have been gone a week. They surely couldn't stop away more than a week, could they now?"

The mother shook her head, and reminded him how often he had been disappointed already.

"For the matter of that," said Kit, "you speak true and sensible enough, as you always do, mother. Still, I

do consider that a week is quite long enough for 'em to be rambling about; don't you say so?"

"Quite long enough, Kit, longer than enough, but they may not come back for all that."

Kit was for a moment disposed to be vexed by this contradiction, and not the less so from having anticipated it in his own mind and knowing how just it was. But the impulse was only momentary, and the vexed look became a kind one before it had crossed the room.

"Then, what do you think, mother, has become of 'em? You don't think they've gone to sea, anyhow?"

"Not gone for sailors, certainly," returned the mother, with a smile. "But I can't help thinking they have gone to some foreign country."

"I say," cried Kit, with a rueful face, "don't talk like that, mother."

"I am afraid they have, and that's the truth," she said. "It's the talk of all the neighbours, and there are some even that know of their having been seen on board ship, and can tell you the name of the place they've gone to, which is more than I can, my dear, for it's a very hard one."

"I don't believe it," said Kit. "Not a word of it. A set of idle chatter-boxes, how should they know!"

"They may be wrong of course," returned the mother, "I can't tell about that, though I don't think it's at all unlikely that they're in the right, for the talk is that the old gentleman had put by a little money that nobody knew of, not even that ugly little man you talk to me about—what's his name—Quilp; and that he and Miss Nell have gone to live abroad where it can't be taken from them, and they will never be disturbed. That don't seem very far out of the way now, does it?"

Kit scratched his head, mournfully, in reluctant admission that it did not, and clambering up to the old nail, took down the cage and set himself to clean it and feed the bird. His thoughts reverting from this occupation to the little old gentleman who had given him the shilling, he suddenly recollected that that was the very day—nay, nearly the very hour—at which the little old gentleman had said he should be at the notary's house again. He no sooner remembered this, than he hung up the cage with great precipitation, and hastily explaining the nature of his errand, went off at full speed to the appointed place.

It was some two minutes after the time when he reached the spot, which was a considerable distance from his home, but by great good luck the little old gentleman had not yet arrived; at least there was no pony-chaise to be seen, and it was not likely that he had come and gone again in so short a space. Greatly relieved to find that he was not too late, Kit leant against a lamp-post to take breath, and waited the advent of the pony and his charge.

Sure enough, before long the pony came trotting round the corner of the street, looking as obstinate as pony might, and picking his steps as if he were spying about for the cleanest places, and would by no means dirty his feet or hurry himself inconveniently. Behind the pony sat the little old gentleman, and by the old gentleman's side sat the little old lady, carrying just such a nosegay as she had brought before.

The old gentleman, the old lady, the pony, and the chaise, came up the street in perfect unanimity, until they arrived within some half a dozen doors of the notary's house when the pony, deceived by a brass-plate beneath a tailor's knocker, came to a halt, and maintained by a sturdy silence, that that was the house they wanted.

"Now, sir, will you have the goodness to go on; this is not the place," said the old gentleman.

The pony looked with great attention into a fire-plug which was near him, and appeared to be quite absorbed in contemplating it.

"Oh dear, such a naughty Whisker!" cried the old lady. "After being so good too, and coming along so

well! I am quite ashamed of him. I don't know what we are to do with him, I really don't."

The pony having thoroughly satisfied himself as to the nature and properties of the fire-plug, looked into the air after his old enemies the flies, and as there happened to be one of them tickling his ear at that moment he shook his head and whisked his tail, after which he appeared full of thought but quite comfortable and collected. The old gentleman having exhausted his powers of persuasion, alighted to lead him, whereupon the pony, perhaps because he held this to be a sufficient concession; perhaps because he happened to catch sight of the other brass-plate; or perhaps because he was in a spiteful humour, darted off with the old lady and stopped at the right house, leaving the old gentleman to come panting on behind.

It was then that Kit presented himself at the pony's head, and touched his hat with a smile.

"Why, bless me," cried the old gentleman, "the lad is here! My dear, do you see?"

"I said I'd be here, sir," said Kit, patting Whisker's neck. "I hope you've had a pleasant ride, sir. He's a very nice little pony."

"My dear," said the old gentleman. "This is an uncommon lad; a good lad, I'm sure."

"I am sure he is," rejoined the old lady. "A very good lad, and I am sure he is a good son."

Kit acknowledged these expressions of confidence by touching his hat again and blushing very much. The old gentleman then handed the old lady out, and after looking at him with an approving smile they went into the house—talking about him as they went, Kit could not help feeling. Presently Mr. Witherden, smelling very hard at the nose-gay, came to the window and looked at him, and after that Mr. Abel came and looked at him, and after that the old gentleman and lady came and looked at him again, and after that they all came and looked at him together, which Kit, feeling very much embarrassed by, made a pretence of not observing. Therefore he patted the pony more and more; and this liberty the pony most handsomely permitted.

The faces had not disappeared from the window many moments, when Mr. Chuckster in his official coat, and with his hat hanging on his head just as it happened to fall from its peg, appeared upon the pavement, and telling him he was wanted inside, bade him go in and he would mind the chaise the while. In giving him this direction Mr. Chuckster remarked that he wished he might be blessed if he could make out whether he (Kit) was "precious raw" or "precious deep," but intimated by a distrustful shake of the head, that he inclined to the latter opinion.

Kit entered the office in a great tremor, for he was not used to going among strange ladies and gentlemen, and the tin boxes and bundles of dusty papers had in his eyes an awful and venerable air. Mr. Witherden too was a bustling gentleman who talked loud and fast, and all eyes were upon him, and he was very shabby.

"Well boy," said Mr. Witherden, "you came to work out that shilling;—not to get another, hey?"

"No indeed, sir," replied Kit, taking courage to look up. "I never thought of such a thing."

"Father alive?" said the notary.

"Dead, sir."

"Mother?"

"Yes, sir."

"Married again—eh?"

Kit made answer, not without some indignation, that she was a widow with three children, and that as to her marrying again, if the gentlemen knew her he wouldn't think of such a thing. At this reply Mr. Witherden buried his nose in the flowers again, and whispered behind the nosegay to the old gentleman that he believed the lad was as honest a lad as need be.

"Now," said Mr. Garland when they had made some

further inquiries of him, "I am not going to give you any thing—"

"Thank you sir," replied Kit; and quite seriously too, for this announcement seemed to free him from the suspicion which the notary had hinted.

"But," resumed the old gentleman, "perhaps I may want to know something more about you, so tell me where you live and I'll put it down in my pocket-book."

Kit told him, and the old gentleman wrote down the address with his pencil. He had scarcely done so, when there was a great uproar in the street, and the old lady hurrying to the window cried that Whisker had run away, upon which Kit darted out to the rescue, and the others followed.

It seemed that Mr. Chuckster had been standing with his hands in his pockets looking carelessly at the pony, and occasionally insulting him with such admonitions as "Stand still,"—"Be quiet,"—"Woa-a-a," and the like, which by a pony of spirit cannot be borne. Consequently, the pony being deterred by no considerations of duty or obedience, and not having before him the slightest fear of the human eye, had at length started off, and was at that moment rattling down the street.—Mr. Chuckster, with his hat off and a pen behind his ear, hanging on in the rear of the chaise and making futile attempts to draw it the other way, to the unspeakable admiration of all beholders. Even in running away, however, Whisker was perverse, for he had not gone very far when he suddenly stopped, and before assistance could be rendered, commenced backing at nearly as quick a pace as he had gone forward. By these means Mr. Chuckster was pushed and hustled to the office again, in a most inglorious manner, and arrived in a state of great exhaustion and discomfiture.

The old lady then stepped into her seat, and Mr. Abel (whom they had come to fetch) into his. The old gentleman, after reasoning with the pony on the extreme impropriety of his conduct, and making the best amends in his power to Mr. Chuckster, took his place also, and they drove away, waving a farewell to the notary and his clerk, and more than once turning to nod kindly to Kit as he watched them from the road.

[To be continued.]

DOCTOR FRANKLIN.

"Of all the celebrated persons of whom, in my life, I have chanced to see, Dr. Franklin, both from his appearance and his conversation, seemed to me the most remarkable. His venerable patriarchal appearance, the simplicity of his manner and language, and the novelty of his observations (at least the novelty of them at that time to me,) impressed me with an opinion of him as of one of the most extraordinary men that ever existed."—*Life of Romilly.*

A CHARACTER.

"Among some peculiarities which he had, was a very great dislike to parsons and to noblemen. He often remarked, that it would have given him the greatest joy if his daughter and his only child had married a lawyer; but he had the mortification (a singular one, undoubtedly, but such it appeared to him,) of seeing, before he died, his two grandsons the presumptive heirs of two different peerages."—*Ibid.*

ERSKINE AND HIS ANIMALS.

"He has always had several favourite animals, to whom he has been much attached, and of whom all his acquaintance have a number of anecdotes to relate,—a favourite dog, which he used to bring when he was at the bar, to all his consultations; another favourite dog, which, at the

time when he was Lord Chancellor, he himself rescued in the street from some boys who were about to kill him, under pretence of its being mad; a favourite goose, which followed him wherever he walked about his grounds; a favourite mackaw, and other dumb favourites without number. He told us now that he had got two favourite leeches. He had been blooded by them last autumn, when he had been taken dangerously ill at Portsmouth; they had saved his life, and he had brought them with him to town; had ever since kept them in a glass; had himself every day given them fresh water; and had formed a friendship with them. He said he was sure they both knew him, and were grateful to him. He had given them different names, Home and Cline (the names of two celebrated surgeons), their dispositions being quite different. After a good deal of conversation about them, he went himself, brought them out of his library, and placed them in their glass upon the table. It is impossible, however, without the vivacity, the tones, the details, and the gestures of Lord Erskine, to give an adequate idea of this singular scene."—*Ibid.*

A VISIT TO JEREMY BENTHAM.

"Our last visit was to my old and most valuable friend, Jeremy Bentham, at Ford Abbey, in the neighbourhood of Chard; a house which he rents, and which once belonged to Pridoux, the Attorney-General of the Commonwealth. I was not a little surprised to find in what a palace my friend was lodged. The grandeur and stateliness of the buildings form as strange a contrast to his philosophy, as the number and spaciousness of the apartments, the hall, the chapel, the corridors, and the cloisters, do to the modesty and scantiness of his domestic establishment. We found him passing his time, as he has always been passing it since I have known him, which is now more than thirty years, closely applying himself for six or eight hours a day in writing upon laws and legislation, and in composing his Civil and Criminal Codes; and spending the remaining hours of every day in reading or taking exercise by way of fitting himself for his labours, or, to use his own strangely-invented phraseology, taking his ante-prandial and post-prandial walks, to prepare himself for his task of codification. There is something burlesque enough in this language; but it is impossible to know Bentham, and to have witnessed his benevolence, his disinterestedness, and the zeal with which he has devoted his whole life to the service of his fellow-creatures, without admiring and revering him."—*Ibid.*

NEW TURKISH PENAL CODE.

This document, just promulgated by the Porte, is of considerable length; it may be briefly described as the embodying, in a legal form, all the principles enunciated in the Hatti Scheriff of Gul Hane. Thus the perfect equality of all Turkish subjects before the law, their equal liability to taxes, the abolition of any privileges on account of religion, and the hindering of all acts of extortion, private revenge, or too summary justice on the part of public authorities, are amply secured by this code: murder is the only crime made punishable in it with death. The terminating clause of this code is as follows:—"These regulations are to apply to all the subjects of the Empire, and the carrying of them into execution is confided not only to the public functionaries, but is further placed under the safe keeping of all citizens. In case of their being not observed, or not executed, every man is to have the right of informing Government of the fact, and of demanding that justice be done. The Council of Justice is to add to this code the clauses that shall be judged indispensable, and its ordinances so framed shall have the force of law." The Hatti Scheriff, by which the promulgation of the code is prescribed, follows the document itself.

(Continued from page 448.)

But notwithstanding that Colonel Thornton pushed forward with astonishing rapidity, considering the difficulties, and the large force he had to contend with, and eventually drove the enemy from all his positions, and took possession of his batteries, the fire of the latter had, before our troops entered them, accomplished the object of their construction; and that they did so most effectually will fully appear by the following extract from Commodore Patterson's report, already referred to, which, it may be noticed, *en passant*, is by no means complimentary, either to the (elsewhere) so much belauded Kentuckian "buck-eyes," or to the New Orleans, "Contingent," and "Louisiana Militia," (the "high-mettled patriot sons of Louisiana," according to Major Latour's French "blarney.") under General Morgan's command:—"At daylight the enemy opened a heavy cannonade upon General Jackson's lines and my battery, leading their troops, under cover of their cannon, to the assault of the lines, which they attempted on the right and left, but principally on the latter wing; they were met by a most tremendous and incessant fire of artillery and musketry, which compelled them to retreat with precipitation, leaving the ditch filled, and the field strewn with their dead and wounded. My battery was opened upon them simultaneously with those from our lines, flanking the enemy, both in his advance and retreat, with round, grape, and canister, which must have proved extremely destructive, as in their haste and confusion to retreat, they crowded the top of the levee, affording us a most advantageous opportunity for the use of grape and canister, which I used to the greatest advantage. Whilst thus engaged with the enemy on the opposite shore, I was informed that they had effected their landing on this side, and were advancing to General Morgan's breastwork. I immediately ordered the officers in command of my guns to turn them in their embrasures, and point them to protect General Morgan's right wing, whose lines not extending to the swamp, and those weakly manned, I apprehended the enemy's outflanking him on that wing; which order was promptly executed by Captain Hanley, and the officers stationed at the battery, under a heavy and well-directed fire of shot and shells from the enemy on the opposite bank of the river. At this time the enemy's force had approached General Morgan's lines, under the cover of a shower of rockets, and charged, in despite of the fire from the 12-pounder and field-pieces mounted on the lines as before stated; when, in a few minutes I had the extreme mortification and chagrin to observe General Morgan's right wing, composed, as herein mentioned, of the Kentucky militia, commanded by Major Davis, abandon their breastwork and flying in a most shameful and dastardly manner, almost without a shot; which disgraceful example, after firing a few rounds, was soon followed by the whole of General Morgan's command, notwithstanding every exertion was made by him and his staff, and several officers of the city militia, to keep them to their posts. By the great exertions of those officers, a short stand was effected on the field, when a discharge of rockets from the enemy caused them again to retreat in such a manner that no efforts could stop them. Finding myself thus abandoned by the force I relied upon to protect my battery, I was most reluctantly, and with inexpressible pain, after destroying my powder and spiking my cannon, compelled to abandon them, having only thirty officers and seamen with me. A part of the militia were rallied at a saw-mill canal, about two miles above the lines from which they had fled, and there encamped. I ordered the Louisiana to be warped up, for the purpose of obtaining a supply of ammunition, and mounting other cannon, remaining myself to aid General Morgan," &c., &c.

Here it is demonstrated, that had the troops been passed to the right bank of the river early in the night, as was Sir Edward Pakenham's purpose, our attacking columns

on the left bank would not only have been secured from the destructive fire, correctly described by Commodore Patterson, but the guns of his batteries might have been employed with powerful effect against General Jackson's position. Before returning to this, it may be as well to give, from Colonel Thornton's soldier-like report, a brief detail of the operations of the force under the orders of that gallant officer, up to the moment when the enemies batteries were carried, and when, from being severely wounded, on moving to the attack, he resigned the command to Lieutenant-Colonel Gubbins, of the 85th:—"The enemy made no opposition to our advance, until we reached a piquet, posted behind a bridge, about 500 paces from the house in the orange grove, and secured by a small work, apparently just thrown up. This piquet was very soon forced, and driven in by a division of the 85th Regiment, under Captain Schaw, of that regiment, forming the advanced guard, and whose mode of attack for the purpose was prompt and judicious to a degree. Upon my arrival at the orange grove, I had an opportunity of reconnoitring, at about 700 yards, the enemy's position, which I found to be a very formidable redoubt on the bank of the river, with the right flank secured by an entrenchment, extending back to a thick wood, and its line protected by an incessant fire of grape. Under such circumstances, it seemed to me to afford the best prospect of success, to endeavour to turn his right at the wood; and I accordingly detached two divisions of the 85th, under *Brave* Lieutenant-Colonel Gubbins, to effect that object, which he accomplished with his usual zeal and judgment; whilst 100 sailors, under Captain Money, of the Royal Navy, who, I am sorry to say, was severely wounded, but whose conduct was particularly distinguished on the occasion, threatened the enemy's left, supported by the division of the 85th Regiment, under Captain Schaw. When these divisions had gained their proper positions, I deployed the column, composed of two divisions of the 85th Regiment, under Major Deshon, whose conduct I cannot sufficiently commend, and about 100 men of the Royal Marines, under Major Adair, also deserving of much commendation, and moved forward in line, to the attack of the centre of the entrenchment. At first, the enemy, confident in his own security, showed a good countenance, and kept up a heavy fire; but the determination of the troops, which I had the honour to command, to overcome all difficulties, compelled him to a rapid and disorderly flight, leaving in our possession his redoubts, batteries, and position, with sixteen pieces of ordnance, and the colours of the New Orleans Regiment of Militia * * *. On moving to the attack, I received a wound, which, shortly after my reaching the redoubt, occasioned me such pain and stiffness, that I have been obliged to give over the command to Lieutenant-Colonel Gubbins, of the 85th Light Infantry; but, as he has obtained some reinforcements since the attack, of sailors and marines, and has taken the best precautions to cover and secure his position, I will be answerable, from my knowledge of his judgment and experience, that he will retain it, until your pleasure and further orders shall be communicated to him."

But whilst complete success thus crowned Colonel Thornton's daring onset, a very different result attended our attack on the left bank. There, immediately on the storming columns discovering that the fascines and ladders were not in readiness, they commenced an irregular and aimless fire, against an almost invisible enemy, who, secure behind his defences, kept up a deadly discharge of artillery and musketry on our exposed masses. For nearly an hour our brave fellows, with few exceptions, stood their ground,—neither advancing nor retreating,—amidst a scene of carnage such as has rarely been witnessed; it seemed as though, with the almost intuitive perception frequently observed in large bodies of men, they knew

that there was an insurmountable obstacle between them and the foe, whilst native courage—their sound British "bottom," forbade them to turn their backs on death. Indeed, General Jackson, in his despatch to the American Secretary of War, dated January 9th, thus speaks of the conduct of our troops:—"For an hour the fire of the small arms was as incessant and severe as can be imagined. The artillery, too, directed by officers who displayed equal skill and courage, did great execution. Yet the columns of the enemy continued to advance with a firmness which reflects upon them the greatest credit. Twice the column which approached me on the left, was repulsed by the troops of General Carroll, those of General Coffee, and a division of the Kentucky Militia, and twice they formed again, and renewed the assault. At length, however, cut to pieces, they fled in confusion from the field, leaving it covered with their dead and wounded."

The sworn depositions of two distinguished officers, examined on Lieutenant-Colonel Mullins' trial, throw much light on one cause of the failure of the attack. Major Sir John Tylden, of the 43d Regiment, said,—"On the morning of the 8th January, I was in the field, as senior officer of the Adjutant-General's department. I accompanied Sir Edward Pakenham, shortly after four o'clock, to the house of Major-General Gibbs. Immediately on his arrival, General Gibbs reported to Sir Edward Pakenham, in my presence, that Colonel Mullins had neglected to obey the order given him the evening before, in not having his regiment at the head of the column, with the fascines and ladders; but that he had, immediately on finding it out, sent an officer to the regiment to hurry them on, that the mistake might be rectified, and that he was in momentary expectation of a report from that regiment. Sir E. Pakenham then ordered me to find out the 44th Regiment, and to know if they had got the fascines and ladders, and to ascertain the probability of their getting up in their situation in column. I did so, and found the 44th Regiment moving off at the redoubt, just before day, in a most irregular, and unsoldierlike manner, with the fascines and ladders. I then returned, after some time, to Sir E. Pakenham, and reported the circumstance to him, stating that, by the time which had elapsed since I left them, they must have arrived in their situation in column. Shortly after the signal of attack was given, I rode with Sir E. Pakenham towards the column. In passing towards the head of the column, we saw several parties of the 44th Regiment straggling about the ground with their fascines and ladders; and some of them had, even then, commenced firing. On arriving at the column, a check and confusion had taken place, and the firing was becoming general throughout the whole of the column. Sir E. Pakenham pulled off his hat, and rode to the head of the column, and cheered the men on, and in that act fell. At this time I had just returned from the other flank of the column, and having been at both flanks, and at the head of the column, I can positively assert, that there was not a single man of the 44th Regiment in front. I then rode to the rear to report the death of Sir E. Pakenham. In going to the rear, I saw several parties of the 21st and 44th Regiments running to the rear, and firing in all directions, in the most disorderly manner I ever witnessed. I also saw, scattered in several parts of the field, many of the fascines and ladders. I reported the substance of my testimony to Major-General Sir John Lambert."* Major M'Dougall, of the 85th Regiment, says:—"I was Aid-de-camp to Major-General Pakenham; and on the signal of attack being given on the morning of the 8th of January, I accompanied him to the front. He expressed himself in the strongest terms relative to the 44th Regiment. The column of attack appeared to be moving in a regular manner; and

he expressed his confidence in the event of the attack: however, a firing commenced, and presently afterwards I saw many individuals of the 44th Regiment, as well as a group of three or four scattered over the field, some of them running to the rear with the fascines on their shoulders. Sir Edward Pakenham said,—"For shame! recollect you are British soldiers—this is the road you ought to take;" but with little avail. On getting up to the columns, the firing had extended to the rear, and the whole column was a mass of firing and confusion, and the head of the column had been checked. Sir Edward Pakenham placed himself in front, and, by his exertions, got the firing very nearly to cease, although not altogether; and the column which he led in person began to move forward. When he had conducted them about thirty or forty yards, he received a wound, and his horse at the same moment was shot under him; and, almost immediately afterwards, when he had mounted the second horse, he received another shot, which deprived him of life; and, by the fall of their leader, deprived the column of its best chance of success. On his fall, the firing recommenced with all its fury; and, beyond the spot where the General led them, the head of the column did not advance. The ground presented no obstacle to the advance of the column, or any thing that should have occasioned straggling in a corps regularly formed, and duly attended to, had the regiment originally been properly formed. At no period in the field did I see any part of the 44th Regiment in a body; there were some at the head of the column, many at the flanks and rear of the column: I particularly remarked several of the soldiers of that regiment throwing down the fascines and ladders, to commence firing. It is my opinion, that the whole confusion of the column proceeded from the original defective formation of the 44th; the fall of Sir Edward Pakenham deprived the column of its best chance of success; and, had the column moved forward according to order, the enemy's lines would have been carried with little loss. When the fire from our column commenced, the fire from the enemy was but mere spit of fire; nothing to check a moving column."* Major-Generals Gibbs and Keane fell, and were carried from the field, at about the same time as Sir Edward Pakenham.

It is no reflection on the courage of the men of the 21st and 44th Regiments, to say they were not as good soldiers as the veterans who had fought through so many glorious campaigns under the Duke of Wellington. The second battalion of the 44th had indeed served in the Peninsula until it was reduced to a skeleton, and had always been distinguished in the field; but the first battalion, as well as the 21st Regiment, came from the Mediterranean, where they were of the army of Tarragona, and they certainly were not in a high state of discipline when at New Orleans. Colonel Brooke, although on the ground, and senior officer of the 44th, was not in command of the regiment. Having commanded the army before Baltimore, after the death of General Ross, and a brigade under Major-General Keane, before the arrival of Sir Edward Pakenham, it would seem that he considered it derogatory, and felt hurt at the idea of returning to regimental duty in the same army, and had therefore obtained leave of absence for England. This was a circumstance which the next in command of the 44th ought to have rejoiced at; but the utter incapacity of Lieutenant-Colonel Mullins, as proved by the result, rendered Colonel Brooke's withdrawal an event deeply to be regretted.

Although no considerable number of the fascine and ladder-bearers ever found their way to the front, and many of those who did, threw off their burdens whilst still at some distance from the enemy's works, and joined in the firing; yet, albeit no mention is made of the circumstance in the

* Court-martial on Lieutenant-Colonel Mullins, p. 10.

* Court-martial on Lieutenant-Colonel Mullins, p. 8.

official despatch, it is a positive fact, that Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Renny, of the 21st Regiment, at the head of a few men of that and other regiments, who had pushed on to the ditch in front of the enemy's lines, actually passed them, and established a footing within an unfinished redoubt, (open to the rear,) in that part of the American position which rested on the Mississippi. General Jackson's attention having been principally directed to repulsing the attack on his left centre, and the great mass of his force being drawn to that portion of his line, he relied for protection of his right on Commodore Patterson's batteries on the other side of the river. When, however, these were carried by Colonel Thornton, Lieutenant-Colonel Renny's party being relieved from their fire, made a dash along the *levée*, plunged into the canal, and entered the redoubt by the embrasures. Colonel Renny was killed, within the work, in the act of cheering his men, and the Americans were driven from it to a garden, and second line in the rear. There, perceiving the small number of their assailants, and having taken fresh cover, they rallied, and opened a heavy and destructive fire on them. By that time the main attack had completely failed, and our columns were retiring from the field, so that those gallant fellows, who had surmounted so many obstacles, being totally unsupported, were nearly all either killed, or wounded and taken prisoners. It has been asserted, that none of our men penetrated into the enemy's lines; but, should any doubt continue on the subject, ample confirmation of the above statement will be found in "Eaton's Life of General Jackson." That part of his line was manned by "Captain Beal's City Riflemen," perhaps some of the best of his force; but, there is little doubt that, had there been troops at hand to second Colonel Renny's assault, the American lines would have been carried.

On being informed of the death of Sir Edward Pakenham, and that Major-General Gibbs and Major-General Keane had both been carried from the field—the first mortally, the second severely wounded—Major-General Lambert, now in command of the army, perceiving that the columns, after wavering for some time, were falling back upon him in great confusion, advanced with the reserve to within about 250 yards of the line, when, finding that no impression had been made, and that it was impossible to restore order in the regiments where they were, he placed the reserve in position, to cover the retreat of the repulsed troops, and, leaving orders to hold the ground then occupied, proceeded to consult with Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane, when it was decided, that, under all the circumstances, it would not "be prudent to renew the attack that day."

The fire from the musketry had entirely ceased at half-past eight, but that from the artillery, continued till three o'clock in the afternoon. At about ten o'clock, A. M., the complete success of Colonel Thornton's corps, on the right bank, was known in our camp, when General Lambert sent Colonel Dickson, the commanding officer of the artillery, to examine the situation of the captured batteries, and report if the position was tenable. That officer, as appears from General Lambert's despatch to Earl Bathurst, "did not think it could be held with security by a smaller corps than 2000 men." "I, consequently," adds the General, "ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Gubbins, on whom the command had devolved, (Colonel Thornton being wounded,) to retire. The army remained in position until night, in order to gain time to destroy the eighteen-pounder battery we had constructed the preceding night in advance. I then gave orders for the troops resuming the ground they occupied previous to the attack."

The ill-considered determination, so hastily adopted and acted upon, to withdraw the troops from the right bank of the Mississippi, instead of reinforcing them there, caused much surprise in the army; for, in point of fact, the foot-

ing acquired on that side had deprived the enemy of all the advantages—and they were invaluable—which he possessed over us whilst he held it, and placed them in our hands. What says General Jackson on the subject? In his despatch of the 9th January, after describing the defeat of the attacking columns, he continues thus:—"The entire destruction of the enemy's army was now inevitable, had it not been for an unfortunate occurrence, which at this moment took place on the other side of the river. Simultaneously with his advance upon my lines, he had thrown over in his boats a considerable force to the other side of the river. These having landed, were hardly enough to advance against the works of General Morgan; and, what is strange, and difficult to account for, at the very moment when their entire discomfiture was looked for, with a confidence approaching to certainty, the Kentucky reinforcements, on whom so much reliance had been placed, ingloriously fled, drawing after them, by their example, the remainder of the forces, and thus yielding to the enemy that most formidable position. The batteries, which had rendered me, for many days, the most important services, though bravely defended, were, of course, now abandoned—not, however, until the guns had been spiked. This unfortunate rout had totally changed the aspect of affairs. The enemy now occupied a position from which they might annoy us without hazard, and by means of which they might have been able to defeat, in a great measure, the effects of our success on this side the river. It became, therefore, an object of the first consequence to dislodge him as soon as possible. For this object, all the means in my power, which I could with any safety use, were immediately put in preparation. Perhaps, however, it was owing somewhat to another cause that I succeeded even beyond my expectations. In negotiating the terms of a temporary suspension of hostilities, to enable the enemy to bury their dead, and provide for their wounded, I had required certain propositions to be acceded to as a basis, among which this was one—that, although hostilities should cease on *this* side the river, until twelve o'clock of this day (9th January,) yet it was not to be understood that they should cease on the *other* side; but that no reinforcements should be sent across by *either* army until the expiration of that day. His Excellency, Major-General Lambert, begged time to consider of those propositions until ten o'clock of to-day, and in the mean time increased his troops. I NEED NOT TELL YOU WITH HOW MUCH EAGERNESS I IMMEDIATELY REGAINED POSSESSION OF THE POSITION HE HAD THUS HAPPILY QUITTED."

It has been said, and the *on dit* obtained credit in both armies, that General Jackson, upon learning that we had obtained possession of the left bank of the river, made preparations to "Moscow" New Orleans, rather than allow the immense amount of merchandise stored there to fall into our hands. It is possible that any demonstration of such a resolve might merely have for its object to stimulate his army—composed to a great extent of Louisiana militia and volunteers—to face any danger rather than to see the capital of the State and their property destroyed; but that the wary American General contemplated such a thing, is additional proof that he considered the city to be placed in imminent hazard of capture, from the advantage we had gained. Mr. Edward Livingston, *aid-de camp* of General Jackson at the period written of, could say something interesting on this subject if he would.

During the brief suspension of hostilities, for the purpose of burying the dead, and carrying off the wounded from the late scene of action, the writer had an opportunity of conversing with several American officers. They allowed some of us to approach close to their defences, and "guessed" that, even with assistance from within, it would be difficult to pass the deep trench, and climb the high and steep mound, behind which their men lay securely covered

on barbette—and they were right. The only place of the canal fordable was where Lieutenant-Colonel Renny crossed; and as it was there cut through the hard road, running along the levee, it was probably considered unnecessary to employ much labour in completing the line at that spot, it being within point-blank range of Commodore Patterson's batteries on the other side. Whilst the attack lasted, the enemy wisely never showed more of themselves than was necessary to level their fire-arms over the parapet, and consequently few of them were hit; but when our columns were retreating, a division of Tennessee rifle-men made a sortie, under cover of the swampy wood on their left, with a view of opening a flanking fire on our right. They were repulsed, however, by our light troops and seamen; and Captain Lawrence, of H. M. S. *Alceste*, set fire to the dry canes with which the ground was covered, and the flames rapidly spreading, the Tennessee men were glad to get back to their fastness, with the loss of some of their number killed and wounded, a few of the latter being burned to death.

The recorded observations and opinions of certain of the enemy's officers, on our attack, are curious compositions, combining acuteness and inaccuracy blended, sometimes accidentally, but more frequently with premeditation. Major Latour (a French Engineer officer already quoted) says:—"It is well known that agility is not the distinctive quality of British troops. Their movement is, in general, sluggish and difficult; steady, but too precise; or, at least, more suitable for a pitched battle, or behind entrenchments, than for an assault. The British soldiers showed, on this occasion, that it is not without reason that they are said to be deficient in agility. The enormous load they had to carry, contributed, indeed, not a little to the difficulty of their movement. Besides their knapsacks, usually weighing nearly thirty pounds, and their muskets, too heavy by at least one-third, almost all of them had to carry a fascine, from nine to ten inches in diameter, and four feet long, made of sugar-canes, perfectly ripe, and consequently very heavy, or a ladder from ten to twelve feet long."* Here is a palpable error: one regiment only—the 44th—as the reader already knows, was destined to carry the fascines and ladders. Major Latour, however, is perfectly correct in saying that those were too heavy; particularly when the distance and the swampy nature of the ground to be traversed is considered.

"The duty of impartiality," continues Major Latour, "incumbent on him who relates military events, obliges me to observe, that the attack made on Jackson's lines, by the British, on the 8th of January, must have been determined on by their Generals without any consideration of the ground, the weather, or the difficulties to be surmounted, before they could storm lines—defended by militia, indeed, but militia whose valour they had already witnessed—with soldiers bending under the weight of their loads; when a man, unencumbered, would, that day, have found it difficult to mount our breast-works, at leisure, and with circumspection, so extremely slippery was the soil. Yet those officers had had time, and abundant opportunity, to observe the ground on which the troops were to act. Since their arrival on the banks of the Mississippi, they had sufficiently seen the effects of rainy weather, to form a just idea of the difficulty their troops must have experienced, in climbing up our entrenchments, even had the column been allowed to advance, without opposition, as far as the ditch. But they were blinded by their pride."†

Major-General Wilkinson, in his utter ignorance of the character and plans of Sir Edward Pakenham, imputes to that gallant and experienced officer a reckless exposure of himself and his soldiers:—"On this memorable day, Sir Edward Pakenham, disdaining to avail himself of local

circumstances, determined to carry New Orleans at the point of the bayonet, in the face of day, exposing himself to showers of cannon, and triple ranks of infantry and riflemen. He was slaughtered, and repulsed; and, as the whole operations were confined to the perpendicular march of columns against a straight line, defended by stationary batteries and battalions, the subject requires no further elucidation, than that the passive resolution of the American citizen vanquished the active courage of the British veteran."‡

The reader is fully aware that Sir Edward Pakenham intended the attack to be made before day, and simultaneously with Colonel Thornton's attack on the other side of the river. It was a mistake, however, to make the signal for the advance before a report from the 44th regiment had given assurance that the fascines and ladder-bearers were in their proper stations; and, indeed, any forward movement, on the left bank, was premature, until Colonel Thornton had succeeded in alarming Commodore Patterson for the safety of General Morgan's position, and had drawn off, or at least divided, the fire of his batteries. True it is, that by the delay that must have been incurred, our assault would have been made in broad daylight (which, for the most part, in reality it was;) but it had been far better that it should, than rashly risked when wanting the indispensable means of success, and exposed to the whole weight of that destructive fire Colonel Thornton was expressly detached to silence.

But the great, the fatal blunder, after all, was the withdrawal of our troops from the right bank of the river. Our loss on the 8th, in killed, wounded, and missing, was indeed extremely heavy, amounting to 2237 *hors de combat*; many of the wounded, however, were only slightly hurt,—and, even without calling for the services of any of them, we could muster 5400 effective men, were in possession of the enemy's most redoubtable position, supported by seventeen additional pieces of ordnance, mounted on solidly constructed batteries, commanding the river, and General Jackson's lines on its left bank. Add to this, that reinforcements were expected hourly, and that, on the 11th, the 40th and 62nd regiments actually arrived; and it cannot be questioned, that if the advantage we had gained had not been abandoned, our army on that day would have been in a much better position, and better prepared to accomplish the object of the expedition, than at any period from the moment when it was first planned. The early fall of our best Generals saved New Orleans, as the death of General Ross proved the safeguard of Baltimore.

To those who know how the most effective portion of General Jackson's army was composed, it is highly amusing to turn over the volumes of rhodomontade published in the United States, on the unvaried text of the "superior valour of the Americans, which had overthrown and driven the invaders into the sea." General Wilkinson places the affair of an hour, wherein General Jackson's loss (within his lines) is stated at the enormous number of seven killed and six wounded! on a par with the greatest battles of modern times,—thus: "Marengo, Austerlitz, Leipzig, New Orleans, and Waterloo."§ What superlative modesty! The simple truth is, that valour or no valour, the French and Spanish population of New Orleans, Natchez, and the intermediate towns—"people of colour from St. Domingo,"|| Irish emigrants, and "men of all nations"¶

* Wilkinson's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 541.

† Wilkinson's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 654.

‡ Latour's War in Louisiana, p. 176.

§ "You will have learned, by my former letters, that the crew of the Louisiana is composed of men of all nations, (English excepted) taken from the streets of New Orleans, not a fortnight before the battle; yet I never knew guns better served, or a more undaunted fire, than was supported from her."—Commodore Patterson's Official Letter to the Secretary of the American Navy, dated December 22, 1814.

* Latour's War in Louisiana, p. 161.

† Ibid.

—formed the staple of the "American" army. As for the "Kentuckian" militia,—the "brave but indiscreet Kentuckians,"—after Commodore Patterson's report of their conduct, the less said about their *valour* the better. Among several French officers, also, who commanded under General Jackson, besides Major Latour, we find "Humbert," the "hero of Castlebar, to whom the French government had formerly confided the command of that expedition to Ireland, which will ever be recorded in the glorious pages of history."† After the battle of New Orleans, this "hero," was authorized by General Jackson to "form a legion, and to enrol in it all the English deserters who were willing to enter the service."‡ What a coarse contrast to the exquisite delicacy which restrained Commodore Patterson from including "Englishmen" in his *volunteers* "of all nations, taken (martial-law was in force just then), from the streets of New Orleans!" The "Mexican field-marshal, Don Juan D'Anaya," moreover, took the field against us, and the names of Generals "Coffee" and "Carroll," have something very Irish in them. General Jackson was born in America, but his father and mother were both natives of Ireland, from whence they emigrated in the year 1765, and pitched their tent at the "Waxsaw Settlement," near Camden, in South Carolina, where the embryo General—(no disparagement is intended, for he has proved himself an able commander, an honourable and a courteous foe, a skilful political ruler: and a man gifted with rare decision of character,—first peeped into "this breathing world," on the 15th of March, (how near St. Patrick's day!) A. D. 1767; he was, consequently, born a British subject.

Although General Jackson's despatches never even hint at such a matter, the "thousand-and-one" American "historians" who have favoured the transatlantic world with their lucubrations, all agree in charging Sir Edward Pakenham with having, on the night of the 7th of January, given "booty and beauty," for the parole and countersign. The answer to this is very plain:—there was neither parole, countersign, nor any thing of the sort, given out to our army before New Orleans. The military reader will recollect that that old-school custom was abolished in the army of the Peninsula, and it was not revived in America. But any thing, and every thing at hand, or that could possibly be thought of, was seized by the scribblers in question, and deemed a legitimate weapon to fling at "the Britishers;" and the above was no doubt "calculated" to be quite a "bowie-knife." The coinage, however, bears intrinsic evidence, and the impress of the mint from whence it issued. "*Butin et Beauté*," was the standing toast of the Baratarian freebooters, and to these worthy gentlemen, and honourable allies, are the American "historians" indebted for the classical, elegant, and apt alliteration.

Après de bottes, it may be information to the general reader, as well as to that close observer, Captain Marryat, and the clever author of the brilliant and lively "Notes," from the Canada "Bugle," of the *United Service Journal*, in particular, that the Americanism "Plunder," as applied to baggage, in the West, is a translation of the French *voyageur* and trapper's, "*butin*," (anglice, "booty,") as he calls his "back-load," in which is included his snail "kit" of "necessaries," and as large a stock as he can, "by hook or by crook," accumulate of "*pelteries*," &c. *Maie, revénons à nos moutons*.

Our loss on the unfortunate 8th of January, was as follows:—1 major-general, 1 lieutenant-colonel, 2 majors, 5 captains, 2 lieutenants, 2 ensigns, 11 serjeants, 1 drummer, 266 rank and file, killed;—2 major-generals, (Major-General Gibbs died of his wounds on the 9th,) 3 lieutenant-

colonels, 2 majors, 18 captains, 38 lieutenants, 9 ensigns, 1 staff, 54 serjeants, 9 drummers, 1126 rank and file, wounded;—3 captains, 12 lieutenants, 13 serjeants, 4 drummers, 452 rank and file, missing; total *hors de combat* 2237. The portion of this loss borne by Colonel Thornton's victorious brigade, only amounted to six killed, 76 wounded, and one missing. The American loss on the same day, as officially reported, was 13 killed, 39 wounded, and 19 missing; total, 71. At the foot of the report is the following note:—"Of the killed, wounded, and missing, on this day, but 6 killed and 7 wounded, in the action on the east (the left) bank of the river; the residue in a sortie after the action, (that of the Tennessee riflemen,) and in the action on the west (the right) bank."

When Major-General Lambert decided to recall the troops from the right bank of the river, he of course had resolved to abandon the immediate object of the expedition altogether. He, therefore, immediately communicated to Sir Alexander Cochrane, that "he did not think it would be prudent to make any further attempt at present, and recommended re-embarking the army as soon as possible, with a view to carry into effect the other objects of the force employed on that coast."

Accordingly, at twelve o'clock on the night of the 18th, the battalions were withdrawn in succession, and retired along a passage, cut for the purpose, through the reeds on the marshy ground bordering the bayou Catalan. This road, "if road it might be called, which road was none,"—was impassable for horses, and our men had, in some places, great difficulty in getting along it, even in single files, and with the aid of planks. The retreat, however, was accomplished without molestation: our picquets remaining in front of the enemy until half-past three in the morning, and General Jackson,—notwithstanding that he was informed, by a deserter, on the 15th, "that Major-General Lambert would retreat in a few days"—prudently considering, that he "could not, without encountering a risk which true policy did not seem to require, or to authorize, attempt to annoy the retreat."† On the morning of the 19th, the army took up a position on both sides of the bayou, at about fourteen miles from our late camp on the Mississippi, and one mile from its entrance into Lake Borgne. There we bivouacked until the 27th, when the whole of the troops, (with the exception of eighty wounded who could not with safety be removed,) were re-embarked. All our *matériel* was likewise brought away, excepting six iron eighteen-pounders, mounted on ship-carriages, and two carronades, which were left in position, to cover our retreat, to the last moment. Our loss from the 9th to the 26th, inclusive, was one killed and five wounded, by the enemy's cannonade from the right bank of the river, where Commodore Patterson had again mounted his batteries, and was indefatigable in annoying us with his fire, from sunrise till sunset. This, together with four men, reported absent, (probably drowned or smothered in the swamps,) and two officers, and twenty-seven of the 14th Light Dragoons, taken prisoners in a boat, off the Rigoleta, during very bad weather, on the night of the 25th, made our loss in this ill-managed expedition, 385 killed; 1516 wounded; and 591 missing; grand total 2492. The American official (army) returns, for the same period, give 55 killed; 185 wounded; and 93 missing; grand total, 333.

One plain matter-of-fact observation must have suggested itself to every one who has taken the trouble to read these "Recollections," viz., that from the nature of the country, the character of their soldiery, and even as a consequence of the peculiar constitution and government of the United States, the success of any combined naval and military

* Latour's War in Louisiana, p. 176.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid, p. 297.

* Latour's War in Louisiana, p. 191.

† General Jackson's despatch to the American Secretary at War, dated January 19, 1815.

expedition, destined for occasional disembarkations and attacks on particular points of their extensive line of sea-board, must in a very great degree depend upon the rapidity and "dash" with which the operations are conducted. Holding this in view, the fleet so employed should be provided with boats, more than sufficient to land all the troops, with their stores, &c., at one trip, and the importance of time, should never, for a moment, be forgotten; for every hour brings an accession of force to an enemy "at home," whilst a thousand causes are daily weakening an invading army, three or four thousand miles from the main source of their reinforcements.

Washington was taken by a "dash" resolved upon after a just comparison and estimate of the immeasurable superiority of disciplined, and approved British veterans, over a half-organized mob of raw levies. Baltimore would have been carried, had a "dash" been made at the works on C&Nkapin Hill, instead of a halt being called at its foot, to await the issue of the bombardment of Fort M'Henry; and it is the opinion of the most competent American military authorities themselves, that New Orleans must have fallen, had General Keane followed up his defeat of General Jackson by an instant and unhesitating "dash" upon that city, instead of waiting for reinforcements.

Expedition against Mobile, and Capture of Fort Bowyer.

The weather continued extremely bad for some days after the re-embarkation of the troops; so much so, that no communication could be held between the ships at the inner and outer anchorage, about seventeen miles distant. On the 5th of February, however, it was known that an expedition on a limited scale, was to be undertaken against Mobile. The second brigade, composed of the 4th, 21st, and 44th regiments, and a detachment of Royal Artillery, were destined for this service, whilst the remainder of the army was ordered to disembark and encamp on Dauphine Island. On the 7th the troop-ships and transports, in which the above-mentioned regiments were embarked, sailed under convoy of the *Vengeur*, and the following morning 600 men, under the command of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Debbige, one of the 44th, were landed without opposition, at a place about three miles from Fort Bowyer, which is situated on the eastern point of the entrance to Mobile Bay. As soon as our whole force, (General Lambert in command) was disembarked, it was moved forward in the direction of the fort, but no enemy was seen until we approached to within half-a-mile of it; and then they retired without a shot being fired, until they got under cover of their works, and our advance had arrived within 300 paces of them. The fort was immediately invested, a battering train, &c., was landed, ground was broken on the night of the 8th, and a covering party advanced to within 100 yards of the works. Batteries were thrown up, and in readiness to receive their guns, on the night of the 10th, and, on the morning of the 11th, four eighteen-pounders, two eight-inch howitzers, and two six-pounders were prepared to open, previous to which the officer commanding the fort was summoned. After a little hesitation he agreed to give up the place, and surrender himself and garrison prisoners of war. In the fort and works, were taken (outside) one twenty-four-pounder and two nine-pounders; (within) three thirty-two-pounders, eight twenty-four-pounders, six twelve-pounders, five nine-pounders, and one brass four-pounder; one eight-inch mortar, and one five and a half-inch howitzer, with a proportionate supply of ammunition, small arms, &c. Our loss on this expedition was, 13 killed; 18 wounded. The American garrison surrendered prisoners of war, consisted of 1 Field-Officer, 3 Captains, 10 Subalterns, 2 Staff, 16 Sergeants, 16 Drummers, 327 rank and file; total, 375. This was the last operation in which our army was engaged; for the month

of March, which brought Major-General Power and reinforcements of troops, brought also official notification of the Treaty of Ghent, under the first article of which Fort Bowyer was restored to the Americans.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

AN IMPUDENT MONKEY.

Ringtail Chatter, Esquire, of—any Lodge, in any county where he can get board, is one of the finest specimens of the impudent monkey extant. His mental perception is as insensible to a hint that he is *de trop*, as his body is to a kick; the first having been fruitlessly tried in ordinary cases, and the latter when those who have got "bored" by him have been compelled to proceed to *extremities*, and propel him *in to to*!

He wonders what the deuce people "would have," but never imagines what they "would not have;" for that they want to be rid of him, neither his inordinate vanity nor his personal convenience will for a moment allow. Then he is so very agreeable! and the organ of imitation is so largely developed in his simious scone, that he confidently believes he can do any thing and—any body!

With the fair sex he considers himself irresistible, and impertinently peers under every passing bonnet; nay, should any unbonnetted *soubrette* be skipping along before him, on some "domestic errand bound," he familiarly taps her on the shoulder with, "Come, let's look at your face, my dear!" and neither ugliness nor the frown of displeasure, which he so frequently encounters in return, have the power to deter him from a repetition of the same impertinence; for even if the challenged face be "ordinary," he is confident that it will *turn* to a handsome one—turning to his!

No one employs a tailor with less money or more "brass," or gets into his books with a better grace.

Come what will, he knows that he has nothing to lose; and this "knowledge is power" indeed to him, and gives a tone of independence to his air and manner that, if not dignified, is, to say the least of it, very—*imposing*!

He never skulks out of the way of a confiding or a dunning creditor; nay, if he thinks he is observed by one of those innocents, (which he generally does, believing himself to be the "observed of all observers,") he boldly crosses over, and meets him *nez à nez*,—changes with him a quantity of small talk in the most flattering and agreeable manner, and generally finishes by saying, "By the by, Sniggins, I shall be at home this evening—just drop in about ten. I must sport a *new pair of mud-pipes*; and if you have any thing standing against me, bring an account, and I'll settle it at the same time!"

This, of course, is all gratuitous mendacity, for he neither wants new boots nor wishes to disburse; and if the too confiding "*sutor*" should repair to his ready-furnished lodgings, (which he *changes* about twice a-month, for want of *change*! he learns that Ringtail Chatter, Esquire, has gone to the opera, or to the Honourable Mrs. Such-a-one's rout; and the only satisfaction the poor fellow reaps is the thought engendered by this second "enormous lying," that his customer must really be "somebody," and may probably recommend him to some of the "nobs" of his acquaintance for his scientific "cut,"—little dreaming, poor fool! that he is bamboozled by one who is himself a distinguished professor of the sublime art of—cutting!

He is a great judge of horses, (his father having been an under ostler at a livery stable, where little Master Ringtail Chatter was permitted in bad weather to exercise the stud in the "ride,") and being complete master of the "alang,"

(which is of greater service in an introduction to the sporting part of the aristocracy than a knowledge of the classics,) the low-born stable-boy finds himself quite "hand and glove" with many of the—*equestrian* order!

Both in Hyde Park and Regent's Park he may frequently be seen perched on the driving-seat of a buggy or stanhope, or lolling in a cabriolet, "tooling" the "tits" with all the dexterity and air of the proprietor of the "crack turn-out;" whereas he is only "handling the ribands" for some novice, who is but too proud to have the honour of his company, and above all his valuable opinion of the "concern," in the praise of which he is technically lavish, especially if (as frequently happens) he has been the instigator of the purchase, there being a mutual "understanding" existing between him and the honourable "dealer." This trade, indeed, seldom fails him; for there is always a crop of young gentlemen so ardent in the pursuit of that knowledge, of which Ringtail Chatter, Esq. is an acknowledged professor, that their credulity is a "mine" of wealth, in the working of which the aforesaid young gentlemen incontestably prove themselves—*minors*! In fact, in the expressive phraseology of the "ride," every "green" is infallibly "done brown."

There is a curious and sometimes very becoming effect produced on the physiognomies of some people, called "putting them to the blush,"—an effect to which the amiable countenance of Ringtail Chatter, Esq. is as perfectly insensible as a—brass warming-pan! In fine, his effrontery is equal to his egotism, and his manœuvring ("tipping 'em the double," as he terms it) equal to both.

He was one rainy day watching the drops coursing each other down the panes of his sitting-room window, and mentally betting with himself upon the issue of the pluvial race, when two men stopped directly opposite, and staring up at the house, transfixed him as effectually as if their eyes possessed the charm of the rattlesnake.

A single glance was more than enough for his quick perception; for, in the smaller one he instantly recognized the diminutive figure of an unfortunate "mirth" whom he had "let in," and kept out of his money to the extent of some forty pounds sterling money of Great Britain; and who had worn out his shoe-leather and his patience in vainly seeking an interview and a settlement: while, in the larger form, his practised eye at once distinguished the horrible features of one of those pests of society known as bailiffs!

Evasion or escape was vain. He could not be "not at home;" that was impossible (although he certainly felt himself "quite abroad"); so he put a good face upon the matter, and, nodding at the man of measures, he beckoned him with apparent impatience, and, as the man and his grim companion mounted the stairs, met him at the door of the room.

"I'm werry sorry, Mr. Chatter," began the tailor, with some hesitation.

"Make no apologies," interrupted Chatter. "Pray be seated, sir," (to the bailiff.) "Numps, take a chair. Why the devil didn't you come in the cab, though?"

"The cab, sir?"

"Yes; I sent that booby of mine above half an hour ago for you."

The tailor stared.

"Come; won't you and your friend wet your whistles?" and he poured out a bumper of port for each; "and now, let's to business."

"Yes, sir, and I'm werry sorry," again commenced Numps.

"So am I," interrupted Chatter; "but there's a 'salve for every sore,' you know, Numps; and, though he cer-

tainly was a tolerably kind uncle in some things, he stinted me terribly. The fact is, I've been confoundedly straitened for want of the 'ready;' but every thing is for the best; and I shall feel the benefit of it all now, for, I understand, the old boy has left me a tolerable round sum; so I have no reason to complain."

Numps hemmed and coughed, and puzzled his brains in vain to make out what his customer was driving at.

"Now, although," continued Chatter, "I shall be obliged to live nearly the whole year upon the estate, I shall not cut London entirely; and, as you are the very best fit that ever handled a pair of shears, I shall stick by you. You shall make the liveries, too; but we'll talk about that by and by. We must first put nunkey under the turf, and, therefore, the mourning is the first thing. I suppose you can send one of your youths down to the Lodge; or, stay, my fellow and he can go down in the buggy together to-morrow; for it may be considered more respectful by the old fogies, if I travel post."

The poor tailor looked amazed and confounded. He was completely "taken aback" by the new prospect which so suddenly opened upon his dazzled vision. He already wished his "friend (the bailiff) at the bottom of the sea."

Chatter read his thoughts in a twinkling. He saw the favourable turn, and determined to push forward at all hazards.

"If you are not particularly engaged with this gentleman," continued he, "perhaps you will spare me a quarter of an hour of your valuable time, and we can arrange the business at once; for I have really so much to do, that the sooner this is 'off my hands' the better. By the by, I am already a trifle in your debt?"

"Don't mention it, sir, I beg," said the unfortunate dupe. "Trigg," continued he, winking hard at the bailiff, "p'raps, you'll call upon that ore gent. (a very expressive wink) in Regent Street, and tell him about the business, you know, and meet me at home, and I'll make it all right with you." And, opening the door, he let out the bailiff with all possible despatch, trembling at the supposed risk he had run of offending a valuable customer.

"How's cash with you, Numps?" asked the tantalising Chatter.

"Why, sir, if so be the truth must be told, we are rather shortish at the present time o' the year," replied Numps.

"Well, then, as I am flush, and this will be rather a heavy job, I'll rub off the old score at once; and, when we have made the calculations of what the new 'togs' for the 'flunkies' will come to, I'll advance you the money, if it will be any accommodation!"

"O! sir, really," cried the grateful "sufferer," quite overpowered by this graciousness, "I shall never be able to make you *no* amends for this here."

"Nonsense!" appropriately interrupted Chatter. "You've known me in my difficulties, and you have always had the delicacy never to bore me. I hate a dun! Numps, I consider you have now a right to my patronage. Come, take another glass, and let's to business."

Alas, poor Numps! he went home hot with villanous port at one and elevenpence halfpenny per bottle, and happy in the delusion that he had got "such a werry nice gentleman-like, for a customer; so free—so everythink as a tradesman could wish for," as he told his rib.

The next morning, according to appointment, he went gaily for the expected draft upon Mr. Chatter's bankers. But the bird had flown! Yes, to the tailor's inexpressible horror, the enemy had made a *retreat* instead of an *advance*!

ALFRED CROWQUILL.

THOUGHTS IN RHYME.

BY ARCHÆUS.

My gay-garbed friend, much wonder fills the mind,
At least girt Adam's stock so much refined!
The leaf has flourished wide in form and hue,
And the man dwindled while the foliage grew.

Bid, at starry midnight's hour,
Dante's organ swell with power;
Hear at noon, when winds are mute,
'Mid the woods Petrarca's lute;
Kindling list, at dawn of morn,
Ariosto's bugle horn:
Let thine ear at lingering eve
Tasso's twilight flute receive;
That sweet music manifold
Through the sense the heart may mould.

Think thou no more of Words, exclaim'd my friend;
But unto Things, instead, thy labour bend!
So Words, then, are not Things! If this be true,
Thy Words of counsel, friend! are No-things too.

When reason serves at passion's will,
The Centaur flies from bonds released,
And who should guide the strength by skill
Himself is changed to half the beast.

Sweet notes, to all but him unspoken,
Attuned to bliss a poet's thought;
He grasped the lyre, the strings were broken,
And silence hid the strain he sought.

A longing heart would fain have given
A nobler life to mortal things;
But found that earth will not be heaven,
Nor lyres resound without the strings.

I look'd upon a steam-engine, and thought
'Tis strange that when the engineer is dead,
A copy of his brains in iron wrought,
Should thus survive the archetypal head.

A troop went pacing by in easy ken
Of one who rested in his idle wherry,
And wondered much why heaven created men
Who had no need to pass across the ferry.

The world sent forth a stately ship that long in glory
sailed,
Until against that stubborn hulk the winds of heaven pre-
vailed;
The ship was dashed upon the shore, the wreck was on
the foam,
Though on the shattered stern was seen the boast—IMPE-
RIAL ROME.

Again the ruin was repaired, and launched upon the main;
With blazoned flags and arms it swept, and was a ship
again:
By thundersound it strove to daunt mankind, and storms,
and time,
And trafficked long, by force and fraud, in every richest
clime.

Once more it struck against the rocks, beneath the stress
of heaven,
And all its threats and all its wealth along the surge were
driven:

It lies a hulk in slow decay, each dull sea-monster's home,
And on the slimy stern is carved the name of PAPAL ROME.

Thou whose mental eye is keen
But to pierce the husks of things,
Learn that bees were never seen
Gathering honey with their stings.

If all the forest leaves had speech,
And talked with one rhetoric fit,
What wonder would arise in each
That all would not attend to it!

A Russian, looking at a map of earth,
Saw England's smallness with contemptuous mirth:
Poor Boyar! 'twere a thought to break thy rest
How large a spirit haunts man's little breast!
And, filled with what a thimbleful of life,
The huge rhinoceros wakes for food or strife!

Loud sceptic cock, I see thee stand
Upon thy heap of foul decay,
And, crowing keen, thy wings-expand
To chase all spectral things away.

What though the ghosts thy notes would scare
Be Truth's ideal starry train;
Thy voice shall chase the lights of air,
And turn them into mist again.

Ah! no; a day will surely shine,
When thou shalt know thy nature's doom,
And self-despoiled of life divine
Shalt find in mire thy fitting tomb.

How many giants, each in turn have sought
To bear the world upon their shoulders wide,
King, conqueror, priest, and he whose work is thought;
And all in turn have sunk, outworn, and died;
But yet the world is never felt to move,
Because it hangs suspended from above.

A Frenchman gathered salad for his dinner,
From banks where ass and pig their viands got,
And mused if all that lies 'twixt beast and sinner
Be eating salad with a sauce or not.
It did not strike him that the brute would never
Indulge his fancy with a thought so clever.

True, O Sage! that mortal man
Does no more than what he can;
But what can by man be done
Is a limit known to none.

RAPHAEL'S MADONNA DEL CORDONELLO.

Oh, Maid divine! beholding in thy Son
Life more divine though first from thee begun,
Earth's loveliest art thou, wearing on thy brow
The thought of something levelier still than thou.

THE BELVIDERE APOLLO.

Bold and beaming in triumph looks the Lord of the Sun,
With new victory bright over the serpent won:
High, O Hero! thou standest unheeding of mortal loss;
Therefore, with all thy glory filling the hearts of men.

Yellow, small Canary bird,
Sweetly singing all day long,
Still in winter you are heard
Carolling a summer song.

Thus when days are drear and dim,
And the heart is caged as you,
May it still with hopeful hymn
Sing of joy and find it true.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

PART I.

"FORTUNA SEVO lata negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
Laudo manentem: si CELERES QUATIT
PENNAS, RESIGNO QUZ DEDIT, ET MEA
VIRTUTE ME INVOLVO, PROBAMQUE
PAUPERIEM SINE DOLE QUERO."

Hor. Carm. Lib. iii. 49.

The result of a very long consultation between Mr. Runnington and his partners, held on the day after his last interview with Mr. Aubrey, was, that he drew up the following draft of a letter, addressed to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap.

"Lincoln's Inn, 26th April, 18—

"GENTLEMEN,

DOR D. TITMOUSE V. JOLTER.

"In answer to your letter of yesterday, (the 25th inst.) we beg to inform you that after the judgment in this cause pronounced yesterday in the court of King's Bench, our client, Mr. Aubrey, does not intend to resist the claim of Mr. Titmouse to the residue of the Yatton property. We now, therefore, beg to give you notice, that on the 17th of next month you will be at liberty, on behalf of your client, Mr. Titmouse, to take possession of all the property at Yatton, at present in the possession of Mr. Aubrey. The whole of the last quarter's rents, due at Ladyday, have been paid into the bank of Messrs. Harley, at Grilston, and will, on the 17th of May, be placed at the disposal of your client.

"We are also instructed to request the delivery of your bill at as early a period as may suit your convenience, with a view to its immediate examination and settlement.

"We cannot forbear adding, while thus implicitly following the instructions of our client, our very great surprise and regret at the course which he has thought fit to adopt; since we have the strongest reasons for believing, that had he been disposed to contest your claim further, in accordance with advice received from a high quarter, his case would have been materially strengthened, and your difficulties greatly increased. We feel confident that the magnanimity displayed by our client, will be duly appreciated by yours.

We are, gentlemen,

Your obedient servants,

RUNNINGTON & Co.

Messrs. QUIRK, GAMMON, }
AND SNAP. }

"Really," said Mr. Runnington, when he had read over the above to his partners, "I must throw in a word or two about those infernal *mesne profits*—yet it's a very ticklish subject, especially with such people as these."

One partner shook his head, and the other looked very thoughtful.

"We must not compromise Mr. Aubrey," said the former.

"We have had no instructions on that point," said the latter,—"on the contrary, you told us yourself that your instructions were to announce an unconditional surrender."

"That may be; but in so desperate a business as this, MUSEUM.—JULY & AUG. 1840.

I do think we have a discretion to exercise on behalf of himself and family, which, I must say, he seems quite incapable of exercising himself. Nay, upon my honour, I think we are bound not to forego the slightest opportunity of securing an advantage for our client."

His partners seemed struck with this observation; and Mr. Runnington, after a few moments' consideration, added the following postscript.

"P. S.—As to the *mesne profits*, by the way, of course we anticipate no difficulty in effecting an amicable arrangement satisfactory to both parties, due consideration being had for the critical position in which our client finds himself so suddenly and unexpectedly placed. Indeed, it is not difficult to conceive that Mr. Aubrey, in taking the step of which we have above advised you, must have contemplated—" (here Mr. Runnington paused for a considerable time,) "being met in a similar frank, liberal, and equitable spirit."

It was agreed, at length, that the whole amount and effect of the above postscript was a spontaneous suggestion of Messrs. Runnington's, not in any way implicating, or calculated in any event to annoy, Mr. Aubrey; a fair copy of the letter and postscript having been made, it was signed by the head of the firm, and forthwith dispatched to Saffron Hill.

"Struck, by Jove, Gammon!" exclaimed Mr. Quirk, as, with the above letter open in his hands, he hurried, the instant that he had read it, into the room of his wily partner, and put the letter into his hands. Gammon read it with apparent calmness, but a slight flush overspread his cheek; and as he finished the perusal, a subdued smile of excitement and triumph stole over his countenance.

"Lord, Gammon! isn't it glorious?" quoth Mr. Quirk, heatedly, rubbing his hands together; "give us your hand, Gammon! We've fought a precious hard battle together"—and he shook his partner's hand with vehement cordiality. "This fellow Aubrey is a trump—isn't he?—Egad, if I'd been in his shoes one way or another, I'd have stuck at Yatton for a dozen years to come—ah, ha!"

"Yes, I am sure you would, if you had been able," replied Gammon drily, and with a smile.

"Ay, that I would," replied Mr. Quirk, with a triumphant chuckle; "but now to come to business. By next quarter-day Titmouse will have L.5000 in hard cash—half of it on the 17th of next month—Lord! what have we done for him!" he adiled, with a sort of sigh.

"We've put an ape in possession of Paradise—that's all—" said Gammon, absently and half aloud, and bitterly and contemptuously.

"By the way, Gammon, you see what's said about our bill—eh? The sooner it's made out the better, I should say—and—ahem! hem!—while Mr. Aubrey's on the tight rope he won't think of looking down at the particular items, will he? I should say, now's our time, and strike while the iron's hot! I've got *rather* a full entry, I can assure you. I must say, Snap's done his duty, and I've not had my eyes about—ahem!" here Mr. Quirk winked very knowingly.

"All that, Mr. Quirk, I leave, as usual, to your admirable management as to that of a first rate man of business. You know I'm a sad hand at accounts, but you and Snap are—you'll do all that should be done."

"Ay, ay—trust us!" interrupted Quirk, quickly, with a significant nod, and fancying himself and Snap already at work, plundering the poor Aubreys. "And, by the way, Gammon, there are the *mesne profits*—that's a

little hard on him just at present; but then, to be sure, that's *his* look out—not our's or Titmouse's. Off-hand, I should say we ought to be content with—say—twenty thousand down, and the rest in two years' time, so as to give him time to look about him a little”——

“That will be quite an after consideration,” said Mr. Gammon, who, for the last few minutes, had appeared lost in thought.

“Egad—an *after* consideration? Hang me if I think so, Gammon! there's a certain *bond*—eh? you recollect”——

“I assure you, Mr. Quirk, that my eye is fixed quite as steadily and anxiously on that point as yours,” said Gammon, gravely.

“Thank you—thank you, Gammon!” replied Quirk, with rather a relieved air—“it couldn't possibly be in better hands. Lud—to go wrong *there*! It would send me to my grave at a hand gallop—it would, so help me Heaven, Gammon!—Titmouse is a queer hand to deal with—isn't he? Wasn't he strange and bumptious the other day? Egad, it made me quake! Need we tell him just yet,” he dropped his voice “of the letter we've got? Couldn't we safely say only that they have sent us word that we shall have Yatton by the 17th?”

“Very great caution is necessary, Mr. Quirk, just now”——

“You *don't* think the young scamp's going to turn round on us, and snap his fingers in our face, eh?” inquired Mr. Quirk, apprehensively, violently twirling about his watch-key.

“If you will leave him implicitly to me, you shall get all you want,” replied Gammon, very gravely and very pointedly. Quirk's colour changed a little, as he felt the keen gray eye of Gammon fixed upon him, and he involuntarily shrunk under it.

“You'll excuse me, Gammon,” at length commenced Quirk, with rather a disturbed air; “but there's no fathoming you when you get into one of your mysterious humours; and you always look so particularly strange whenever we get on this subject! What can you know that I don't—or ought not?”

“Nothing—nothing, I assure you,” replied Gammon, with a gay smile.

“Well, I should have *thought* not. But, coming back to the main point, if one could but *touch* some part of that same ten thousand pounds, I *should* be a happy man!—Consider, Gammon, what a draw there has been on my purse for this last sixteen months.”

“Well, can you doubt being soon richly repaid, my dear sir? Only don't be too hasty.”

“I take it, Gammon, we've a lien on the rents now in the banker's hands, and to become due next quarter-day; and on the first instalment of the *mesne profits*, both for our bill of costs, and in respect of that same bond?”

“*Mesne profits*, Mr. Quirk?” echoed Gammon rather quickly; “you seem to take it for granted that they are all ready to be paid over! Even supposing Titmouse not to grow restive, do you suppose it probable that Mr. Aubrey, after so vast and sudden a sacrifice, can have more than a few thousands—probably hundreds—to keep him from immediate want, since we have reason to believe he has got no other resources than Yatton?”

“Not got 'em—not got 'em? D—n him! then, he must look sharp and *get* 'em, that's all! You know

he's fairly out of *ration*, must produce money, or *security*—he must know quantities of people of rank and substance that would rush forward, if they once heard him squeal”——

“Ah, you're for putting the thumb-screws on at once—eh?” inquired Gammon with subdued energy, and a glance of anger and horror.

“Ay—capital—that's *just* what I meant.”

“Heartless old scoundrel!” thought Gammon, almost expressing as much; but his momentary excitement passed off unobserved by Mr. Quirk. “And, I must say, I agree with you,” he added; “we ought in justice to see you first reimbursed your very heavy outlays, Mr. Quirk.”

“Well, that's honourable, Gammon.—Oh, Gammon, how I *wish* you would let me make a friend of you,” suddenly added Mr. Quirk, eyeing wistfully his surprised companion.

“If you have one sincere, disinterested friend in the world, Mr. Quirk, he is to be found in Oily Gammon,” said that gentleman, throwing great warmth into his manner, perceiving that Mr. Quirk was labouring with some communication of which he wished to deliver himself.

“Gammon, Gammon! how I *wish* I could think so!” replied Quirk, looking earnestly, yet half distrustingly, at Gammon, and fumbling about his hands in his pockets. The mild and friendly expression of Gammon's countenance, however, invited communicativeness; and after softly opening and shutting the two doors, to ascertain that no one was trying to overhear what might be passing, he returned to his chair, which he drew closer to Gammon, who noticed this air of preparation with not a little curiosity.

“I may be wrong, Gammon,” commenced Mr. Quirk, in a low tone; “but I do believe you've always felt a kind of personal friendship towards me; and there ought to be no secrets among friends. *Friends*, indeed! Perhaps its premature to mention so small a matter; but at a certain silversmith's, not a thousand miles from the Strand, there's at this moment in hand, as a present from me to you”—[Oh, dear, dear! Mr. Quirk! what a shocking untruth! and at your advanced period of life, too!]
—“as elegant a gold snuff-box as can be made, with a small inscription on the lid. I hope you won't value it the less for its being the gift of old Caleb Quirk”——he paused, and looked earnestly at Mr. Gammon.

“My dear Mr. Quirk, you have taken me,” said he, “quite by surprise. Value it! I will preserve it to the latest moment of my life, as a memorial of one whom the more I know of the more I respect and admire!”

“You, Gammon, are in your prime—scarce even that—but I am growing old!”——tears appeared to glisten in the old gentleman's eyes; Gammon, much moved, shook him cordially by the hand in silence, wondering what upon earth was coming next. “Yes; old Caleb Quirk's day is drawing to a close—I feel it, Gammon, I feel it! But I shall leave behind me—a—a—child—an only daughter, Gammon;” that gentleman gazed at the speaker with an expression of respectful sympathy;—“Dora! I don't think you can have known Dora so long, Gammon, without feeling a *little* interest in her.” Here Gammon's colour mounted rapidly, and he looked with feelings of a novel description at his senior partner. Could it be possible that old Quirk wished to bring about a match between his daughter and Gammon? His thoughts were

for a moment confused. All he could do was to bow with an earnest—an anxious—a deprecating air; and Mr. Quirk, rather hurriedly, proceeded,—“and when I assure you, Gammon, that it is in your power to make an old friend and his only daughter happy and proud,”—Gammon began to draw very long breaths, and to look more and more apprehensively at his senior partner,—“in short, my dear friend, Gammon, let me out with it at once—my daughter’s in love with Titmouse.” [“Whew!” thought Gammon, suddenly and infinitely relieved.]

“Ah, my dear Mr. Quirk, is that all?” he exclaimed, and shook Mr. Quirk cordially by the hand,—“at length you have made a friend of me indeed. But, to tell you the truth, I have long, long suspected as much; I have indeed!”

“Have you really? Well! there is no accounting for tastes, is there—especially among the women! Poor Dora’s over head and ears—quite!—she is, so help me Heaven!” continued Quirk, energetically.

“Well, my dear sir, and why this surprise? I consider Titmouse to be a very handsome young fellow; and that he is already rapidly acquiring very gentlemanly manners; and as to his *fortune*—really, it would be most desirable to bring it about. Indeed, the sooner his heart’s fixed, and his word’s pledged, the better—for you must of course be aware that there will be many schemers on the look-out to entrap his frank and inexperienced nature,—look, for instance, at Tag-rag.”

“Eugh!” exclaimed Mr. Quirk, with a sudden motion of sickening disgust—“the old scoundrel!—I smoked him long ago! Now, *that* I call villany, Gammon; infernal villany! Don’t you!”

“Indeed, indeed, Mr. Quirk, I do; I quite agree with you! Upon my honour, I think it is a part of even my duty towards our client, if possible, to protect him against such infamous designs.”

“Right—right, Gammon; by Jove, you’re quite right—I *quite* agree with you!” replied Quirk earnestly, not observing the lambent smile upon the features of his calm, crafty, and sarcastic companion.

“You see,” said Gammon, “we’ve a very delicate and difficult game to play with old Tag-rag. He’s certainly a toad, ugly and venomous—but then he’s got a jewel in his head—he’s got money, you know, and to get at it, we must really give him some hopes about his daughter and Titmouse.”

“Faugh! eugh! feugh! Nasty wretch! a little trollop! It makes one sick to hear of her! And, by the way, now we’re on that subject, Gammon, what do we want of this wretched Tag-rag, now that Titmouse has actually got the property?”

“Want of him? Money—money.”

“But, curse me! (excuse me, Gammon,) why go to Tag-rag? *that’s* what I can’t understand! Surely any one will advance almost any amount of money to Titmouse, with such security as he can give.”

“Very possibly—probably”——

“Possibly? Why, I myself don’t mind advancing him five thousand—nay, ten thousand pounds—when we’ve once got hold of the title-deeds.”

“My dear sir,” interrupted Gammon, calmly, but with a very serious air, and a slight change of colour which did not happen to attract the notice of his eager companion, “there are reasons why I should dissuade you from doing so; upon my word, there are; further than that I do not think it necessary to go; but I have gone far enough, I know well, to do you a real service.”

Mr. Quirk listened to this with an air of the utmost amazement—even open-mouthed amazement. “What reason, Gammon, can there be against my advancing money on a security worth more than a hundred times the sum borrowed?” he inquired, with visible distrust of his companion.

“I can but assure you, that were I called upon to say whether I would advance a serious sum of money to Titmouse, on the security of the Yatton estates, I should at all events require a most substantial *collateral security*.”

“Mystery again!” exclaimed Mr. Quirk, a sigh of vexation escaping him. “You’ll excuse me, Gammon, but you’d puzzle an angel, to say nothing of the devil. May I presume, for one moment, so far on our personal and professional relationship, as to ask what the reason is on which your advice rests?”

“Mere caution—excessive caution—anxiety to place you out of the way of all risk. Surely, is your borrower so soon to be pronounced firm in the saddle?”

“If you know any thing, Gammon, that I don’t, it’s your bounden duty to communicate it; look at our articles.”

“It is; but do I? Prove that, Mr. Quirk, and you need trouble yourself no more. But, in the mean while, (without saying how much I feel hurt at your evident distrust,) I have but a word or two further to add on this point.”

When Mr. Gammon chose, he could assume an expression of feature, a tone of voice, and a manner which indicated to the person he was addressing, that he was announcing a matured opinion, an inflexible determination—and this, moreover, in the calmest, quietest way imaginable. Thus it was that he now said to Mr. Quirk, “My opinion is, that you should get *some third party* or parties to advance any required sum, and prevail upon Tag-rag to join in a collateral security, without—if possible—making him aware of the extent of liability he is incurring. By exciting him with the ridiculous notion of an attachment between his daughter and Titmouse, he may be induced to give his signature, as to some complimentary matter of form only.—Now, that’s my opinion, Mr. Quirk; not lightly or hastily formed; and it rests upon a deep feeling of personal regard towards you, and also our common interests.”

Mr. Quirk had listened to this communication in perturbed silence, eyeing the speaker with a ludicrous expression of mingled chagrin, apprehension, and bewilderment. “Gammon,” at length said he, affecting a smile, “do you remember when you, and I, and Dora went to the play to see some German thing or other—Foss was the name, wasn’t it?”

“Faust—Faust,” interrupted Gammon.

“Well; and now, what was the name of that fellow that was always—Meth—Meph—what was it?”

“Mephistophiles,” replied Gammon, unable to repress a smile.

“Ah—yes! so it was. That’s all; I only wanted to think of the name—I’d forgotten it. I beg your pardon, Gammon.”

This was poor Mr. Quirk’s way of being very sarcastic with his friend. He thought that he had now cut him to the very quick.

“If it hadn’t been for what’s passed between us to-day, Gammon, I should almost begin to think that you were not sincere in your friendship”——

“Did I ever deceive you? Did I ever attempt to over-reach you in any thing, Mr. Quirk?”

